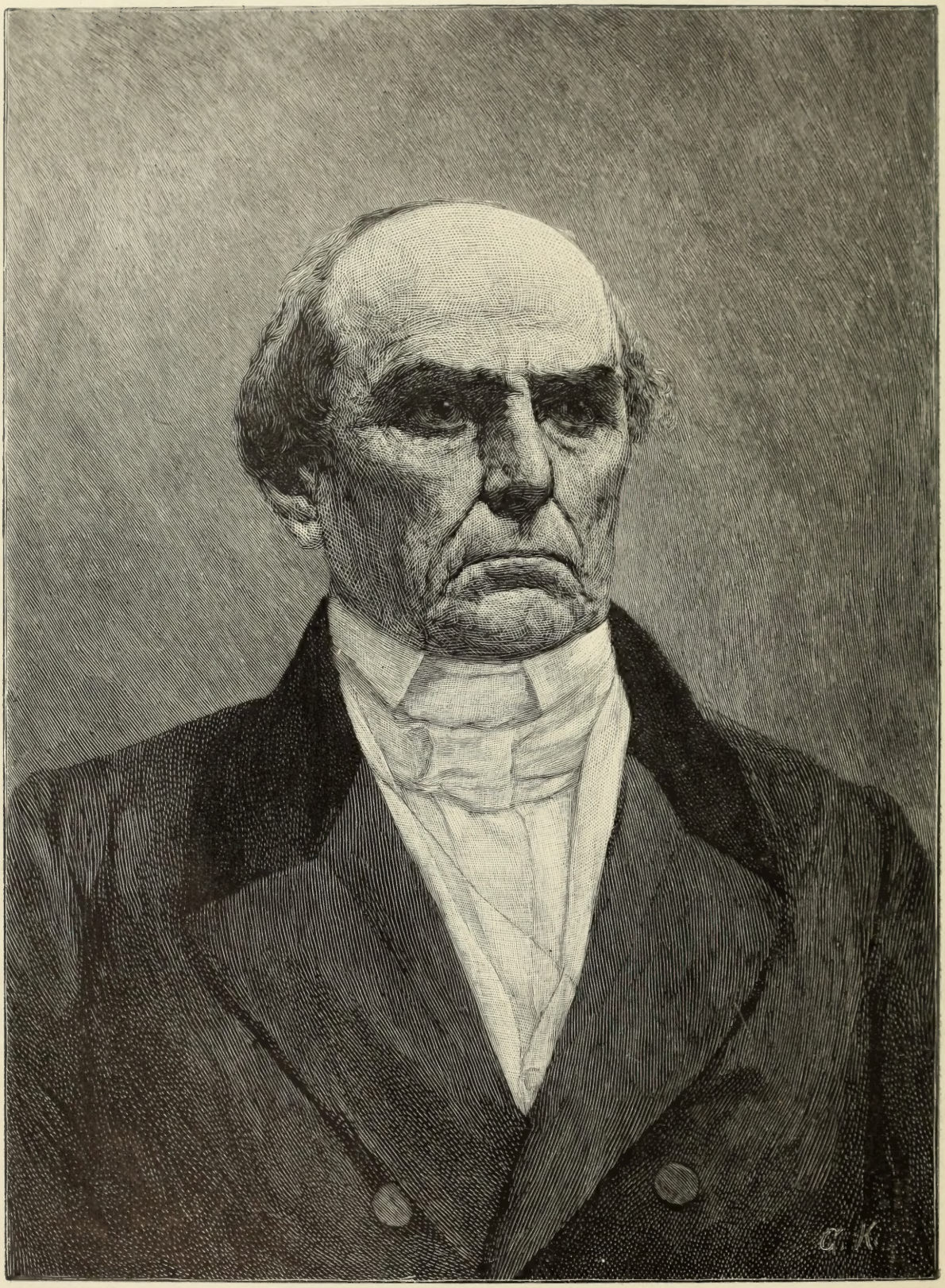
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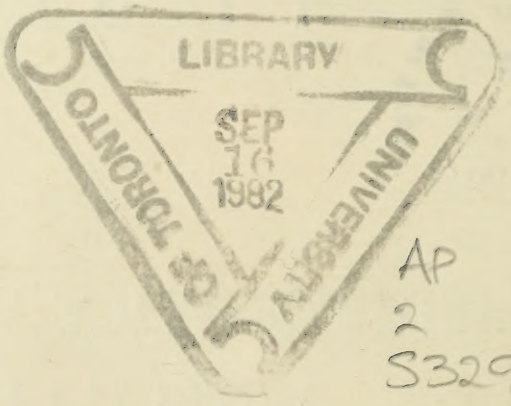
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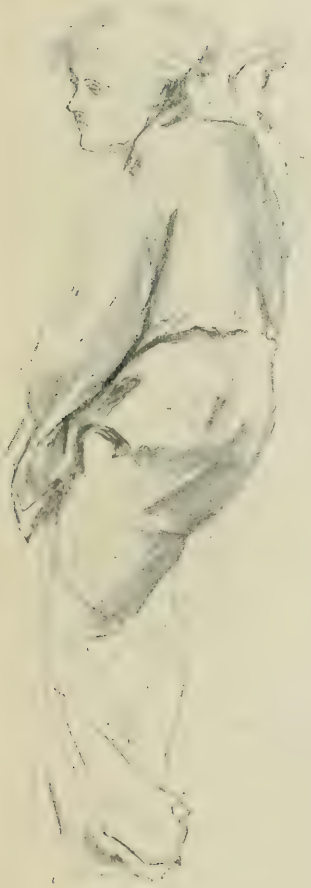
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JOHN LA FARGE

By Russell Sturgis



A Study.

THE artist of four hundred years ago, or of any great time for individual effort as opposed to the associated and unrecorded work of more primitive times, was a many-sided man. He was probably a traveller, if not a monk; he was almost certainly a man of adventure; a man of thought, whether monk or layman. The artist did not travel far; but he encountered more personal risk between Florence and Naples than our contemporary does in voyaging to the Isles of Summer; he encountered in Sicily, in Hungary, or in Spain a people as remote from him as the Japanese are from us; and he had still Constantinople and Cairo to visit, places more distant and as inaccessible to him as Thibet or Kafiristan in the nineteenth century. The old artist was something of a scholar, too, with a habit of study and meditation, if not master of many books. And, moreover, the old artist was very much in love with his work and loved to play with it as well as to work in it; so that he touched many materials, handled many processes, and used many methods of artistic utterance. Again it is worth noting that no one had discovered, in 1499, that architecture was an art to be practised without regard to the other manifestations of the artistic spirit; nor yet that the sculptor and the painter were two workmen whose art was to be practised apart from and independent of building or other industrial occupation.

All these things have been so much changed of late that it is noticeable in Mr. La Farge's life that he should be, in many ways, like a painter of old time, that is, traveller, reader, collector and student; colorist and decorator; painter in large and in little. He has been a working artist for forty years, and has done many things. He has made many book illustrations which have been published and many which have never been given to the world. The illustrations to Browning's book, "Men and Women," as it was originally published in 1855, are among these; and there are reproduced here the full-page design for the beginning of *Protus* and also two studies for *Fra Lippo Lippi:*

> The little children round him in a row
> Of admiration, half for his beard and half
> For that white anger of his victim's son.

This was early work. The illustration to *Misconceptions* is as mystical as that for *Protus;* and that which concludes *Bishop Blougram's Apology* is as realistic as these studies of children.

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Study for Browning's "Men and Women."

Then, still of his early days, are to be considered the faithful little studies and close-to-nature drawings which served as a foundation for a structure of knowledge which was to pile itself high enough. *Sic itur ad astra ;* and with a different result from the tower-building recorded in Genesis. The reproduction given [on page 9] is from a sketch-book of 1860; and the work has been a careful drawing in black on white, done in the flat country about Bayou Têche. These are drawings *in values,* or made for values; that is to say, the relative force of darkness or of light is carefully preserved. A certain green of the trees may be lighter than the blue, still water below, but is very much darker than the same water where it reflects the pale evening sky ; the reflection in the water of those same trees is a shade or two darker than the mass of trees themselves; and so on, forever. Of the same epoch is this drawing of a beacon [page 10], a flaming cresset, a signal light seen against a night sky. These are warnings to steamboats on the Mississippi to avoid a shoal or to make a landing. Other studies, those of pure line and those of masses, those of his youth and those of his maturity, are scattered over these pages.

He has produced also a very great number of water-color drawings, generally small, and very commonly having for their subjects pieces of foreground detail, such as one or several blossoms in a pool of water, or a water-lily or two afloat on the surface of a still pond. It might almost be said that his water-colors were generally of such detail as this, except that the work done during his journeys into tropical and oriental lands has resulted differently.

Again he has produced, during those years of work, a few large pictures painted in oil-color or by a process which he learned in his youth and in which melted wax has a part; though this is not the encaustic process of antiquity or of modern revival. One or two of these are portraits, several are landscapes, several are studies of interesting details which he wished to preserve and which for some reason or other had struck him as more easily rendered on a large scale and in the more solid material ; and some are, to all appearance, concepts for mural decoration —advance studies for that which was to be painted on a still larger scale, or in combination with other parts of a large composition, and finally to be fixed upon the wall where it was to remain permanently. Some, also, of the water-colors produced

in recent years are, though not large in superficies, very large in treatment. A glowing color composition suggested by the mountain country of Fiji, a monochrome study of a river landscape in Japan, may be as grandiose in character and may contain as much matter, both in represented detail and in artistic purpose, as an oil-painting of four times the surface-measurement. Some illustrations given on another page of this treatise may partly show the qualities here suggested.

He has produced, also, a few such mural paintings as those whose intention is assumed in the last paragraph. Of these, much the largest is that which covers the end wall of the Church of the Ascension in New York. There are others in St. Thomas's Church and in the Church of the Incarnation, both in New York City; the interior of Trinity Church in Boston was painted by him with a series of figure subjects, though the chromatic treatment of this interior does not include any large single painting of great importance; and of late years, two lunettes in the Villard-Reid house in New York and one in the Walker Art Gallery at Bowdoin College have been added to this summary list. There is reproduced here the last-named picture [page 17]; a picture of fantastic subject in the "literary" or narrative sense. *Athens* is its given name; but it represents Pallas making a drawing of the lovely and unadorned genius of the open country or wood, while the robed and crowned impersonated City looks affectionately at both the subject and the recording goddess. To be classed under the head of mural paintings also is the remarkable composition of small pictures involved in a large design with panels and arabesques, which decorates the wooden vaults of that gallery in Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's house, which used to be called the Water-Color Room, and which now, since the alteration of the house and the removal of this painted vault into the new building, may be considered the gallery of entrance for stately entertainments. To a limited extent, the work of other painters is associated with his own in the last-named achievement, as also in Trinity Church. In this, the work of the artist comes very near to decoration pure and simple. The reader is not to understand that any sharp distinction is made here between decoration and that painting which is not so designated. It is to be hoped that he, the reader, will see as he reads that to deny this distinction is part of the life-purpose of John La Farge: a



Study for Browning's "Men and Women."



Panel, from One of the Ceilings in Cornelius Vanderbilt's House. Inlaid glass, ivory, bronze, marble and silver, and mother-of-pearl.

purpose which his critic is glad to recognize and to second. It is merely with reference to its placing—to its apparent intended service—to its fixed location and its consequent exclusion from the category of "gallery pictures" or "easel pictures" that the words decoration and decorative are here applied to certain paintings. For throughout his career this artist has leaned strongly toward the treatment of his expressional and significant painting in a decorative way.

Decoration in the more usual sense has been also a large part of his work. Thus, when in 1878 he contracted with Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for a carved ceiling, it appeared that his intentions in the matter were those which could have been suggested only by a mind full of the decorative idea. "A carved ceiling" might have been almost anything; but this one was an elaborate composition of colored sculpture, or, if you please, of polychromy in relief; certainly one of the most remarkable undertakings of the time. What seem to be (for the true constructional character of the ceiling is not here guaranteed) what seem to be the beams, the constructional part of the ceiling, were of light-colored walnut. The panels within were filled with figures of armed warriors and of draped women of about half life-size, and these panels were framed by rim within rim, moulding within moulding, of elaborate sculptured pattern. All these sculptured patterns, all these figures, were invested with color in a way which it is hard to describe; for different chosen woods, alloys of metal of which some are of Japanese origin, opaque and colored glass, ivory, mother-of-pearl, and even coral are combined to give delicately tinted color and subtle variety of surface to the work. That ceiling has been broken up; but there has been great good judgment shown in its rearrangement. The panels of the ceiling are now arranged so that they are well lighted both by day and by night, and show admirably. Although the original design has disappeared, the separate panels, each with its enclosing mouldings and woodwork, at least four by six feet in superficies, are



Figure from the Vanderbilt Celling.



Drawn by John La Farge.

Dry Bed of the Dayagawa River.



Study for Values.

well displayed. One of these panels is here engraved [page 6]. Here also is given part of a decorative frieze in which castings specially made of blue glass were used with ivory and with carvings in solid *nacre*, in combination with the carved walnut.

Similar work has been done by Mr. La Farge in connection with his own paintings, and sometimes where no paintings were used. This use, on a large scale, of rich material, rich in color, in surface and in lustre, as a medium for sculpture, is almost peculiar to this artist among modern men. Others who have cared for color in sculpture have played with it, rather, in small objects of the cabinet; and this remains true in a general way in spite of a pleasant use of enamel in some French work in bronze of a more important or, at least, more pretentious character.

At a time not far removed from the undertaking of the ceiling and the mantelpiece above mentioned, a monument was put up in the Newport Cemetery under the direction of Mr. La Farge [page 16]. He associated with himself in this task the sculptor, since so widely known, but then a young man, Augustus St. Gaudens, who had already worked with him on the carved and colored ceiling. Every student of architectural designs will be struck by the informal character of this design: the steps which are clearly not meant to be ascended and which have an obvious symbolic meaning; the horizontal cross sunk in the table of the monument in such a way that few persons can be so placed as to see it favorably; the inscription carved upon the butt or foot of that cross; the apparently disproportionate slenderness of the upright cross with its thin cylindrical shaft; the placing of other inscriptions on the body of the massive base in which no specially arranged panels or medallions have been prepared for them; and, most of all, the treatment of the leaf sculpture which, though composed carefully enough and far enough in itself from being a piece of crude realism, is yet realistic in its disposition—suggesting the natural fall of sprays and branches of leafage allowed to dry and harden in the sun. No architect—as we now understand the term—no architect, even one who had kept himself free from the neo-classic influence and the teaching of the schools, could have designed such a piece as this. It is the more interesting to see how the highly trained decorative artist who has not been fettered by the taught maxims

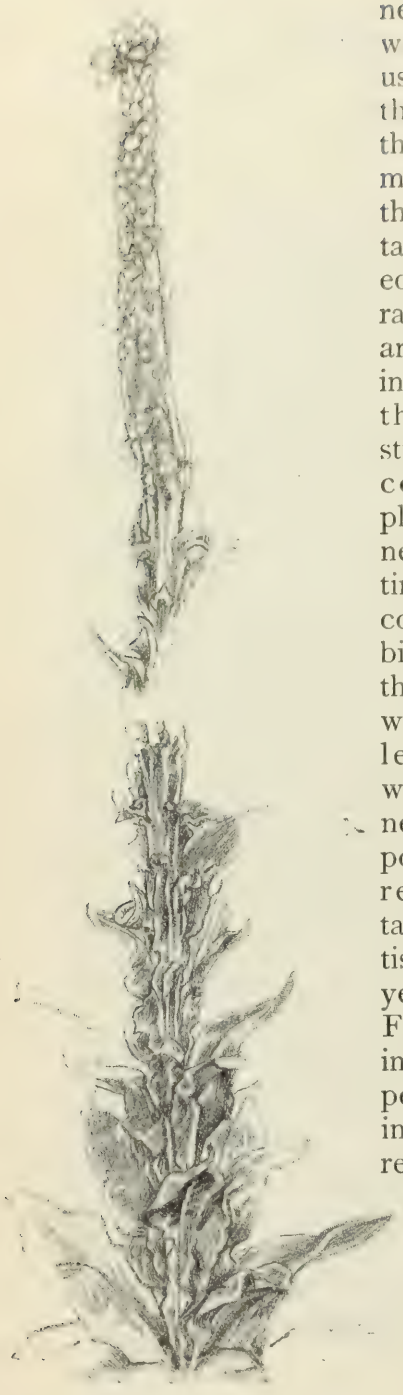
of the architect's school or the architect's office has handled this problem—a problem rarely met by decorators of modern experience.

About 1876 these same demands upon him for decoration led him to the careful observation of ancient stained glass, with a view to providing the modern world with something which might be to it what the windows of Reims Cathedral and Fairford Church were to the Middle Ages. It appeared to the modern artist that there was still a course open to him which had not been tried by the decorators of the Middle Ages, early or late. It appeared that the modern materials and processes of glassmaking might give to the artist in glass a "palette" such as the mediæval man had never possessed. What is called opal glass, opaline, and also opalescent glass may be said to have formed the basis of a new system of window decoration, though the other essential, the leaden framework, was to play its own part in the artistical result. Uncolored opaline glass has a milky-white look when seen by reflected light; but by transmitted light its color passes from a cloudy bluish-gray to red, with a yellow spark. If, now, such glass be charged with color of many shades, the chromatic effects producible by the combination of such translucent materials, at once contrasting in color and harmonized by the opaline quality, might prove successful beyond what had been known. To this, then, La Farge set himself; to obtain glass of richness, depth, and glow of color hitherto unattempted, and in a multitude of tints; so that, whereas the thirteenth-century artist had five or six colors in all, susceptible of nothing more than a gradation from darker to lighter, as the glass was thicker or thinner or more or less thickly flashed—now, colors were to be supplied by the score, each color capable of these same gradations in darker and lighter, and each color harmonized with all the other colors by the common quality of softness and a certain misty iridescence caused by the opaline stain. Even in a piece of glass so brilliant in color that the opalescence is hardly perceptible, its presence in that part of the general chromatic scheme will surely be felt.

A window is, when considered as a work of fine art in color, a translucent composition, there being no part of it which can appeal to the eye by other than transmitted light. The artist has, then, the need of something strong to lean upon, some background, some *fond* upon which to relieve his more brilliant pieces of translucency; for it can be easily understood that color composition which is wholly translucent will tend toward feebleness, toward paleness, toward a certain evanescent and doubtful character of its colors, from which it must be saved. This



On the Bayou Têche; Study for Values.



Study of a Mullein-stalk.

needed background was found in the use of the leads; that is to say, of those strips of lead made generally in the form of a capital I, in which the edges of the separate pieces of glass are held. By taking these leads as the artistic substructure of the composition, by placing them where needed, and by cutting the glass accordingly, by combining the colors of the glass in such a way as to allow the leads to be put where they were needed for this purpose of background, results were obtained which no artist in glass had ever yet attempted. La Farge's use of leads, in this way, remains peculiarly his own in the subtlety and refinement of the linear design. Occasionally, indeed, a certain amount of opaque painting, of that solid non-translucent painting which the men of the Middle Ages used continually, has been used to increase the area of his lead sash-bars or to diminish the brilliancy of a background. All artists recognize the need of the *repentir*, of the amendment made after the work is partly done, or even, to all eyes but their own, completed; and painting in opaque color has been used by La Farge when it has appeared that the lead-sash was not quite sufficient for the background needed. In like manner, painting in translucent colored enamels has been used by him where it has appeared to him that no glass available would produce the tone desired. As such instances are occasional and rare, these devices are not a part of the essence of La Farge's work in glass, and they are mentioned here merely because their existence must be understood as accidental. The treatment of heads and hands and other necessarily nude parts of the body, in order that these surfaces may harmonize with the generally unpainted drapery and background, would require pages of discussion if entered upon at all.

The purpose of this article is not, however, to dwell in detail upon the historical development of his art, but to criticise it in its main features, and to institute an inquiry into those traits of La Farge's personality which have made his work especially interesting to all persons who care for the retention of noble design in that which is obviously novel, original, modern in art.

In the first place, then, Mr. La Farge is very individual as a designer. He hardly belongs to any school of designers. The reader will suggest at once that, as there is no school of designers at the present day, a man of force is compelled to be individual; and this dictum will be readily accepted. Inasmuch as there has been no time since La Farge reached the age of intelligence and of interest in art—no time when he has not been a student of Japanese art; inasmuch as he began, as long ago as 1860, to buy and study what few pieces of Japanese art and handicraft he could find—it has been thought that he is strongly influenced by Japanese design; but



Study of a Beacon.

this it will be hard to establish. His design is individual and personal, and it is that whether we take design to mean his way of conceiving the human figure; or his way of composing human figures in large groups with care for the effect of line and mass; or whether we think, rather, of the filling of the panel or the canvas, the parallelogram or the half-circle, with masses of color and tendencies of line.

Now, in this individuality of his art, there is a weaker as well as a stronger side. It cannot be ignored by those who admire his larger and statelier designs that they lack something of stateliness. The figures in his small woodcuts are carried out of the strict and grave system of academic drawing into an extreme of freedom of gesture and movement, and that with the evident purpose of expressing in the strongest possible way the intense meaning of the artist; but this hardly allows of mention except as a virtue. Bishop Hatto in his screaming agony, as the rats attack him on every side while he crouches at the foot of the column on the capital of which the cat has taken refuge (for each and all the details of which see Southey's poem)—Bishop Hatto is almost liquified, has almost lost the solid substance of his corporeal form, in his horror and hopelessness. Enoch Arden, "the long-haired, long-bearded solitary," hardly shows the strong man, the vigorous sailor under his rags and through his squalor; the emphasis is laid on the fourteen years' solitary confinement in this lonely island, and the "strong heroic soul" which the poet drew has not interested the artist as part of this design. These are small drawings for wood-engraving and for book illustration; but the same character of design occurs again and again in the larger and statelier pieces; and it may there be less easy to accept. The impression made upon a student of mural painting, ancient and modern, by such a painting as that in the Church of the Ascension is that it is, in a sense, lack-



Study for a Decoration for a Page of Browning's "Men and Women," 1861.



Study for the Wolf-Charmer.

ing in repose. The Adoring Angels around the risen Saviour are individual in their gestures, in the pose of their bodies, in the expression of their faces. They are personalties rather than parts of a "Glory of Angels." The figure of Christ itself has the same peculiarity and is marked by a singularly free and unconventional pose of the body and gesture of the right arm, suggestive rather of the teacher of men than of the Son taken up to his Father. Moreover, this effect as of too much movement and incident, as of too little stability and gravity, is heightened by the flowing drapery, which is so marked a feature of the composition that it remains uppermost in the minds of many students to the very end of their study of the picture. Something of this may be seen in the illustration given here of the noble window which was sent to the Exhibition of 1889 [page 15]. The subject is the Sealing of the Servants of God. These groups are of indubitable truth and power as illustrations of the passage in the Apocalypse; but as parts of a solemn color design another standard needs to be applied to them.

So much for the less agreeable side of this familiar and personal way of designing. In the favorable aspect there would, of course, be very much to be said, for he is no illustrator, he is no story-teller, he is no composer of pictured fable or pictured record who does not understand how to give his figures that life and movement, that action and expression, which will explain all that is explainable of their purpose and their function. Nothing, for instance, can be more perfect as a bit of mystical story-telling than the Wolf-Charmer, the picture in which the gaunt and haggard magician, with his pipe at his lips, comes out of the forest surrounded by his drove of gigantic wolves. Two studies for the wolves are given here; and the spirit of the design is interesting to trace in them. To give the savage creatures something more than their due size, and, above all, something more than their due ferocity, is a natural and obvious device; but to express, as the artist has expressed, their familarity with their leader, their sympathy with him, their spirit entering into his as he heads and controls them, is something admirable in descriptive art. So in that grim picture in which some part of the spirit of feudal Japan is contained; the picture which tells the tale of little Kio-Sai; the rushing and turbulent stream between its high banks is gray and sombre as if with the swollen waters of a flood; and upon it, whirled along in its course, the severed head which frightened the child floats face upward with something of its living expression still lingering about the eyes and lips, but still as dead, as corpse-like as a severed head could be. This powerful drawing, made within the last two years, is to be cited as a characteristic specimen of expressional art. There is nothing in the picture but whirling water and floating head; and yet the stern fierce, half-savage, feudal system of Japan, which coexisted with an almost too subtle refinement of manners and of thought, both literary and artistic, is expressed in this little square of grave coloring. So, in the numerous South Sea Island studies which have filled many a frame and delighted so many a student of water-color drawings, it is hard to say whether the pictures of movement and action, of fish-



Another Study for the Wolf-Charmer.

ing with cormorants, of riding and marching, of bustle and life, or the pictures of tropical and oriental men and women in repose, are more delightful—half naked girls carrying canoes, seated dancers going through the sacred movements of the *siva*, portraits of individuals, and studies of groups intended to preserve for the artist the recollection, and for the instruction of those at home the singular life, of these brown islanders, so different from the negroids of the southern groups, so overcivilized in ceremony and tradition, with all their lack of policing and of steady social conditions. In all this work the artist's indifference to the accepted conventional ways of expressing his meaning is altogether fortunate for his art. He knows how to tell a story in pictures which have very much, if not all, of his highest artistic qualities, and this he would hardly be capable of were he more fettered than he is by the rules of the academies as to how the action of man should be put into form and color.



The Floating Head.

In connection with this matter, the question comes up how far Mr. La Farge is a thorough draughtsman. It hardly becomes one who is not ready to go into the minute examination of his work, figure by figure, to challenge its merit in the way of anatomical correctness and academic severity of drawing ; but it is to be said, at least, that the strongest reason exists for the belief that many of the draped figures would prove incorrect if an absolutely accurate drawing of the nude body in the position assumed by the draped figure could be laid upon the drapery. It is difficult here to express one's exact meaning, because there is no such thing as an absolutely correct drawing of the nude body in any position ; but if we take a draped angel or a draped St. Peter or a draped Buddhist priest from this gallery of pictured men and women, we can imagine the consummate draughtsman, the Paul Veronese of the present, if there were such a man, pointing out that a figure seated or standing in that position could not get within the drapery which the artist has pictured. We can even imagine the painter aware of the fact—in advance of all criticism by others. It will be observed



A Study.

that La Farge has seldom painted the nude. His early work involved a great deal of drawing, both from the nude model and in the way of designed and composed nude figures. Naked figures represented on a small scale, as among his numerous Eastern subjects, exist, of course, in his work in great numbers; but the nude in the larger European sense of elaborately rendered, well modelled, thoroughly understood naked figures, male and female, is rare in his work. Mural painting in churches hardly allows of that; glass is, of course, wholly foreign in its purpose and mission from such art as includes the nude, and hardly allows even of the naked hands and head. Now, let it be admitted for the moment not only that La Farge is not given to drawing the nude, but even that he has not done consummate work in that direction; let that be admitted, and let us then see how that affects his pictures and drawings. It need not be asked whether it affects the decorative value of his work—considered as a body of art it cannot affect it badly; we need think, now, only of fine drawing considered by itself. It is a part of the true traditional doctrine of art that no man should paint from the model, nude or draped; that no man should draw from the model, nude or draped, with the intention of using the drawing upon his wall surface or canvas. It is a tradition which ought to have been left intact as it came from older men, that when the artist composes it is his duty to forget his anatomy and to forget the preparatory drawings which he has made by hundreds, and to draw directly upon his canvas or sheet of paper the figure which he now conceives as a part of his design, the figure which he desires to put into his composition as one of its elements. He is free then to do what La Farge himself does freely, to compare this



Study for Bacchanal Drawing.

result with the model, nude or draped, or first nude and then draped; but this comparison has for its purpose, not the correction of the drawing or the picture with reference to its anatomical correctness nearly so much as it has in view the lifelike appearance of the figure. Given a draped figure which does not seem to stand quite as firmly upon its feet, or to be moving quite as freely, as the composer himself desires, it is required by consultation of the model to rectify those errors in the drawing which have led to this unfortunate result and to give to that figure the lifelike character which it does not yet possess.

It is a characteristic of Mr. La Farge's art as a painter that he is primarily a colorist. Now it is fairly safe to say that no man since the great Venetians has been at once a consummate draughtsman of the human figure and a consummate master of color; and that apparently the mind of the workman cannot lead his artistic production in such paths that both of these excellences may be attained at once. The workman, if he is sincere, and if he is well advised, follows the course which is easiest for him, and if he conceives of every figure and every group of figures with their setting of landscape or architecture primarily as a piece of splendid coloring, to be taken from nature as an abstract piece of coloring, and so



Study for the Watson Window, 1889.

This is the one carried out and sent to the Paris Exposition.

modified that it will tell as an abstract piece of coloring on canvas or on wall—if that is the artist's object he will not improve the work produced on these lines by giving his time and strength to the proposed consideration of accuracy of drawing.

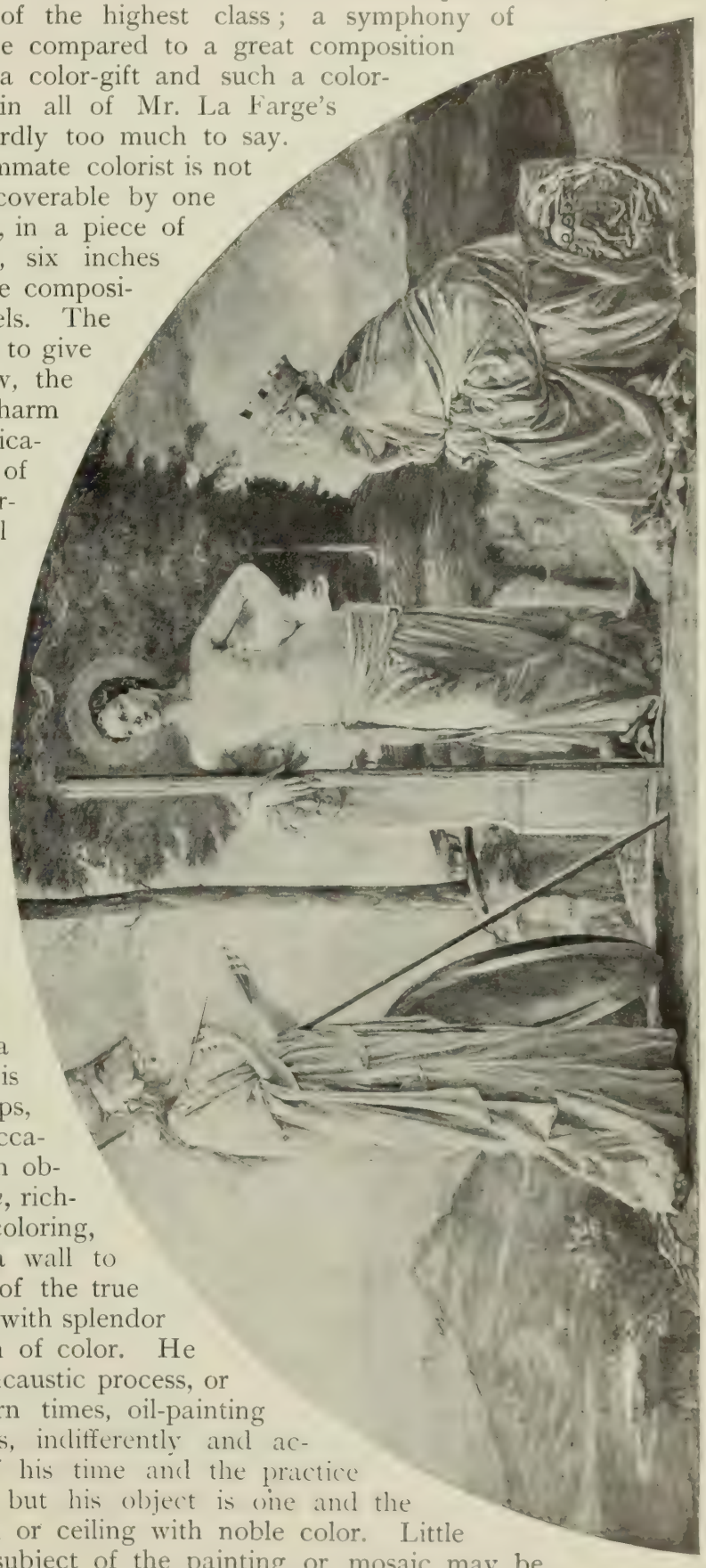
To ask whether La Farge's work would be artistically better if it were consummate in drawing is to ask a question which no one can answer. It is certain that no wise student will go to La Farge to learn figure drawing in the technical sense. It is not that which his art offers the student. There are, however, two large pictures, which can hardly be challenged—the two lunettes in the Villard-Reid house; and it is probable that if these pictures were within easy reach of the public, and could be seen as the wall paintings in the Congressional Library can be seen by all the world and every day, they would tend to raise the general opinion of La Farge's capacity and range as a painter beyond what even his admirers now hold. The pictures represent "The Dance" and "Music." In each of them, smiling landscape forms the background, a landscape not to be called sunny because the work of the true colorist hardly allows of sunshine. Sunshine and full glowing color are not generally found possible of simultaneous presentation, and La Farge certainly makes no attempt to combine them. If, then, we consider one of these two groups of six or eight maidens invested in rather bright and high-lighted colors and set off by a landscape somewhat deeper in tone than their own figures—if we consider each of these pictures as a mural painting intended to be festal in character and to glorify and heighten the beauty of the room which it adorns, while at the same time it is in itself a piece of coloring of almost the highest quality—we have then, perhaps, the fairest and most complete idea of what one of these lunettes is as a work of art—what it has been in the artist's well-realized purpose. The beauty of composition in line and mass in either of the pictures, noticeable as it is, is not important in comparison. The power of line-composition is not very rare; except in its very highest manifestation, it is almost like correct spelling; necessary, but deserving no special remark. But when it is said of any picture that it is a piece of coloring of the highest or almost the highest rank, there has been said of it the utmost that can be said of a work of graphic art. It is not claimed that color is essentially greater or nobler than form, but that color is the graphic artist's especial domain, in which he alone can rule; and further, that color is peculiarly artistical, ideal, abstract, and in this way loftier. Is it possible for the mind of man to conceive of anything more perfect, more remote from, and, in a sense, superior to, whatever else there



Monument in Newport Cemetery Erected Under the Direction of John La Farge and Augustus St. Gaudens.

is in the world of humanity than a color composition of the highest quality? There is only one product of the human mind which can be compared with it; a musical composition of the highest class; a symphony of Beethoven, alone, can be compared to a great composition by Titian. That such a color-gift and such a color-purpose are to be seen in all of Mr. La Farge's work alike would be hardly too much to say. The touch of the consummate colorist is not as evident, but is as discoverable by one who knows how to look, in a piece of nature-study from Fiji, six inches square, as it is in a large composition of saints and angels. The disposition and the power to give to tinted paper the glow, the radiance, the wealth and charm of that strange and inexplicable thing, the mingling of tints into a resulting color-scheme—these are in small work the same essentially that they are in large. Nor is the background of the Ascension picture in the eponymic church to be exalted above the bits of hillside and surf in the drawings of oceanic life, otherwise than as its greater size allows it greater splendor.

That this power over color is the life and soul of the decorator need hardly be urged. Decoration which is applied to a flat surface and which is not in relief, except, perhaps, to a slight extent and occasionally, has for its main object, its main *desideratum*, richness or refinement of coloring, or both. If one has a wall to decorate, the first idea of the true decorator is to invest it with splendor or with delicate strength of color. He seeks for fresco, or the encaustic process, or mosaic, or, as in modern times, oil-painting upon a strained canvas, indifferently and according to the spirit of his time and the practice of his contemporaries; but his object is one and the same—to invest his wall or ceiling with noble color. Little may he care what the subject of the painting or mosaic may be. According to the requirements of the epoch or community in which he lives, it may be a procession of saints or a dance of bacchanals; the primary object which



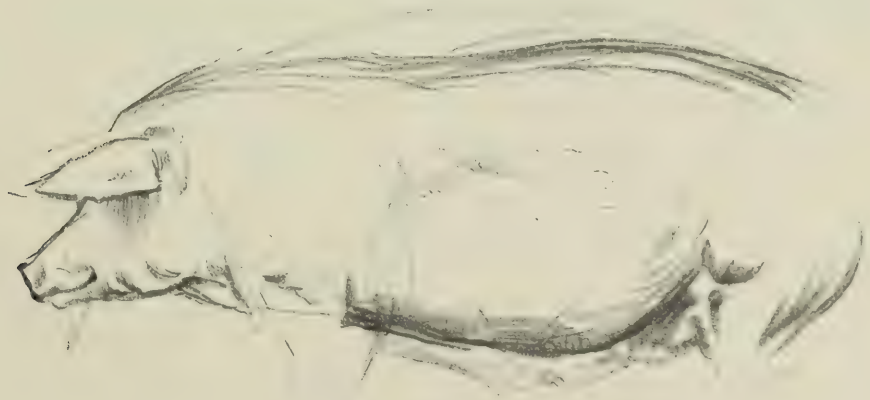
"Athens." Mural Painting in the Walker Art Gallery at Bowdoin College.

he has in view is to procure a most enjoyable and delightful piece of color — and other things are of secondary importance. Glass, then, would seem to be especially prepared for La Farge's work, and La Farge especially prepared for glass. Consider the memorial window which fills a window-opening in a church at North Easton, Mass., a town which owes much to the lady whose memory is thus honored. Upon a background of broken and changing blue are relieved the three figures larger than life-size which nearly fill the opening. Two of these figures are clothed, one in drapery of the most vivid green, the other in drapery of orange-brown ; that is to say, these are the general colors offered to the eye of the spectator by the infinite number of minor tints, all passing into one another in subtle gradation, which make up the general mass of drapery. It is to be observed, then, that these figures are also seen to be clothed in rags, and that the idea, the notion of wretchedness and tatters is maintained in spite of the sumptuous clothing of glowing color which invests it all. That is an instance as good as can be found of what the colorist has to do in this world. He does not ask whether beggars have ever been dressed in such garments as have been described, but he has to express the two-fold image, Beggary and splendid color, and out of these he makes up his work of art, as unlike as may be to anything in nature, but none the worse for that. To return to mural painting ; there is one merit which all La Farge's brother-painters agree in awarding to him, and that is the power of putting a painting upon the wall so that it does not change the character of the wall as a part of the building. His painting takes nothing away from the solidity of the wall which it invests. The upright mass retains its rigidity and weight, it still carries the roof, it still holds firmly to the adjoining walls, it is a massive and trustworthy part of the construction, and the painted picture has added to rather than taken from its permanent and resting quality. How this is done is fully as inexplicable as is the glow and splendor of color itself. No one can say abstractly and without having the picture immediately before him how any such result is attained, nor is it easy to explain the picture, even to the looker-on, in any such terms as will fully express this quality. It is one of the most valuable qualities which mural painting can possess—mural painting which fluctuates between the flatness which is also feebleness and a kind of realism which carries with it the effect of out-of-doors—of a hole in the wall. The same thing obtains in his minor work, and here the background, the temple, or rock, forty feet away, is as perfectly detached from the foreground figures as would be a distant and airy mountain miles away, while still the picture remains flat cardboard or flat canvass invested with light and shade and color.

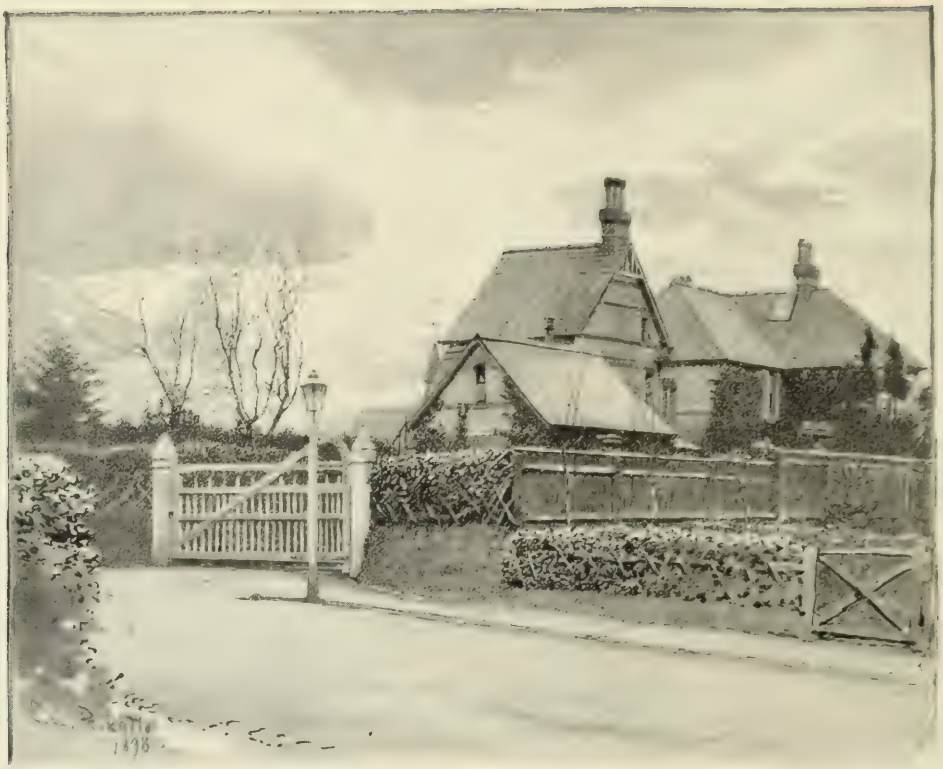
We are brought naturally to the consideration of Mr. La Farge's landscape. He is not generally considered as a landscape painter; and yet he has produced a great deal of landscape in the secondary or accessory part of his work. He has also painted landscape of first intention, so to speak, landscape which is nothing but landscape, and that, at different times in his life; always succeeding, and yet always turning away from landscape to what seems to be his chosen work of figure subject used decoratively. Landscape-painting is unquestionably the art of our epoch, the one branch of the art of painting which this century has excelled in; and, therefore, La Farge was inevitably drawn toward landscape painting, he being a man of his time, if also a man of strong individual peculiarities. It would be hard for a student of art in the abstract, a theorizer, a critic and a lover of the arts of the past, to avoid painting landscape when everybody around him is painting landscape; and accordingly La Farge has turned his attention to that, but the odd thing is that he has not stayed there, that he has not continued to be a landscape painter primarily. It would seem to the hasty observer of landscape painting that this department of art alone would have afforded material for all of his artistic dreams and for all his artistic purposes, for what is more truly decorative than landscape such as is shown in the wonderful Paradise Valley? That picture is made up of light and color. The surface of thick, lush, summer grass, the surface of rock dimly seen, the surface of ocean, the hazy sky, all together go to form a mass

of glowing and yet delicate color the like of which it is very hard to find in simple landscape anywhere in ancient or modern art. Until recent years there were only half a dozen such pictures of wide landscape, numerous as were his studies in that style; for otherwise his finished landscapes were chiefly those composed of foreground rock, of iris seen against a wild-rose covered bank, of three or four water-lily blossoms and a dozen little buds floating on still water; or else they were landscape backgrounds to figure subjects in which the landscape was evidently made, of deliberate purpose, a thing of less intention and of inferior interest. During the last ten years, however, La Farge has produced an immense number of singularly effective drawings in monochrome and in color, made either on the spot in Samoa, in Fiji, in Japan, or elsewhere in the far East, or made after his return home, from studies carefully noted during his stay abroad. Of these landscape drawings, some are of extended and really vast stretches of country. Mountains are introduced which are several miles away, and show in relief against a pale sky, every detail of the mountain being rendered as the eye could have seen it from the point of view occupied by the painter, and the whole wrought into a wonderfully glowing panorama of green passing into blue against the green mystery of the firmament. There are also among these drawings pictures which are Turnerian in their love of and sympathy with mist and vapor and their enjoyment of pure and delightful color produced by sunlight upon such vapor. Among these are four drawings of the Valley of Tokio seen from a hill above the city, the vision of the artist reaching across the valley and including its whole extent and the mountains which form the boundary. In other words, each of these landscapes includes a range of one hundred square miles of country at least, and its investing and overflowing drapery of cloud and of low-lying vapor; and yet these were four small drawings, mere studies on leaves of a sketch-book. It is the greatest misfortune to Americans that they have been scattered among four different owners. If it were possible for the Boston Museum, under its wise direction, to gather these four drawings into its ownership and to exhibit them side by side well lighted and isolated from other conflicting art, a real service would be done to the whole community of art students; for there is in them an abundance of the true landscape feeling, of the true landscape sympathy, of that love of the magnificence, and the refinement of nature which no transcript can give, but which the thought of the artist when stimulated powerfully by the contemplation of the glory of nature will transfer to his material medium.

Much of this character exists in the sepia drawing of the "Dry Bed of the Dayagawa River," [page 7] which hardly needs analysis in words, since it is capable of fairly complete reproduction.



A Study.



Skerryvore.

THE
LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

FROM BOURNEMOUTH: 1884–1885

IN order of date the letters now to be quoted follow next on those from the French Riviera which were printed in the April number. When in the late spring of 1884 Stevenson was prostrated by the worst of all his many attacks of hemorrhage from the lung, he was still residing in that chalet at Hyères which he had hoped to make his permanent abode. Partly the renewed failure of his health, and partly a bad outbreak of cholera in the old Provençal town, which occurred in the ensuing summer, compelled him to abandon this hope. As soon as he recovered strength enough to be able to travel by even the easiest stages, he moved to Royat in Auvergne, and thence in the course of July to England. After consultation with several doctors, all of whom held out good hopes of ultimate recovery in spite of the gravity of his present symptoms, he moved to Bournemouth. Here he found in the heaths and pine-woods some distant semblance of the landscape of his native Scotland, and in sandy curves of the Channel coast a passable substitute for the bays and promontories of his beloved Mediterranean. At all events he liked the place well enough to be willing to try it for a home: and such it became for all but three years, from September, 1884, to August, 1887. These, although in the matter of health the worst and most trying years of his life, were in the matter of work some of the most active and successful. For the first two or three months the Stevensons occupied a lodging on the West Cliff called Wensleydale; for the next three or four, from December, 1884, to March, 1885, they were tenants of a house named Bonallie Towers, pleasantly situ-

ated amid the pine-woods of Branksome Park; and lastly, about Easter, 1885, they entered into occupation of a house of their own, given by the elder Stevenson to his son, and re-named by the latter Skerryvore, in reminiscence of one of the great light-house works carried out by the family firm off the Scottish coast. During all the time of Stevenson's residence at Bournemouth he was compelled to lead the life, irksome to him above all men, but borne with invincible sweetness and patience, of a chronic invalid and almost constant prisoner to the house. He was hardly ever free for more than a few weeks at a time from fits of hemorrhage, fever, and prostration, accompanied by the nervous exhaustion and general distress consequent equally upon the attacks themselves and upon the remedies which the physicians were constrained to employ against them. A great part of his time was spent in bed, and there almost all his literary work was produced. Often for days, and sometimes for weeks together, he was forbidden to speak aloud, and compelled to carry on conversation with his family and friends in whispers or with the help of pencil and paper. The few excursions to a distance which he attempted—most commonly to my house, at the British Museum, once to Matlock, once to Exeter, and once in 1886 as far as Paris—these excursions almost always ended in a break-down and a hurried retreat to home and bed. Nevertheless, seizing on and making the most of every week, nay, every day and hour of respite, he contrived to produce work surprising alike, under the circumstances, by quantity and quality. During the first two months of his life at Bournemouth the two plays *Admiral Guinea* and *Beau Austin* were written in collaboration with Mr. Henley. In 1885 he published three volumes, viz.: *More New Arabian Nights*, the *Child's Garden of Verses*, and *Prince Otto* (the two latter, it is true, having been for the most part written a year or two earlier, at Hyères). In 1886 appeared *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and *Kidnapped*, the two books which, together with *Treasure Island*, did most to win for him the fame and honor which he ever afterward enjoyed among readers on both sides of the Atlantic. At the same time he was a fairly frequent contributor of essays to magazines and of stories to Christmas annuals and other periodical collections. The year 1887, the last of his life in the old country, was chiefly, with the exception of the *Life of Fleeming Jenkin*, a year of collections and re-prints; in it were published *Underwoods*, *The Merry Men*, *Memories and Portraits*, and the *Black Arrow* in volume form.

The correspondence of these three invalid years at Bournemouth is naturally in a less buoyant key than that of the relatively flourishing and happy year at Hyères which preceded them. But it is none the less full of interest, and of that vivid play of mood and character which never failed in him whether he was sick or well. The specimens which I shall here give will be taken, with a few exceptions, from his communications with his brother men of letters, including some whose acquaintance or friendship he had now for the first time formed, as Mr. Henry James, Mr. William Archer, and Mr. Locker-Lampson, besides such intimate friends and associates of earlier days as Mr. Henley, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Symonds and myself.

But first come two or three to his parents and other correspondents:

Bournemouth, Sunday, 28th September, 1884.

My dear People,—I keep better, and am to-day downstairs for the first time. I find the lockers entirely empty; not a cent to the front. Will you pray send us some? It blows an equinoctial gale, and has blown for nearly a week. Nimbus Britannicus; piping wind, lashing rain; the sea is a fine colour, and wind-bound ships lie at anchor under the Old Harry rocks, to make one glad to be ashore.

The Henleys are gone, and two plays practically done. I hope they may produce some of the ready.—I am, ever affectionate son, R. L. S.

Wensleydale, Bournemouth,
October 3rd, 1884.

Dear Mr. Chatto,—I have an offer of £25 for Otto from America. I do not know if you mean to have the American rights; from the nature of the contract, I think not: but if you understood that you were to sell the sheets, I will either hand over the bargain to you, or finish it myself and hand you over the money if you

are pleased with the amount. You see, I leave this quite in your hands. To parody an old Scotch story of servant and master : if you don't know that you have a good author, I know that I have a good publisher. Your fair, open, and handsome dealings are a good point in my life, and do more for my crazy health than has yet been done by any doctor.—Very truly yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[Mr. Stevenson, the elder, had read the play of *Admiral Guinea*, written in September by his son and Mr. Henley in collaboration, and had objected, with his usual energy of expression, to the stage confrontation of profane blackguarding, in the person of Pew, with evangelical piety in that of the reformed slaving captain who gives his name to the piece.]

BONALLIE TOWERS,
BRANKSOME PARK,
BOURNEMOUTH,
(The three B's),
(November 5th, 1884).

MY DEAR FATHER,—Allow me to say, in a strictly Pickwickian sense, that you are a silly fellow. I am pained indeed, but how should I be offended ? I think you exaggerate ; I cannot forget that you had the same impression of the *Deacon ;* and yet, when you saw it played, were less revolted than you looked for ; and I will still hope that the *Admiral* also is not so bad as you suppose. There is one point, however, where I differ from you very frankly. Religion is in the world ; I do not think you are the man to deny the importance of its rôle ; and I have long decided not to leave it on one side in art. The opposition of the *Admiral* and Mr. Pew is not, to my eyes, either horrible or irreverent ; but it may be, and it probably is, very ill done : what then ? This is a failure ; better luck next time ; more power to the elbow, more discretion, more wisdom in the design, and the old defeat becomes the scene of the new victory. Concern yourself about no failure ; they do not cost lives, as in engineering ; they are the *pierres perdues* of successes. Fame is (truly) a vapour ; do not think of it ; if the writer means well and tries hard, no failure will injure him, whether with God or man.

I wish I could hear a brighter account of yourself ; but I am inclined to acquit the *Admiral* after having a share in the responsibility. My very heavy cold is, I hope, drawing off ; and the change to this charming house in the forest will, I hope, complete my re-establishment.—With love to all, believe me, your ever affectionate,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[About the same time, Mr. T. Stevenson was in some hesitation as to letting himself be proposed for the office of President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.]

BONALLIE TOWERS, BOURNEMOUTH,
November, 1884.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I have no hesitation in recommending you to let your name go up ; please yourself about an address ; though, I think, if we could meet, we could arrange something suitable ; but what you propose would be well enough in a way ; but so modest as to suggest a whine. From that point of view it would be better to change a little ; but this, whether we meet or not, we must discuss. Tait, Crystal, the Royal Society, and I, all think you amply deserve this honour and far more ; it is not the True Blue to call this serious compliment a "trial" ; you should be glad of this recognition. As for resigning, that is easy enough if found necessary ; but to refuse would be husky, unsatisfactory, and a trifle rotten. *Sic subs.*. R. L. S.

My cold is still very heavy ; but I carry it well. Fanny is very much out of sorts, principally through perpetual misery with me. I fear I have been a little in the dumps, which, *as you know, sir*, is a very great sin. I must try to be more cheerful ; but my cough is so severe—my uvula, larynx, and pharynx being all to pot—that I have sometimes most exhausting nights and very peevish wakenings. However, this shall be remedied, and last night I was distinctly better than the night before. There is, my dear Mr. Stevenson (so I moralise blandly as we sit together on the devil's garden-wall), no more abominable sin than this gloom, this plaguey peevishness ; why (say I) what matters it if we be a little uncomfortable

—that is no reason for mangling our unhappy wives. And then I turn and *girn* on the unfortunate Cassandra.—Your fellow culprit, R. L. S.

With reference to the two following letters, it should be explained that Stevenson and his old Edinburgh friend and comrade, Mr. Baxter (who was also his man of business), were accustomed in their correspondence, as the whim took them, to merge their own identities in those of two fictitious personages, Johnson-Thomson and Thomson-Johnson, ex-elders of the Kirk and types of a certain cast of Edinburgh character. Their language is of the broadest Scots; and for some readers it may be desirable to mention that "hoast" means cough and "sculduddery" loose talk.

Bonallie Towers, Branksome Park, Bournemouth, November 11th.

My Dear Charles,—I am in my new house, thus proudly styled, as you perceive: but the deevil a tower ava' can be perceived (except out of window); this is not as it should be; one might have hoped, at least, a turret. We are all vilely unwell. I put in the dark watches imitating a donkey with some success, but little pleasure; and in the afternoon I indulge in a smart fever, accompanied by aches and shivers. There is thus little monotony to be deplored; and what might still weigh upon me my wife lightens by various inexplicable attacks, now in the pleasant morn, now at the noon of night. I, at least, am a *regular* invalid; I would scorn to bray in the afternoon; I would indignantly refuse the proposal to fever in the night. What is bred in the bone will come out, sir, in the flesh; and the same spirit that prompted me to date my letter regulates the hour and character of my attacks.—I am, sir, yours,

Thomson.

Postmark, Bournemouth, 13th November, 1884.

My dear Thomson,—It's a maist remarkable fac', but nae shüner had I written yon braggin', blawin' letter aboot ma business habits, when bang! that very day, my hoast begude in the aifternune. It is really remaurkable; it's providenshle, I believe. The ink wasnae fair dry, the wards werenae well ooten ma mouth, when bang, I got the lee. The mair ye think o't, Thomson, the less ye'll like the looks o't. Proavidence (I'm no sayin') is all verra weel *in its place;* but if proavidence has nae mainners, wha's to learn't? Proavidence is a fine thing, but hoo would you like proavidence to keep your till for ye? The richt place for proavidence is in the Kirk; it has naething to do wi' private correspondence between twa gentlemen, nor freendly cracks, nor a wee bit word of sculduddery ahint the door, nor, in shoart, wi' ony *hole-and-corner wark*, what I would call. I'm pairfec'ly willin' to meet in wi' Proavidence, I'll be prood to meet in wi' him, when my time's come and I cannae doe nae better; but if he's to come skinking aboot my stair-fit, damned, I might as weel be deid for a' the comfort I'll can get in life. Cannae he no be made to understand that it's beneath him? Gosh, if I was in his business, I wouldnae steer my heid for a plain, auld ex-elder that, tak him the way he taks himsel,' 's just aboot as honest as he can weel afford, an' but for a wheen auld scandals, near forgotten noo, is a pairfectly respectable and thoroughly decent man. Or if I fashed wi' him ava', it wad be kind o' handsome like; a punnote under his stair door, or a bottle o' auld, blended malt to his bit marnin', as a teshtymonial like you ye ken sae weel aboot, but mair successfu'.

Dear Thomson, have I ony money. If I have, *send it* for the loard's sake.

Johnson.

[The following to Mr. Henry James, who from about this time began to be a frequent and ever welcome visitor at the Bournemouth home, refers to the essay of R. L. S. called a "Humble Remonstrance," which had just appeared in Longman's Magazine. Mr. James had written holding out the prospect of a continuance of the friendly controversy which had thus been opened up between them on the aims and qualities of fiction.]

Bonallie Towers, Branksome Park, Bournemouth, December 8th, 1884.

My dear Henry James,—This is a very brave hearing from more points than

one. The first point is that there is a hope of a sequel. For this I laboured. Seriously, from the dearth of information and thoughtful interest in the art of literature, those who try to practice it with any deliberate purpose run the risk of finding no fit audience. People suppose it is "the stuff" that interests them; they think, for instance, that the prodigious fine thoughts and sentiments in Shakespeare impress by their own weight, not understanding that the unpolished diamond is but a stone. They think that striking situations, or good dialogue, are got by studying life; they will not rise to understand that they are prepared by deliberate artifice and set off by painful suppressions. Now, I want the whole thing well ventilated, for my own education and the public's; and I beg you to look as quick as you can, to follow me up with every circumstance of defeat where we differ, and (to prevent the flouting of the laity) to emphasise the points where we agree. I trust your paper will show me the way to a rejoinder; and that rejoinder I shall hope to make with so much art as to woo or drive you from your threatened silence. I would not ask better than to pass my life in beating out this quarter of corn with such a seconder as yourself.

Point the second, I am rejoiced indeed to hear you speak so kindly of my work: rejoiced and surprised. I seem to myself a very rude, left-handed countryman; not fit to be read, far less complimented, by a man so accomplished, so adroit, so craftsmanlike as you. You will happily never have cause to understand the despair with which a writer like myself considers (say) the park scene in Lady Barberina. Every touch surprises me by its intangible precision; and the effect when done, as light as syllabub, as distinct as a picture, fills me with envy. Each man among us prefers his own aim, and I prefer mine; but when we come to speak of performance, I recognise myself, compared with you, to be a lout and slouch of the first water.

Where we differ, both as to the design of stories and the delineation of character, I begin to lament. Of course, I am not so dull as to ask you to desert your walk; but could you not, in one novel, to oblige a sincere admirer, and to enrich his shelves with a beloved volume, could you not, and might you not, cast your characters in a mould a little more abstract and academic (dear Mrs. Pennyman had already, among your other work, a taste of what I mean), and pitch the incidents, I do not say, in any stronger, but in a slightly more emphatic key—as it were an episode from one of the old (so-called) novels of adventure? I fear you will not; and I suppose I must sighingly admit you to be right. And yet, when I see, as it were, a book of Tom Jones handled with your exquisite precision and shot through with those side-lights of reflection in which you excel, I relinquish the dear vision with regret. Think upon it.

As you know, I belong to that besotted class of man, the invalid; this puts me to a stand in the way of visits. But it is possible that some day you may feel that a day near the sea and among pinewoods would be a pleasant change from town. If so, please let us know; and my wife and I will be delighted to put you up and give you what we can to eat and drink (I have a fair bottle of claret).—On the back of which, believe me, yours sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P. S.—I reopen this to say that I have re-read my paper, and cannot think I have at all succeeded in being either veracious or polite. I knew, of course, that I took your paper merely as a pin to hang my own remarks upon; but, alas! what a thing is any paper! What fine remarks can you not hang on mine! How I have sinned against proportion and, with every effort to the contrary, against the merest rudiments of courtesy to you! You are, indeed, a very acute reader to have divined the real attitude of my mind, and I can only conclude, not without closed eyes and shrinking shoulders, in the well-worn words

Lay on, Macduff!

[During a crippling fit of ill-health, Stevenson had received a commission for a sensational story for the Christmas number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The commission ended in his sending the managers of the paper a recast of a gruesome tale which he had written and condemned in

the Highlands three years before, *The Body-Snatcher*. He rightly thought this beneath his own standard of merit, and would not take the full fee which had been offered for it. Two of the following letters to Mr. Henley refer to this matter: Bloody Jack, or Jacques, let it be understood, was his regular nickname for his arch-enemy, hemorrhage from the lungs.

[Dec. 1884.]

DEAR MAN,—1st Disagreeable. Do try and lay your hands on these three poems; they were surely not lost in transmission? It seems hard I should have to make them a *third* time.

2d Disagreeable. I have done a kind of a damned machine for the P. M. G., and have near died of it—(weakness, insomnia, Bloody Jacquerie)—and am now so dissatisfied that I have told them not to pay me till I see a proof. I think, or I fear I will think, it is not worth the money offered; in which case, of course, I will not take it.—Yours ever,

The pale wreck,
The spectral phantom,
The abhorred miscarriage,
} R. L. S.



Stevenson's Skye Terrier "Bogue."
From a photograph made at Hyères.

[Dec. 1884.]

DEAR LAD,—I have made up my mind about the P. M. G., and send you a copy, which please keep or return. As for not giving a reduction, what are we? Are we artists or city men? Why do we sneer at stockbrokers? O nary; I will not take the £40. I took that as a fair price for my best work; I was not able to produce my best; and I will be damned if I steal with my eyes open. *Sufficit.* This is my lookout. As for the paper being rich, certainly it is; but I am honourable. It is no more above me in money than the poor slaveys and cads from whom I look for honesty are below me. Am I Pepys, that because I can find the countenance of "some of our ablest merchants," that because——and——pour forth languid twaddle and get paid for it, I, too, should "cheerfully continue to steal"? I am not Pepys. I do not live much to God and honour; but I will not wilfully turn my back on both. I am, like all the rest of us, falling ever lower from the bright ideas I began with, falling into greed, into idleness, into middle-aged and slippered fireside cowardice; but is it you, my bold blade, that I hear crying this sordid and rank twaddle in my ear? Preaching the dankest Grundyism and upholding the rank customs of our trade—you, who are so cruel hard upon the customs of the publishers? O man, look at the Beam in our own Eyes; and whatever else you do, do not plead Satan's cause, or plead it for all; either embrace the bad, or respect the good when you see a poor devil trying for it. If this is the honesty of authors—to take what you can get and console yourself because publishers are rich—take my name from the rolls of that association. 'Tis a caucus of weaker thieves, jealous of the stronger.—Ever yours,

THE ROARING R. L. S.

You will see from the enclosed that I have stuck to what I think my dues pretty tightly in spite of this flourish; these are my words for a poor ten-pound note!

[Christmas, 1884.]

MY DEAR LAD,—Here was I in bed; Bloody Jack; not writing, not hearing, and finding myself gently and agreeably ill used; and behold I learn you are bad yourself. Get your wife to send us a word how you are. I am better decidedly. Bogue got his Christmas card, and behaved well for three days after. It may interest the cynical to learn that I started this hæmorrhage by too sedulous attentions to my dear Bogue. The stick was broken; and that night Bogue, who was attracted by the extraordinary aching of his bones, and is always inclined to a serious view of his own ailments, announced with his customary pomp that he was dying. In this case, however, it

was not the dog that died. (He had tried to bite his mother's ankles.) I have written, with the aid of bloudie Jack, a long and peculiarly solemn paper on the technical elements of style. It is path-breaking and epoch-making; but I do not think the public will be readily convoked to its perusal. Did I tell you that S. C. had risen to the paper on James? At last! O but I was pleased; he's (like Johnnie) been lang, lang o' comin', but here he is. He will not object to my future manœuvres in the same field, as he has to my former. All the family are here; my father better than I have seen him these two years; my mother the same as ever. I do trust you are better, and I am yours ever, R. L. S.

[Winter, 1884–5.]

Dear Henley,—We are all to pieces in health, and heavily handicapped with Arabs. [Stories for the *New Arabian Nights*.] I have a dreadful cough, whose attacks leave me *ætat* 90. Fanny is quite gone up with my bad health. I never let up on the Arabs, all the same, and rarely get less than eight pages out of hand, though hardly able to come downstairs for twittering knees.

I shall put in ——'s letter. He says so little of his circumstances that I am in an impossibility to give him advice more specific than a copybook. Give him my love, however, and tell him it is the mark of the parochial gentleman who has never travelled to find all wrong in a foreign land. Let him hold on, and he will find one country as good as another; and in the meanwhile let him resist the fatal British tendency to communicate his dissatisfaction with a country to its inhabitants. 'Tis a good idea, but it somehow fails to please. In a fortnight, if I can keep my spirit in the box at all, I should be nearly through this Arabian desert; so can tackle something fresh.—Yours ever, R. L. S.

[Bournemouth, Winter, 1884–5.]

Dear Boy,—I trust this finds you well; it leaves me so-so. The weather is so cold that I must stick to bed, which is rotten and tedious, but can't be helped.

I find in the blotting book the enclosed, which I wrote to you the eve of my blood. Is it not strange? That night, when I naturally thought I was coopered, the thought of it was much in my mind; I thought it had gone; and I thought what a strange prophecy I had made in jest, and how it was indeed like to be the end of many letters. But I have written a good few since, and the spell is broken. I am just as pleased, for I earnestly desire to live. This pleasant middle age into whose port we are steering is quite to my fancy. I would cast anchor here, and go ashore for twenty years, and see the manners of the place. Youth was a great time, but somewhat fussy. Now in middle age (bar lucre) all seems mighty placid. It likes me; I spy a little bright café in one corner of the port, in front of which I now propose we should sit down. There is just enough of the bustle of the harbour and no more; and the ships are close in, regarding us with stern-windows —the ships that bring deals from Norway and parrots from the Indies. Let us sit down here for twenty years, with a packet of tobacco and a drink, and talk of art and women. By the by, the whole city will sink, and the ships too, and the table, and we also; but we shall have sat for twenty years and had a fine talk; and by that time, who knows? exhausted the subject.

I send you a book which (or I am mistook) will please you; it pleased me. But I do desire a book of adventure—a romance—and no man will get or write me one. Dumas I have read and re-read too often; Scott, too, and I am short. I want to hear swords clash. I want a book to begin in a good way; a book, I guess, like *Treasure Island*, alas! which I have never read, and cannot though I live to ninety. I would God that some one else had written it! By all that I can learn, it is the very book for my complaint. I like the way I hear it opens; and they tell me John Silver is good fun. And to me it is, and must ever be, a dream unrealised, a book unwritten: O my sighings after romance, or even Skeltery, and O! the weary age which will produce me neither!

CHAPTER I

The night was damp and cloudy, the ways foul. The single horseman, cloaked

and booted, who pursued his way across Willesden Common, had not met a traveller, when the sound of wheels—

CHAPTER I

"Yes, sir," said the old pilot, "she must have dropped into the bay a little afore dawn. A queer craft she looks."

"She shows no colours," returned the young gentleman musingly.

"They're a-lowerin' of a quarter-boat, Mr. Mark," resumed the old salt. "We shall soon know more of her."

"Ay," replied the young gentleman called Mark, "and here, Mr. Seadrift, comes your sweet daughter Nancy tripping down the cliff."

"God bless her kind heart, sir," ejaculated old Seadrift.

CHAPTER I

The notary, Jean Rossignol, had been summoned to the top of a great house in the Isle St. Louis to make a will; and now, his duties finished, wrapped in a warm roquelaure and with a lantern swinging from one hand, he issued from the mansion on his homeward way. Little did he think what strange adventures were to befall him!—

That is how stories should begin. And I am offered HUSKS instead.

What should be:	What is:
The Filibuster's Cache.	Aunt Anne's Tea Cosy.
Jerry Abershaw.	Mrs. Brierly's Niece.
Blood Money: A Tale.	Society: A Novel.

R. L. S.

[The following letters to myself refer to a project, eagerly embraced at first, but afterward abandoned for want of time and strength, for a short life of Wellington to be contributed to a series edited by Mr. Andrew Lang for Messrs. Longman. In the third letter to me, and in that to Mr. J. A. Symonds which follows it, are expressed something of the feelings of distress and bitterness with which, in common with, but even more deeply than most Englishmen of sense and spirit, Stevenson at this time felt the national disgrace of Gordon's fate in the Soudan.]

BONALLIE TOWER, BRANKSOME PARK,
BOURNEMOUTH, Jan. 4th, 1885.

DEAR S. C.,—I am on my feet again, and getting on my boots to do the *Iron Duke*. Conceive my glee: I have refused the £100, and am to get some sort of royalty, not yet decided, instead. 'Tis for Longman's *English Worthies*, edited by A. Lang. Aw haw!

Now look here, could you get me a loan of the Despatches, or is that a dream? I should have to mark passages I fear, and certainly note pages on the fly. If you think it a dream, will Bain get me a second-hand copy, or who would? The sooner, and cheaper, I can get it the better. If there is anything in your weird library that bears on either the man or the period, put it in a mortar and fire it here instanter: I shall catch. I shall want, of course, an infinity of books: among which, any lives there may be; a life of the Marquis Marmont (the Maréchal), *Marmont's Memoirs; Greville's Memoirs; Peel's Memoirs; Napier;* that blind man's history of England you once lent me; Hamley's *Waterloo;* can you get me any of these? Thiers, idle Thiers also. Can you help a man getting into his boots for such a huge campaign? How are you? A good new year to you. I mean to have a good one, but on whose funds I cannot fancy: not mine, leastways; as I am a mere derelict and drift beam-on to bankruptcy.

For God's sake remember the man who set out for to conquer Arthur Wellesley, with a broken bellows and an empty pocket.—Yours ever.

R. L. SHORTHOUSE.

BOURNEMOUTH, Jan. or Feb. 1885.

DEAR S. C.,—I have addressed a letter to the G. O. M. *à propos* of Villainton; and I became aware, you will be interested to hear, of an overwhelming respect for the old gentleman. I can *blaguer* his failures; but when you actually address him, and bring the two statures and records to confrontation, dismay is the result. By mere continuance of years, he must impose; the man who helped to rule England, before I was conceived, strikes me with a new sense of greatness and antiquity, when I must actually beard him with the cold forms of correspondence. I shied at the necessity of calling him plain "Sir"! had he been "My lord," I had been happier; no, I am no equalitarian. Honour to whom honour is due; and if to none, why, then, honour to the old!

These, O Slade Professor, are my unvarnished sentiments: I was a little surprised to find them so extreme, and, therefore, I communicate the fact.

Belabour thy brains, as to whom it would be well to question. I have a small space; I wish to make a popular book, nowhere obscure, nowhere, if it can be helped, unhuman. It seems to me the most hopeful plan to tell the tale, so far as may be, by anecdote. He did not die till so recently, there must be hundreds who remember him, and thousands who have still ungarnered stories. Dear man, to the breach! Up, soldier of the iron dook, up, Slades, and at 'em! (which, conclusively, he did not say: the at 'em-ic theory is to be dismissed). You know piles of fellows who must reek with matter; help! help!

R. L. S.

[Bournemouth, Feb. 1885.]

My dear Colvin,—You are indeed a backward correspondent, and much may be said against you. But in this weather, and O dear! in this political scene of degradation, much must be forgiven. I fear England is dead of Burgessry, and only walks about galvanised. I do not love to think of my countrymen these days; nor to remember myself. Why was I silent? I feel I have no right to blame any one: but I won't write to the G. O. M. I do really not see my way to any form of signature, unless "your fellow criminal in the eyes of God," which might disquiet the proprieties.

About your book, I have always said go on. [This refers to some kind of a scheme, I forget what, for the republication of stray magazine-work of mine under the title Pictures, Places, and People.] The drawing of character is a different thing from publishing the details of a private career. No one objects to the first, or should object, if his name be not put upon it; at the other, I draw the line. In a preface, if you choose, you might distinguish: it is besides, a thing for which you are eminently well equipped, and which you would do with taste and incision. I long to see the book. People like themselves (to explain a little more); no one likes his life, which is a misgotten issue, and a tale of failure. To see these failures either touched upon, or *coasted*, to get the idea of a spying eye and blabbing tongue about the house is to lose all privacy in life. To see that thing, which we do love, our character set forth, is ever gratifying. See how my *Talk and Talkers* went; everyone liked his own portrait, and shrieked about other people's; so it will be with yours: if you are the least true to the essential, the sitter will be pleased: very likely not his friends, and that from *various motives*.

R. L. S.

When will your holiday be? I sent your letter to my wife, and forget. Keep us in mind, and I hope we shall be able to receive you.

Bournemouth, Feb. 1885.

My dear Symonds,—Yes, we have both been very neglectful. I had horrid luck: catching (from kind friends) two thundering influenzas in August and November; I recovered from the last with difficulty: also had great annoyance from hæmorrhagic leaking; but have come through this blustering winter with some general success; in the house, up and down. My wife, however, has been painfully upset by my health. Last year, of course, was cruelly trying to her nerves; Nice and Hyères are bad experiences; and though she is not ill, the doctors tell me that prolonged anxiety may do her a real mischief. She is now at Hyères collecting our goods; and she has been ill there, which has upset my liver and driven me to the friendly calomel on which I now mainly live: it is the only thing that stops the bleeding, which seems directly connected with the circulation of the liver.

I feel a little old and fagged, and chary of speech, and not very sure of spirit in my work; but considering what a year I have passed, and how I have twice sat on Charon's pier-head, I am surprising. The doctors all seem agreed in saying that my complaint is quite unknown, and will allow of no prognosis.

My father has presented us with a very pretty home in this place, into which we hope to move by May. My *Child's Verses* come out next week. *Otto* begins to appear in April. *More New Arabian Nights* as soon as possible. Moreover, I am neck deep in Wellington; also a story on

the stocks : *The Great North Road.* O, I am busy ! Lloyd is at college in Edinburgh. That is, I think, all that can be said by the way of news.

Have you read *Huckleberry Finn ?* It contains many excellent things ; above all, the whole story of a healthy boy's dealings with his conscience, incredibly well done.

My own conscience is badly seared : a want of piety ; yet I pray for it, tacitly, every day ; believing it, after courage, the only gift worth having ; and its want, in a man of any claims to honour, quite unpardonable. The tone of your letter seemed to me very sound. In these dark days of public dishonour, I do not know that one can do better than carry our private trials piously. What a picture is this of a nation ! No man that I can see, on any side or party, seems to have the least sense of our ineffable shame : the desertion of the garrisons. I tell my little parable that Germany took England, and then there was an Indian Mutiny, and Bismarck said : "Quite right : let Delhi and Calcutta and Bombay fall ; and let the women and children be treated Sepoy fashion," and people say : "O, but that is very different !" And then I wish I were dead. Millais (I hear) was painting Gladstone when the news came of Gordon's death ; Millais was much affected, and Gladstone said : "Why ? *It is the man's own temerity !*" But why should I blame Gladstone, when I too am a Bourgeois ? when I have held my peace ? Why did I hold my peace ? Because I am a sceptic : *i.e.* a Bourgeois. We believe in nothing, Symonds ; you don't, and I don't ; and there are two reasons, out of a handful of millions, why England stands before the world dripping with blood and daubed with dishonour. I will first try to take the beam out of my own eye ; trusting that even private effort somehow betters and braces the general atmosphere. See, for example, if England has shown (I put it hypothetically) one spark of manly sensibility, they have been shamed into it by the spectacle of Gordon. Police-Officer Cole is the only man that I see to admire. I dedicate my *New Arabs* to him and Cox, in default of other great public characters.—Yours ever most affectionately,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Bournemouth, March 16th, 1885.

My dear Hamerton,—Various things have been reminding me of my misconduct : First, Swan's application for your address ; second, a sight of the sheets of your *Landscape* book ; and last, your note to Swan, which he was so kind as to forward. I trust you will never suppose me to be guilty of anything more serious than an idleness, partially excusable. My ill-health makes my rate of life heavier than I can well meet, and yet stops me from earning more. My conscience, sometimes perhaps too easily stifled, but still (for my time of life and the public manners of the age) fairly well alive, forces me to perpetual and almost endless transcriptions. On the back of all this, any correspondence hangs like a thunder-cloud ; and just when I think I am getting through my troubles, crack, down goes my health, I have a long costly sickness, and begin the world again. It is fortunate for me I have a father, or I should long ago have died ; but the opportunity of the aid makes the necessity none the more welcome. My father has presented me with a beautiful house here —or so I believe, for I have not yet seen it, being a cage bird but for nocturnal sorties in the garden. I hope we shall soon move into it, and I tell myself that some day perhaps we may have the pleasure of seeing you as our guest. I trust at least that you will take me as I am, a thoroughly bad correspondent, and a man, a hater, indeed, of rudeness in others, but too often rude in all unconsciousness himself ; and that you will never cease to believe the sincere sympathy and admiration that I feel for you and for your work.

About the *Landscape* [Mr. Hamerton's book so called], which I had a glimpse of while a friend of mine was preparing a review, I was greatly interested, and could write and wrangle for a year on every page ; one passage particularly delighted me, the part about Ulysses—jolly. Then, you know, that is just what I fear I have come to think landscape ought to be in literature ; so there we should be at odds. Or perhaps not so much as I suppose, as Montaigne says it is a pot with two handles, and I own I am wedded to the technical handle, which (I likewise own and freely) you do well to keep for a mistress. I should much like to talk with you about

some other points ; it is only in talk that one gets to understand. Your delightful Wordsworth trap I have tried on two hardened Wordsworthians, not that I am one myself. By covering up the context, and asking them to guess what the passage was, both (and both are very clever people, one a writer, one a painter) pronounced it a guide-book. "Do you think it an unusually good guide-book?" I asked, and both said, "No, not at all!" Their grimace was a picture when I showed the original.

I trust your health and that of Mrs. Hamerton keep better ; your last account was a poor one. I was unable to make out the visit I had hoped, as (I do not know if you heard of it) I had a very violent and dangerous hæmorrhage last spring. I am almost glad to have seen death so close with all my wits about me, and not in the customary lassitude and disenchantment of disease. Even thus clearly beheld I find him not so terrible as we suppose. But, indeed, with the passing of years, the decay of strength, the loss of all my old active and pleasant habits, there grows more and more upon me that belief in the kindness of this scheme of things, and the goodness of our veiled God, which is an excellent and pacifying compensation. I trust, if your health continues to trouble you, you may find some of the same belief. But perhaps my fine discovery is a piece of art, and belongs to a character cowardly, intolerant of certain feelings, and apt to self-deception. I don't think so, however ; and when I feel what a weak and fallible vessel I was thrust into this hurly-burly, and with what marvellous kindness the wind has been tempered to my frailties, I think I should be a strange kind of ass to feel anything but gratitude.

I do not know why I should inflict this talk upon you ; but when I summon the rebellious pen, he must go his own way ; I am no Michael Scott, to rule the fiend of correspondence. Most days he will none of me ; and when he comes, it is to rape me where he will,—Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[With Mr. Will H. Low as intermediary, Stevenson had now been entering into relations with Messrs. Scribner's Sons for the publication of his works in America. The following letter refers to this matter and to Mr. Low's proposed dedication to R. L. S. of one of the poems of Keats which he had been illustrating.]

BONALLIE TOWER, BOURNEMOUTH,
March 13th, 1885.

MY DEAR LOW,—Your success has been immense. I wish your letter had come two days ago : *Otto*, alas ! has been disposed of a good while ago ; but it was only day before yesterday that I settled the new volume of Arabs. However, for the future, you and the sons of the deified Scribner are the men for me. Really they have behaved most handsomely. I cannot lay my hand on the papers, or I would tell you exactly how it compares with my English bargain : but it compares well. Ah ! if we had that copyright, I do believe it would go far to make me solvent, ill health and all.

I wrote you a letter to the Rembrandt, in which I stated my views about the dedication in a very brief form. It will give me sincere pleasure ; and will make the second dedication I have received : the other being from John Addington Symonds. It is a compliment I value much ; I don't know any that I should prefer.

I am glad to hear you have windows to do ; that is a fine business, I think ; but alas ! the glass is so bad nowadays ; realism invading even that, as well as the huge inferiority of our technical resource corrupting every tint. Still, anything that keeps a man to decoration is in this age, good for the artist's spirit.

By the way, have you seen James and me on the novel ? James, I think in the August or September—R. L. S. in the December *Longman*. I own I think the *école bête*, of which I am the champion, has the whiphand of the argument ; but as James is to make a rejoinder, I must not boast. Anyway the controversy is amusing to see. I was terribly tied down to space, which has made the end congested and dull. I shall see if I can afford to send you the April *Contemporary*—but I daresay you see it anyway—as it will contain a paper of mine on style, a sort of continuation of old arguments on art in which you have wagged a most effective tongue. It is a

sort of start upon my Treatise on the Art of Literature: a small, arid book that shall some day appear.

With every good wish from me and mine (should I not say "she and hers"?) to you and yours, believe me yours ever,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Do you see much of Marius Townsend? Are you next door to the Doctor's Daughter? or does "North" refer to another "Washington Square" than Henry James's?

[The following to Mr. Gosse refers to the publication of that gentleman's life of Gray, in Mr. Morley's series of English Men of Letters, and of the writer's own, now classic, volume, *A Child's Garden of Verses*.]

BONALLIE TOWER, BOURNEMOUTH,
March 12, 1885.

MY DEAR GOSSE,—I was indeed much exercised how I could be worked into Gray; and lo! when I saw it, the passage seemed to have been written with a single eye to elucidate the . . . worst? . . . well, not a very good poem of Gray's. Your little life is excellent, clean, neat, efficient. I have read many of your notes, too, with pleasure. Your connection with Gray was a happy circumstance; it was a suitable conjunction.

I did not answer your letter from the States, for what was I to say? I liked getting it and reading it; I was rather flattered that you wrote it to me; and then I'll tell you what I did—I put it in the fire. Why? Well, just because it was very natural and expansive; and thinks I to myself, if I die one of these fine nights, this is just the letter that Gosse would not wish to go into the hands of third parties. Was I well inspired? And I did not answer it because you were in your high places, sailing with supreme dominion, and seeing life in a particular glory; and I was peddling in a corner, confined to the house, overwhelmed with necessary work, which I was not always doing well, and, in the very mild form in which the disease approaches me, touched with a sort of bustling cynicism. Why throw cold water? How ape your agreeable frame of mind? In short, I held my tongue.

I have now published on 101 small pages *The Complete Proof of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's Incapacity to Write Verse*, in a series of graduated examples with table of contents. I think I shall issue a companion volume of exercises: "Analyse this poem. Collect and comminate the ugly words. Distinguish and condemn the *chevilles*. State Mr. Stevenson's faults of taste in regard to the measure. What reasons can you gather from this example for your belief that Mr. S. is unable to write any other measure?"

They look ghastly in the cold light of print; but there is something nice in the little ragged regimen: for all; the blackguards seem to me to smile; to have a kind of childish treble note that sounds in my ears freshly; not song, if you will, but a child's voice.

I was glad you enjoyed your visit to the States. Most Englishmen go there with a confirmed design of patronage, as they go to France for that matter; and patronage will not pay. Besides, in this year of—grace, said I?—of disgrace, who should creep so low as an Englishman? "It is not to be thought of that the flood"—ah, "Wordsworth," you would change your note were you alive to-day!

I am now a beastly householder, but have not yet entered on my domain. When I do, the social revolution will probably cast me back upon my dung heap. There is a person called Hyndman whose eye is on me; his step is beHynd me as I go. I shall call my house Skerryvore when I get it: SKERRYVORE: *c'est bon pour la poéshie*. I will conclude with my favourite sentiment: "The world is too much with me."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
The Hermit of Skerryvore.
Author of "John Vane Tempest: a Romance," "Herbert and Henrietta: or the Nemesis of Sentiment," "The Life and Adventures of Colonel Bludyer Fortescue," "Happy Homes and Hairy Faces," "A Pound of Feathers and a Pound of Lead," part author of "Minn's Complete Capricious Correspondent: a Manual of Natty, Natural, and Knowing Letters," and editor of the "Poetical Remains of Samuel Burt Crabbe, known as the melodious Bottle-Holder."

Uniform with the above:
"The Life and Remains of the Reverend

Jacob Degray Squah," author of "Heave-yo for the New Jerusalem." "A Box of Candles; or the Patent Spiritual Safety Match," and "A Day with the Heavenly Harriers."

[The two following letters refer to the sudden death of Professor Fleeming Jenkin, with whom, and with his wife, Stevenson from his early student days maintained unbroken kindness and friendship.]

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH
[Midsummer, 1885].

MY DEAR MRS. JENKIN,—You know how much and for how long I have loved, respected, and admired him; I am only able to feel a little with you. But I know how he would have wished us to feel. I never knew a better man, nor one to me more lovable; we shall all feel the loss more greatly as time goes on. It scarce seems life to me; what must it be to you? Yet one of the last things that he said to me was, that from all these sad bereavements of yours he had learned only more than ever to feel the goodness and what we, in our feebleness, call the support of God; he had been ripening so much—to other eyes than ours, we must suppose he was ripe, and try to feel it. I feel it is better not to say much more. It will be to me a great pride to write a notice of him: the last I can now do. What more in any way I can do for you, please to think and let me know. For his sake and for your own, I would not be a useless friend: I know, you know me a most warm one; please command me or my wife, in any way. Do not trouble to write to me; Austin, I have no doubt, will do so, if you are, as I fear you will be, unfit.

My heart is sore for you. At least you know what you have been to him; how he cherished and admired you, how he was never so pleased as when he spoke of you; with what a boy's love, up to the last, he loved you. This surely is a consolation. Yours is the cruel part: to survive; you must try and not grudge to him his better fortune, to go first. It is the sad part of such relations that one must remain and suffer; I cannot see my poor Jenkin without you. Nor you indeed without him; but you may try to rejoice that he is spared that extremity. Perhaps I (as I was so much his confidant) know even better that you can do, what your loss would have been to him; he never spoke of you but what his face changed; it was —you were—his religion.

I write by this post to Austin and to the Academy.—Yours most sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH.

MY DEAR MRS. JENKIN,—I should have written sooner, but we are in a bustle and I have been very tired, though still well. Your very kind note was most welcome to me. I shall be very much pleased to have you call me Louis, as he has now done for so many years. Sixteen, you say? is it so long? It seems too short now; but of that we cannot judge and must not complain.

I wish that either I or my wife could do anything for you; when we can, you will, I am sure, command us.

I trust that my notice gave you as little pain as was possible. I found I had so much to say, that I preferred to keep it for another place and make but a note in the Academy. To try to draw my friend at greater length, and say what he was to me and his intimates, what a good influence in life and what an example, is a desire that grows upon me. It was strange, as I wrote the note, how his old tests and criticisms haunted me; and it reminded me afresh with every few words how much I owe to him.

I had a note from Henley, very brief and very sad. We none of us yet feel the loss; but we know what he would have said and wished.

Do you know that Dew-Smith has two photographs of him, neither very bad; and one giving a lively, though not flattering air of him in conversation? If you have not got them, would you like me to write to Dew and ask him to give you proofs?

I was so pleased that he and my wife had at last made friends; that is a great pleasure. We found and have preserved one fragment (the head) of the drawing he made and tore up when he was last here. He had promised to come and stay with us this summer. May we not hope, at least, some time soon to have one from

you?—Believe me, my dear Mrs. Jenkin, with the most real sympathy, your sincere friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Dear me, what happiness I owe to both of you!

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH,
October 22nd, 1885.

MY DEAR LOW,—I trust you are not annoyed with me beyond forgiveness: for indeed my silence has been devilish prolonged. I can only tell you that I have been nearly six months (more than six) in a strange condition of collapse when it was impossible to do any work and difficult (more difficult than you would suppose) to write the merest note. I am now better, but not yet my own man in the way of brains, and in health only so-so. I turn more towards the liver and dyspepsia business, which is damned unpleasant and paralysing; I suppose I shall learn (I begin to think I am learning) to fight this vast, vague feather-bed of an obsession that now overlies and smothers me; but in the beginnings of these conflicts, the inexperienced wrestler is always worsted; and I own I have been quite extinct. I wish you to know, though it can be no excuse, that you are not the only one of my friends by many whom I have thus neglected; and even now, having come so very late into the possession of myself, with a substantial capital of debts, and my work still moving with a desperate slowness—as a child might fill a sandbag with its little handfuls—and my future deeply pledged, there is almost a touch of virtue in my borrowing these hours to write to you. Why I said 'hours' I know not; it would look blue for both of us if I made good the word.

I was writing your address the other day, ordering a copy of my next, *Prince Otto*, to go your way. I hope you have not seen it in parts; it was not meant to be so read; and only my poverty (dishonourably) consented to the serial evolution.

I will send you with this a copy of the English edition of the *Child's Garden*. I have heard there is some vile rule of the post-office in the States against inscriptions; so I send herewith a piece of doggerel which Mr. Bunner may, if he thinks fit, copy off the fly leaf.

Sargent was down again and painted a portrait of me walking about in my own dining-room, in my own velveteen jacket and twisting as I go my own moustache; at one corner a glimpse of my wife, in an Indian dress and seated in a chair that was once my grandfather's, but since some months goes by the name of Henry James's, for it was there the novelist loved to sit—adds a touch of poesy and comicality. It is, I think, excellent; but is too eccentric to be exhibited. I am at one extreme corner; my wife, in this wild dress and looking like a ghost, is at the extreme other end; between us an open door exhibits my palatial entrance hall and a part of my respected staircase. All this is touched in lovely, with that witty touch of Sargent's; but of course it looks dam queer as a whole.

Pray let me hear from you and give me good news of yourself and your wife, to whom please remember me.—Yours most sincerely, my dear Low,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(To be continued.)



"Well, he can't lead *me*."—Page 35.

THE CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVY ANN

By Joel Chandler Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

AN EVENING WITH THE KU-KLUX

WHILE in Halcyondale attending the county fair I had a good many talks with Aunt Minervy Ann, who was the cook, housekeeper, and general superintendent of Major Tumlin Perdue's household. Some of these conversations have been reported on account of the whiff and flavor of old times which caused them to live in my mind, while others perhaps as important have been forgotten.

In the published reports of these conversations the name of Hamp, Aunt Minervy's husband, often occurs. When a slave, Hamp had belonged to an estate which was in the hands of the Court of Ordinary (or, as it was then called, the Inferior Court), to be administered in the interest of minor heirs. This was not a fortunate thing for the negroes, of which there were above one hundred and fifty. Men, women, and children were hired out, some far and some near. They came back home at Christmas-time, enjoyed a week's frolic, and were then hired out again, perhaps to new employers. But whether to new or old, it is certain that hired hands in those days did not receive the consideration that men gave to their own negroes.

This experience told heavily on Hamp's mind. It made him reserved, suspicious, and antagonistic. He had few pleasant memories to fall back on, and these were of the days of his early youth, when he used to trot around holding to his old master's coat-tails—the kind old master who had finally been sent to the insane asylum. Hamp never got over the idea (he had heard some of the older negroes talking about it) that his old master had been judged to be crazy simply because he was unusually kind to his negroes, especially the little ones. Hamp's after-experience seemed to prove this, for he

received small share of kindness, as well as scrimped rations, from those who hired him.

It was a very good thing for Hamp that he married Aunt Minervy Ann, otherwise he would have become a wanderer and a vagabond when freedom came. Even as it was, he didn't miss it a hair's breadth. He "broke loose," as he described it, and went off, but finally came back and tried to persuade Aunt Minervy Ann to leave Major Perdue. How he failed in this has already been reported. He settled down, but he acquired no very friendly feelings toward the white race.

He joined the secret political societies strangely called "Union Leagues," and aided in disseminating the belief that the whites were only awaiting a favorable opportunity to re-enslave his race. He was only repeating what the carpet-baggers had told him. Perhaps he believed the statement, perhaps not. At any rate, he repeated it fervently and frequently, and soon came to be the recognized leader of the negroes in the county of which Halcyondale was the capital. That is to say, the leader of all except one. At church one Sunday night some of the brethren congratulated Aunt Minervy Ann on the fact that Hamp was now the leader of the colored people in that region.

"What colored people?" snapped Aunt Minervy Ann.

"We-all," responded a deacon, emphatically.

"Well, he can't lead *me*, I'll tell you dat right now!" exclaimed Aunt Minervy Ann.

Anyhow, when the time came to elect members of the Legislature (the constitutional convention had already been held), Hamp was chosen to be the candidate of the negro Republicans. A white man wanted to run, but the negroes said they preferred their own color, and they had their



He wore a blue army overcoat and a stove-pipe hat.—Page 36.

way. They had their way at the polls, too, for, as nearly all the whites who would have voted had served in the Confederate army, they were at that time disfranchised.

So Hamp was elected overwhelmingly, "worl' widout een'," as he put it, and the effect it had on him was a perfect illustration of one aspect of human nature. Before and during the election (which lasted three days) Hamp had been going around puffed up with importance. He wore a blue army overcoat and a stove-pipe hat, and went about smoking a big cigar. When the election was over, and he was declared the choice of the county, he collapsed. His dignity all disappeared. His air of self-importance and confidence deserted him. His responsibilities seemed to weigh him down.

He had once "rolled" in the little printing-office where the machinery consisted of a No. 2 Washington hand-press, a wooden imposing-stone, three stands for the cases, a rickety table for "wetting down" the paper, a tub in which to wash the forms, and a sheet-iron "imposing-stone." This chanced to be my headquarters, and the day after the election I was somewhat surprised to see Hamp saunter in. So was Major Tumlin Perdue, who was reading the exchanges.

"He's come to demand a retraction," remarked the Major, "and you'll have to set him right. He's no longer plain Hamp; he's the Hon. Hamp — what's your other name?" turning to the negro.

"Hamp Tumlin my fergiven name, suh. I thought 'Nervy tol' you dat."

"Why, who named you after me?" inquired the Major, somewhat angrily.

"Me an' 'Nervy fix it up, suh. She say it's about de purtiest name in town."

The Major melted a little, but his bristles rose again, as it were.

"Look here, Hamp!" he exclaimed in a tone that nobody ever forgot or misinterpreted; "don't you go and stick Perdue onto it. I won't stand that!"

"No, suh!" responded Hamp. "I started ter do it, but 'Nervy Ann say she ain't gwine ter have de Perdue name bandied about up dar whar de Legislatur's at."

Again the Major thawed, and though he looked long at Hamp it was with friendly eyes. He seemed to be studying the negro—"sizing him up," as the saying is. For a newly elected member of the Legislature, Hamp seemed to take a great deal of interest in the old duties he once performed about the office. He went first to the box in which the "roller" was kept, and felt of its surface carefully.

"You'll hatter have a bran new roller 'fo' de mont's out," he said, "an' I won't be here to he'p you make it."

Then he went to the roller-frame, turned the handle, and looked at the wooden cylinders. "Dey don't look atter it like I use ter, suh; an' dish yer frame monst'us shackly."

From there he passed to the forms where the advertisements remained standing. He passed his thumb over the type and looked at it critically. "Dey er mighty skeer'd dey'll git all de ink off," was his comment. Do what he would, Hamp couldn't hide his embarrassment.

Meanwhile, Major Perdue scratched off a few lines in pencil. "I wish you'd get this in Tuesday's paper," he said. Then he read: "The Hon. Hampton Tumlin, recently elected a member of the Legislature, paid us a pop-call last Saturday. We are always pleased to meet our distinguished fellow-townsman and representative. We trust Hon. Hampton Tumlin will call again when the Ku-Klux are in."

"Why, certainly," said I, humoring the joke.

"Sholy you-all ain't gwine put dat in de paper, is you?" inquired Hamp, in amazement.

"Of course," replied the Major; "why not?"

"Kaze, ef you does, I'm a ruint nigger. Ef 'Nervy Ann hear talk 'bout my name an' entitlements bein' in de paper, she'll quit me sho. Uh-uh! I'm gwine 'way fum here!" With that Hamp bowed and disappeared. The Major chuckled over his little joke, but soon returned to his newspaper. For a quarter of an hour there was absolute quiet in the room, and, as it seemed, in the entire building, which was a brick structure of two stories, the stairway being in the centre. The hallway was, perhaps, seventy-five feet long, and on each side, at regular intervals, there were four rooms, making eight in



"Sholy you-all ain't gwine put dat in de paper, is you?"—Page 36.

all, and, with one exception, variously occupied as lawyers' offices or sleeping apartments, the exception being the printing-office in which Major Perdue and I were sitting. This was at the extreme rear of the hallway.

I had frequently been struck by the acoustic properties of this hallway. A conversation carried on in ordinary tones in the printing-office could hardly be heard in the adjoining room. Transferred to the front rooms, however, or even to the sidewalk facing the entrance to the stairway, the lightest tone was magnified in volume. A German professor of music who for a time occupied the apartment opposite the printing-office was so harassed by the thunderous sounds of laughter and conversation rolling back upon him that he tried to remedy the matter by nailing two thicknesses of bagging along the floor from the stairway to the rear window. This was, indeed, something of a help, but when the German left, being of an economical turn of mind, he took his bagging away with him, and once more the hall-way was torn and rent, as you may say, with the lightest whisper.

Thus it happened that, while the Major and I were sitting enjoying an extraordinary season of calm, suddenly there came a thundering sound from the stairway. A troop of horse could hardly have made a greater uproar, and yet I knew that less than half a dozen people were ascending the steps. Some one stumbled and caught himself, and the multiplied and magnified reverberations were as loud as if the roof had caved in, carrying the better part of the structure with it. Some one laughed at the misstep, and the sound came to our ears with the deafening effect of an explosion. The party filed with a dull roar into one of the front rooms, the office of a harum-scarum young lawyer who had more empty bottles behind his door than he had ever had briefs on his desk.

"Well, the great Gemini!" exclaimed

Major Perdue, "how do you manage to stand that sort of thing?"

I shrugged my shoulders and laughed, and was about to begin anew a very old tirade against caves and halls of thunder, when the Major raised a warning hand. Some one was saying——

"He hangs out right on ol' Major Perdue's lot. He's got a wife there."

"By jing!" exclaimed another voice; "is that so? Well, I don't wanter git mixed up wi' the Major. He may be wobbly on his legs, but I don't wanter be the one to run up ag'in 'im."

The Major pursed up his lips and looked at the ceiling, his attitude being one of rapt attention.

"Shucks!" cried another; "by the time the ol' cock gits his bellyful of dram, thunder wouldn't roust 'im."

A shrewd, foxy, almost sinister expression came over the Major's rosy face as he glanced at me. His left hand went to his goatee, an invariable signal of deep feeling, such as anger, grief, or serious trouble. Another voice broke in here, a voice that we both knew to be that of Larry Pulliam, a big Kentuckian who had refugeed to Halcyondale during the war.

"Blast it all!" exclaimed Larry Pulliam, "I hope the Major will come out. Me an' him hain't never butted heads yit, an' it's gittin' high time. Ef he comes out, you fellers jest go ahead with your rat-killin'. *I*'ll 'ten' to him."

"Why, you'd make two of him, Pulliam," said the young lawyer.

"Oh, I'll not hurt 'im; that is, not *much*—jest enough to let 'im know I'm livin' in the same village," replied Mr. Pulliam. The voice of the town bull could not have had a more terrifying sound.

Glancing at the Major, I saw that he had entirely recovered his equanimity. More than that, a smile of sweet satisfaction and contentment settled on his rosy face, and stayed there.

"I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for that last remark," whispered the Major. "That chap's been a-raisin' his hackle at me ever since he's been here, and every time I try to get him to make a flutter he's off and gone. Of course it wouldn't do for me to push a row on him just dry so. But now——" The Major laughed softly, rubbed his hands together, and seemed to be as happy as a child with a new toy.

"My son," said he after awhile, "ain't there some way of finding out who the other fellows are? Ain't you got some word you want Seab Griffin"—this was the young lawyer—"to spell for you?"

Spelling was the Major's weakness. He was a well-educated man, and could write vigorous English, but only a few days before he had asked me how many *f*'s there are in *graphic*.

"Let's see," he went on, rubbing the top of his head. "Do you spell *Byzantium* with two *y*'s, or with two *i*'s, or with one *y* and one *i*? It'll make Seab feel right good to be asked that before company, and he certainly needs to feel good if he's going with that crowd."

So, with a manuscript copy in my hand, I went hurriedly down the hall and put the important question. Mr. Griffin was all politeness, but not quite sure of the facts in the case. But he searched in his books of reference, including the Geographical Gazette, until finally he was able to give me the information I was supposed to stand in need of.

While he was searching, Mr. Pulliam turned to me and inquired what day the paper came out. When told that the date was Tuesday, he smiled and nodded his head mysteriously.

"That's good," he declared; "you'll be in time to ketch the news."

"What news?" I inquired.

"Well, ef you don't hear about it before to-morrer night, jest inquire of Major Perdue. He'll tell you all about it."

Mr. Pulliam's tone was so supercilious that I was afraid the Major would lose his temper and come raging down the hallway. But he did nothing of the kind. When I returned he was fairly beaming. The Major took down the names in his note-book—I have forgotten all except those of Buck Sanford and Larry Pulliam—and seemed to be perfectly happy. They were all from the country except Larry Pulliam and the young lawyer.

After my visit to the room, the men spoke in lower tones, but every word came back to us as distinctly as before.

"The feed of the hosses won't cost us a cent," remarked young Sanford. "Tom Gresham said he'd 'ten' to that. They're

in the stable right now. And we're to have supper in Tom's back room, have a little game of ante, and along about twelve or one we'll sa'nter down and yank that derned nigger from betwixt his blankets, ef he's got any, and leave him to cool off at the cross-roads. Won't you go 'long, Seab, and see it well done?"

When all the details of their plan had been carefully arranged, the amateur Ku-Klux went filing out, the noise they made dying away like the echoes of a storm.

Major Perdue leaned his head against the back of his chair, closed his eyes, and sat there so quietly that I thought he was asleep. But this was a mistake. Sud-



Inquired what day the paper came out.—Page 38.

"I'll go and see if the supper's well done, and I'll take a shy at your ante," replied Mr. Griffin. "But when it comes to the balance of the programme—well, I'm a lawyer, you know, and you couldn't expect me to witness the affair. I might have to take your cases and prove an alibi, you know, and I couldn't conscientiously do that if I was on hand at the time."

"The Ku-Klux don't have to have alibis," suggested Larry Pulliam.

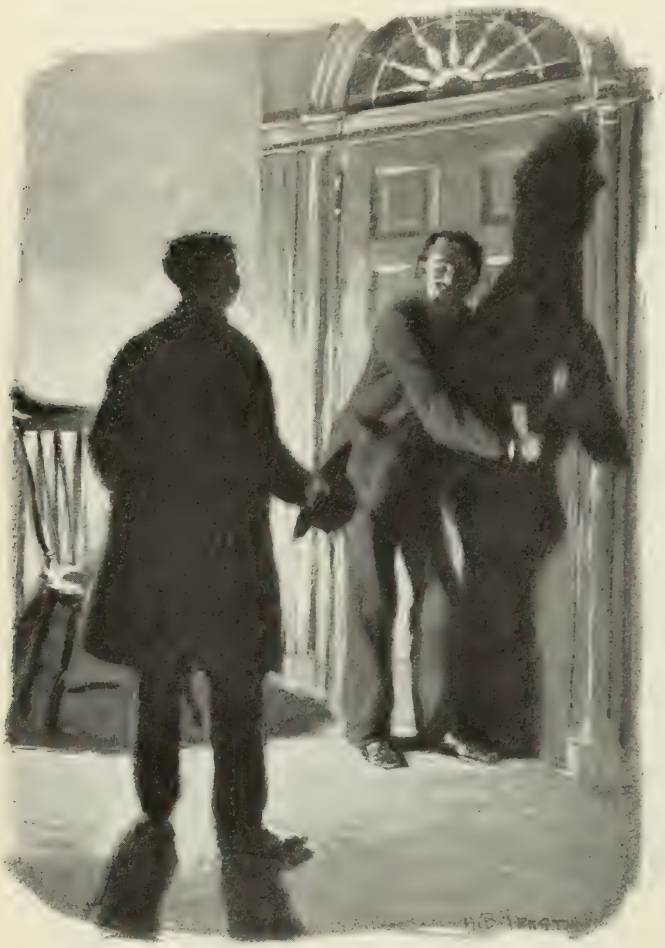
"Perhaps not, still —" Apparently Mr. Griffin disposed of the matter with a gesture.

denly he began to laugh, and he laughed until the tears ran down his face. It was laughter that was contagious, and presently I found myself joining in without knowing why. This started the Major afresh, and we both laughed until exhaustion came to our aid.

"O Lord!" cried the Major, panting, "I haven't had as much fun since the war, and a long time before. That blamed Pulliam is going to walk into a trap of his own setting. Now you jest watch how he goes out ag'in."

"But I'll not be there," I suggested.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the Major, "you can't afford to miss it. It'll be the finest piece of news your paper ever had. You'll go to supper with me—" He paused. "No, I'll go home, send Valentine to her Aunt Emmy's, get Blasengame to come around, and we'll have supper about nine. That'll fix it. Some of them chaps might have an eye on my house, and I don't want 'em to see anybody but me go in there. Now, if you don't come at nine, I'll send Blasengame after you."



"I was on the lookout," the Major explained.

"I shall be glad to come, Major. I was simply fishing for an invitation."

"*That* fish is always on your hook, and you know it," the Major insisted.

As it was arranged, so it fell out. At nine, I lifted and dropped the knocker on the Major's front door. It opened so promptly that I was somewhat taken by surprise, but in a moment the hand of my host was on my arm, and he pulled me inside unceremoniously.

"I was on the lookout," the Major explained. "Minervy Ann has fixed to have waffles, and she's crazy about havin' 'em just right. If she waits too long to make 'em, the batter'll spoil; and if she puts 'em on before everybody's ready, they won't be good. That's what she says. Here he is, you old Hessian!" the Major cried, as Minervy Ann peeped in from the dining-room. "Now slap that supper together and let's get at it."

"I'm mighty glad you come, suh," said Aunt Minervy Ann, with a courtesy and a smile, and then she disappeared. In an incredibly short time, supper was announced, and though Aunt Minervy has since informed me confidentially that the Perdues were having a hard time of it at that period, I'll do her the credit to say that the supper she furnished forth was as good as any to be had in that town—waffles, beat biscuit, fried chicken, buttermilk, and coffee that could not be surpassed.

"How about the biscuit, Minervy Ann?" inquired Colonel Blasengame, who was the Major's brother-in-law, and therefore one of the family.

"I turned de dough on de block twelve times, an' hit it a hunderd an forty-sev'm licks," replied Aunt Minervy Ann.

"I'm afeard you hit it one lick too many," said Colonel Blasengame, winking at me.

"Well, suh, I been hittin' dat away a mighty long time," Aunt Minervy Ann explained, "and I ain't never hear no complaints."

"Oh, I'm not complainin', Minervy Ann." Colonel Blasengame waved his hand. "I'm mighty glad you did hit the dough a lick too many. If you hadn't, the biscuit would 'a' melted in my mouth, and I believe I'd rather chew on 'em to get the taste."

"He des runnin' on, suh," said Aunt Minervy Ann to me. "Marse Bolivar know mighty well dat he got ter go 'way fum de Nunited State fer ter git any better biscuits dan what I kin bake."

Then there was a long pause, which was broken by an attempt on the part of

Major Perdue to give Aunt Minervy Ann an inkling of the events likely to happen during the night. She seemed to be both hard of hearing and dull of understanding when the subject was broached; or she may have suspected the Major was joking or trying to "run a rig" on her. Her questions and comments, however, were very characteristic.

"I dunner what dey want wid Hamp," she said. "Ef dey know'd how no-count he is, dey'd let 'im 'lone. What dey want wid 'im?"

"Well, two or three of the country boys and maybe some of the town chaps are going to call on him between midnight and day. They want to take him out to the cross-roads. Hadn't you better fix 'em up a little snack? Hamp won't want anything, but the boys will feel a little hungry after the job is over."

"Nobody ain't never tell me dat de Legislatur' wuz like de Free Masons, whar dey have ter ride a billy goat an' go down in a dry well wid de chains a-clankin'. I done tol' Hamp dat he better not fool wid white folks' doin's."

"Only the colored members have to be initiated," explained the Major, solemnly.

"What does dey do wid um?" inquired Aunt Minervy Ann.

"Well," replied the Major, "they take 'em out to the nearest cross-roads, put ropes around their necks, run the ropes over limbs, and pull away as if they were drawing water from a well."

"What dey do dat fer?" asked Aunt Minervy Ann, apparently still oblivious to the meaning of it all.

"They want to see which'll break first, the ropes or the necks," the Major explained.

"Ef dey takes Hamp out," remarked Aunt Minervy Ann, tentatively—feeling her way, as it were—"what time will he come back?"

"You've heard about the Resurrection Morn, haven't you, Minervy Ann?" There was a pious twang in the Major's voice as he pronounced the words.

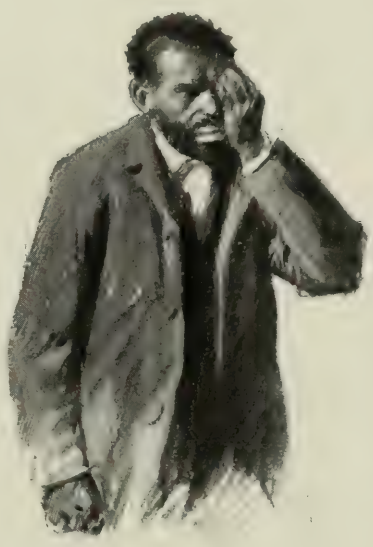
"I hear de preacher say sump'n 'bout it," replied Aunt Minervy Ann.

"Well," said the Major, "along about that time Hamp will return. I hope his record is good enough to give him wings."

"Shuh! Marse Tumlin! you-all des fool'n' me. I don't keer—Hamp ain't gwine wid um. I tell you dat right now."

"Oh, he may not want to go," persisted the Major, "but he'll go all the same if they get their hands on him."

"My life er me!" exclaimed Aunt Minervy Ann, bristling up, "does you-all 'speck I'm gwine ter let um take Hamp out dat away? De fus' man come ter my door, less'n it's one er you-all, I'm gwine ter fling a pan er hot embers in his face ef de Lord'll gi' me de strenk. An' ef dat don't do no good, I'll scald um wid b'ilin' water. You hear dat, don't you?"



"Dat's some er 'Nervy Ann's doin's, suh."—Page 43.

"Minervy Ann," said the Major, sweetly, "have you ever heard of the Ku-Klux?"

"Yasser, I is!" she exclaimed with startling emphasis. She stopped still and gazed hard at the Major. In response, he merely shrugged his shoulders and raised his right hand with a swift gesture that told the whole story.

"Name er God! Marse Tumlin, is you an' Marse Bolivar and dish yer young genterman gwine ter set down here flat-footed and let dem Ku-kluckers scarify Hamp?"

"Why should *we* do anything? You've got everything arranged. You're going to singe 'em with hot embers, and you're going to take their hides off with scalding water. What more do you want?" The Major spoke with an air of benign resignation.

Aunt Minervy Ann shook her head vigorously. "Ef deyer de Kukluckers, fire won't do um no harm. Dey totes der haids in der han's."

"Their heads in their hands?" cried Colonel Blasengame, excitedly.

"Dat what dey say, suh," replied Aunt Minervy Ann.

Colonel Blasengame looked at his watch. "Tumlin, I'll have to ask you to excuse me to-night," he said. "I—well, the fact is, I have a mighty important engagement up town. I'm obliged to fill it." He turned to Aunt Minervy Ann: "Did I understand you to say the Ku-Klux carry their heads in their hands?"

"Dat what folks tell me. I hear my own color sesso," replied Aunt Minervy Ann.

"I'd be glad to stay with you, Tumlin," the Colonel declared; "but—well, under the circumstances, I think I'd better fill that engagement. Justice to my family demands it."

"Well," responded Major Perdue, "if you are going, I reckon we'd just as well go, too."

"Huh!" exclaimed Aunt Minervy Ann, "ef gwine's de word, dey can't nobody beat me gittin' way fum here. Dey may beat me comin' back, I ain't 'sputin' dat; but dey can't beat me gwine 'way. I'm ol', but I got mighty nigh ez much go in me ez a quarter-hoss."

Colonel Blasengame leaned back in his chair and studied the ceiling. "It seems to me, Tumlin, we might compromise on this. Suppose we get Hamp to come in here. Minervy Ann can stay out there in the kitchen and throw a rock against the back door when the Ku-Klux come."

Aunt Minervy Ann fairly gasped. "*Who? Me?* I'll die fust. I'll t'ar down dat do'; I'll holler twel ev'ybody in de neighborhood come a-runnin'. Ef you don't b'lieve me, you des try me. I'll paw up dat back-yard."

Major Perdue went to the back door and called Hamp, but there was no answer. He called him a second time, with the same result.

"Well," said the Major, "they've stolen a march on us. They've come and carried him off while we were talking."

"No, suh, dey ain't, needer. I know right whar he is, an' I'm gwine atter 'im. He's right 'cross de street dar, colloguin'



In the third he placed only powder.—Page 44.



We administered to his hurts the best we could.—Page 45.

wid dat ol' Ceely Ensign. Dat's right whar he is."

"Old! Why, Celia is young," remarked the Major. "They say she's the best cook in town."

Aunt Minervy Ann whipped out of the room, and was gone some little time. When she returned, she had Hamp with her, and I noticed that both were laboring under excitement which they strove in vain to suppress.

"Here I is, suh," said Hamp. "'Nervy Ann say you call me."

"How is Celia to-night?" Colonel Blasengame inquired, suavely.

This inquiry, so suddenly and unexpectedly put, seemed to disconcert Hamp. He shuffled his feet and put his hand to his face. I noticed a blue welt over his eye, which was not there when he visited me in the afternoon.

"Well, suh, I speck she's tolerbul."

"*Is she? Is she? Ah-h-h!*" cried Aunt Minervy Ann.

"She must be pretty well," said the Major. "I see she's hit you a clip over the left eye."

"Dat's some er 'Nervy Ann's doin's, suh," replied Hamp, somewhat disconsolately.

"Den what you git in de way fer?" snapped Aunt Minervy Ann.

"Marse Tumlin, dat ar 'oman ain't done nothin' in de roun' worl'. She say she want me to buy some hime books fer de church when I went to Atlanty, an' I went over dar atter de money."

"*I himed 'er an' I churched 'er!*" exclaimed Aunt Minervy Ann.

"Here de money right here," said Hamp, pulling a small roll of shinplasters out of his pocket; "an' whiles we settin' dar countin' de money, 'Nervy Ann come in dar an' frail dat 'oman out."

"Ain't you hear dat nigger holler, Marse Tumlin?" inquired Minervy Ann. She was in high good-humor now. "Look like ter me dey could a-heerd 'er blate in de nex' county ef dey'd been a-lis'nin'. 'Twuz same ez a picnic, suh, an' I'm gwine 'cross dar 'fo' long an' pay my party call."

Then she began to laugh, and pretty soon went through the whole episode for



"I'd a heap rather you'd pull your shot-gun on me than your pen."—Page 46.

our edification, dwelling with unction on that part where the unfortunate victim of her jealousy had called her "Miss 'Nervy." The more she laughed the more serious Hamp became.

At the proper time he was told of the visitation that was to be made by the Ku-Klux, and this information seemed to perplex and worry him no little. But his face lit up with genuine thankfulness when the programme for the occasion was announced to him. He and Minervy Ann were to remain in the house and not show their heads until the Major or the Colonel or their guest came to the back door and drummed on it lightly with the fingers.

Then the arms—three shot-guns—were brought out, and I noticed with some degree of surprise, that as the Major and the Colonel began to handle these, their spirits rose perceptibly. The Major hummed a tune and the Colonel whistled softly as they oiled the locks and tried the triggers. The Major, in coming home, had purchased four pounds of mustard-seed shot, and with this he proceeded to load two of the guns. In the third he placed only powder. This harmless weapon was intended for me, while the others were to be handled by Major Perdue and Colonel Blasengame. I learned afterward that the arrangement was made solely for my benefit. The Major and the Colonel were afraid that a young hand might become excited and fire too high at close range, in which event mustard-seed shot would be as dangerous as the larger variety.

At twelve o'clock I noticed that both Hamp and Aunt Minervy Ann were growing restless.

"You hear dat clock, don't you, Marse Tumlin?" said Minervy as the chimes died away. "Ef you don't min', de Kukluckers'll be a-stickin' der haids in de back do'."

But the Major and the Colonel were playing a rubber of seven-up (or high-low-Jack) and paid no attention. It was a quarter after twelve when the game was concluded and the players pushed their chairs back from the table.

"Ef you don't fin' um in de yard waitin' fer you, I'll be fooled might'ly," remarked Aunt Minervy Ann.

"Go and see if they're out there," said the Major.

"*Me*, Marse Tumlin? *Me?* I wouldn't go out dat do' not for ham."

The Major took out his watch. "They'll eat and drink until twelve or a little after, and then they'll get ready to start. Then they'll have another drink all 'round, and finally they'll take another. It'll be a quarter to one or after when they get in the grove in the far end of the lot. But we'll go out now and see how the land lays. By the time they get here, our eyes will be used to the darkness.

The light was carried to a front room, and we groped our way out at the back door the best we could. The night was dark, but the stars were shining. I noticed that the belt and sword of Orion had drifted above the tree-tops in the east, following the Pleiades. In a little while the darkness seemed to grow less dense, and I could make out the outlines of trees twenty feet away.

Behind one of these trees, near the outhouse in which Hamp and Aunt Minervy lived, I was to take my stand, while the Major and the Colonel were to go farther into the wood-lot so as to greet the would-be Ku-Klux as they made their retreat, of which Major Perdue had not the slightest doubt.

"You stand here," said the Major in a whisper. "We'll go to the far-end of the lot where they're likely to come in. They'll pass us all right enough, but as soon as you see one of 'em, up with the gun an' lam aloose, an' before they can get away give 'em the other barrel. Then you'll hear from us."

Major Perdue and Colonel Blasengame disappeared in the darkness, leaving me, as it were, on the inner picket line. I found the situation somewhat ticklish, as the saying is. There was not the slightest danger, and I knew it, but if you ever have occasion to stand out in the dark, waiting for something to happen, you'll find there's a certain degree of suspense attached to it. And the loneliness and silence of the night will take on shape almost tangible. The stirring of the half-dead leaves, the chirping of a belated cricket, simply emphasized the loneliness and made the silence more profound. At intervals, all nature seemed to heave a deep sigh, and address itself to slumber again.

In the house I heard the muffled sound of the clock chime one, but whether it was striking the half-hour or the hour I could not tell. Then I heard the stealthy tread of feet. Some one stumbled over a stick of timber, and the noise was followed by a smothered exclamation and a confused murmur of voices. As the story-writers say, I knew that the hour had come. I could hear whisperings, and then I saw a tall shadow steal from behind Aunt Minervy's house, and heard it rap gently on the door. I raised the gun, pulled the hammer back, and let drive. A stream of fire shot from the gun, accompanied by a report that tore the silence to atoms. I heard a sharp exclamation of surprise, then the noise of running feet, and off went the other barrel. In a moment the Major and the Colonel opened on the fugitives. I heard a loud cry of pain from one, and, in the midst of it all, the mustard-seed shot rattled on the plank fence like hominy-snow on a tin roof.

The next instant I heard some one running back in my direction, as if for dear life. He knew the place apparently, for he tried to go through the orchard, but just before he reached the orchard fence, he uttered a half-strangled cry of terror, and then I heard him fall as heavily as if he had dropped from the top of the house.

It was impossible to imagine what had happened, and it was not until we had investigated the matter that the cause of the trouble was discovered. A wire clothes-line, stretched across the yard, had caught the would-be Ku-Klux under the chin, his legs flew from under him, and he had a fall, from the effects of which he did not recover for a long time. He was a young man about town, very well connected, who had gone into the affair in a spirit of mischief. We carried him into the house, and administered to his hurts the best we

could ; Aunt Minervy Ann, be it said to her credit, being more active in this direction than any of us.

On the Tuesday following, the county paper contained the news in a form that remains to this day unique. It is hardly necessary to say that it was from the pen of Major Tumlin Perdue.

"Last Saturday afternoon our local editor was informed by a prominent citizen that if we would apply to Major Purdue we would be put in possession of a very interesting piece of news. Acting upon this hint, ye local yesterday went to Major Perdue, who, being in high good-humor, wrote out the following with his own hand :

"'Late Saturday night, while engaged with a party of friends in searching for a stray dog on my premises, I was surprised to see four or five men climb over my back fence and proceed toward my residence. As my most intimate friends do not visit me by climbing over my back fence, I immediately deployed my party in such a manner as to make the best of a threatening situation. The skirmish opened at my kitchen-door, with two rounds from a howitzer. This demoralized the enemy, who promptly retreated the way they came. One of them, the leader of the attacking party, carried away with him two loads of mustard-seed shot, delivered in the general neighborhood and region of the coat-tails, which, being on a level with the horizon, afforded as fair a target as could be had in the dark. I understand on good authority that Mr. Larry Pulliam, one of our leading and deservedly popular citizens, has had as much as a quart of mustard-seed shot picked from his carcass. Though hit in a vulnerable spot, the wound is not mortal.—T. PERDUE.'"

I did my best to have Mr. Pulliam's name suppressed, but the Major would not have it so.

"No, sir," he insisted ; "the man has insulted me behind my back, and he's got to cut wood or put down the axe."

Naturally this free and easy card created quite a sensation in Halcyondale and the country round about. People knew what it would mean if Major Perdue's name had been used in such an off-hand manner by Mr. Pulliam, and they naturally supposed that a fracas would be the outcome. Public expectation was on tiptoe, and yet the whole town seemed to take the Major's card humorously. Some of the older citizens laughed until they could hardly sit up, and even Mr. Pulliam's friends caught the infection. Indeed, it is said that Mr. Pulliam, himself, after the first shock of surprise was over, paid the Major's audacious humor the tribute of a hearty laugh. When Mr. Pulliam appeared in public, among the first men he saw was Major Perdue. This was natural, for the Major made it a point to be on hand. He was not a ruffler, but he thought it was his duty to give Mr. Pulliam a fair opportunity to wreak vengeance on him. If the boys about town imagined that a row was to be the result of this first meeting, they were mistaken. Mr. Pulliam looked at the Major and then began to laugh.

"Major Perdue," he said, "I'd a heap rather you'd pull your shot-gun on me than your pen."

And that ended the matter.

THE SHIP OF STARS

By A. T. Quiller-Couch

(Q.)

XIV

VOICES FROM THE SEA

BEFORE winter and the long nights came round again, Taffy had become quite a clever carpenter. From the first his quickness fairly astonished the Bryanite, who at the best was but a journeyman and soon owned himself beaten.

"I doubt," said he, "if you'll ever make so good a man as your father; but you can't help making a better workman." He added, with his eyes on the boy's face, "There's one thing in which you might copy 'em. He hasn't much of a gift, *but he lays it 'pon the altar.*"

By this time Taffy had resumed his lessons. Every day he carried a book or two in the satchel with his dinner, and read or translated aloud while his father worked. Two hours were allowed for this in the morning, and again two in the afternoon. Sometimes a day would be set apart during which they talked nothing but Latin. Difficulties in the text of their authors they postponed until the evening, and worked them out at home, after supper, with the help of grammar and dictionary.

The boy was not unhappy, on the whole; though for weeks together he longed for sight of George Vyell, who seemed to have vanished into space, or into that limbo where his childhood lay like a toy in a lumber-room. Taffy seldom turned the key of that room. The stories he imagined now were not about fairies or heroes, but about himself. He wanted to be a great man and astonish the world. Just how the world was to be astonished he did not clearly see, even in his dreams; but the triumph, in whatever shape it came, was to involve a new gown for his mother, and for his father a whole library of books.

Mr. Raymond never went back to his books now, except to help Taffy. The Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews was laid aside. "Some day!" he told Humility. The Sunday congregation had dwindled to a very few, mostly farm people; Squire Moyle having threatened to expel any tenant of his who dared to set foot within the church.

In the autumn two things happened which set Taffy wondering.

During the first three years at Nannizabuloe old Mrs. Venning had regularly been carried downstairs to dine with the family. The sea-air (she said) had put new life into her. But now she seldom moved from her room, and Taffy seldom saw her except at night, when—after the old childish custom—he knocked at her door to wish her pleasant dreams and pull up the weights of the tall clock which stood by her bed's head.

One night he asked, carelessly, "What do you want with the clock? Lying here you don't need to know the time; and its ticking must keep you awake."

"So it does, child; but, bless you, I like it."

"Like being kept awake?"

"Dear, yes! I have enough of rest and quiet up here. You mind the litany I used to say over to you?—Parson Kempthorne taught it to us girls when I was in service with him; 'twas made up, he said, by another old Devonshire parson, years and years ago—

> When I lie within my bed
> Sick in heart and sick in head,
> And with doubts discomforted,
> Sweet Spirit, comfort me!
>
> When the house do sigh and weep—

That's it. You wouldn't think how quiet it is up here all day. But at night, when you're in bed and sleeping, all the house begins to talk; little creakings of the furniture, you know, and the wind in the chimney, and sometimes the rain in the gutters running — it's all talk to me.

Mostly it's quite sociable too ; but sometimes, in rainy weather, the tune changes, and then it's like some poor soul in bed and sobbing to itself. That's when the verse comes in :

> When the house do sigh and weep
> And the world is drowned in sleep,
> Yet my eyes the watch do keep,
> Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

And then the clock's ticking is a wonderful comfort. *Tick-tack, tick-tack !* and I think of you stretched asleep and happy and growing up to be a man, and the minutes running and trickling away to my deliverance——"

"Granny !"

"My dear, I'm as well off as most ; but that isn't saying I sha'n't be glad to go and take the pain in my joints to a better land. Before we came here, in militia-time, I used to lie and listen for the buglers, but now I've only the clock. No more bugles for me, I suppose, till I hear them blown on t'other side of Jordan."

Taffy remembered how he too had lain and listened to the bugles ; and with that he suddenly saw his childhood, as it were a small round globe set within a far larger one and wrapped around with other folks' thoughts. He kissed his grandmother and went away wondering ; and as he lay down that night it still seemed wonderful to him that she should have heard those bugles, and more wonderful that night after night for years she should have been thinking of him while he slept, and he never have guessed it.

One morning, some three weeks later, he and his father were putting on their oilskins before starting to work—for it had been blowing hard through the night and the gale was breaking up in floods of rain —when they heard a voice hallooing in the distance. Humility heard it too and turned swiftly to Taffy. "Run upstairs, dear. I expect it's someone sent from Tresedder Farm ; and if so, he'll want to see your father alone."

Mr. Raymond frowned. "No," he said ; "the time is past for that."

A fist hammered on the door. Mr. Raymond threw it open.

"Brigantine—on the sands—half a mile this side of the lighthouse !" Taffy saw across his father's shoulder a gleam of yellow oilskins and a flapping sou-wester' hat. The panting voice belonged to Sam Udy—son of old Bill Udy—a laborer at Tresedder.

"I'll go at once," said Mr. Raymond. "Run you for the coast-guard."

The oilskins went by the window ; the side gate clashed to.

"Is it a wreck?" cried Taffy. "May I go with you?"

"Yes, there may be a message to run with."

From the edge of the towans, where the ground dipped steeply to the long beach, they saw the wreck, about a mile up the coast and, as well as they could judge, a hundred or a hundred-and-fifty yards out. She lay almost on her beam-ends, with the waves sweeping high across her starboard quarter, and never less than six ranks of ugly breakers between her and dry land. A score of watchers—in the distance they looked like emmets—were gathered by the edge of the surf. But the coast-guard had not arrived yet.

"The tide is ebbing, and the rocket will reach. Can you see anyone aboard ?"

Taffy spied through his hands, but could see no one. His father set off running and he followed, half-blinded by the rain, at every fourth step foundering knee-deep in loose sand or tripping in a rabbit hole. They had covered three-fourths of the distance when Mr. Raymond pulled up and waved his hat as the coast-guard carriage swept into view over a ridge to the right and came plunging across the main valley of the towans. It passed them close—the horses fetlock-deep in sand, with heads down and heaving, smoking shoulders ; the coast-guardsmen with keen strong faces like heroes'—and the boy longed to copy his father and send a cheer after them as they went galloping by. But something rose in his throat.

He ran after the carriage, and reached the shore just as the first rocket shot singing out toward the wreck. By this time at least a hundred miners had gathered, and between their legs he caught a glimpse of two figures stretched at length on the wet sand. He had never looked on a dead body before. The faces of these were hidden by the crowd ; and he hung about the fringe of it, dreading and yet courting a sight of them.

The first rocket was swept down the wind to leeward of the wreck. The chief officer judged his second beautifully and the line fell clean across the vessel and all but amidships. A figure started up from the lee of the deckhouse and springing into the main shrouds grasped it and made it fast. The beach being too low for them to work the cradle clear above the breakers, the coast-guardsmen carried the shore end of the line up the shelving cliff and fixed it. Within ten minutes the cradle was run out, and within twenty, the first man came swinging shoreward.

Four men were brought ashore alive, the captain last. The other two of the crew of six lay on the sands, with Mr. Raymond kneeling beside them. He had covered their faces, and, still on his knees, gave the order to lift them into the carriage. Taffy noticed that he was obeyed without demur or question. And there flashed on his memory a gray morning, not unlike this one, when he had missed his father at breakfast: "He had been called away suddenly," Humility had explained, "and there would be no lessons that day," and had kept the boy indoors all the morning and busy with a netting-stitch he had been bothering her to teach him.

"Father," he asked as they followed the cart, "does this often happen?"

"Your mother hasn't thought it well for you to see these sights."

"Then it *has* happened often?"

"I have buried seventeen," said Mr. Raymond.

That afternoon he showed Taffy their graves. "I know the names of all but two. The bodies have marks about them—tattooed, you know—and that helps. And I write to their relatives or friends, and restore whatever small property may be found on them. I have often wished to put up some grave-stone, or a wooden cross, with their names. I keep a book and enter all particulars, and where each is laid."

He went to his chest in the vestry and took out the volume — a cheap account book, ruled for figures. Taffy turned over the pages.

Nov. 3rd. 187–. Brig "James and Maria:" J. D., fair-haired, height 5 ft. 8 in., marked on chest with initials and cross swords, tattooed, also anchor and coil of rope on right fore-arm: large brown mole on right shoulder-blade. Striped flannel drawers: otherwise naked: no property of any kind.

Ditto. Grown man, age 40 or thereabouts: dark; iron gray beard; lovers' knot tattooed on right fore-arm, with initials R. L., E. W., in the loops: clad in flannel shirt, guernsey, trousers (blue sea-cloth), socks (heather-mixture), all unmarked. Silver chain in pocket, with free-mason's token: a half-crown, a florin, and fourpence——and so on. On the opposite page were entered the full names and details afterwards discovered, with notes of the Vicar's correspondence, and position of the grave.

"They ought to have grave-stones," said Mr. Raymond. "But as it is I can only get about thirty shillings for the funeral from the county rate. The balance has come out of my pocket—from two to three pounds for each. From the beginning the squire refused to help to bury sailors. He took the ground that it wasn't a local claim."

"Hullo!" said Taffy: for as he turned the leaves his eye fell on this entry: —

Jan. 30th, 187–. S. S. "Rifleman" (all hands). Cargo, China-clay: W. P., Age, about eighteen, fair skin, reddish hair, short and curled, height 5 ft. 10¾ in. Initials tattooed on chest under a three-masted ship and semi-circle of seven stars; clad in flannel singlet and trousers (cloth): singlet marked with same initial in red cotton: pockets empty——

"But he was in the navy!" cried Taffy, with his finger on the entry.

"Which one? Yes, he was in the Navy. You'll see it on the opposite page. He deserted, poor boy, in Cork Harbor, and shipped on board a tramp steamer as donkey-man. She loaded at Fowey and was wrecked on the voyage back. William Pellow he was called; his mother lives but ten miles up the coast; she never heard of it until six weeks after."

"But we—I, I mean—knew him. He was one of the sailor boys on Toby's van. You remember their helping us with the luggage at *Indian Queen's?* He showed me his tattoo marks that day."

And again he saw his childhood as it were set about with an enchanted hedge,

across which many voices would have called to him, and some from near, but all had hung muted and arrested.

The inquest on the two drowned sailors was held next day at the *Fifteen Balls*, down in Innis village. Later in the afternoon, the four survivors walked up to the church, headed by the Captain.

"We've been hearing," said the Captain, "of your difficulties, sir: likewise your kindness to other poor sea-faring chaps. We have liked to make ye a small offering for your church, but sixteen shillings is all we can raise between us. So we come to say that if you can put us on to a job, why we're staying over the funeral, and a day's work or more after that won't hurt us one way or another."

Mr. Raymond led them to the chancel and pointed out a new beam, on which he and Jacky Pascoe had been working a week past, and over which they had been cudgelling their brains how to get it lifted and fixed in place.

"I can send to one of the miners and borrow a couple of ladders."

"Ladders? Lord love ye, sir, and begging your pardon, we don't want ladders. With a sling, Bill, hey?—and a couple of tackles. You leave it to we, sir."

He went off to turn over the gear salved from his vessel, and early next forenoon had the apparatus rigged up and ready. He was obliged to leave it at this point, having been summoned across to Falmouth, to report to his agents. His last words before starting were addressed to his crew. "I reckon you can fix it now, boys. There's only one thing more, and don't you forget it: any man that wants to spit must go outside."

That afternoon Taffy learnt for the first time what could be done with a few ropes and pulleys. The seamen seemed to spin ropes out of themselves like spiders. By three o'clock the beam was hoisted and fixed; and they broke off work to attend their shipmates' funeral. After the funeral they fell to, again, though more silently, and before nightfall the beam shone with a new coat of varnish.

They left early next morning, after a good deal of handshaking, and Taffy looked after them wistfully as they turned to wave their caps and trudged away over the rise toward the cross-roads. Away to the left in the wintry sunshine, a speck of scarlet caught his eye against the blue-gray of the town. He watched it as it came slowly toward him, and his heart leapt—yet not quite as he had expected it to leap.

For it was George Vyell. George had lately been promoted to "pink" and made a gallant figure on his strapping gray hunter. For the first time Taffy felt ashamed of his working suit and would have slipped back to the church. But George had seen him, and pulled up.

"Hullo!" said he.

"Hullo!" said Taffy; and, absurdly enough, could find no more to say.

"How are you getting on?"

"Oh, I'm all right." There was another pause. "How's Honoria?"

"Oh, she's all right. I'm riding over there now; they meet at Tredinnis today." He tapped his boot with his hunting crop.

"Don't you have any lessons now?" asked Taffy, after awhile.

"Dear me, yes; I've got a tutor. He's no good at it. But what made you ask?"

Really Taffy could not tell. He had asked merely for the sake of saying something. George pulled out a gold watch.

"I must be getting on. Well, good-by!"

"Good-by!"

And that was all.

XV

TAFFY'S APPRENTICESHIP

THEY could manage the carpentering now. And Jacky Pascoe, who in addition to his other trades was something of a glazier, had taken the damaged east window in hand. For six months it had remained boarded up, darkening the chancel. Mr. Raymond removed the boards and fixed them up again on the outside, and the Bryanite worked behind them night after night. He could only be spied upon through two lancet windows at the west end of the church, and these they curtained.

But what continually bothered them was their ignorance of iron-work. Staples,

rivets, hinges were for ever wanted. At length, one evening toward the end of March, the Bryanite laid down his tools.

"Tell 'ee what 'tis, Parson. You must send the boy to someone that'll teach 'er smithy-work. There's no sense in this cold hammering."

"Wheelwright Hocken holds his shop and cottage from the Squire."

"Why not put the boy to Mendarva the Smith, over to Benny Beneath? He's a first-rate workman."

"That is more than six miles away."

"No matter for that. There's Joll's Farm close by; Farmer Joll would board and lodge 'en for nine shilling a week, and glad of the chance; and he could come home for Sundays."

Mr. Raymond, as soon as he reached home, sat down and wrote a letter to Mendarva the Smith and another to Farmer Joll. Within a week the bargains were struck, and it was settled that Taffy should go at once.

"I may be calling before long, to look you up," said the Bryanite, "but mind you do no more than nod when you see me."

Joll's Farm lay somewhere near Carwithiel, across the moor where Taffy had gone fishing with George and Honoria. On the Monday morning when he stepped through the white front gate, with his bag on his shoulder, and paused for a good look at the building, it seemed to him a very comfortable farmstead, and vastly superior to the tumble-down farms around Nannizabuloe. The flagged path, which led up to the front door between great bunches of purple honesty, was swept as clean as a dairy.

A dark-haired maid opened the door and led him to the great kitchen at the back. Hams wrapped in paper hung from the rafters, and strings of onions. The pans over the fireplace were bright as mirrors, and through the open window he heard the voices of children at play as well as the clacking of poultry in the town-place.

"I'll go and tell the mistress," said the maid; but she paused at the door. "I suppose you don't remember me, now?"

"No," said Taffy, truthfully.

"My name's Lizzie Pezzack. You was with the young lady, that day, when she bought my doll. I mind you quite well. But I put my hair up last Easter, and that makes a difference."

"Why, you were only a child."

"I was seventeen last week. And—I say, do you know the Bryanite, over to Innis?—Preacher Jacky Pascoe?"

He nodded, remembering the caution given him.

"I got salvation off him. Master and mis'ess, they've got salvation too; but they take it very quiet. They're very fond of one another; if you please one you'll please both. They let me walk over to prayer-meetin' once a week. But I don't go by Mendarva's shop—that's where you work—though 'tis the shortest way; because there's a woman buried in the road there, with a stake through her, and I'm a terrible coward for ghosts."

She paused as if expecting him to say something; but Taffy was staring at a "neck" of corn, elaborately plaited, which hung above the mantle-shelf. And just then Mrs. Joll entered the kitchen.

Taffy—without any reason—had expected to see a middle-aged house-wife. But Mrs. Joll was hardly over thirty; a shapely woman, with a plain, pleasant face and auburn hair, the wealth of which she concealed by wearing it drawn straight back from the forehead and plaited in the severest coil behind. She shook hands.

"You'll like a drink of milk before I show you your room?"

Taffy was grateful for the milk. While he drank it, the voices of the children outside rose suddenly to shouts of laughter.

"That will be their father come home," said Mrs. Joll and going to the side-door called to him. "John, put the children down; Mr. Raymond's son is here."

Mr. Joll, who had been galloping round the farmyard with a small girl of three on his back, and a boy of six tugging at his coat-tails, pulled up, and wiped his good-natured face.

"Glad to see you," said he, coming forward and shaking hands, while the two children stared at Taffy.

After a minute, the boy said, "My name's Bob. Come and play horses, too."

Farmer Joll looked at Taffy shyly. "Shall we?"

"Mr. Raymond will be tired enough already," his wife suggested.

"Not a bit," declared Taffy; and hoist-

ing Bob on his back, he set off furiously prancing after the farmer.

By dinner-time he and the family were fast friends, and after dinner the farmer took him off to be introduced to Mendarva the Smith.

Mendarva's forge stood on a triangle of turf beside the high-road, where a cart-track branched off to descend to Joll's Farm in the valley. And Mendarva was a dark giant of a man with a beard like those you see on the statues of Nineveh. On Sundays he parted his beard carefully and tied the ends with little bows of scarlet ribbon ; but on week days it curled at will over his mighty chest. He had one assistant whom he called " the Dane ; " a red-haired youth as tall as himself and straighter from the waist down. Mendarva's knees had come together with years of poising and swinging his great hammer.

" He's little, but he'll grow," said he, after eying Taffy up and down. " Dane, come fore and tell me if we'll make a workman of 'en."

The Dane stepped forward and passed his hands over the boy's shoulders and down his ribs. " He's slight, but he'll fill out. Good pair o' shoulders. Give's hold o' your hand, my son."

Taffy obeyed ; not very well liking to be handled thus.

" Hand like a lady's. Tidy wrist, though. He'll do, master."

So Taffy was passed, given a leathern apron, and set to his first task of keeping the forge-fire raked and the bellows going, while the hammers took up the music he was to listen to for a year to come.

This music kept the day merry ; and beyond the window along the bright high-road there was usually something worth seeing — farm-carts, jowters' carts, the doctor and his gig, pedlars and Johnny-fortnights, the miller's wagons from the valley-bottom below Joll's Farm, and on Tuesdays and Fridays, the market van going and returning. Mendarva knew or speculated upon everybody, and, with half the passers-by, broke off work and passed the time of day, leaning on his hammer. But down at the farm all was strangely quiet, in spite of the children's voices ; and at night the quietness positively kept Taffy awake, listening to the pur-r of the pigeons in their cote against the house-wall, thinking of his grandmother awake at home and listening to the *tick-tack* of her tall clock. Often when he woke to the early summer daybreak and saw through his attic-window the gray shadows of the sheep, still and long, on the slope above the farmstead, his ear was wanting something, asking for something ; for the murmur of the sea never reached this inland valley. And he would lie and long for the chirruping of the two children in the next room and the drawing of bolts and clatter of milk-pails below stairs.

He had a plenty to eat, and that plenty simple and good ; and clean linen to sleep between. The kitchen was his, except on Saturday nights, when Mrs. Joll and Lizzie tubbed the children there ; and then he would carry his books off to the best parlor, or stroll around the farm with Mr. Joll and discuss the stock. There were no loose rails in Mr. Joll's gates, no farm implements lying out in the weather to rust. Mr. Joll worked early and late, and his shoulders had a tell-tale stoop—for he was a man in the prime of life, perhaps some five years older than his wife.

One Saturday evening he unburdened his heart to Taffy. It happened at the end of the hay-harvest, and the two were leaning over a gate discussing the yet unthatched rick.

" What I say is," declared the farmer, quite inconsequently, " a man must be able to lay his troubles 'pon the Lord. I don't mean his work, but his troubles ; and go home and shut the door and be happy with his wife and children. Now I tell you that for months—iss, years—after Bob was born, I kept plaguing mysel' in the fields, thinking that some harm might have happened to the child. Why, I used to make an excuse and creep home, and then if I see'd a blind pulled down, you wouldn't think how my heart 'd go thump; and I'd stand wi' my hand on the door-hapse an' say, ' If so be the Lord have took'n, I must go and comfort Susan—not my will but Thine, Lord—but, Lord, don't 'ee be cruel this time ! ' And then find the cheeld right as ninepence and the blind only pulled down to keep the sun off the carpet ! After awhile my wife guessed what was wrong—I used to make up such poor twiddling pretences. She

said, 'Look here, the Lord and me 'll see after Bob ; and if you can't keep to your own work without poking your nose into ours, then I married for worse and not for better.' Then it came upon me that by leaving the Lord to look after my job I'd been treating Him like a farm-laborer. It's the things you can't help He looks after—not the work."

A few evenings later there came a knock at the door, and Lizzie, who went to open it, returned with the Bryanite skipping behind her.

"Blessings be upon this here house!" he cried, cutting a sort of double-shuffle on the threshold. He shook hands with the farmer and his wife, and nodded toward Taffy. "So you've got Parson Raymond's boy here!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Joll ; and turned to Taffy. "He've come to pray a bit ; perhaps you would rather be in the parlor?"

Taffy asked to be allowed to stay ; and presently Mr. Pascoe had them all down on their knees. He began by invoking God's protection on the household ; but his prayer soon ceased to be a prayer. It broke into ejaculations of praise—"Friends, I be too happy to ask for anything—Glory, glory! The blood! The precious blood! O deliverance! O streams of redemption running!" The farmer and his wife began to chime in—"Hallelujah!" "Glory!" and Lizzie Pezzack to sob. Taffy, kneeling before a kitchen chair, peeped between his palms and saw her shoulders heaving.

The Bryanite sprang to his feet, overturning the settle with a crash. "Tid'n no use. I must skip Who'll dance wi' me?"

He held out his hands to Mrs. Joll. She took them, and skipped once shamefacedly. Lizzie, with flaming cheeks, pushed her aside. "Leave me try, mis'ess ; I shall die if I don't." She caught the preacher's hands, and the two leapt about the kitchen. "I can dance higher than mis'ess! I can dance higher than mis'ess!" Farmer Joll looked on with a dazed face. "Hallelujah!" "Amen!" he said at intervals, quite mechanically. The pair stood under the bacon rank and began to whirl like dervishes—hands clasped, toes together, bodies leaning back and almost rigid. They whirled until Taffy's brain whirled with them.

With a louder sob, Lizzie let go her hold, and tottered back into a chair, laughing hysterically. The Bryanite leaned against the table, panting.

There was a long pause. Mr. Joll took a napkin from the dresser and fell to fanning the girl's face, then to slapping it briskly. "Get up and lay the table," she commanded ; "the preacher'll stay to supper."

"Thank 'ee, ma'am, I don't care if I do," said he ; and ten minutes latter they were all seated at supper and discussing the fall in wheat in the most matter-of-fact voices. Only their faces twitched, now and again.

"I hear you had the preacher down to Joll's last night," said Mendarva the Smith. "What'st think of 'en?"

"I can't make him out," was Taffy's colorless but truthful answer.

"He's a bellows of a man. I do hear he's heating up th' old Squire Moyle's soul, to knack an angel out of 'en. He'll find that a job and a half. You mark my words, there'll be Hamlet's ghost over in your parish one o' these days."

During work-hours Mendarva bestowed most of his talk on Taffy. The Dane seldom opened his lips, except to join in the Anvil Chorus—

> Here goes one—
> Sing, sing, Johnny!
> Here goes two—
> Sing, Johnny, sing!
> Whack'n till he's red
> Whack'n till he's dead
> And whop! goes the widow with a brand new ring!

and when the boy took a hammer and joined in, he fell silent. Taffy soon observed that a singular friendship knit these two men, who were both unmarried. Mendarva had been a famous wrestler in his day, and his great ambition now was to train the other to win the County belt. Often, after work, the pair would try a hitch together on the triangle of turf, with Taffy for stickler; Mendarva illustrating and explaining, the Dane nodding seriously whenever he understood, but never answering a word. Afterwards the boy recalled these bouts very vividly—the clear evening sky, the shoulders of the two big men shining against the level sun as they gripped and swayed, their long

shadows on the grass under which (as he remembered) the poor self-murdered woman lay buried.

He thought of her at night, sometimes, as he worked alone at the forge: for Mendarva allowed him the keys and use of the smithy overtime, in consideration of a small payment for coal, and then he blew his fire and hammered with a couple of candles on the bench and a Homer between them; and beat the long hexameters into his memory. The incongruity of it never struck him. He was going to be a great man, and somehow this was going to be the way. These scraps of iron—these tools of his forging—were to grow into the arms and shield of Achilles. In its own time would come the magic moment, the shield find its true circumference and swing to the balance of his arm, proof and complete.

ἐν δ' ἐτίθει ποταμοῖο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο
ἄντυγα παρ' πυμάτην σάκεος πύκα ποιητοῖο . .

XVI

LIZZIE AND HONORIA

HIS apprenticeship lasted a year and six months, and all this while he lived with the Jolls, walking home every Sunday morning and returning every Sunday night, rain or shine. He carried his deftness of hand into his new trade, and it was Mendarva who begged and obtained an extension of the time agreed on. "Rather than lose the boy I'll tache 'en for love." So Taffy stayed on for another six months.

He was now in his seventeenth year—a boy no longer. One evening, as he blew up his smithy fire, the glow of it fell on the form of a woman standing just outside the window and watching him. He had no silly fears of ghosts; but the thought of the buried woman flashed across his mind and he dropped his pincers with a clatter.

"'Tis only me," said the woman. "You needn't to be afeared." And he saw it was the girl Lizzie.

She stepped inside the forge and seated herself on the Dane's anvil.

"I was walking back from prayer-meeting," she said. "'Tis nigher this way, but I don't ever dare to come. Might, I dessay, if I'd somebody to see me home."

"Ghosts?" asked Taffy, picking up the pincers and thrusting the bar back into the hot cinders.

"I dunno; I gets frightened o' the very shadows on the road sometimes. I suppose, now, you never walks out that way?"

"Which way?"

"Why, toward where your home is. That's the way I comes."

"No, I don't." Taffy blew at the cinders until they glowed again. "It's only on Sundays I go over there."

"That's a pity," said Lizzie, candidly. "I'm kept in, Sunday evenings, to look after the children while farmer and mis'ess goes to Chapel. That's the agreement I came 'pon."

Taffy nodded.

"It would be nice now, wouldn't it—" She broke off, clasping her knees and staring at the blaze.

"What would be nice?"

Lizzie laughed confusedly. "Aw, you make me say 't. I can't abear any of the young men up to the Chapel. If me and you——"

Taffy ceased blowing. The fire died down and in the darkness he could hear her breathing hard.

"They're so rough," she went on, "And t'other night I met young Squire Vyell riding along the road, and he stopped me and wanted to kiss me."

"George Vyell? Surely he didn't?" Taffy blew up the fire again.

"Iss he did. I don't see why not, neither."

"Why he shouldn't kiss you?"

"Why he shouldn't want to."

Taffy frowned, carried the white hot bar to his anvil and began to hammer. He despised girls, as a rule, and their ways. Decidedly Lizzie annoyed him: and yet as he worked he could not help glancing at her now and then, as she sat and watched him. By and by he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"What's the matter?" he asked, abruptly.

"I—I can't walk home alone. I'm afeared."

He tossed his hammer aside, raked out the fire, and reached his coat off its peg.

As he swung round in the darkness to put it on, he blundered against Lizzie or Lizzie blundered against him. She clutched at him nervously.

"Clumsy! can't you see the doorway?"

She passed out, and he followed and locked the door. As they crossed the turf to the highroad, she slipped her arm into his. "I feel safe, that way. Let it stay, co!" After a few paces, she added, "You're different from the others—that's why I like you."

"How?"

"I dunno; but you *be* diff'rent. You don't think about girls, for one thing."

Taffy did not answer. He felt angry, ashamed, uncomfortable. He did not turn once to look at her face, dimly visible by the light of the young moon—the Hunter's moon—now sinking over the slope of the hill. Thick dust—too thick for the heavy dew to lay—covered the cart-track down to the farm, muffling their footsteps. Lizzie paused by the gate.

"Best go in separate," she said; paused again and whispered, "You may, if you like."

"May do what?"

"What — what young Squire Vyell wanted."

They were face to face now. She held up her lips, and as she did so, they parted in an amorous murmurous little laugh. The moonlight was on her face. Taffy bent swiftly and kissed her.

"Oh, you hurt!" With another little laugh, she slipped up the garden-path and into the house.

Ten minutes later Taffy followed, hating himself.

For the next fortnight he avoided her; and then, late one evening, she came again. He was prepared for this, and had locked the door of the smithy and let down the shutter while he worked. She tapped upon the outside of the shutter with her knuckles.

"Let me in!"

"Can't you leave me alone?" he answered, pettishly. "I want to work, and you interrupt."

"I don't want no love-making—I don't indeed. I'll sit quiet as a mouse. But I'm afeared, out here."

"Nonsense!"

"I'm afeared o' the ghost. There's something comin'—let me in, co!"

Taffy unlocked the door and held it half open while he listened.

"Yes, there's somebody coming, on horseback. Now, look here—it's no ghost, and I can't have you about here, with people passing. I—I don't want you here at all; so make haste and slip away home—that's a good girl."

Lizzie glided like a shadow into the dark lane as the trample of hoofs drew close, and the rider pulled up beside the door.

"You're working late, I see. Is it too late to make a shoe for Aide-de-camp here?"

It was Honoria. She dismounted and stood in the doorway, holding her horse's bridle.

"No," said Taffy; "that is, if you don't mind the waiting."

With his leathern apron he wiped the Dane's anvil for a seat, while she hitched up Aide-de-camp and stepped into the glow of the forge-fire.

"The hounds took us six miles beyond Carwithiel: and there, just as they lost, Aide-de-camp cast his off-hind shoe. I didn't find it out at first, and now I've had to walk him all the way back. Are you alone here?"

"Yes."

"Who was that I saw leaving as I came up?"

"You saw someone?"

"Yes." She nodded, looking him straight in the face. "It looked like a woman. Who was she?"

"That was Lizzie Pezzack, the girl who sold you her doll, once. She's a servant down at the farm where I lodge."

Honoria said no more for the moment, but seated herself on the Dane's anvil, while Taffy chose a bar of iron and stepped out to examine Aide-de-camp's hoof. He returned and in silence began to blow up the fire.

"I dare say you were astonished to see me," she remarked at length.

"Yes."

"I'm still forbidden to speak to you. The last time I did it, grandfather beat me."

"The old brute!" Taffy nipped the hot iron savagely in his pincers.

"I wonder if he'll do it again. Somehow I don't think he will."

Taffy looked at her. She had drawn herself up, and was smiling. In her close riding-habit she seemed very slight, yet tall, and a woman grown. He took the bar to the anvil and began to beat it flat. His teeth were shut, and with every blow he said to himself "Brute!"

"That's beautiful," Honoria went on. "I stopped Mendarva, the other day, and he told me wonders about you. He says he tried you with a hard-boiled egg and you swung the hammer and chipped the shell all round without bruising the white a bit. Is that true?"

Taffy nodded.

"And your learning—the Latin and Greek, I mean; do you still go on with it?"

He nodded again, toward a volume of Euripides that lay open on the work-bench.

"And the stories you used to tell George and me; do you go on telling them to yourself?"

He was obliged to confess that he never did. She sat for awhile watching the sparks as they flew. Then she said, "I should like to hear you tell one again. That one about Aslog and Orm, who ran away by night across the ice-fields and took a boat and came to an island with a house on it, and found a table spread and the fire lit, but no inhabitants anywhere—You remember? It began 'Once upon a time, not far from the city of Drontheim, there lived a rich man——'"

Taffy considered a moment and began "Once upon a time, not far from the city of Drontheim——" He paused, eyed the horse-shoe cooling between the pincers, and shook his head. It was no use. Apollo had been too long in service with Admetus, and the tale would not come.

"At any rate," Honoria persisted, "you can tell me something out of your books: something you have just been reading."

So he began to tell her the story of Ion, and managed well enough in describing the boy and how he ministered before the shrine at Delphi, sweeping the temple and scaring the birds away from the precincts; but when he came to the plot of the play and, looking up, caught Honoria's eyes, it suddenly occurred to him that all the rest of the story was a sensual one and he could not tell it to her. He blushed, faltered, and finally broke down.

"But it was beautiful," said she, "so far as it went; and it's just what I wanted. I shall remember that boy Ion now, whenever I think of you helping your father in the church at home. If the rest of the story is not nice, I don't want to hear it."

How had she guessed? It was delicious, at any rate, to know that she thought of him, and Taffy felt how delicious it was, while he fitted and hammered the shoe on Aide-de-camp's hoof, she standing by with a candle in either hand, the flame scarcely quivering in the windless night.

When all was done, she raised a foot for him to give her a mount. "Good-night!" she called, shaking the reins. Taffy stood by the door of the forge, listening to the echoes of Aide-de-camp's canter, and the palm of his hand tingled where her foot had rested.

XVII

THE SQUIRE'S WEIRD

HE took leave of Mendarva and the Jolls just before Christmas. The smith was unaffectedly sorry to lose him. "But," said he, "the Dane will be entered for the Championship next summer, so I s'pose I must look forward to that."

Everyone in the Joll household gave him a small present on his leaving. Lizzie's was a New Testament, with her name on the fly-leaf, and under it "Converted, April 19, 187–." Taffy did not want the gift, but took it rather than hurt her feelings.

Farmer Joll said, "Well, wish 'ee well! Been pretty comfiable, I hope. Now you'm goin', I don't mind telling 'ee I didn't like your coming a bit. But now 'tis wunnerful to me you've been wi' us less 'n two year'; we've made such progress."

At home Taffy bought a small forge and set it up in the church, at the west end of the north aisle. Mr. Raymond, under his direction, had been purchasing the necessary tools for some months past; and now the main expense was the cost of

coal, which pinched them a little. But they managed to keep the fire alight, and the work went forward briskly. Save that he still forbade the parish to lend them the least help, the old Squire had ceased to interfere.

Mr. Raymond's hair was grayer; and Taffy might have observed—but did not—how readily, toward the close of a day's laborious carpentry, he would drop work and turn to Dindorf's *Poetæ Scenici Græci*, through which they were reading their way. On Sundays, the congregation rarely numbered a dozen. It seemed that as the end of the Vicar's task drew nearer, so the prospect of filling the church receded and became more shadowy. And if his was a queer plight, Jacky Pascoe's was a queerer. The Bryanite continued to come by night and help, but at rarer intervals. He was discomforted in mind, as anyone could see; and at length he took Mr. Raymond aside and made confession.

"I must go away; that's what 'tis. My burden is too great for me to bear."

"Why," said Mr. Raymond, who had grown surprisingly tolerant during the past twelve months, "what cause have you, of all men, to feel dejected? You can set the folk here on fire like flax." He sighed.

"That's azackly the reason—I can set 'em afire with a breath; but I can't hold 'em under. I make 'em too strong for me—*and I'm afeard.* Parson, dear, it's the gospel truth; for two years I've a been strivin' agen myself, wrastlin' upon my knees, and all to hold this parish in." He mopped his face. "'Tis like fightin' with beasts at Ephesus," he said.

"Do you want to hold them in?"

"I do and I don't. I've got to try, anyway. Sometimes I tell mysel' 'tis putting a hand to the plough and turning back; and then I reckon I'll go on. But when the time comes, I can't. I'm afeard, I tell 'ee." He paused. "I've laid it before the Lord, but He don't seem to help. There's two voices inside o' me. 'Tis a terrible responsibility."

"But the people, what are you afraid of their doing?"

"I don't know. You don't know what a runaway hoss will do, but you're afeard all the same." He sank his voice. "There's wantonness, for one thing—six love-children born in the parish this year, and more coming. They do say that Vashti Clemow destroyed her child. And Old Man Johns—him they found dead on the rocks under the Island—he didn't go there by accident. 'Twas a calm day, too."

As often as not Taffy worked late—sometimes until midnight—and blew his forge-fire alone in the church, the tap of his hammer making hollow music in the desolate aisles. He was working thus one windy night in February, when the door rattled open and in walked a totally unexpected visitor—Sir Harry Vyell.

"Good-evening! I was riding by and saw your light in the windows dancing up and down. I thought I would hitch up the mare and drop in for a chat. But go on with your work."

Taffy wondered what had brought him so far from his home at that time of night, but asked no questions. And Sir Harry placed a hassock on one of the belfry steps and, taking his seat, watched for awhile in silence. He wore his long riding boots and an overcoat with the collar turned up about a neck-cloth less nattily folded than usual.

"I wish," he said at length, "that my boy George was clever like you. You were great friends once—you remember Plymouth, hey? But I dare say you've not seen much of each other lately."

Taffy shook his head.

"George is a bit wild. Oxford might have done something for him; made a man of him, I mean. But he wouldn't go. I believe in wild oats to a certain extent. I have told him from the first he must look after himself and decide for himself. That's my theory. It makes a youngster self-reliant. He goes and comes as he likes. If he comes home late from hunting, I ask no questions; I don't wait dinner. Don't you agree with me?"

"I don't know," Taffy answered, wondering why he should be consulted.

"Self-reliance is what a man wants."

"Couldn't he have learnt that at school?"

Sir Harry fidgeted with the riding-crop in his hands. "Well, you see, he's an only son——. I dare say it was selfish of me. You don't mind my talking about George?"

Taffy laughed. "I like it."

Sir Harry laughed too, in an embarrassed way. "But you don't suppose I rode over from Carwithiel for that? You're not so far wrong, though. The fact is—one gets foolish as one grows old—George went out hunting this morning, and didn't turn up for dinner. I kept to my rule, and dined alone. Nine o'clock came; half-past; no George. At ten Hoskings locked up as usual, and off I went to bed. But I couldn't sleep. After awhile, it struck me that he might be sleeping here over at Tredinnis; that is, if no accident had happened. No sleep for me until I made sure; so I jumped out, dressed, slipped down to the stables, saddled the mare and rode over. I left the mare by Tredinnis great gates and crept down to Moyle's stables like a housebreaker; looked in through the window, and, sure enough, there was George's gray in the loose box to the right. So George is sleeping there, and I'm easy in my mind. No doubt you think me an old fool?"

But Taffy was not thinking anything of the sort.

"I couldn't wish better than that. You understand?" said Sir Harry, slyly.

"Not quite."

"He lost his mother early. He wants a woman to look after him, and for him to think about. If he and Honoria would only make up a match. . . . And Carwithiel would be quite a different house."

Taffy hesitated, with a hand on the forge-bellows.

"I dare say it's news to you, what I'm telling. But it has been in my mind this long while. Why don't you blow up the fire? I bet Miss Honoria has thought of it too; girls are deep. She has a head on her shoulders. I'll warrant she'd send half a dozen of my servants packing within a week. As it is, they rob me to a stair. I know it, and I haven't the pluck to interfere."

"What does the old Squire say?" Taffy managed to ask.

"It has never come to *saying* anything. But I believe he thinks of it, too, when he happens to think of anything but his soul. He'll be pleased; everyone will be pleased. The properties touch, you see."

"I see."

"To tell you the truth, he's failing fast. This religion of his is a symptom; all of his family have taken to it in the end. If he hadn't the constitution of a horse, he'd have been converted ten years before this. What puzzles me is, he's so quiet. You mark my words"—Sir Harry rose, buttoned his coat and shook his riding-crop prophetically—"he's brewing up for something. There'll be the devil of a flare-up before he has done."

It came with the midsummer bonfires. At nine o'clock on St. John's Eve, Mr. Raymond read prayers in the church. It was his rule to celebrate thus the vigils of all saints in the English calendar and some few Cornish saints besides; and he regularly announced these services on the preceding Sundays; but no parishioner dreamed of attending them.

To-night, as usual, he and Taffy had prayed alone; and the lad was standing after service at the church door, with his surplice on his arm (for he always wore a surplice and read the lessons on these vigils), when the flame of the first bonfire shot up from the headland over Innis village.

Almost on the moment a flame answered it from the point where the lighthouse stood; and within ten minutes the horizon of the towans was cressetted with these beacon-fires; surely (thought Taffy) with many more than usual. And he remembered that Jacky Pascoe had thrown out a hint of a great revival to be held on Baal-fire Night (as he had called it).

The night was sultry and all but windless. For once the tormented sands had rest. The flame of the bonfires shone yellow—orange-yellow—and steady. He could see the dark figures of men and women passing between him and the nearest, on the high wastrel in front of Tredinnis great gates. Their voices reached him in a confused murmur, broken now and then by a child's scream of delight. And yet a hush seemed to hang over sea and land: an expectant hush. For weeks the sky had not rained. Day after day, a dull indigo blue possessed it, deepening with night into duller purple, as if the whole heavens were gathering into one big thunder-cloud, which menaced but never broke. And in the hush of those nights a

listener could almost fancy he heard, between whiles, the rabbits stirring uneasily in their burrows.

By and by, the bonfire on the wastrel appeared to be giving out specks of light, which blazed independently; yet without decreasing its own volume of flame. The sparks came dancing, nearer and larger; the voices grew more distinct. The spectators had kindled torches and were advancing in procession to visit other bonfires. The torches, too, were supposed to bless the fields they passed across.

The procession rose and sank as it came over the uneven ridges like a fiery snake; topped the nearest ridge and came pouring down past the churchyard wall. At its head danced Lizzie Pezzack, shrieking like a creature possessed, her hair loose and streaming, while she whirled her torch. Taffy knew these torches; bundles of canvas steeped in tar and fastened in the middle to a stout stick or piece of chain. Lizzie's was fastened to a chain, and as he watched her uplifted arm swinging the blazing mass he found time to wonder how she escaped setting her hair on fire. Other touch-bearers tossed their arms and shouted as they passed. The smoke was suffocating, and across the patch of quiet graveyard the heat smote on Taffy's face. But in the crowd he saw two figures clearly—Jacky Pascoe and Squire Moyle; and the Bryanite's face was agitated and white in the glare. He had given an arm to the Squire, who was clearly the centre of the procession, and tottered forward with jaws working and cavernous eyes.

"He's saved!" a voice shouted.

Others took up the cry. "Saved!" "The Squire's saved!" "Saved to-night—saved to glory!"

The Squire paused, still leaning on the Bryanite's arm. While the procession swayed around him, he gazed across the gate, as a man who had lost his bearings. No glint of torchlight reached his eyes; but the sight of Mr. Raymond's surpliced figure, standing behind Taffy's shoulders in the full glare, seemed to rouse him. He lifted a fist and shook it slowly.

"Com'st along, sir!" urged the Bryanite.

But the Squire stood irresolute, muttering to himself.

"Com'st along, sir!"

"Lev' me be, I tell 'ee!" He laid both hands on the gate and spoke across it to Mr. Raymond, his head nodding while his voice rose.

"D'ee hear what they say? I'm saved. I'm the Squire of this parish, and I'm going to Heaven. I make no account of you and your church. Old Satan's the fellow I'm after, and I'm going to have him out o' this parish to-night or my name's not Squire Moyle."

"That's of it, Squire!" "Hunt' en!" "Out with 'en!"

He turned on the shouting throng.

"Hunt 'en? Iss fay I will! Come along, boys—back to Tredinnis! No, no"—this to the Bryanite—"we'll go back. I'll show 'ee sport, to-night—we'll hunt th'ould Divvle by scent and view. I'm Squire Moyle, ain't I? And I've a pack o' hounds, ha'n't I? Back, boys—back, I tell 'ee!"

Lizzie Pezzack swung her torch. "Back—back to Tredennis!" The crowd took up the cry, "Back to Tredinnis!" The old man shook off the Bryanite's hand, and as the procession wheeled and re-formed itself confusedly, rushed to the head of it, waving his hat—

"Back!—Back to Tredinnis!"

"God help them," said Mr. Raymond; and taking Taffy by the arm, drew him back into the church.

The shouting died away up the road. For three-quarters of an hour father and son worked in silence. The reddened sky shed its glow gently through the clear glass windows, suffusing the shadows beneath the arched roof. And, in the silence, the lad wondered what was happening up at Tredinnis.

Jim the Whip took oath afterward that it was no fault of his. He had suspected three of the hounds for a day or two—Chorister, White, Boy, and Bellman—and had separated them from the pack. That very evening he had done the same with Rifler, who was chewing at the straw in a queer fashion and seemed quarrelsome. He had said nothing to the Squire, whose temper had been ugly for a week past. He had hoped it was a false alarm—had thought it better to wait, and so on.

The Squire went down to the Kennels with a lantern, Jim shivering behind him. They had their horses saddled outside and ready; and the crowd was waiting along the drive and up by the great gates. The Squire saw at a glance that two couples were missing, and in two seconds had their names on his tongue. He was like a madman. He shouted to Jim to open the doors. "Better not, maister!" pleaded Jim. The old man cursed, smote him across the neck with the butt-end of his whip, and unlocked the doors himself. Jim, though half-stunned, staggered forward to prevent him, and took another blow which felled him. He dropped across the threshold of Chorister's kennel, the doors of all opened outwards, and the weight of his body kept this one shut. But he saw the other three hounds run out—saw the Squire turn with a ghastly face, drop the lantern and run for it as White Boy snapped at his boot. Jim heard the crash of the lantern and the snap of teeth, and with that he fainted off in the darkness. He had cut his forehead against the bars of the big kennel, and when he came to himself, one of the hounds was licking his face through the grating.

Men told for years after how the old Squire came up the drive that night, hoof to belly; his chin almost on mare Nonesuch's neck; his face like a man's who hears hell cracking behind him; and of the three dusky hounds which followed (the tale said) with clapping jaws and eyes like coach-lamps.

Down in the quiet church Taffy heard the outcry, and, laying down his plane, looked up and saw that his father had heard it too. His mild eyes, shining through his spectacles, asked, as plainly as words: "What was *that?*"

"Listen!"

For a minute — two minutes — they heard nothing more. Then out of the silence broke a rapid, muffled beat of hoofs; and Mr. Raymond clutched Taffy's arm as a yell—a cry not human, or if human, insane—cut the night like a knife and fetched them to their feet. Taffy gained the porch first, and just at that moment a black shadow heaved itself on the churchyard wall and came hurling over with a thud——a clatter of dropping stones——then a groan.

Before they could grasp what was happening, the old Squire had extricated himself from the fallen mare, and came staggering across the graves.

"Hide me!——"

He came with both arms outstretched, his face turned sideways. Behind him, from the far side of the wall, came sounds —horrible shuffling sounds, and in the dusk they saw the head of one of the hounds above the coping and his forepaws clinging as he strained to heave himself over.

"Save me! Save——"

They caught him by both arms, dragged him within and slammed the door.

"Save!——sa—!"

The word ended with a thud as he pitched headlong on the slate pavement. Through the barred door, the scream of the mare Nonesuch answered it.

(To be continued.)

The Foreign Mail Service at New York

By E. C. Chat



Mail Arriving in Foreign Department.

On the left the Chief Clerk is checking off the returns from the clerks, on the right, who have emptied sacks of mail. New loads are coming in in the rear.

"STEAMER'S mail!!!" This loud call, echoing throughout the foreign room in the Post-office Building, is the equivalent of the "Clear ship for action" on the man-of-war. Instantly distributors leave their separating cases, stampers abandon their "blocks," the electric stamp-cancelling machine temporarily ceases its humming, buzzing rattle, every available clerk or porter gets ready for the fray, and the whole force charges with alacrity on the fast accumulating pile, as sack after sack is dumped on a low, large table, at times entirely hid from sight by bags with labels indicating their origin, thousands of miles away, whether from the confines of Siberia, or the shores of the Indian Ocean.

The sight, even to men familiar with the work, is inspiring, especially when at times two, and on certain occasions three, steamers land their cargo of sacks at the same hour. Not infrequently this happens when some one thousand and odd sacks have to be made ready for an outgoing steamer, and then the foreign force is fairly on its mettle, and may well be compared again to the crew of a battle-ship when it has to fight fire inside and fire from the enemy outside. Here again, as on the battle-ship, organization and years' training tell. The wagon-loads of sacks melt before the vigorous and steady onslaught as did the Spanish fleet before Dewey's guns, and in a short while the room is cleared and the "field-day" over.



Sea Post-office Room.

One clerk empties the sacks, and throws the letter packages to another clerk at the case while he distributes the papers into the sack rack.

It would be difficult, in this great cosmopolitan city of New York, to find a person who does not make use of this foreign service, yet strange to relate is the fact that, outside of the clerks immediately handling these mails, hardly anyone can be found who knows, or even has the slightest idea of the International Postal Union system. Perhaps this is accounted for by the comparatively very recent establishment of said system, and its growth so immediate and rapid that the public has not so far "caught up" with it.

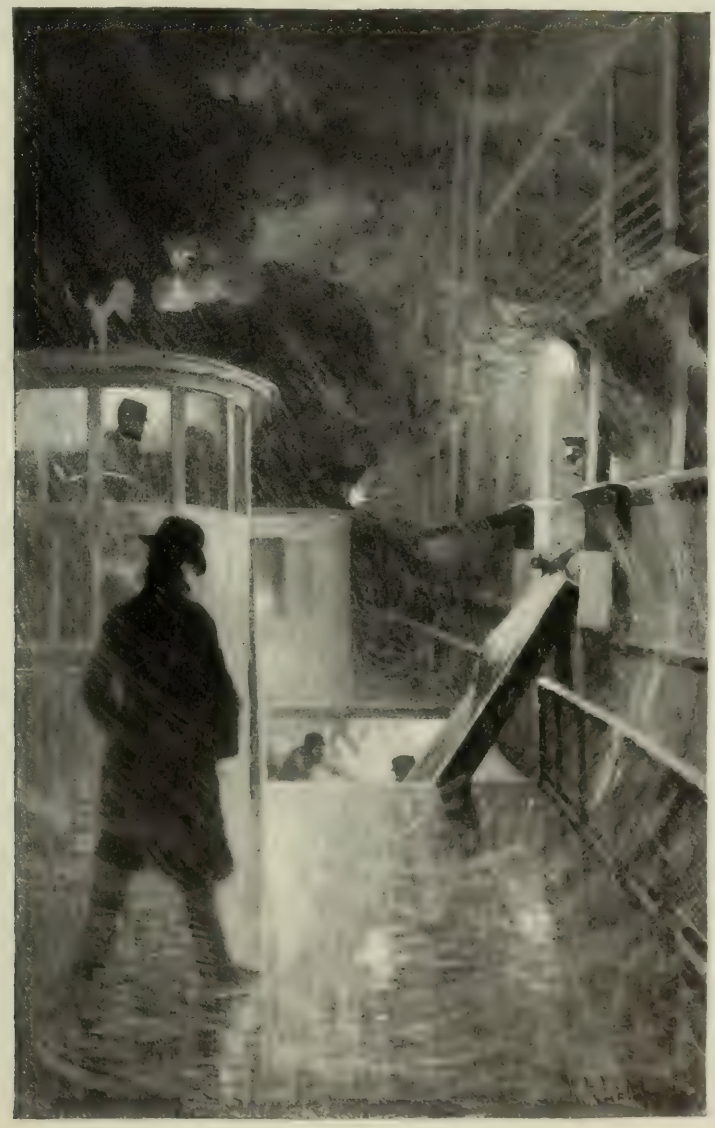
The system was aptly described by Postmaster-General Gary at the opening of the Washington Postal Congress, in 1897, as "one of the grandest projects of the century." No other agency is responsible to such an extent for the tremendous expansion of great ideals and the exchange of views between nations characteristic of the last quarter of this century.

Previous to 1875, when the Treaty of Bern, assented to and ratified by twenty-two nations, took effect, the exchange of mails between separate nationalities was done under such difficulties, and subject to delays and mishaps of so many kinds, that a normal growth and improvement in keeping with the progress of civilization was out of the question. In 1840 the foreign mail from England for the United States, carried on the Great Western, consisted of two sacks of mail. As late as 1873 a steamer from Europe with 20,000 letters on board was considered a record breaker. To-day the Cunard steamers

and other transatlantic ships carrying what is called a "full European mail," usually bring some two hundred thousand letters, and an average of three hundred sacks of newspapers and printed matter for New York City, not to mention the five hundred and odd sacks for Canada, Mexico, and transpacific countries, and a few United States exchange offices, which are now taken direct to the trains and not handled at the New York office.

The working unit of the International Postal Union system is the "Exchange Office." Each postal administration selects these despatching and receiving centres according to quantity of mail handled at any particular point. In European countries many of these offices are on trains from one important point to another, and are called Travelling Exchange offices. They receive and despatch mails in the same manner as offices located in large cities. There are also exchange offices located on steamship lines, and they are called Sea Post-offices. No matter where located, these offices all conduct business on the same lines, and handle mail in the same manner throughout the world. The rules and regulations of this service are adopted by Postal Congresses, meeting about every six years and under the general supervision of the International Bureau of the Postal Union located at Bern, Switzerland, and supported by funds from all governments represented in the Union according to the respective importance of their mail service.

Only through these exchange offices can correspondence go from one country to another, as no other offices are provided with the clerical force and system necessary to



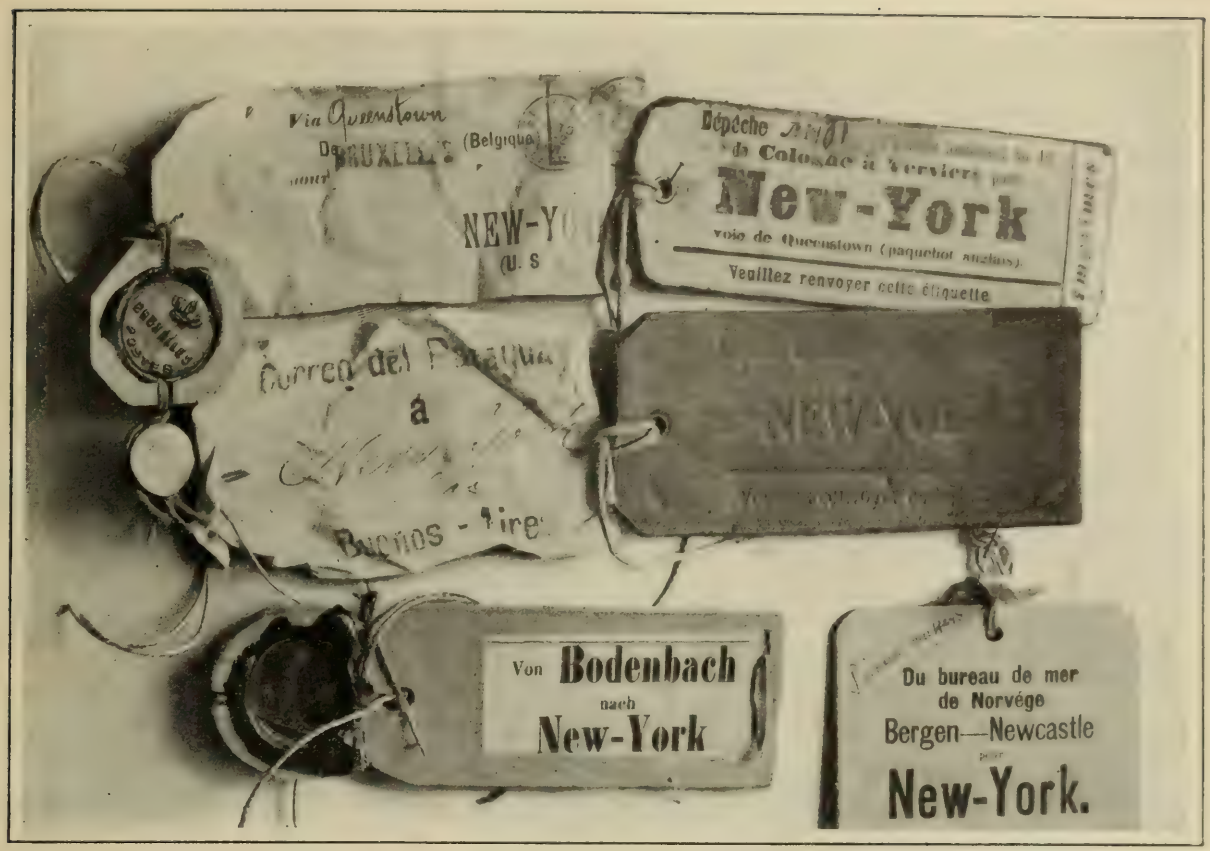
Transferring Mails from an Ocean Greyhound to the Post-office Boat, Postmaster General, through the Chutes.

the handling of international mails. It is at times difficult to explain to business people that a North German Lloyd steamer calling at Gibraltar and Naples will carry mail for Naples only, and that a letter addressed to Gibraltar by that particular steamer cannot be delivered at that port, but will be carried all the way to Naples, whence it will be re-despatched to Gibraltar through a more or less circuitous route. This is because Gibraltar is not an "exchange office" with New York, and "closed mails" are not sent thereto from New York. A "closed mail," as the name indicates, is a mail duly tied up, sealed, and labelled with the name of the exchange office to which it is sent, and not to be opened until it gets there, passing sometimes through four or five countries before reaching its destination. No other kind of mails is carried by steamers, yet the answer will often be made to inquiries, that a certain letter would have been sent "in open mail" to London or elsewhere. This does not mean that the mail in which the letter in question would be sent is despatched "opened," but that it is sent in the "closed" mail for London, there to be opened and disposed of by the London clerks, just as if it had been mailed in London. This course is followed with all correspondence for offices abroad, or even entire countries, which is not in sufficient quantity to justify the establishment of an exchange; and the mails for these offices or countries is sent to the foreign exchange office with the best facilities for disposing of it. Thus mail for Liberia will be sent sometimes to Hamburg, Germany, and at other times to Liverpool, England.

A closed mail consists of ordinary letters, printed matter, and other articles, and of registered articles. Sometimes all these elements will be enclosed in the same sack, or they may be despatched in separate



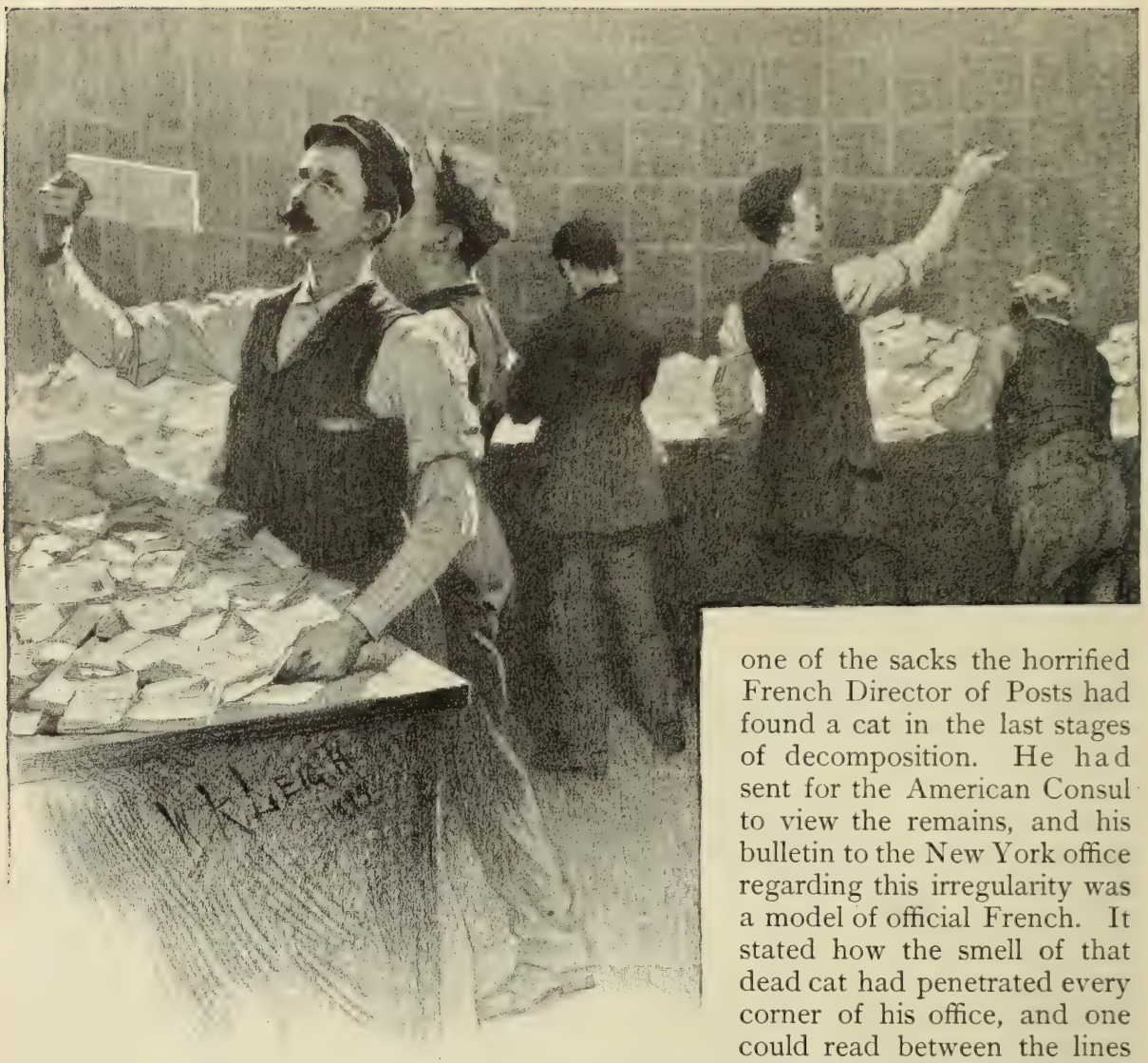
On Board the Postmaster General, at the End of the Chute—Receiving, Piling, and Checking Off Sacks.



Some Sample Labels from Abroad.

Belgian label—string made fast through wooden block with wax seal and a second block of compressed lead.
Paraguay label—plain linen.
Austrian label—wooden block, string sealed with wax.
German white leather label.
Argentine label—strong, ordinary leather.
Norwegian label—cardboard—string sealed on back with wax.

sacks, when in sufficient quantity. The registered mail is tied up and sealed in distinctive red-striped sacks, and then these sacks are enclosed in ordinary mail-sacks, tied up and labelled in exactly the same manner as the sacks containing ordinary letters, so that it is impossible to tell from the outside which sack contains registered matter. A mail may consist of one sack only, containing all classes of correspondence, or it may be composed of a large number of sacks. In either case it is accompanied by a letter bill, enclosed in one of the sacks. This letter bill is one of a series beginning on January 1st of each year, being numbered with consecutive numbers to each foreign exchange office. Thus when Naples receives a mail from New York containing the letter bill numbered 65, and the previous mail received at that office had Letter Bill No. 63, Naples knows that mail with Letter Bill No. 64 is missing, and immediately notifies New York of the fact in a form called "Bulletin of Verification." This form is in use for official correspondence between all offices in the Postal Union regarding irregularities of all sorts discovered in the mails of one office for another. A record of the number of each mail and the particulars of its despatch being kept by each office, the inquiry from Naples in the above instance would immediately be investigated, and that office notified that the missing mail had been sent on such a date, by such a steamer, etc.; or, if more was known concerning its fate, as in the case of the mails sent per La Bourgogne last July, mention would be made of the fact. The Russian travelling exchange office of Kibarty to St. Petersburg frequently receives the mails sent from this office every Wednesday in inverted order, that is, the mail sent by a fast White Star liner at noon on Wednesday, may be received a few hours ahead of the mail sent by a slower American line steamer which sailed at 10 A.M. on the same day. The occurrence is so often repeated that one would think it would go unnoticed, and the Russian office would wait a few hours anyway before notifying New York that a



In the Newspaper Division.
Throwing papers into boxes for all parts of the world.

mail is missing, but such is not the case, and the bulletin "Your mail No. — is missing," is immediately sent to New York, followed next day by another bulletin, "Your mail No. — has arrived." At the New York office the first bulletin is always held until receipt of the second, which is sure to follow and renders investigation unnecessary; they are called "Katie didn't," and "Katie did." Many bulletins are received subsequent to the holidays with best wishes for Christmas or New Year from one office to another. They are mostly all in English, French, or Spanish, and are, at times, more or less humorous, if not pathetic, as was one received from Martinique about the time Cervera's ill-fated fleet was hovering near that island. A mail from New York had just been received at St. Pierre, and in one of the sacks the horrified French Director of Posts had found a cat in the last stages of decomposition. He had sent for the American Consul to view the remains, and his bulletin to the New York office regarding this irregularity was a model of official French. It stated how the smell of that dead cat had penetrated every corner of his office, and one could read between the lines that he suspected the whole affair to be a joke played upon him by the Yankee postal clerks. The event was duly investigated in the New York office, but beyond the fact that one member of the numerous pussy tribe in the mail building was missing, little else could be positively ascertained. That the cat could have been sent in that bag as a joke was not to be thought of for an instant, but it was presumed that in its wandering among the piles of mail-sacks in the basement, pussy had found the sack for Martinique awaiting to be sealed, and had concluded to take a nap therein. The sack was probably tied up and sealed soon afterward, and the unwilling stowaway had been sent to the steamer. Later on it was reported by the purser of the steamer that he suspected there was something alive in one of the mail-bags, but such is the respect for postal seals that he never thought to open the sack in the pres-

ence of witnesses and release the animal. Thrown in the mail-room with other sacks on top of it, there could be no doubt that poor pussy had been smothered before passing the Hook, and his condition when landed at Martinique must have been such as to fully justify and explain the ill-disguised indignation of the French officials.

The letter bill describes minutely the mail it accompanies, states how many sacks of letters, how many sacks of papers, and how many articles registered, describing each registered article separately, except in cases of heavy registered mails, when a separate descriptive list is sent in addition to the letter bill. Thus it is easy for the office of destination to verify the mail it receives and ascertain whether any is missing.

Small closed mails are at times enclosed inside of closed mails for other offices; for instance, the mails made up at Paris for Guatemala are in a sack duly sealed and labelled as aforesaid, but this sack is put inside of one of the bags for the New York office, and in such cases the fact is noted on the letter bill sent with the New York mail.

The business of the foreign clerks when a foreign mail is received in the manner described in our first lines is to open promptly every sack received, inspect and dispose of contents, and report to the chief clerk the result from each sack thus opened. Each clerk takes hold of one of the sacks piled on the table, and throws it on another table used for opening the mails. He cuts open the fastenings, keeping the label separate, and also the letter-bill, if he happens to find it in the sack; if several classes of mail matter are found therein, he pushes the ordinary letters over to one side, sweeps the newspapers into large four-wheeled baskets near by, takes to another place the smaller enclosed mails addressed to other offices, and lays the registered sack on the chief clerk's desk, where a man from the registry division will receive it and give a receipt for it. The clerk then calls out to the chief clerk the result of his examination, "Lisbon-Reg.-Bill and 1 Honolulu"—which means that in the sack just opened he found the mail from Lisbon for New York with the letter-bill, registered articles and a smaller closed mail for Honolulu. Like the rattle of musketry these calls are fired at the chief clerk, who



Samples of Ordinary Letters.

For Government of Simbursk, Russia. For Finland.

For Hungary.



Despatching a Mail—Sacks Loaded on Trucks.

Despatching clerk, on the left, tallying off mails, sack by sack. Foreign mails are delivered to trucks sent by the Steamship Companies and are receipted for at the door of New York Post Office.

marks everything on a tally-sheet, which will later on be compared with the advices received from the foreign offices on each letter-bill; and if any discrepancy is found it will be investigated, resulting in a bulletin of verification to office of origin, or in something worse for the foreign clerk who made an erroneous announcement of the contents, if the fault is laid to him. In a few minutes, sometimes an hour or more, an entire mail is opened and the room cleared, the registry man getting away to his department with all the registered mails, and the newspaper force wheeling away the baskets full of newspapers and packages. The letters are then divided into four parts—those for New York City proper, those for the rest of the United States and Canada, those for foreign countries which have been sent in open mail to New York, and those which are unpaid or partially prepaid. Many foreign offices make a separation of the mails for New York City from those for other places, but this is a matter of accommodation and reciprocal arrangements between exchange offices; and the work of separation is, strictly speaking, that of the foreign clerks in any office. The newspapers are treated in the same manner as the letters. All city mail is then sent to the city department for final distribution and delivery, and that for other parts of the United States and Canada is sent to the domestic mail division for despatch. All letters and mail addressed to other countries are retained in the foreign division, and included in the next mail for these countries. The unpaid and short-paid mail is "rated up" before delivery to other divisions. This mail is put up under distinctive labels. The despatching offices have marked on each article the amount of deficiency in prepayment. No matter where originating, this amount is marked in French money (centimes). The letter "T" (initial of French word "tax") is also stamped on covers. The foreign clerks at the receiving office calculate, in the money of their country, the amount of deficiency and double it up, stamping this charge on the covers for collection by office of delivery.

This work, and also that of separating New York mail and mail for the principal

States and cities, is done by the sea post-offices in steamers of the North German Lloyd, Hamburg-American, and American Lines; and when mails are received by either of these steamers they are ready for delivery in a much shorter time than when received by other vessels. In addition to the sea post-office service, the transfer service has also in the last two or three years materially reduced the work at the foreign department in the New York office.

No sooner has the "ticker" reported the Campania or other big liner "off Fire Island" than a veteran of the transportation department, accompanied by a few clerks and porters, hastens to the foot of Cortlandt Street and boards the Postmaster-General, the flag-ship of the post-office fleet. The boat was built for this service, and is equipped with spacious mail-rooms, chutes for transboarding sacks, and other expediting appliances. Steam is up, and she is off down the bay to meet the big steamer. She makes fast to her sides, and the mails are received aboard through the chutes, while the clerks check and verify the number received on a sort of invoice called "way bill," prepared by the London, Havre, or sea post-office. Frequently the passengers are still awaiting the quarantine doctor while the mails are speeding on their way to the Battery, where the New York City sacks are landed; then to the Pennsylvania Railroad, then to the foot of Forty-second Street, where wagons await the mails for the Grand Central Depot. Thus a great saving in time is often made, while formerly the whole mail went first to the docks of the several transatlantic lines, then by wagons to the General Post-Office, then again by wagons to the different depots. When the mails are handled by sea post-offices during the sea-trip, they generally arrive ready for the trains, and little but what is for New York City proper comes to the general office; but the large and heavy mails on the Cunard and White Star Lines, also on the French Line, are not thus assorted, and fully two-thirds has to come to the foreign division to be handled as previously described.

We have explained to a great extent so far what seems to pertain to the incoming mails only; but we said at the start that the foreign mail is worked throughout the world in every exchange office very much after the same pattern, and it will now be easier to explain the handling of mail going from the United States to other countries. There are in the United States several exchange offices besides New York, but, with the exception of New Orleans and San Francisco, the mails they make up consist only of matter originating at each of these offices. Mail for some of the Central American republics is sent to New Orleans, and mail for transpacific countries goes mostly to San Francisco. All other mail, no matter where dropped in the letter-box, comes to the New York office through the instrumentality of the Railway Mail Service. Letters for abroad are tied up in bundles, and labelled "New York Foreign." Some of the railway mail offices make a preliminary separation by countries, and many bundles reach New York labelled "Russia," "Switzerland," etc.; but as there are many exchange offices in these foreign countries, these bundles have again to be opened at New York, and assorted, although this first separation facilitates the process. The bundles are cut open, and the letters are all passed through the electric machine or stamped by hand, the "back-stamp" thus impressed showing their date of arrival in New York.

This is not done with letters originating in New York City, the date and time of mailing being in that case shown in the stamp-mark cancelling the postage-stamps, and being held sufficient for records. The mail having been "back-stamped," goes on a low shelf in front of each distributor, and is then assorted according to destination. The "separating case" consists of nine rows of boxes, ten boxes in each row. Many of the boxes bear the names of exchange offices in Europe or those reached by steamers for Europe. There are also boxes for other parts of the world, in which letters are deposited to be later on taken to another special "separating case" for these countries. In each separating case there is a box where unpaid or short-paid letters are deposited. A special clerk takes them out, weighs them, marks thereon the deficient postage, and stamps them "T," when they are assorted on a separate case and tied up in bundles under labels indicating that the contents of the bundles consist of short-paid mail. They go in the same

sacks as ordinary letters. When a box bearing the name of an exchange office is full (about one hundred and fifty letters), the contents are taken out, divided into two parts, the largest letters being laid across both parts, and the whole is tied up in a sheet of strong manila paper. String is not spared in this process, and so securely and strongly are these packages tied that they have been known to remain in the water for days and weeks at times, and when found, with the exception of the top letters and the edges, they were yet in a condition to permit delivery to persons for whom they were intended. Many people, no doubt, some weeks after the Elbe disaster, remember having received letters with a paster attached, stating that the letter had been found in the North Sea, in a bag originating in Norway and sunk with the Elbe. This was the only sack of mail ever recovered from that steamer. The same was true of the mail recovered from the Oregon, sacks being found far down the Jersey coast days after the wreck of that steamer, and forwarded to New York, where, after being dried, most of the letters were found to be deliverable.

The package thus wrapped and tied is labelled with the printed name of the exchange office for which its contents are intended, and thrown into a large basket. When the basket is full, it is wheeled over to the pouching rack, an iron frame divided into sections, each section bearing the name of an exchange office, and provided with four hooks which hold open a mail sack. The pouching clerk takes the packages of letters, reads the labels thereon, and throws them into the proper sack. When full (about seventy-five pounds), the sack is taken down and ready for tying and sealing up. The last sack taken down receives the letter-bill for the exchange office of destination. The sack is tied, and a label bearing the name of the office for which it is destined is inserted in the string. After several turns have been taken, both ends of the string are passed through the holes at the bottom of a small tin cup which is subsequently filled with hot wax, so that the string cannot be removed without its being cut open (see illustration on page 71). In this country labels made of good Holland linen are used fresh for each sack. In other countries other material is employed, some using leather, some wood, some strong cardboard. The return of labels of any value is generally requested, and they are used over and over until worn out. Great Britain does not use labels of any kind, but has the address of each sack stencilled on the sack itself, thus: "London for New York." This, of course, renders the sack useless for any other service. In the United States the labels are white for letter sacks, buff for papers, and cardinal red for registered mails.

The newspapers are assorted in the basement of the Post-office, very much in the same fashion as letters, but they are not tied up in bundles. The separating cases into which they are thrown are so made that a sack hanging at the lower end of the box receives the mail thrown therein, and when full, it is ready for tying, labelling, and sealing up. In this department are received the queerest odds and ends going through the mails to foreign countries, newspapers especially being selected to hide in their folds sundry articles of every description sent to friends "in the auld country." Jewelry, from the penny kind to really valuable articles, handkerchiefs galore, baby's dressing outfits, rattlesnake skins, plugs of tobacco, cucumbers—these and many other curios of every description are found and stopped. If the address of the sender appears on the package, it is returned to him direct. Otherwise it goes to the Dead Letter Office, where it is kept a certain length of time awaiting to be claimed. The unclaimed part is finally sold at auction.

In the letter department there are also curiosities, but of another kind. The greatest part of the letters addressed to Santa Claus in Greenland, or other Northern lands, are treated by the foreign clerks. There are also many mysteries to be unravelled in the queer hieroglyphics which to be the addresses of letters, especially are supposed those going to Russia, Turkey, Hungary, and even Italy. Clerks of the foreign department are not linguists; but the same characters recurring so constantly soon appear familiar, and they experience no trouble in "boxing" the letters to the proper office.

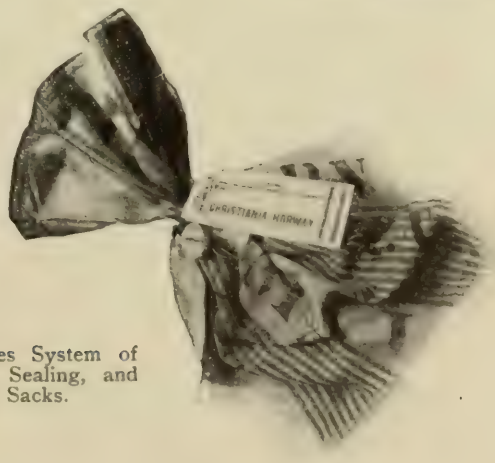
When a mail has closed, no more letters or papers are put in the assorting boxes, but everything that was there is taken out,

tied, labelled, and sacked. The letter-bills are then prepared, and after all the sacks are sealed the way-bills are made up in duplicate copies. A full European mail *via* Queenstown or *via* Southampton averages nine to twelve hundred sacks, fully two-thirds of which have been made up in the New York office. The way-bill describes this large mail only as so many letter-sacks and so many paper-sacks from the New York office, or the Chicago, or other office of origin, for Paris, or for Dublin, etc., and when the steamers land the mail at its port of arrival, the way-bills are used to check and verify the number of sacks landed. One copy of the way-bill is returned to New York with a receipt from the official at the port of destination, and the responsibility of this office for the mails ceases. Their further transportation will be the business of the administration which has received them.

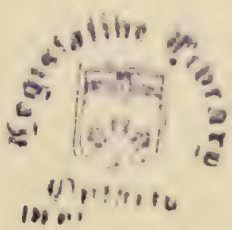
The Parcels Post system is also taken care of by the clerks of the foreign department, but as it is a system based on special conventions or agreements between any two countries, it is not within the sphere of an article relating to the international mail service as regulated by the Postal Union Conventions. The exchange of large parcels, however, as well as of ordinary correspondence, is one of the improvements which remain for future postal congresses to introduce in the system. At present, the United States parcels' post exchange is confined to the West Indies, Central America, Mexico, Hawaii, and Newfoundland. Ordinary merchandise not exceeding eleven pounds can be forwarded under that system for twelve cents a pound.

The general supervision over all American exchange offices is centred in the Office of Foreign Mails, in Washington, but the fact that over ninety per cent. of foreign mail matter is handled, or passes through the New York office would make exceedingly advantageous, especially for business interests all over the country, the transfer to New York of the supreme direction of that service. Many times questions have to be decided and steps taken at short notice, delay being the great bugaboo of postal officials, and in such cases constant and daily touch with a system ever increasing and improving would be of incalculable benefit. The New York force, however, is so well trained, its superintendents and clerks are so completely acquainted with every detail of the system, that so far the business world has not suffered from the present arrangement. It certainly has not gained. A flattering testimonial of this efficiency of the New York foreign force is found in a report to his government of the New Zealand Postal Agent residing at San Francisco and in charge of the important British-Australian Mail Service. "I find," says he, "that the New York officials are extremely anxious to make the best connections and are indefatigable in their efforts to expedite the transfer of mails. Messrs. Maze and Boyle,* Superintendent and Assistant Superintendent of mails in New York City, are particularly energetic and watchful, and no stone is left unturned at that office to further our interests in that direction, and the mails are often transferred to tugs and sent after the Atlantic liners when late."

* Lately appointed Post-office Inspector.



United States System of Tying, Sealing, and Labelling Sacks.



NEMESIS

"Vicisti, Galilæe"

I

Above the fallen sculpture
  Of the pantheon of the Past,
One haggard face looks heavenward
  A challenge to the last.
Behold that levelling NEMESIS,
  Who rears her balance still,
Scorning a Good that flowers
  From roots of good and ill:
A Tonic from the mixture
  Of mortal gall and balm!
A foam of their equation—
  Fume of waste and compensation,
Which the Cup of trituration
  Wreathes with victory and calm!

But oh, thou ruthless goddess,
  With never-favoring eyes,
Is Heaven so poor that justice
  Metes the bounty of the skies?
So poor that every blessing
  Fills the debit of a cost!
That all process is returning,
  And all gain is of the lost!

How shalt thou poise the courage
  That covets all things hard?
How pay the love unmeasured
  That could not brook reward?
How prompt self-loyal honor—
  Supreme above desire,
That bids the strong die for the weak,
  The martyr sing in fire?
Why do I droop in bower,
  And sigh in sacred hall?
Why stifle under shelter,
  Yet where through forest tall
The rime of hoary winter
  In stinging spray resolves,
I sing to the northwind's fury,
  And shout with the starving wolves?

Up through a hundred tumults
  I won to fields of peace:
A veteran scarred and grizzled,
  On furlough, or release.

I roam the heights of freedom,
  And through the mists of death
I hail the thrones supernal
  With bold and jovial breath.

What of thy priests confuting
  Of fate, and form and law—
Of being and essence, and counterpoise
  Of poles that drive and draw?
Ever a compensation—
  Some pandering purchase still!
But the vehm of achieving reason
  Is the all-patrician WILL!

II

Lo! where the world is quiet
  That heeds not me, nor thee,
I watch while the healing planets
  Refreshen the brackish sea;
My vision of hope and progress
  Has passed with thin day-light,
And the SAME, in its ancient splendor,
  Is new in the blooming night:
Then swathe thy locks with shadows,
  And poppied wreaths entwine,
And steep in thy pagan nectar
  The nightshade's 'trancing vine:
Yet a voice shall pierce thy stupor,
  And thou shalt not forget:
"My locks, which the dews have laden,
  With drops of the night are wet. . . .
Take thought for no to-morrow! . . .
  Let the dead bury their dead! . . ."
What boots it that IMMANUEL hath
  Not where to lay His head!

III

Sorrow no more nor glory
  Shall toss my even beam.
Rest, rest thy weary balance!
  I am dreaming of the dream
Wherein neither pain nor pleasure—
Wherein neither toil nor treasure—
Wherein neither guess nor measure
  May be, nor yet may seem,—
A dream of life Ideal,
  That knows its own control,—
Whose ends are at the centre,
  And whose balance is the whole.

DANIEL WEBSTER

WITH UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS AND SOME EXAMPLES OF HIS PREPARATION FOR PUBLIC SPEAKING

By George F. Hoar

IN one respect Daniel Webster is the most striking figure in our history, and one of the few most striking figures in all history. That is, in the impression he made on everybody—that, great as were his achievements, he was himself greater than his greatest achievement.

Franklin, Webster, and Emerson are the three great New Englanders. Each of them was a great public teacher. If Webster did not lack, at least he did not manifest, Franklin's wonderful common-sense, as applied to common things and common life. He had not Emerson's profound spiritual discernment or wonderful poetic instinct. But his intellect seems like a vast quarry. When you have excavated the great rocks at the surface, you know there is an inexhaustible supply left. When he died, the people felt as if the corner-stone of the Capitol had been removed ; as if the elephant had died that bore the universe on its back.

Emerson's portraiture of Webster at Bunker Hill is made up of a few strokes. But it reveals the whole secret. Great as were the things that Webster said, profound as was his reasoning, lofty as are the flights of his imagination, stirring as are his appeals to the profoundest passions of his countrymen, there is a constant feeling that Jove is behind these thunderbolts. That is the contrast between him and so many other orators. Even in Choate and Phillips you are admiring the phrase and the elocution, and not the men. In Webster you are thinking of the man, and not the phrases. The best things that he said do not seem to his listener to be superior, and rarely seem to his listener to be equal, to the man who said them. There is plenty of reserve power behind—

> . . . Half his strength he put not forth, but checked
> His thunder in mid-volley.

Emerson also said of him, "His strength was like the falling of a planet ; his discretion, the return of its due and perfect curve."

Nothing certainly can be more profitable for youth who desire to cultivate the capacity for public speaking for the purpose of addressing juries, legislative bodies, or popular assemblies, than the study of the style, the delivery, and the method of preparation of him whom nearly all his countrymen think the foremost American orator, and whom many of them think the foremost orator who ever spoke the English tongue. Many admirable critics have dealt with these topics.*

Mr. Winthrop has told,† in his own delightful way, the story of one of Webster's compositions, famous at the time, now almost forgotten.

Mr. Winthrop says also truly of Daniel Webster :

"Daniel Webster, unlike Everett or Choate, was all deliberation, both in matter and manner. I do not believe that it ever occurred to him what gestures he should make, or that he ever remembered what gestures he had made. His words seemed to flow spontaneously and often

* Among them are :

Edward Everett. See Life of Webster prefixed to his works.

Article in *North American Review*, October, 1830, Vol. 31, p. 463.

Article in *North American Review*, July, 1835, Vol. 41, p. 231.

Article in *Littell's Living Age*, 1859, Vol. 63.

Eulogy, "Daniel Webster Speeches," Vol. 4, p. 186.

Robert C. Winthrop, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, January, 1894, Vol. xv., p. 118. "Speeches," Vol. 4, p. 377.

Rufus Choate, "Speeches," pp. 479, 493.

Edwin P. Whipple, "Webster's Great Speeches," Introduction, *North American Review*, July, 1844.

Mellen Chamberlain, in *Century Magazine*, September, 1893, p. 709.

Henry Cabot Lodge, in *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. 49, February, 1882.

Julius H. Ward, in *International Review*, February, 1882, p. 124.

General S. P. Lyman, "Daniel Webster," 2 Vols., D. Appleton & Co., 1853.

James Parton, in *North American Review*, January, 1867, Vol. 104, p. 65.

J. H. B. Latrobe, in *Harper's Magazine*, February, 1882, Vol. 64, p. 428.

Charles W. March, "Reminiscences of Congress."

† SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 1894, Vol. xv., p. 118.

slowly, whether from his lips or his pen, as from a profound and exhaustless reservoir of thought. Of him it might be, and perhaps often has been, said :

> . . . Deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation sat, and public care."

He says of Webster's eloquence that it was the eloquence of clear, cogent argument, and of occasional deep emotion, expressed in clear, forcible Saxon words—sometimes adorned by most felicitous quotations and sometimes by magnificent and matchless metaphors.

James Parton says :

"He discovered, he says, that the value as well as the force of a sentence depends chiefly upon its meaning, not its language, and that great writing is that in which much is said in a few words, and those words the simplest that will answer the purpose. Having made this notable discovery, he became a great eraser of adjectives, and toiled after simplicity and directness."

Edward Everett, who knew Mr. Webster very intimately, says :

"Perhaps the noblest bursts—the loftiest flights, the last and warmest tints of his discourses of this kind—were the unpremeditated inspiration of the moment of delivery."

I suppose, from all I can gather, that Mr. Webster, with very few exceptions indeed, committed to writing nothing but the heads of his speeches. But they were, nearly all of them, upon subjects constantly in his thoughts. He had undoubtedly matured sentences and phrases which came to his mind in leisure moments, and which came to his memory under the stimulant of great occasions and great audiences, in addressing juries or public assemblies or the Senate, with which he ornamented his discourses, or strengthened his argument. Most of the speeches we have only as they came to us in the imperfect reporting of the time. Some of them, like the oration at Plymouth, he probably revised carefully before they were published. We have his own testimony that this was true of the well-known "morning drum-beat" passage in the speech on the President's Protest.

Still, the testimony is abundant that some of his best passages must have come from an inspiration while he was upon his feet. Mr. Winthrop gives an account of one ; Mellen Chamberlain, a most accomplished critic and observer, another. And there are plenty of others floating about. Judge Chamberlain says one thing of him, which I dare say may have been said before and since. It explains Webster's influence over his auditors and over posterity. He says :

"He was perfectly sane, and it may be the most perfectly sane orator who ever spoke English."

I have in my possession a good many of Mr. Webster's manuscripts, including his preparations for speeches, letters from him to intimate friends and from his intimate friends to him, a good many bound volumes of political pamphlets, some of them with the autographs of famous authors, and some of his books. From these I select a few which relate to important and interesting events in his life, or throw some additional light upon his habit and method of preparation for public speaking, adding some explanation and comment.

One of the greatest debates in our parliamentary history, only surpassed in importance in Mr. Webster's public life by the debate with Hayne on Foot's Resolution and the debate on the Compromise measures in March, 1850, is the debate on the Sub-Treasury in the early part of the year 1838. Silas Wright introduced the Sub-Treasury Bill January 16, 1838. January 30, 1838, the bill came on for a second reading, and Mr. Wright made an elaborate speech in its support. The next day Mr. Webster spoke. His speech, which is wholly a reply to Wright, makes no allusion whatever to Mr. Calhoun. It is reported in the fourth volume of his works, page 432. I have before me Mr. Webster's notes of preparation for that speech. They constitute a mere brief, all included on six pages of letter-paper, and mostly consisting of mere catch-words. The first sentence or two, however, indicate the difference between Webster and the supporters of the Sub-Treasury :

"Let the government attend to its own business ; and let the people attend to theirs."

"Let the government take care of the currency for its own revenue; for all other purposes, let it leave it to the States and to the people."

"Ominous and disheartening sentences. Yet the whole spirit of the Administration and of this bill."

There is no hint in these notes, except the above, of any of the eloquent and weighty sentences with which the speech abounds.

February 15, 1838, Mr. Calhoun spoke on the Independent Treasury Bill. (See, for this speech, his Works, vol. 3, page 202.) He makes an allusion to one of Mr. Webster's arguments, viz., his claim that the government should furnish paper currency. But the speech contains nothing personal or calculated to excite challenge and reply. March 10, 1838, Calhoun makes a second speech on the same bill (reported, Works, vol. 3, page 244). That speech, also, contains hardly any allusion to Mr. Webster. It is devoted almost wholly to a reply to Clay, between whom and Calhoun a very angry personal altercation had arisen. March 12, 1838, Mr. Webster delivered his second speech on the Sub-Treasury, which is reported in his Works, vol. 4, page 424. It occupies seventy-six pages there. Of this, the last thirty-three are a reply to Mr. Calhoun. Calhoun said in his answer, which was made on the 22d of the same month, that Webster delivered this part of his speech with great vehemence, and evidently considered it the most important portion of his remarks. So much of the speech as is a reply to Mr. Calhoun, however, deals chiefly with a speech made by him at the extra session in September, 1837, and with a letter known as the "Edgefield Letter," written by Mr. Calhoun to his constituents in the vacation. I have Mr. Webster's entire preparation for this speech. It is in Webster's handwriting, and consists of eight heads, all on one page of a sheet of small note-paper, labelled on the back, in Webster's handwriting, "Heads of my speech on the Sub-Treasury," and is as follows:

"No. 1. General state of the country and credit system."

"No. 2. Our pecuniary condition and question of excess."

"No. 3. Is the measure suited to the condition of the country?"

"No. 4. Is it a just exercise of our powers?"

"No. 5. Mr. C.'s speech, September 19."

"No. 6. Mr. C.'s letter, November 3."

"No. 7. Mr. C.'s speech, February 15."

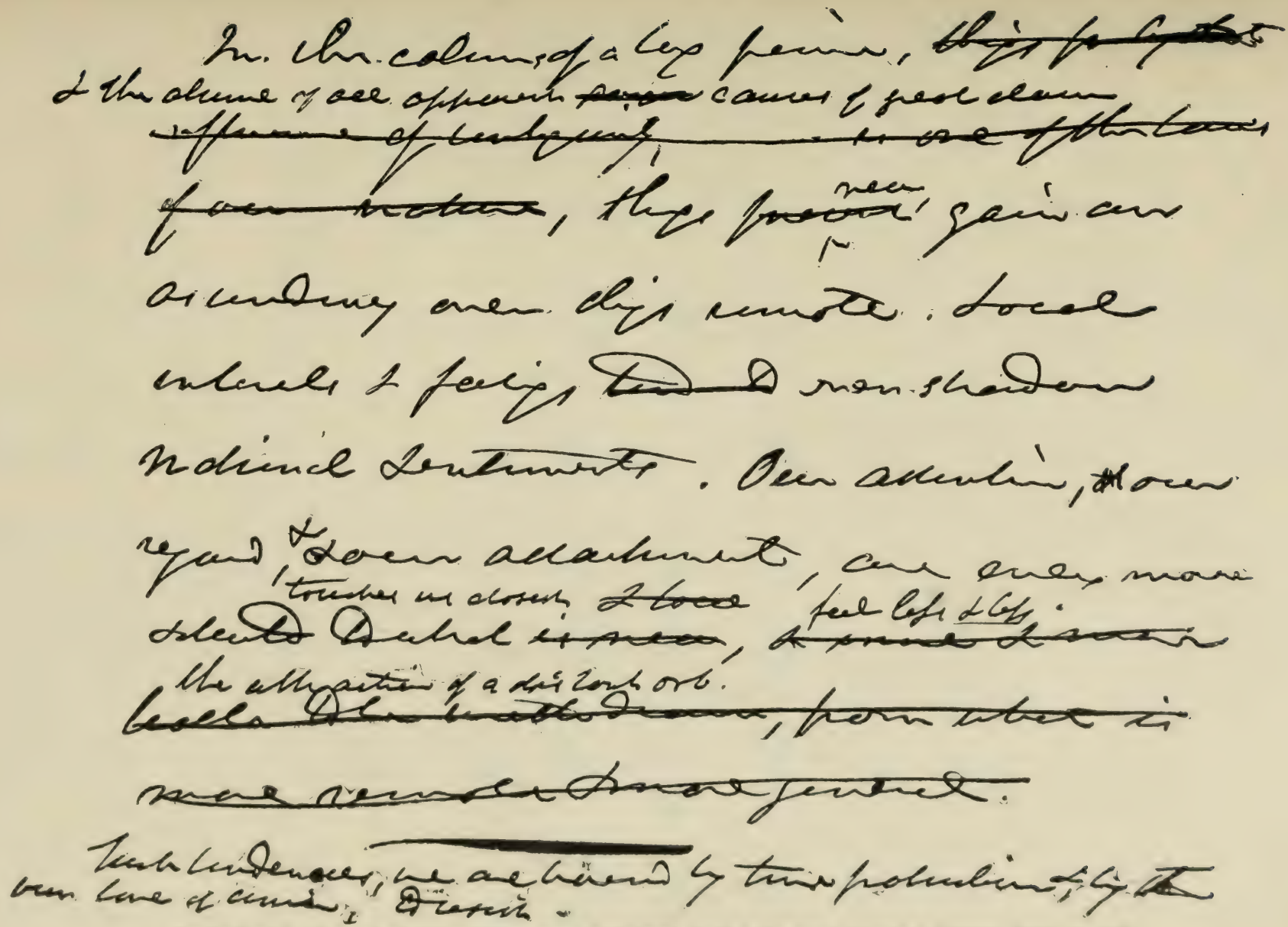
"No. 8. Identity of commerce."

Besides this, Mr. Webster wrote out the concluding part of the speech in twenty-one pages of a rather small letter-paper, of which I have the last eight, which correspond to about three of the seventy-six pages which the whole speech occupies in the printed report. This part seems to have been corrected again and again. A fac-simile of a part of one of these pages is here given, showing how careful was Mr. Webster's revision and correction. The whole page runs:

"Sir, the spirit of Union is particularly liable to temptation, & seduction, in moments of peace & prosperity. In war, this spirit is strengthened, by a sense of common danger, & by a thousand recollections of ancient efforts, & ancient glory, in a common cause.

"In the calms of a long peace, & the absence of all apparent causes of great alarm, things near gain an ascendancy over things remote. Local interests & feelings overshadow national sentiments. Our attention, our regard, & our attachment, are ever more solicited to what touches us closest, feel less and less the attraction of a distant orb. Such tendencies, we are bound by true patriotism, & by our love of union, to resist."

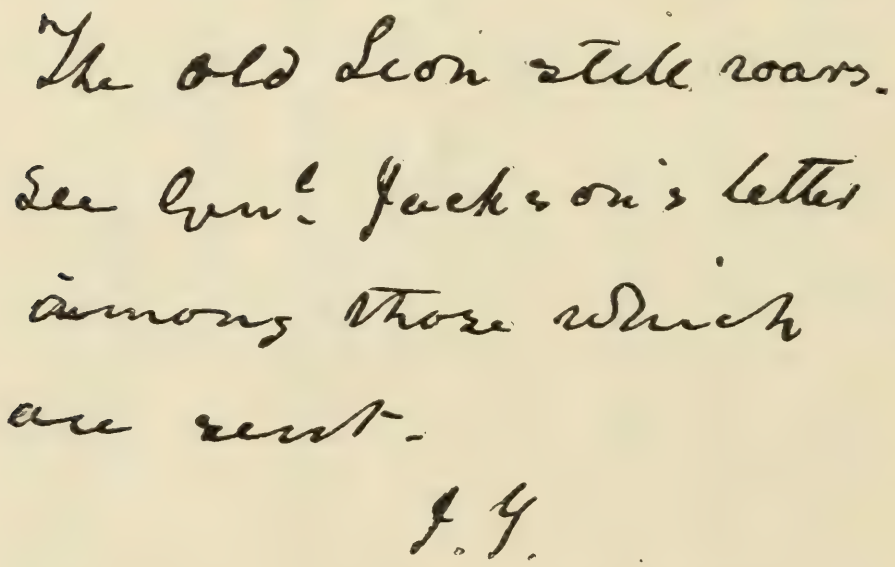
Mr. Calhoun replied to this speech of Webster, March 22, 1838, in a speech reported in his Works, vol. 3, pages 279–330. Calhoun had both Webster and Clay on his hands in this debate. He certainly bore himself with great courage and ability. The South had no reason to be ashamed of her champion, so far as this was a struggle of pure intellect. When Calhoun got through, Webster instantly rose and answered him in the speech beginning with the famous passage about carrying the war into Africa, reported in Webster's Works, vol. 4, page 500, but not found in the *Globe*. The *Globe* at that time was a weekly paper, containing very imperfect reports of the daily debates in the Senate. An appendix was published at the end of



Fac-simile of a part of one of the concluding pages of Webster's draft of his speech in reply to Calhoun, March 12, 1838.

the session, which had some of the more important speeches written out from the reporters' notes or from other sources, probably under the supervision of their authors. This speech ended the discussion between Calhoun and Webster on this particular measure, although the debates on financial and other questions for several preceding and succeeding years make, in substance, but one long debate between these two famous champions, in which the whole issue between North and South, slavery and freedom, State rights and national powers, was under discussion.

One passage in this speech explains the following note here given in fac-simile, from John Tyler to Mr. Webster, his Secretary of State, written when Jackson broke the silence of the Hermitage :



"The old Lion still roars. See Genl. Jackson's letter among those which are sent.
J. T."

"On the broad surface of the country, Sir, there is a spot called 'the Hermitage.' In that residence is an occupant very well known, and not a little remarkable both in person and character. Suppose, Sir, the occupant of the Hermitage were now to open that door, enter the Senate, walk forward, and look over the chamber to the seats on the other side. Be not frightened, gentlemen ; it is but fancy's sketch. Suppose he should thus come in among us, Sir, and see into whose hands has fallen the chief support of that administration, which was, in so great a degree, appointed by himself, and which he fondly relied on to maintain the principles of his own. If gentlemen were now to see his steady military step, his erect posture, his compressed lips, his firmly knitted brow, and his eye full of fire, I cannot help thinking, Sir, they would all feel somewhat queer. There would be, I imagine, not a little awkward moving and shifting in their seats. They would expect soon to hear the roar of the lion, even if they did not feel his paw "

This speech Mr. Everett declared to be the ablest and most effective of Mr. Webster's speeches on the currency. Lord Overstone, than whom there was never a higher authority upon finance in England, produced a copy of it before a committee of the House of Commons, by whom he was examined, and said it was one of the ablest and most satisfactory discussions of these subjects he had ever seen. He afterward spoke of Mr. Webster as a master who had instructed him upon these matters.

There are notes of a speech on the currency which occupy two pages and three and one-half lines of common letter-paper. The two sentences at the close sum up not only Webster's final conclusion after a life of reflection upon the subject, but, I believe, the final conclusion of the country as to the great doctrine of protection. "The sacrifice made by reducing prices must necessarily fall on labor."

"If price of cotton reduced, at home, may be not abroad. So other articles.

"But labor is fixed down to the place. If you reduce its price, it has no escape. The whole result, then, of reducing cost of production comes merely to this—that the capitalist shall manufacture at a less price, and deduct the loss in price from the labor of his workmen. This is the whole of it.

"I am for protecting labor. I am for enabling it to clothe itself well, feed itself well, and educate itself. I am desirous of giving to labor here, in its competition

with capital, advantages which it does not possess elsewhere.

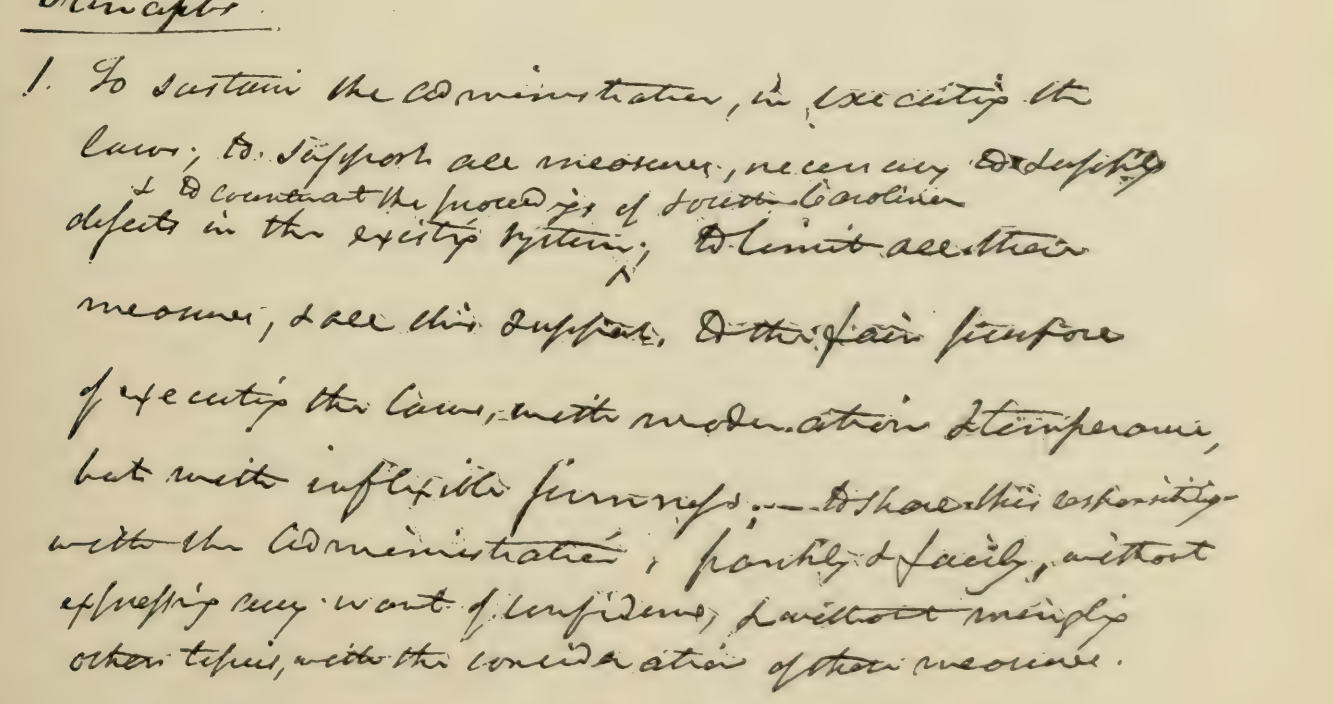
"Every man, who contemplates reduction, must survey the condition of other countries, with which we have great intercourse."

Mr. Webster went to Washington to attend the session of December, 1832, under the burden of a great responsibility. He had borne his share in the great debate in which he established the authority of the Union against the doctrine of nullification in a manner which had won for him the undying regard of the vast majority of his countrymen. President Jackson had done his part in asserting his determination to uphold the Constitution at all hazards and against all enemies. In all that, the President and Mr. Webster were in thorough accord. But he had no sympathy with President Jackson's desire to overthrow the banking system, to provide simply instrumentalities for the government to transact its business, leaving the business of the country to look out for itself. On the other hand, a considerable portion of his own party, led by Mr. Clay, desired to compromise with nullification, and so to modify the tariff as to leave South Carolina a substantial victory, and save her pride from being compelled to submission to the superior strength of the government. With this element Mr. Webster had no sympathy. Again, Jackson claimed to be the direct representative of the people, desired to extend the power of the executive and to circumscribe the legislative power, especially that of the Senate. In resisting that encroachment Webster and Calhoun were in complete accord. So Mr. Webster could have no permanent alliance or co-operation either with Jackson, Calhoun, or Clay.

Mr. Webster prepared for himself the following statement of the principles which were to govern his own course in this great emergency. Some of its language is found in his speech in the Senate of February 8, 1833. But with that exception, it has never, I believe, been made public until now. It is the chart which governed his course in that part of his public life of far greatest public importance, and the part of his public conduct on which his own fame must rest:

"PRINCIPLES.

"1. To sustain the administration, in executing the laws; to support all measures, necessary to supply defects in the existing system; & to counteract the proceedings of South Carolina; to limit all their measures, & all this support, to the fair purpose of executing the laws, with mod-



Fac-simile of the First Paragraph of Webster's "Principles."

eration & temperance, but with inflexible firmness;—to share this responsibility with the Administration, frankly & fairly, without expressing any want of confidence, & without mingling other topics, with the consideration of these measures.

"2. Not to give up, or compromise, the *principle of protection;* nor to give any pledges, personal or public, for its abandonment at any time hereafter.

"3. To bring down the revenue to the just wants of the Govt.: but this not to extend so far as to prevent Congress from making, for a limited time, a distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the States, if Congress shall see fit to make such distribution: nor so far as to prevent appropriations to such objects of Internal improvement, as Congress may think deserving of national aid.

"4. To revise the Act of last session, with close scrutiny, & entire candor; & to reduce duties, in all cases, where such reduction can, with any fairness, be asked, & with any safety, granted; having just regard, to the necessities of the Country in time of war, to the faith plighted by existing & previous laws to the reasonable protection of capital, & especially to the security of the interests of *labor & wages.*

"5. If Congress shall not, before the end of the next session of Congress, pass a law for the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, among the States, those proceeds to be regarded as so much general revenue, applicable to the ordinary purposes of Government; & the duties on imports to be so much farther reduced as may, by this means, become necessary.

"6. Provision to be made to direct the framing of proper issues in law, feigned or real, with a view to submit to the judgment of the Supreme Court of the U. S. the question, whether Congress possesses the Constitution to lay & collect duties on articles imported, for the avowed and only purpose of protecting & encouraging domestic products & manufactures.

"7. If the land bill shall pass, then some measure to be adopted to limit, practically, grants by Congress to objects of Internal Improvement, to such as in their nature transcend the powers & duties of separate States.

"8. A Comee. of the Senate to sit in the recess to take into consideration the law of the last session (according to Art. 4),—to make a detailed Report, the first day of next session; accompanied by such a bill, as they may recommend, for the purpose of adjusting the Revenue to the necessities of Government.

"NOTE.—My idea would be, that this Comee. should meet in Boston, Oct. 1, & prosecute its inquiries, in Boston, Providence, N. Y., Philadelphia & Pittsburg, if thought necessary.

"The Comee. to consist of one N. E. member

one from Middle States,
one from N. W. States,
one from S. W. States,
one from Southern States."

It is very unpleasant to think that the great sentences of the Reply to Hayne, which the country knows by heart, were never delivered by Mr. Webster in the Senate chamber as we have them. Yet so it is. The speech was taken down in short-hand by Joseph Gales, one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer,* and one of the best stenographic reporters of that day. He was requested by Mr. Webster beforehand to report his speech, which he did. He wrote out his short-hand report at length. That report was submitted to Mr. Webster, and he, with it in his possession, wrote out in his own hand a revised version of the speech. Mr. Everett says, in the Life prefixed to his edition of Mr. Webster's Works, that Mr. Webster had Gales's report but a part of a day. But it is absolutely impossible that Mr. Everett is correct, although the statement was published in Mr. Webster's lifetime. The short-hand notes, and the speech as written out from them by Gales, and the speech in Mr. Webster's handwriting, are now all in the possession of the Boston City Library. They were purchased of Mrs. Gales, widow of Joseph Gales, for the sum of $575 by Robert C. Winthrop, acting in behalf of himself and twenty-two other subscribers who gave $25 each for the purpose. Mr. Webster wrote out the whole of it, although about a third of his manuscript is missing, not, however, the most important or the best known portion. The draught itself shows traces of revision and reconsideration by Mr. Webster in the

matter of the structure of some important sentences. He changes Gales's report a great deal, and then in revision makes corrections again and again of his own draught. We give the famous passage about Massachusetts, and the noble peroration, as they are reported by the accurate short-hand writer, doubtless literally as they were spoken, and the passages as finally composed by Mr. Webster and now familiar to the world. The sentences actually spoken well account for the great impression made upon the auditors. They are such as Webster would have been likely to utter on a great occasion and great theme. But we do not like to think that any word or syllable among those that have stirred our hearts from our earliest boyhood did not, in fact, come from the inspired lips of the great patriot and orator. The emotion is like that felt when a lover of Milton sees the manuscript of Comus or Lycidas in the library at Cambridge, and learns that any other than the fit word and perfect phrase could ever have occurred to the poet to express his thought. The exquisite beauty of the verse still abides. But the sense that it was an inspiration is gone.

It is said that when Milo in his exile read Cicero's speech in his defence, he exclaimed, "O Cicero, hadst thou spoken thus, Milo would not be now eating figs at Marseilles." We cannot say that of the Reply to Hayne. Its grandeur is there as it came unpremeditated and fresh from heart and brain. But it is a little unpleasant to think that the phrases that all Americans know by heart differ so much from those which commanded the applause of the listening Senate on that great day which settled in the tribunal of reason the fate of the Republic.

The Passage about Massachusetts as Actually Spoken

"Sir, I shall be led on this occasion into no eulogium on Massachusetts. I shall paint no portraiture of her merits, original, ancient or modern. Yet, sir, I cannot but remember that Boston *was* the cradle of liberty, that in Massachusetts (the parent of this accursed policy so eternally narrow to the West), etc., etc., etc. I cannot forget that Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill *are* in Massachusetts, and that in men and means and money she *did* contribute more than any other State to carry on the Revolutionary war. There was not a State in the Union whose soil was not wetted with Massachusetts blood in the Revolutionary war, and it is to be remembered that of the army to which Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown a majority consisted of New England troops. It is painful to me to recur to these recollections even for the purpose of self-defence, and even to that end, sir, I will not extol the intelligence, the character and the virtue of the people of New England. I leave the theme to itself, here and everywhere, now and forever."

As Written Out by Mr. Webster and Printed

"Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And Sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin."

Peroration as Actually Spoken

"When my eyes shall be turned for the last time on the meridian sun, I hope I may see him shining bright upon my united,

free and happy country. I hope I shall not live to see his beams falling upon the dispersed fragments of the structure of this once glorious Union. I hope I may not see the flag of my country with its stars separated or obliterated; torn by commotions, smoking with the blood of civil war. I hope I may not see the standard raised of separate State rights, star against star, and stripe against stripe; but that the flag of the Union may keep its stars and its stripes corded and bound together in indissoluble ties. I hope I shall not see written as its motto, '*First* liberty, and *then* union.' I hope I shall see no such delusive and deluded motto on the flag of that country. I hope to see, spread all over it, blazoned in letters of light and proudly floating over land and sea, that other sentiment, dear to my heart, 'Union *and* Liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

Peroration as Written Out by Mr. Webster and Printed

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards'; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

The family of one of Mr. Webster's colleagues have a story which has been repeated to me several times, but, so far as I know, has never been published, that the delegation were somewhat anxious lest Mr. Webster did not fully appreciate the strength of Hayne's attack, and the grave responsibility he had to bear in the reply. One of them at the request of his associates called on Mr. Webster that morning at his boarding-house, to communicate to him their great anxiety. He found him alone in the parlor of his dwelling, walking up and down, and humming to himself the refrain of the old English hunting-song:

> Tantivy, tantivy,
> This day a stag must die.

He concluded there was no occasion for any further alarm.

When Mr. Webster went to the Senate next morning, as he made his way through the crowded chamber to his seat, John M. Clayton, of Delaware, said to him: "Mr. Webster, I hope you are primed and loaded this morning." "Five fingers, sir," was the reply, with a gesture as if pointing to a gun-barrel.

Mr. Winthrop says: "Of his emotions he said himself not long afterward, 'I felt as if every thing I had ever seen or read or heard was floating before me in one grand panorama, and I had little else to do than to reach up and cull a thunderbolt and hurl it at him.'"

What he said to Hiram Ketcham, of the Reply to Hayne, is true of nearly all his great speeches:

"In one sense I had no preparation whatever, but in another sense I was fully prepared. I did not know what words I should use when I rose to my feet, nor the order of argument in which I should proceed. These came to me under the excitement of debate. But I understood the subject as well as I was capable of understanding it. I had studied it; I had often urged similar arguments before other tribunals, and in this sense of the term I was thoroughly prepared."

It is clear that there was absolutely no time for the preparation of the language of Webster's Reply to Hayne. He had made an extemporaneous reply to Hayne —to an elaborate speech of Hayne's—the morning after it was delivered. Hayne replied to him, and Webster, after a single night's interval, made in two successive days the most famous speech in American history.

We may sum up what we know of Mr. Webster's habit of preparation and composition as follows :

First. He spoke always upon great subjects.

Second. They were subjects upon which he had long meditated with the expectation that he would be called upon to discuss them in public.

Third. He had matured in his mind the arguments on great public questions, and also eloquent thoughts and sentences which had occurred to him during such meditations, ready for use when such occasion came.

Fourth. With these exceptions his speeches were usually unpremeditated, both as to language and order of arrangement, except so far as he jotted down some points or heads just before he spoke.

Fifth. In some few instances he wrote out his speeches beforehand, making occasional corrections and interlineations, which in general did not seriously change or improve his first expression.

Sixth. Many of the speeches we have, especially those made in the Senate or made to political assemblies, are as taken down by the reporters, and not revised by him.

Seventh. Some few, as for example, the Plymouth Oration and the Reply to Hayne, were carefully revised and largely written out by him afterward.

Eighth. He was quite susceptible to the stimulant of the audience or the occasion, which not infrequently excited him to the very loftiest and most effective eloquence.

Ninth. In general, Webster's style was not a Saxon style. It was of a somewhat ponderous latinity. But on a few occasions, when his mind rose to a white heat, all the resources of our language, whatever their origin, were at his command in amplest measure.

Tenth. In general he mastered his subjects ; his subject did not master him. Solidity, sincerity, gravity, self-restraint, characterized his every thought and every utterance. But sometimes the volcano poured out its molten lava.

Mr. Webster made an impression upon the people of Massachusetts, in his time, as of a demi-god. His magnificent presence, his stateliness of manner, his dignity, from which he never bent, even in his most convivial and playful moments, his grandeur of speech and bearing, the habit of dealing exclusively with the greatest subjects, enabled him to maintain his state. His great, sane intelligence pervades every thing he said and did. But he has left behind few evidences of constructive statesmanship. There is hardly a great measure of legislation with which his name is connected, and he seems to us now to have erred in judgment in a great many cases, especially in undervaluing the great territory on the Pacific. He consented readily to the abandonment of our claim to the territory between the forty-ninth parallel and that of fifty-four forty, which would have insured our supremacy on the Pacific, and have saved us from the menace and rivalry there of the power of England. He voted against the treaty by which we acquired California. That, however, is a proof of a larger foresight than that of any of his contemporaries. Alone he foresaw the terrible Civil War, to which everybody else of his time was blind. What even he did not foresee was the triumphant success of the Union arms. It is hardly to be doubted that if the Civil War had come in 1850 or 1851 instead of 1861 its result would have been different. But Mr. Webster's great service to the country, a service second to that of Washington alone, is that he inspired in the people to whom union and self-government seemed but a doubtful experiment, the sentiment of nationality, of love of the flag, and a passionate attachment to the whole country. When his political life began, we were a feeble folk, the bonds of the Union resting lightly upon the States, the contingency of disunion contemplated without much abhorrence by many leading men, both North and South. Mr. Webster awoke in the bosom of his countrymen the conception of national unity and national greatness. It has been said more than once that the guns of our artillery in the great battles of the Civil War were shotted with the Reply to Hayne.

A few years ago the State of New Hampshire presented to the United States for the Memorial Hall a statue of Webster —a ceremonial in which I had some part. After it was over, I got a letter from a

brave Union soldier, who told me he had been stationed as a sentinel in a place in the woods where several sentries had been killed within a short time by a shot from the thicket. As he paced up and down on his midnight watch, thinking that at any moment his death-shot might ring out from the darkness and gloom about him, he kept up his heart by repeating to himself, over and over again, the great closing sentences of the Reply to Hayne, ending with the well-known words, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

History has not yet settled the question of the motive that inspired the 7th of March speech.* Doubtless there were good and patriotic men, men who had loved him till that hour, who went to their graves believing that Webster fell—fell like Lucifer, Son of the Morning. There are doubtless men living who think so today. To the thought of these men Whittier gave voice in his terrible Ichabod, which is said to have wounded the great heart of its subject more than any other stroke that ever smote his mighty forehead. But the general judgment of his countrymen, first mellowing and softening into the belief which Whittier himself expressed in his later and tender poem, "The Lost Opportunity," seems gradually coming to the conclusion that Webster differed from the friends of freedom of his time, not in a weaker moral sense, but only in a larger and profounder prophetic vision. When he resisted the acquisition of California, he saw what no other man saw, the certainty of the Civil War. It was not given even to him to foresee its wonderful and victorious result. When he compromised he saw in like manner the danger he tried to avert. He did not see the safety only to be attained through the path of danger and strife. I was one of those who in the conceit and presumption of youth, a lover of the liberty to which he then seemed to me to be recreant, judged him severely. But I have learned better in my old age. I think of him now only as the best type of the farmer's boy of the early time; as the great example of the New England character of the day of his earlier manhood; as the great defender and lover of Massachusetts, as the orator who first taught his country her own greatness, and who bound fast with indissoluble strength the bands of union; as the first of American lawyers, the first of American orators, the first of American statesmen, and as the delightful citizen and neighbor and friend, of whom the people of his town said when he was laid in the grave:

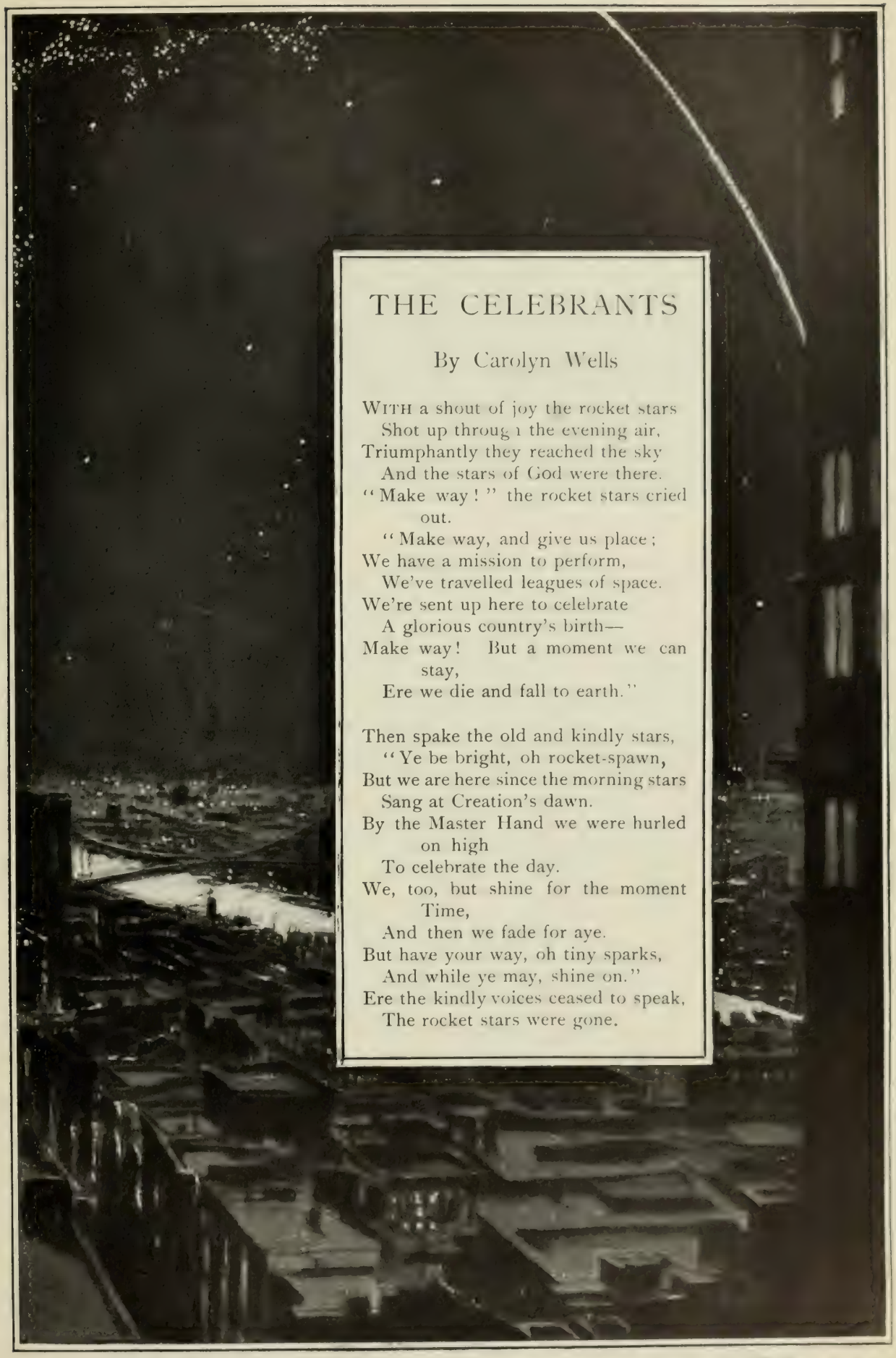
"How lonesome the world seems;" and of whom his nearest friend said, when he died:

"From these conversations of friendship no man—no man, old or young—went away to remember one word of profanity, one allusion of indelicacy, one impure thought, one unbelieving suggestion, one doubt cast on the reality of virtue, of patriotism, of enthusiasm, of the progress of man—one doubt cast on righteousness, or temperance, or judgment to come."

[A second paper to follow.]

* When I came into the House of Representatives in 1869, one of the reporters told me that he had the manuscript of Mr. Webster's 7th of March speech, which Mr. Webster gave him. It contained a few sentences carefully composed, but which were spoken almost exactly as they were written. But the larger part of the speech, according to this reporter, seemed to be extempore.

Perhaps, however, I ought to say that I told this story to Mr. Winthrop, who told me he thought it could not be accurate, because he called at Mr. Webster's house the evening before the 7th of March, and as he went in heard Mr. Webster reading aloud to his son, Fletcher, parts of the speech which he delivered the next day, and when he was shown into the room he found Mr. Webster with a considerable pile of manuscript before him, which he had no doubt was the speech for the next day.



THE CELEBRANTS

By Carolyn Wells

WITH a shout of joy the rocket stars
  Shot up through the evening air,
Triumphantly they reached the sky
  And the stars of God were there.
"Make way!" the rocket stars cried out.
  "Make way, and give us place;
We have a mission to perform,
  We've travelled leagues of space.
We're sent up here to celebrate
  A glorious country's birth—
Make way! But a moment we can stay,
  Ere we die and fall to earth."

Then spake the old and kindly stars,
  "Ye be bright, oh rocket-spawn,
But we are here since the morning stars
  Sang at Creation's dawn.
By the Master Hand we were hurled on high
  To celebrate the day.
We, too, but shine for the moment Time,
  And then we fade for aye.
But have your way, oh tiny sparks,
  And while ye may, shine on."
Ere the kindly voices ceased to speak,
  The rocket stars were gone.



Entrance to Havana Harbor, showing Mud-dunes in the Foreground.

HAVANA SINCE THE OCCUPATION

By James F. J. Archibald

IT is six months since the American administration in Havana began, and in that time many important changes have been made and many more are well under way ; and the new ideas that are eventually destined to supplant the customs of the last century are fast taking a firm hold on the country. Even for those who have tried to follow this progress in detail in the newspapers it is not easy to realize the full extent of what has been accomplished, or of the steady hard work that is going on. Very few bear in mind the fact that a comparatively large section of our regular army is engaged in it here and elsewhere in Cuba. Without the blare of trumpets and without the inspiring strains of music the same heroes that came home fever-stricken, wan, and worn from that terrible struggle before Santiago are again facing a more subtle danger and fighting none the less hard and all in the same cause, but now there are no flaring headlines in our daily press, no bulletins to tell of the fight, because it is only against an unseen foe and there is no noise — but the hard work is there. Regiment after regiment of the volunteers goes home, but these men who " serve for pay " are sent down to the island again before they have rid themselves of the fever contracted while standing knee-deep in water in the trenches around Santiago. Now, it is hard work all day long under a burning tropical sun and many nights of weary patrol in the pest-hole of all creation—plain hard work to start a republic on the list of nations, to teach a people how to govern themselves who have before known nothing but the lash. All honor is due to these men who are doing this work ; and our people are too prone to forget it, simply because the actual results are not immediately and always in evidence.



Milk Vender.

I saw the Eighth United States Infantry, just plain regulars from nowhere, before El Caney, and again I saw them in Havana patrolling the streets night and



The Lieutenant-Governor's Palace.

Two of the largest sewers of the city empty into the harbor at this point.

day, with two nights a week in bed. The regiment had by no means recovered from the Santiago campaign, and every day some one would be taken with that bone-racking fever that burns the life slowly out unless checked by a transfer to a Northern clime. But with it all there was no complaining, and they were soldiers in these times as well as in the field. Every private seemed to have the success of the commanding general at heart, and every officer watched with pride the daily improvement in the capital city.

The staff shares the danger with the line, and their work is the same steady, uninteresting grind. The engineers face death just as surely constructing sewers as they do digging trenches during an advance, the aides whether carrying despatches to a brigade on the firing line or reporting on some infested quarter in the city, and the surgeons whether attending the wounded at the front or Yellow Jack in some charity hospital. There is no glory for them if they succeed in this fight against death and disease, and they will get no thanks, for it is simply their duty.

The work has been going steadily on and is now well in hand, but it will be a long time before we shall be able to turn the island over to the Cuban people, and we cannot withdraw our forces until every detail of the new government has been thoroughly tested. A generation of education seems to be the only solution of the Cuban problem that confronts the American people, that they may keep the promise made to the civilized world to establish a stable form of government for an excitable little nation that does not know its own mind, and that is so divided that internal strife is always inevitable. Not merely an education of letters is needed, but an education in cleanliness, in religion, and in respect for superior knowledge of affairs ; and it is that education that the American army officer has been giving since the first day of January, in the face of obstacles thrown in the way by the very people who will eventually reap the benefits of his labors. That the American people should for any other object than personal gain want to cleanse their city, organize their government, and teach them how to rule themselves, does not seem possible to them, and it is on account of this distrust that the work of



Poultry Vender.



A Street Corner.

establishing order is made difficult and at many times disagreeable.

During the sovereignty of Spain no Cuban was ever consulted on any part of the administration of the affairs of the island, and for this reason they are largely ignorant of all the requirements of organization, unmindful of the necessity of proper municipal sanitary arrangements, and incompetent to cope with the suffering of their own people.

When our forces first occupied Havana the city was in a state of chaos, without the restraint of law, and the officers and men of the evacuating army had virtually an officially recognized license to do their will, no matter what it might dictate. Some Spanish officials had destroyed nearly all of the records of the island in the archives of the public buildings; and the result of this work, apparently done merely from spite, will be felt for many years to come, especially in the matter of the records of real-estate transfers, as at the present time it is almost impossible to obtain a clear title to any piece of property. In some cases the records were totally destroyed or carried away, and in others they were hopelessly disarranged so as to render them quite useless; the work showing that it was done by someone who understood the records and knew just what papers would be missed the most. An instance of this mischief may be given in the Department of Engineers, where they either destroyed or carried away every map or plan showing the location or construction of the sewers of the city; and by the loss of those plans the American engineers are compelled to hunt out the different mains, and it more than doubles their labor. In the matter of the real-estate records it will take years to get them in a condition that will be satisfactory to the demands of legal evidence in the transfer of property.

General Ludlow is doing excellent work in the matter of bringing Havana out of the unhealthful condition it was in when he took command, and it is a work that will take many months of hard labor and in which, in all probability, many lives will be sacrificed. He is greatly hampered in his work by not being able to make his department reports direct to Washington, as the course through division military channels is exceedingly slow.

The condition of Havana in December, when the first of our Army of Occupation arrived, was filthy beyond all possibility of description. There being no sanitary arrangements for the poor or in the abodes of the poorer classes, the streets and the



A Typical Street.

court-yards of some of these houses were in a disgusting condition. The most surprising feature was the total lack of all modesty; and these people really considered it in the light of a great oppression, and as a direct infringement upon their liberty and upon their rights, that the Americans should compel them to obey sanitary laws. The people of all classes were in the habit of throwing refuse of all sorts into the street, and there was no attempt made to carry it away, the rains being depended upon to



Columbus Market, showing Street Cleaners in the Distance.

clean the streets. There were carcasses of animals that had reached such a state of decay that it was possible to detect the terrible odor for many blocks, and yet the presence of this nuisance did not seem to annoy, in the slightest degree, those at whose door it lay, while to an American it was almost impossible to pass in the vicinity.

The lack of a proper sewerage system is the cause of nearly all the disease and pestilence that have made Havana one of the most dreaded ports of the world. There are more and better sewers than is generally supposed, but the cause of their breeding sickness is the fact that they are, in many cases, open to the street by manholes, and they all empty into the harbor immediately in front of the city. Two of the main sewers flow into the channel of the harbor directly under the Lieutenant-Governor's Palace, in which General Ludlow lives and in which he has his head-quarters; one empties under the Maestranza de Artilleria, in which some of the troops were quartered; and from these mains flow all the filth of Havana, that pest-hole of disease, while at all times there arises a sickening odor, and it will be the greatest of wonders if there is not much sickness among our troops, who are accustomed to cleanliness at home. The one thing that always is the most noticeable to Americans on their arrival in any of the towns or cities of Cuba is the offensive odor that is ever present.

The public buildings were in such a condition that not one of them could be used until they had been thoroughly cleaned. General Brooke made his head-quarters in the Vedado, a charming suburb, on account of the condition of the Captain-General's Palace, which, although it was occupied at the time of the evacuation by the Captain-General, was in such a condition that there were over thirty wagon-loads of filth hauled out of it.

All of the prisons, except the Presidio of



The New Havana Police, Organized Under the Supervision of Ex-Chief McCullagh, of New York, Parading in the Prado.

Chief McCullagh and Chief-of-Police Menocal on the sidewalk to the right of the picture.

Havana, were in a disgusting state of filth, but the same hard work has turned them into healthy buildings.

Under the direction of Lt.-Colonel W. M. Black, an officer of the regular Engineer Corps, the city has already become clean, and the death-rate is decreasing every month; and if the dreaded plague is averted this summer it will be owing to his labors, although he would in no wise be at fault were it to appear. Colonel Black has had most of the undesirable work, for in his department is included all of the street cleaning, sewers, harbor dredging, and cleaning all of the public buildings. Havana must remain in the same unhealthful condition as long as the main sewers empty into the harbor, as this is almost tideless and is little better than a stagnant pond; and although the water at the surface does not appear to be very foul, its condition is seen when a steamer moves along in the harbor and her screw stirs up the bottom, which creates the usual vile odor. It is the plan of the new administration to turn all of the sewers into the sea several miles from the city, the natural grade making the work comparatively easy, and in this way the greatest fault will be remedied — that of pouring the refuse into the harbor. When the dredging of the harbor commences in earnest and the narrow streets are dug up to lay the sewers, then will probably come a terrible sickness; and as a great portion of the labor must come from the United States we are surely destined to pay still more dearly for the freedom we are establishing for the Cuban people.



General Ludlow, Military Governor of Havana.

Surface street cleaning has done more to make Havana cleanly than anything else, and it was but a short time after the occupation that the city began to show the effects

of this work. It was amusing to note the astonishment of many of the inhabitants when the first few squads of sweepers commenced work; and the idea of cleaning an unpaved street seemed to amuse them more than to impress them, as the majority did not know what it meant to sweep even their houses. Large gangs of native labor were given work in this department at Spanish currency, for all of this labor is paid in American money, and already the merchants are showing their preference for it.

One of the most interesting features of the change in affairs in Cuba is the Church, and the change that must be made in the administration of the affairs of that body. The Church being a part



Captain General's Palace and the Mayor's Office.
Camp of the Second United States Artillery in the foreground.

good wages, not only for the sake of the work that was to be done, but also to allow them to earn their support; and among these street workmen were many gentlemen of standing in society who embraced the first opportunity to earn bread for starving families. The residents of Havana did not fare badly during the war, but the planter from the interior, whose estate had been burned and devastated, whose stock had been killed, by both the Cuban and the Spanish forces, and who had been compelled to move into the city by an edict from the Spanish, although there had been no arrangement made for his maintenance, suffered terribly.

The employment of these large numbers of men will also solve the problem of ridding the island of the depreciated

and department of the state and entirely dependent upon the government for its support, suddenly finds itself compelled to find other means of revenue. The Church of Cuba is not one that Catholicism could be proud of, except in the orders of women, for nearly all of the men's orders live in old monasteries a picturesque but inactive life of comparative comfort. Here are the same monks that one sees in Spain, the brown garb of the Franciscan with the sandalled feet, or the white and black of the Dominicans. Captain E. St. J. Greble, of General Ludlow's staff, has had charge of the poor of the Havana province and has worked night and day, with his heart in the work, to relieve the suffering; and he called at all of the churches to see what they needed, but



The Cathedral of Havana.

In the foreground can be seen one of the sewer openings, and to the right of the picture a second one appears.

none of them seemed in need, and yet their people were dying of want. Not so, however, with the women of the Church, for they had worked faithfully to accomplish what had been left undone. The Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of Charity, the Order of the Sacred Heart, and several others had their convents filled with women and children of all ages and in all conditions of want, caring for them and many times denying themselves to feed their charges. One sister told us that they had not expected any help from us, as we were considered a Protestant nation and they dreaded our coming; and great tears rolled down her cheeks as we unloaded food and medicines for her charges. These noble women assist our officers in their work and are a marked contrast to the monks. There seems to be a total lack of any religious feeling; and on Sundays very few ever enter the churches, but the day is spent in pleasure and revel. Each Sunday of the Carnival which takes place during Lent, crowds of maskers throw flour and *confetti* all day and spend the night in dancing. Many pounds of flour were thus thrown away every Sunday, while thousands were suffering from hunger, yet great indignation was raised when the waste was prohibited, much of the flour used being what had been issued to Cuban Relief Committees for the poor.

Organizing the police and the courts for the city was one of the most difficult tasks that were accomplished during the reconstruction; and although it is well started it will take many months to perfect these departments. Major John Gary

Evans, U.S.V., a former Governor of South Carolina, has had this portion of the work under his care and has organized a creditable force from the material at hand. Major Evans has been recently mustered out of the service, and Captain W. L. Pitcher, of the Eighth Infantry, has been put in charge of the work, and being a thorough soldier and a man of great diplomatic tact, he is just the man for the position at this critical period.

Always having been governed, the Cubans here again showed their lack of power to govern. The officers seemed to think their duties consisted of wearing a smart uniform and sitting over some liquid refreshment in a café; and only as they realize the importance of their office under American teaching will they cease to be dismal failures.



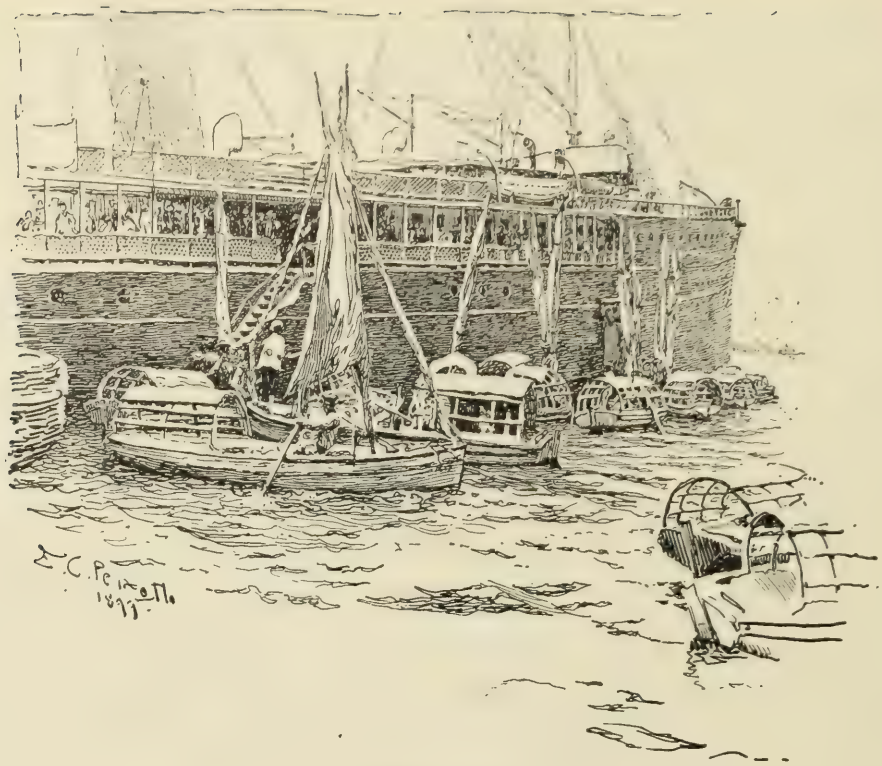
Street in the Poor Quarter, showing Sunday Decoration of Flags.

Cuban politics also enter into the difficulty. When the Assembly deposed Gomez from the head of the army, and the parade and mass meeting in his honor were called, General Ludlow gave orders that they should be allowed to have their celebration as long as they were orderly; but in direct violation of this order, Chief Menocal instructed the police, who had only been patrolling a few days, to stop the parades, and in this way the rioting was caused. There is a total disregard for keeping the rolls, although they are told about it every day. One of the police officers was found dead in the grounds of the Summer Palace, where Gomez and his followers were living, having been shot through the head and having been dead several days; yet at police head-quarters they had not noticed that he was absent from duty, from the fact that no roll was kept. It is this sort of thing that it is well for the persons to know who will very soon commence to demand that we withdraw our forces and allow the Cubans to govern themselves.



Beggars at a Church Entrance.

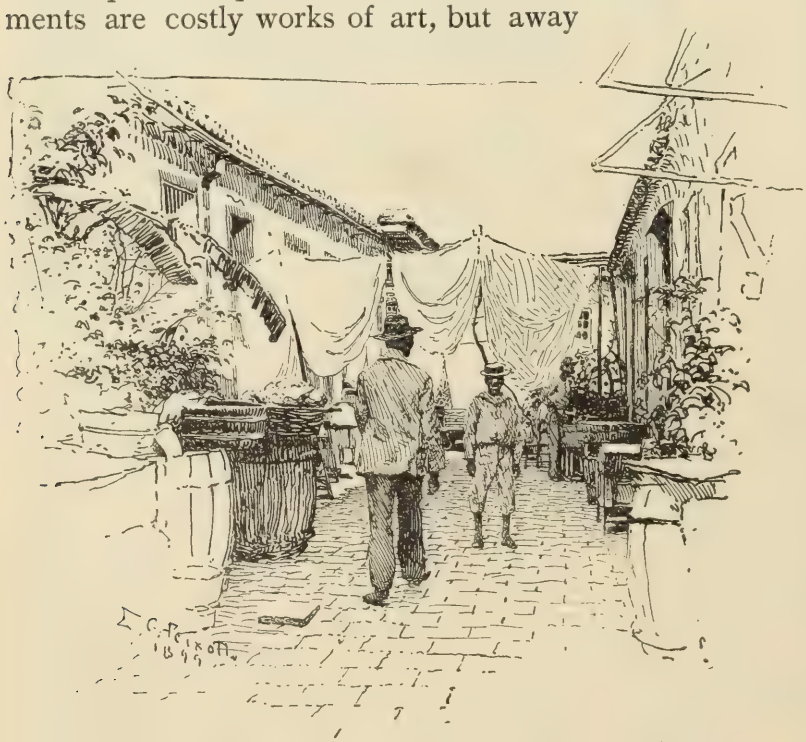
Two of the most characteristic and at the same time unpleasant features, may be noted among those that have disappeared during the new administration of affairs. One is the ever-present professional street-beggar



Harbor Boats.

who infested the streets, invaded the cafés, and stood guard at every church-door ; the other is the horrible bone-pit in the Cristobal Colon Cemetery. There are few prettier places allotted to the resting of the dead than this cemetery, on the outskirts of the city.

The entrance to the enclosure is superb, the chapel is impressive, and the monuments are costly works of art, but away off in a far corner of the unused part of the cemetery was an enclosure about seventy-five feet square and fifty feet deep, with ghastly skulls and bones in all conditions of preservation, and piles of burial cases of all degrees from a costly casket down to a cracker-box or an oil-can. This is the inhuman manner of disposing of the bodies buried in a plot upon which the rental is not renewed every three years. There is ample room that is unused, so it is not the lack of space that causes the disturbing of the rest of the dead ; it must be merely for gain for the cemetery corporation. In many cases the bodies of the poor are never buried at all, but at one side of the cemetery is a building, called the "Dead-house," in which arrangements are made for burning the bodies with lime until there is nothing left but the bones, which are then thrown into this pit. Thousands upon thousands were here in a pile that was fully forty feet deep and as large as the area of the pit.



A Court-yard in the Tenement District.

The residents of Havana did not seem to know of the presence of this place, and if any did they seemed to take it as a matter of course, and no notice was taken of the horrible custom; but when the Americans took charge it was the most talked-of place in Havana, and became one of the sights of the city, creating such an amount of adverse criticism that the cemetery authorities caused dirt to be thrown in the pit to cover the bones.

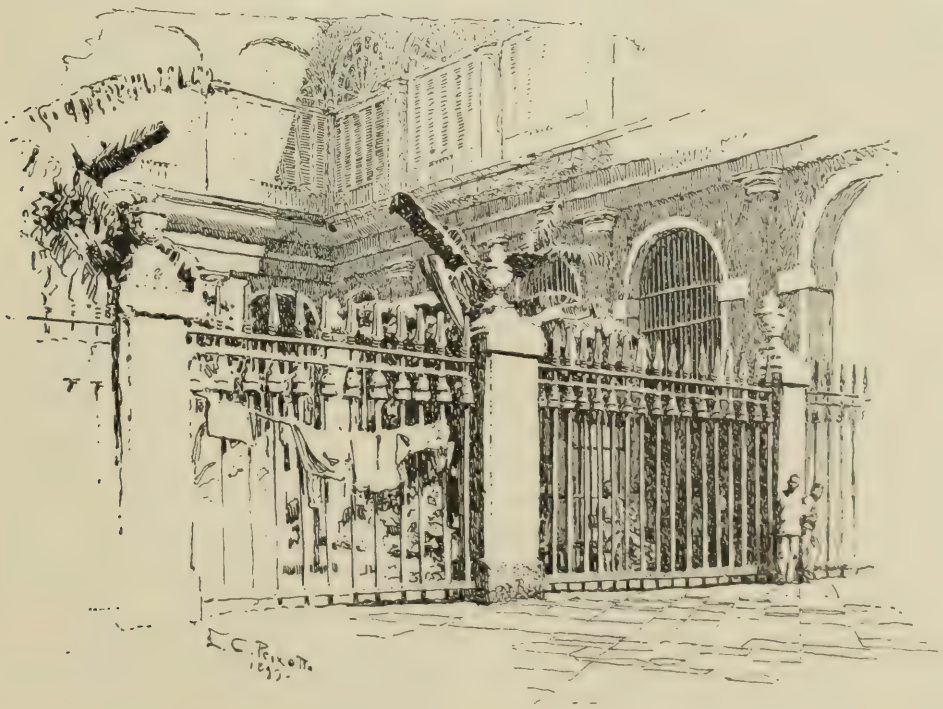


A Franciscan Monk.

Not only in Havana have reforms been going on, but all over the island the same work is being done by the American officers and men. Under General Fitzhugh Lee the province of Havana has seen the same radical changes, and all of the little towns have been washed and fed and begin to live anew.

The entire island is a great park that needs no artificial training to enhance its beauty, and it is destined to become the winter resort of all the Eastern States. But great administrative improvements in the ports, besides the police and material ones noted, will be necessary before this can happen. For instance, it would do much for the island if the port of Havana could be freed from the high pilot fees, anchorage fees, docking fees, and fees of all sorts that make it impossible for small craft to enter. Even the large steamers do not dock, but cargo has to be lightered out and passengers are compelled to use the small boats that swarm the harbor.

The people have not even begun to realize that the soldiers are there to help them in the establishment of their republic; to them a soldier means oppression, and the presence of armed troops gives them the idea that we are trying to keep the territory that we have paid so dearly to conquer. Not only must the Cubans realize what our troops, both officers and men, are doing, but our own people should realize it in the same sense. It is easy to criticise, but a nation cannot be built in a day; and whether they are establishing



Court-yard of the Carcel, the City Prison.

stable government in Cuba and Porto Rico by diplomacy, or by the sword in the Philippines, Americans should feel, concerning these new duties, that those on the spot often know best the needs of the situation; that the regular army are American soldiers, and that of what they are doing the nation will be proud in years to come.

THE WHITE BLACKBIRD

By Bliss Perry

MID-AFTERNOON in August; a scarcely perceptible haze over the line of hills that marched northward into the St. Lawrence valley; and here, under the fir balsams back of the great dingy Morraway Hotel, coolness and quiet. Through the lower boughs of the balsams gleamed the lake, blue-black, unsounded, reticent. Behind their slender cone-darkened tops glistened the bare shoulders of Morraway Mountain in full sunlight; and overhead hung one of those caressing, taunting, weather-breeding skies that mark the turning point of the brief northern summer.

Curled up at one end of a broken rustic seat under the shadow of the balsams was a strenuous little woman of thirty-five, conscientiously endeavoring to relax. The habitual distress of her forehead was mitigated by a negligent, young-girlish manner of doing up her hair; she was carelessly dressed, too, and as she read aloud to her companion from *The Journal of American Folklore* she kept swinging one foot over the edge of the seat until the boot-lacings were dangling. The printed label upon the cover of the *Journal* bore the name of Miss Jane Rodman, Ph.D.

Miss Rodman's niece was stretched on the brown, fragrant, needle-covered slope, pretending to listen. Her face was turned dreamily toward the lake. Her head rested upon her left hand, which was long, sunburned, and bare of rings. In the palm of her right hand she balanced from time to time a little silver penknife, and then with a flash of her wrist buried the point in the balsam-needles, in a solitary and aimless game of mumble-the-peg. She was not particularly attracted by what her learned aunt was reading to her about the marriage rites of the Bannock Indians. In fact she buried the knife with a trifle more spirit than usual when the article came to an end.

Miss Rodman pencilled some ethnological notes upon the margin of the *Journal*. "There's another valuable article here, Olivia," she said, tentatively. "It's upon Blackfeet superstitions. Don't you think I'd better read that too?"

The younger woman nodded assent, without looking up. She was gloriously innocent of any scientific interest, and yet grateful for her aunt's endeavor to entertain her. Miss Rodman began eagerly, and Olivia Lane silently shifted her position and tried to play mumble-the-peg with her left hand. Ten minutes passed.

"Then there's a footnote," Miss Rodman was saying, mechanically. "Compare the Basque legend about the white blackbird whose singing restores sight to the blind."

The girl looked up suddenly. "What was that?" she asked.

"The white blackbird whose singing restores the sight to the blind," repeated Miss Rodman, in a softer voice.

Olivia moved restlessly and then sat up, with fingers clasped about her knees. There was a red tinge upon her round sun-browned cheek, where it had nestled in the palm of her hand. "A—white—blackbird?" she inquired, with the incredulous inflection of a child.

The elder woman nodded—that kindly pitying nod with which a science-trained generation recognizes and, even in recognizing, classifies, the old poetic superstitions of the race. But her pity was really for the tall, supple, low-voiced girl at her feet; this brave, beautiful creature who was slowly growing blind.

Olivia glanced at her, with great brown eyes that betrayed no sign of the fatal web that nature was steadily weaving in their depths. There was a slight smile upon her lips. Each of the women knew what was in the other's mind.

Miss Rodman laid down the *Journal*. "I shouldn't have read it, dear," she said, at last. "I didn't know what was coming."

"But it is such a pretty fancy!" exclaimed Olivia. "I shall be looking for white blackbirds under every bush, Auntie."

She drew a long breath—too long, alas! for a girl of twenty—and then with a sort of unconscious feminine instinct patted her heavy hair more closely into place and began to brush the balsam-needles from the folds of her walking-skirt.

Miss Rodman made no answer. There seemed to be nothing to say. In this matter of Olivia's eyes nature was playing one of her countless petty tragedies; science, the counter-player, stood helpless on the stage, and Olivia herself was outwardly one of the coolest of the few spectators.

She had done all that could be done. Dr. Sands, the rising specialist, an intimate friend of the Lanes and the Rodmans, had sent her to London to consult Watson, and Watson's verdict was not reassuring. Then he had sent her to Forget, at Paris, and Forget had shaken his head. Finally Dr. Sands had advised her to come here to the Morraway region for the air and the perfect quiet. Once a month he dropped everything in New York and came up himself to make an examination and give his brief report. At the end of June he had told Miss Rodman that Olivia had perhaps one chance in five of keeping her eyesight. A month later he pronounced it one chance in fifty. Dr. Sands stayed three days at the Morraway Hotel that time, before giving his opinion, and a more difficult professional duty he had never had to perform. If she were only some girl who walked into his office and out again, like the hundreds of others, it would have been different, but to tell Olivia Lane seemed as brutal as it would have been to strike her. And on this August evening he had promised to come again.

By and by Miss Rodman slipped down from the rustic bench and seated herself by her niece. The girl stroked her aunt's shoulder lightly. Everything that could be said had been said already, when the horror of that great darkness had not drawn quite so near.

And yet there was one question which Olivia longed to ask, though she feared the answer; trembling either way, as a child that asks whether she may run to snatch a glistening shell upon the beach even while another wave is racing to engulf it. Olivia's blindness was that black, all-engulfing wave. And the treasure which she might catch to her bosom, child-like, ere the dark wave fell?

"Auntie," demanded Miss Lane, abruptly, "have you told Mr. Allan about my eyes?"

Miss Rodman hesitated a moment. "Yes, dear," she replied; and she added, with an aunt's prerogative, "Why?"

"I wished him to know," answered Olivia, simply. "And I preferred not to speak of it myself. I am glad you told him."

Miss Rodman flushed a little. She was about to speak, apparently, but her niece interrupted her.

"He's coming to take us over to the Pines before supper, if he finishes his map. It seems to me that a government geologist has a very easy time, Auntie. Or isn't Mr. Allan a serious-minded geologist?"

Her tone was deliciously quizzical; she was conscious of a secret happiness that made her words come fast and sure.

"I should think the field work would always be interesting," replied Miss Rodman, with more literalness than was demanded by the occasion. "The preparation of the maps seems to me purely mechanical drudgery. If the Survey had a respectable appropriation, Dr. Allan would be left free for other things. Some of his work has been very brilliant."

The girl laughed. It always amused her to hear Miss Rodman, Ph.D., give Elbridge Allan his Munich title. It was like that old story of the Roman augurs bowing solemnly to each other with a twinkle in the eye.

"*Hoho! hahei! hoho!*" sang a big, boyish voice from the direction of the Morraway Hotel.

"*Hoho! hahei! Hahei! hoho!*"

Olivia turned and waved her hand toward the voice. "He doesn't get the intervals of that Sword-song exactly according to Wagner," she commented. "But what a Siegfried he would make for size!"

He came striding down the woodland path, shouting out the Sword-song and waving his pipe; a superb, tan-faced fellow of twenty-five, clean-built, clean-shaven, clear-eyed. His heavy hob-nailed field shoes were noiseless upon the moss. The loose, gray golf suit—with coat unbuttoned—showed every line of his athlete's figure, as he kept time to the rhythm of that splendid chant. When he neared the ladies, he lifted his cap, and all the sunlight that strayed through the balsam branches seemed to fall upon his face.

Miss Rodman gazed at him admiringly. "Isn't he magnificent!" she murmured.

Olivia did not hear her. "He knows!" she kept saying to herself. "And yet he is coming!"

"Hail!" cried Allan, waving cap and pipe together. "O ye idle women!"

"But we've been reading," explained Miss Rodman.

He picked up the *Journal of Folklore* and flung it down again. "Worse yet!" he insisted. "You ought to be tramping. Come, let's go over to the Pines."

"Is the map finished?" asked Olivia.

"Done, and despatched to an ungrateful government. I'm going to strike work for two days, to celebrate; then we begin triangulations on the north side of the lake. Well, aren't you coming?"

He put out his hand and swung Miss Rodman to her feet. Olivia had risen without assistance and was looking around for her hat. Allan handed it to her.

"I have some letters to write," said Miss Rodman. "I believe I won't go."

The geologist's face expressed polite regret. Olivia was busied with her hat-pins.

"But Miss Lane may go," continued her aunt. "You might take Dr. Allan over in the canoe, Olivia. That would save time."

The girl nodded, outwardly demure, inwardly dancing toward that bright, wave-thrown shell. "Very well," she said, "if Mr. Allan will trust himself again to the Water-Witch."

"Either of us could swim ashore with the Water-Witch in our teeth," laughed the geologist. "Come ahead!"

They started down the steep, shadowy path to the lake, the two tall, lithe figures swaying away from each other, toward each other, as they wound in and out among the trees.

Miss Rodman felt a trifle uncomfortable. She had not been altogether honest when Olivia asked her if Mr. Allan knew about her eyes. In fact she realized that she had been rather dishonest. She had indeed told the geologist—what he might have guessed for himself—that Miss Lane's eyes gave her serious trouble, and that she had been forbidden to use them. But she had not told him that Olivia was going blind. It was obvious that he liked the girl, and Miss Rodman shrank from letting the tragic shadow of Olivia's future darken these summer months unnecessarily. She recognized instinctively that the geologist's attitude toward her ward might be altered if he were conscious of the coming catastrophe. She wanted—yes, she owned to herself that she wanted—to have Elbridge Allan so deeply in love with Olivia that even if the worst came true he would but love her the better for her blindness. But to tell him prematurely might have spoiled everything. So reasoned Miss Rodman, Ph.D.

Yet, as she stood watching the disappearing pair, she was conscious of a certain irritation. If only he had not come singing through the woods at just the moment when she was about to explain to Olivia that she had not told him the worst! For she felt sure, now, that she would have explained, if they had not been interrupted. Well, she would confess to Olivia after supper! And Miss Rodman gathered up the *Journal of Folklore* and the other reviews, and sauntered back to the hotel. Ethics, after all, had been only her minor subject when she took her doctor's degree; she felt strongest in ethnology.

Meanwhile old Felix, at the boat-house, sponged out the tiny birch canoe, and scowled as Allan stepped carelessly into the bow with his big hob-nailed shoes. Miss Lane tucked up the cuffs of her shirt-waist to keep them from the drip of the paddle, and Allan pocketed her sleeve-

buttons. Then old Felix pushed them off. He had rented boats there for thirty years, ever since those first grand seasons of the Morraway Hotel, when the Concord coaches ran, and before the railroad had gone up the other valley, and left the Morraway region to a mild decay. Thirty years; but he had never seen a girl whom he fancied as much as Olivia Lane. He had pushed so many couples off from the old wharf in his time, and never a finer pair than this, yet he liked Olivia better alone. He did not know why he disliked the geologist, except that Allan had broken an oar in June and had forgotten to pay for it.

The pair in the Water-Witch grew rather silent, as the canoe crept over the deep, mountain-shadowed water. Allan smoked his pipe vigorously, his eyes upon Miss Lane; she seemed wholly occupied with her paddling. As they neared the shore he warned her once or twice when the canoe grazed the sharp edges of protruding basalt; but each time she avoided them with what appeared to him extraordinary skill. In reality she could not see them, and thought he understood.

She gave him her hand as she stepped ashore, and was conscious that he retained it a moment longer than mere courtesy demanded. He kept close to her side as they breasted the steep mountain-path. Whenever they stopped to rest, each could hear the other's breathing. Now and then, at a rock-strewn rise, he placed his fingers beneath her elbow, to steady her. He had never done it before.

"He knows!" she kept saying to herself, deep down below all words. "He knows! And he wants me to feel that it makes no difference!" It thrilled her like great music. Let the dark wave break, if it must; it could not rob her of the shining treasure. She could yet be loved, like other women. The darkness without would not be so dreadful, if all those lamps that Heaven meant to be lighted in a woman's soul were glowing!

They reached the crest of the knoll, where a dozen ragged white pines towered. Beneath them curved the lake, growing darker already as the western sky began to blaze. Olivia seated herself against one of the pines, and, removing her hat, leaned back contentedly. It was so good to breathe deep and free, to feel the breeze at her temples, to have the man who loved her reclining at her feet. All this could yet be hers, whatever happened!

And all at once, upon one of the lower branches of the pine, she was aware of a white blackbird. The utter surprise sent the color from her face; then it came flooding back again. In a tumult of unreasoning joy, of girlish superstition, she bent forward and caught Allan by the shoulder, pointing stealthily at the startled bird.

"The white blackbird!" she whispered, rapturously.

He glanced upward indifferently, wondering at Miss Lane's ecstatic face. He did not know that she cared particularly for birds.

"It's an albino," he remarked. "I've seen him three or four times this summer. They have one in the museum at St. Johnsbury."

"Hush!" exclaimed, Olivia, with a low, intense utterance that almost awed him. "It may sing!"

But the bird fluttered its cream-white wings, and disappeared into the upper branches of the pine.

"It's too late," said the geologist. "Blackbirds don't sing after midsummer."

"Oh, you don't understand!" she cried, half-starting from her seat and peering upward into the dusky, breeze-swept canopy. "The white blackbird is the Restorer of Sight!"

He looked puzzled.

"There's a legend!" she exclaimed. "Auntie and I learned it this very afternoon. The singing of a white blackbird restores sight to the blind!"

"Well," he said, carelessly, rapping the ashes out of his pipe, "what of that?" And he looked up in her face again, thinking that her luminous brown eyes had never been so lovely.

He saw them change and grow piteous, even as he spoke.

"Didn't Auntie tell you?" she demanded.

He shook his head.

She grew white, and a moan escaped her lips. The truth dawned, clear and pitiless. Aunt Jane had failed to tell him plainly, and Elbridge Allan—her lover, as she had believed—was yet in ignorance of her fate.

But the girl had had a long training in

courage, and she spoke instantly. "Mr. Allan, I am in all probability going to be absolutely blind. They said that in Paris and London last summer, and they gave me a year. Dr. Sands told me a month ago that I had but one chance in fifty."

Her voice was quiet and even, but she did not trust herself to look at Elbridge Allan. She gazed out over the gloomy lake toward the sun-tipped peak of Morraway Mountain, and waited. She would know, now. So many times had she waited, like this, for a verdict from the doctors, but her heart had never seemed to stop quite still before. She heard him make a surprised movement, but he did not speak.

"I knew Billy Sands in college," he said awkwardly at last. "He was too lazy then to walk across the yard when the bell rang."

"He is an old friend of ours," she replied, in swift loyalty. "No one could have been more kind——"

She stopped, realizing that he was embarrassed.

"Miss Lane," he broke out, "it's terrible! I had no idea it was as serious as that. I'm sorrier than I can say. Is Billy Sands really the best man to go to? There used to be a wonderful oculist in Munich. By Jupiter, it's too bad! Do you know, I think you're immensely brave. I—I wish I might be of some service."

Slowly she turned her eyes from the mountain-top, and looked straight into his face. It was a handsome face, full of boyish trouble, of genuine sympathy, of tenderness, even. And that was all there was there. His eyes fell. The stillness was so great that she could hear overhead the sleepy flutter and chirp of the white blackbird, the Restorer of Sight. And she was blind no longer: she comprehended, in that one instant, that he did not love her.

"I am so sorry——" he began again.

"I am sure of that, Mr. Allan," she interrupted. "But it is really better not to talk about it. It cannot be helped. And Auntie and I seldom speak of it." She wished to be loyal to her aunt, through all.

Allan nodded his head. He was thinking that it was a little unfair in Miss Rodman to let a young fellow go on—well, yes, liking a girl—without telling him that she was liable to be blind.

Olivia found herself trembling. Oh, if he would only go away! She could bear it, if she were alone! If he only would not lie there and look regretful and pathetic!

From far up the valley to the southward floated the faint whistle of the evening express. "Mr. Allan," said Olivia, suddenly, "you *can* do me a great service. Dr. Sands is coming on that train, and I promised Auntie to have a carriage sent for him. I forgot it. Would you mind attending to it? You might take the footpath down to Swayne's, and telephone, and I'll bring over the canoe."

Allan rose, with a look of relief which he could not quite disguise. "You're sure you don't mind going back alone?" he asked.

"Not at all."

With a long troubled look at the girl's downcast face he turned away and hurried down the slope toward Swayne's. His own dream-castle was in ruins, too; for a month past he had begun to picture Olivia's tall charming figure in the castle entrance. She had all that he could possibly have desired in a woman: beauty, grace, humor, wealth—and she had seemed to like him—and now she was going blind! It was too bad—too bad. He felt very hard hit. He stopped to light his pipe, and then strode on, discontentedly.

Olivia threw herself face downward upon the soft, sun-warmed pine-needles, and lay there sobbing. It was hard to give him up; harder still to feel that he had never loved her at all. She had simply been mistaken. Childlike, she had fancied it was the sea-shell that was singing, when in reality the music was only the echo from her own pulse-beats. Wave after wave of maidenly shame throbbed to her cheeks and throat. She had wanted to be loved, before that pall was flung over her life, and while she could still be to her lover as other women were to theirs. But she had had no right—no right!

Moment by moment her girlhood seemed to slip away from her, like some bright vision that flees at day-break. She felt already the terrible helplessness of her doom, the loneliness of a blind woman who is growing old. High overhead the solitary, mateless white blackbird smoothed his creamy wings and settled himself to rest among the soughing branches. Morraway Mountain grew gray and distant.

The mist began to rise from the swarthy lake. Between the trunks of the ancient pines the sunset glowed more and more faintly. The wind began to whisper solemnly in the woods. And still the girl lay prostrate between the roots of the great pine, praying to be forgiven for her selfishness.

It was quite dusk when she arose. With some difficulty she found the path and hurried downward, stumbling often and once falling. But her courage rose with the very play of her muscles. She had to grope with her hands to find the canoe, so thickly hung the mist already above the lake. There were lights moving at old Felix's boat-house, but Olivia could not see them. She seated herself in the Water-Witch, took her bearing from the vague masses of mountain shadow, and began to paddle with long, firm strokes. As the canoe shot into deep water, she was conscious that something scraped its frail side. In another moment the water was pouring over her ankles and knees. She stopped paddling to feel for the leak, and instantly the canoe began to settle.

With a powerful effort the girl freed herself from it as it sank, although she went under once and lost her hold upon the paddle. But she was a practised swimmer, and though the water chilled her through and through she struck out in what she fancied was the right direction. After a dozen strokes the shore seemed farther away, and she swam back in growing fear to the spot where she thought the canoe had sunk, in the hope of picking up the paddle. Round and round she swam, with a slow side-stroke, trying to find it, but it had drifted away.

She was getting bewildered in the mist, and the huge shadows that loomed above the lake seemed all alike. She called once or twice, and then remembered that Felix had probably gone home, and that no one could possibly hear her at the hotel. She turned on her back and floated awhile, to collect herself, and then, keeping her eyes on a certain shadowy outline in the fog, she struck out again with desperate coolness. Even if she were quite wrong, the lake was only half a mile wide here, and she had made a half mile so often.

If only her clothing did not pull her down so terribly! She had to turn over and float, in order to rest, and in so doing she lost her wavering landmark. A cry of terror escaped her, and with that the water slapped over her face for the first time. She shook it out of her nostrils and began to swim in a circle, peering vainly through the curtain of fog. The shadows had all melted again into one vast shadow. Her strength was going now; every stroke was an agony. She called—not knowing that she did so—all the life-passion of youth vibrating in the clear voice; then she turned on her back to float once more, making a gallant, lonely, losing fight of it to the very last. . . .

She felt quite warm now, and all of a sudden she ceased to have any fear. This was the way God was taking to keep her from growing blind; she had been as brave as she could, but now that nightmare of life-long helplessness was over. It was not to be Blindness, after all. Death, beautiful, silent-footed, soft-voiced Death had outstripped Blindness, and was enfolding her—murmuring to her—murmuring——

And as she closed her eyes contentedly, old Felix, swearing tremulously, leaned out of his boat and drew her in.

But it was the two men in the other boat who carried Miss Lane up to the Morraway Hotel. One of them was Elbridge Allan, pale and disconcerted; the other a dark, quick-eyed, square-lipped man, who dismissed the geologist rather abruptly, after Olivia had been taken to Miss Rodman's room.

"But she's my friend, Dr. Sands," he pleaded.

"And mine. And my patient besides, Mr. Allan," pronounced Dr. Sands.

"Then, Doctor," said Allan, nervously, "you must let me ask you a question. Miss Lane told me three hours ago that she was going blind. I was—I don't mind saying—very much upset by it. Is it true?"

"Miss Lane's eyes are in a very serious condition," replied Dr. Sands, in his slightly bored, professional voice, while he measured the other man from head to foot.

"There is no chance?"

"I would not say that," was the brusque answer. "There is always a chance. You

will of course pardon me for not discussing my patient?"

There was a quiet finality about this query which did not invite conversation, and Allan turned irresolutely away.

It was in the middle of the next forenoon before Dr. Sands allowed Olivia to talk. She lay on the couch in her aunt's room, a fire of maple logs roaring on the hearth, a cold fine rain whistling against the shaking windows. The turn of the year had come. Miss Rodman had gone off to get some sleep. The famous young oculist was poking determinedly at the fire and calling himself hard names. He might have known that that handsome geologist would make himself obnoxious to Olivia Lane!

"Doctor," spoke Olivia.

"Yes, Miss Lane." He was at her side in a moment.

"Do you know," she said, "I saw a white blackbird yesterday, just as clearly! It restores sight by its singing, only it was too late in the year for it to sing." There was a gentle irony in her voice, like the echo of her old bravery.

"Was it you who took me out of the water?" she asked, after a pause.

He shook his head. "I wasn't lucky enough. It was Felix."

"Last night," said Miss Lane, slowly, "I didn't want to be taken out. The water seemed just the place for me. But this morning I feel very much stronger—Oh, very strong indeed!" She lifted one hand, to show how powerful she was, but it fell back upon the rug that covered her.

The doctor nodded. He was wondering about Elbridge Allan.

"I can bear anything," she went on. "You see I have had to think it all through. You are going to tell me that there is no chance, are you not? There was but one in fifty, you said." It was not hope, but only a great patience, that shone softly in her eyes.

"If you have held your own for the last month, we'll call it one in forty-nine," he replied. "But you see I don't know yet whether you have held your own. I don't know anything to-day, Olivia, except that I love you. I have loved you ever since I sent you to London."

She moved her head wearily, as if she could not comprehend.

"Of course it's very stupid in me to say so this morning," he exclaimed, ruefully. "But I have waited too long already." He was still thinking of Elbridge Allan.

"But I am going blind!" she cried, flinging out her hands.

"Very likely, dear," he replied. "Yet that has nothing to do with this."

She gave him a long, long look, the tears starting.

"It is *you* that I am in love with," he said, slowly. "But of course we will keep on making a good fight for the eyes."

"I—can't—think," cried Olivia. And indeed she seemed to be back in the unsounded water again, shrouded by shadowy forms, surrendering herself helplessly to a power mightier than her own. Only it was not Death that was murmuring now; it was Life, gallant, high-hearted, all-conquering Life, whose most secret name is Love. And as in that other supreme moment it was awe that the girl felt rather than fear. "Not—now—," she whispered. "Not—yet. I—can't—think."

"Well, don't!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "I don't wish you to think. If you stop to think, you'll refuse me."

Olivia smiled faintly.

"I want you to go to sleep again," he declared. In an instant he had drawn down the shades and placed the screen before the fire. "And when you wake up," he continued, "I shall be right here, Olivia; — and always — right — here. — I think that's about what I want to say," he added, with a curious husky little laugh.

The room was too dark for him to see the delicate color surge into Olivia's pale face. But her eyelids closed slowly, obediently, and he went softly out.

THE ENDURING

By James Whitcomb Riley

A MISTY memory—faint, far away
And vague and dim as childhood's long-lost day—
Forever haunts and holds me with a spell
Of awe and wonder indefinable:—
A grimy old engraving tacked upon
A shoeshop-wall.—An ancient temple, drawn
Of crumbling granite, sagging portico
And gray, forbidding gateway, grim as woe;
And o'er the portal, cut in antique line,
The words—cut likewise in this brain of mine—
"Would'st have a friend?—Would'st know what friend is best?
Have GOD *thy friend: He passeth all the rest."*

Again the old shoemaker pounds and pounds
Resentfully, as the loud laugh resounds
And the coarse jest is bandied round the throng
That smokes about the smoldering stove; and long,
Tempestuous disputes arise, and then—
Even as all like discords—die again;
The while a barefoot boy more gravely heeds
The quaint old picture, and tiptoeing reads
There in the rainy gloom the legend o'er
The lowering portal of the old church door—
"Would'st have a friend?—Would's know what friend is best?
Have GOD *thy friend: He passeth all the rest."*

So older—older—older, year by year,
The boy has grown, that now, an old man here,
He seems a part of Allegory, where
He stands before Life as the old print there—
Still awed, and marvelling what light must be
Hid by the door that bars Futurity;—
Though ever clearer than with eyes of youth,
He reads with his old eyes—and tears forsooth—
"Would'st have a friend?—Would'st know what friend is best?
Have GOD *thy friend: He passeth all the rest."*

SEARCH-LIGHT LETTERS

LETTER TO A YOUNG MAN WISHING TO BE AN AMERICAN

By Robert Grant

I

I WROTE this once as a definition of Americanism: "It seems to me to be, first of all, a consciousness of unfettered individuality coupled with a determination to make the most of self." In short, a compound of independence and energy. To you, in the earnest temper of mind which your letter of inquiry suggests, this definition may seem a generality of not much practical value; declarative of essential truth, yet only vaguely helpful to the individual. Yet I offer it as a starting-point of doctrine, for to my thinking the people of the United States who have impressed themselves most notably on the world have possessed these two traits, independence and energy, in marked degree. And to you, whatever your condition in life, if you consider, it must be apparent that manly self-respect and enterprising force are essential to character and good citizenship, and that the prominence accorded to these qualities by those who have analyzed the component parts of our nationality is a distinction which should be perpetuated and reinforced by succeeding generations.

Nevertheless, the counsel seems to approximate a glittering generality for the reason that the opportunities for acting upon it no longer sprout on every bush as in the forties, fifties, sixties, and seventies of the present century when we were a budding nation and much of our territory was still virgin soil. I write "seems to approximate" advisedly, for the opportunities are just as plenty, merely less obvious. Yet here again I must make this qualification—one which recalls doubtless the favorite aphorism employed to meet the plea that the legal profession is overcrowded—that there is always an abundance of room on the top benches. Indisputably the day has passed when the ambitious and enterprising American youth could have fruit from the tree of material fortune almost by stretching out his hand. Now he has to climb far, and the process is likely to be slow and discouraging. The conditions peculiar to a sparse population in a new country rich in resources have almost ceased to exist, and, though a young nation still, we are face to face with the problems which concern a seething civilization where almost every calling seems full. Now and again some lucky seeker for fortune still finds it in a brief twelvemonth, but for the mass of American young men the opportunities for speedy, dazzling prosperity have ceased to exist. Those who win the prizes of life among us nowadays owe their success, in all but sporadic cases, to unusual talents, tireless zeal and unremitting labor, almost as in England, and France, and Germany. So also, with the passing of the period when enterprise and ambition were whetted by the promise of sudden and vast rewards, have disappeared many of the traits, both external and psychological, which were characteristic of our early nationality. The buffalo is nearly extinct, and with him is vanishing much of the bluff, graceless assertiveness of demeanor which was once deemed essential by most citizens to the display of native independence. Our point of view has changed, broadened, evolved in so many ways that it were futile to do more than indicate by a general description what is so obvious. Partly by the engrafting and adoption of foreign ideas and customs, partly by the growth among us of new conditions beyond the simple ken of our forefathers, our national life has become both complex and cosmopolitan. If we, who were once prone to believe our knowledge, our manners, and our customs to be all-sufficient, have been borrowing from others, so we in our turn have been imitated by the older nations of Europe, and the result is an approximation in sympathies and a blurring of distinctions. Po-

litical differences and race superficialities of expression seem a larger barrier than they really are, for in its broader faiths and vision the civilized world is becoming homogeneous. The ocean cable and the facilities for travel have palsied insular prejudice and lifted the embargo on the free interchange of ideas. The educated American sees no resemblance to himself in the caricatures of twenty-five years ago, and rejoices in the consciousness that the best men the world over are essentially alike. This, perhaps, is only another way of reasserting that human nature is always human nature, but this old apothegm has a clearer significance to-day than ever before.

Yet the opportunities for the display of enterprise and independence remain none the less distinct because we are becoming a cosmopolitan community and the old spectacular flavor has been kneaded out of the national life. Much of our free soil has been appropriated by an army of emigrants from Europe, and in connection with this fact the saying is rife that every foreigner seems infused with a new dignity from the moment that he becomes an American. This may be bathos in individual cases, yet it is the offspring of truth. Still it remains equally true that we have an enormous foreign population whose ideas and standards are those which they brought with them. Proud as these men and women may be of their new nationality, and eager as they may be to aid in the promotion of good citizenship, their very existence here in large numbers has altered the conditions of the problem of Americanism. The problem involved is no longer that of the winning of a new land by a free, spirited people under a republican form of government, but the larger equation of the evolution of the human race. Americanism to-day stands in a sense more accurate than before as the experiment of government of the people, for the people, and by the people, and for the most complete amalgamation of the blood of Christendom which the human race has ever known. We have lately been celebrating our centennial anniversaries. Already the great figures of our early history seem remote. The struggle with which we are concerned is more intense and broader than theirs: It is the progress of human society. You, whom I am addressing, find yourself a unit in a vast, heterogeneous population and a complex civilization. You live in the midst of the most modern aspirations and appliances, and cheek by jowl with the joy and sorrow, the comfort and distress, the virtue and vice of a great democracy. Your birthright of independence and energy finds itself facing essentially the same perplexities as those which confront the inhabitants of other civilizations where the tide of existence runs strong and exuberant. If our nationality is to be of value to the world, Americanism must stand henceforth for a rectification of old theories concerning, and an application of fresh vitality to the entire problem of human living.

Love of country should be a part of the creed both of him who counsels and him who listens, yet I deem it my duty, considering the nature of our topic, to suggest that there are not a few in the world, foreigners chiefly, who would be disposed to answer your inquiry how best to be an American, by citing *Punch's* advice to persons about to marry, "don't!" It does credit to your love of country that you have assumed a true American to be a consummation devoutly to be emulated. Humility on this subject has certainly never been a national trait, and I cannot subscribe to any such doubt myself. But yet again let me indicate that across the water the point is at least mooted whether the seeker for perfect truth would not be nearer success if incarnated under almost any other civilized name. Let me hasten to add that I believe this to be due to national prejudice, envy, and lack of intelligent discrimination, especially the latter, in that the foreigner is mistaken as to the identity of the true American. It behooves you therefore to ascertain carefully who the true American is, for even my defence seems to hint at the suggestion that all Americans are not equally admirable. Forty years ago an intimation that all Americans were not the moral and intellectual, to say nothing of the physical, superiors of any Englishman, Frenchman, German or Italian alive would have subjected a writer to beetling criticism; but, as I have already intimated, we have learned a thing or two since then. And it is not a little thing to have discovered that,

though their hearts were right and their intentions good, our forefathers were not so abnormally virtuous and wise as to entitle them or us to an exclusive and proscriptive patent of superiority. We glory in them, but while we revere them as the fosterers and perpetuators of that fine, energetic, high-minded, probing spirit which we call the touch-stone of Americanism, we are prepared, with some reluctance, yet frankly, when cornered, to admit that they did not possess a monopoly of righteousness or knowledge.

I shall assume, then, that you, in common with other citizens, have reached this rationally patriotic point of view and are willing to agree that we are not, as a nation, above criticism. If you are still inclined to regard us, the plain people of these United States, as a mighty phalanx of Sir Galahads in search of the Holy Grail, the citation of a few facts may act aperiently on your mind and wash away the cobwebs of hallucination. For instance, to begin from the political standpoint, our acquirement of Texas and other territory once belonging to Mexico suggests the predatory methods of the Middle Ages rather than an aspiring and sensitive national public temper. The government of our large cities has from time to time been so notoriously corrupt as to indicate at least an easy-going, shiftless, civic spirit in the average free-born municipal voter. It is a matter of common knowledge that in the legislative bodies of all our States there is a certain number of members whose action in support of or against measures is controlled by money bribes. From the point of view of morals, statistics show that poverty and crime, drunkenness and licentiousness in our large cities are little less rife than in the great capitals of Europe ; and you have merely to read the newspapers to satisfy yourself that individuals from the population of the small towns and of the country districts from the eastern limit of Maine to the southwestern coast of California are capable of monstrous murders, rank thefts, and a sensational variety of ordinary human vices. It were easy to illustrate further, but this should convince you that the patriotic enthusiast who would prove the people of the United States to be a cohort of angels of light has verily a task compared with which the labors of Sisyphus and other victims of impossibility fade into ease. Even our public schools, that favorite emblem of our omniscience, have been declared by authority to merit interest, but by no means grovelling admiration, on the part of the effete peoples of Europe.

We will proceed then on the understanding that, whatever its past, the present civilization of the United States reveals the every-day human being in his or her infinite variety, and that the true American must grasp this fact in order to fulfil his destiny. If our nation is to be a lamp to the civilized world, it will be because we prove with time that poor human nature, by virtue of the leaven called Americanism, has reached a higher plane of intelligent virtue and happiness than the world has hitherto attained. Who then is the true American? And what are the signs which give us hope that the people of the United States are capable of accomplishing this result? What, too, are the signs which induce our censors and critics to shake their heads and refuse to acknowledge the probability of it?

II

I WILL begin with the inverse process and indicate a list of those who are not true Americans, and yet who are so familiar types in our national community that the burden of proof is on the patriot to show that they are not essentially representative.

No. 1. *The Plutocratic Gentleman of Leisure who Amuses Himself.*—Here we have a deliberate imitation of a well-known figure of the older civilizations. The grandfather by superior ability, industry, and enterprise has accumulated a vast fortune. His grand-children, nurtured with care, spend their golden youth in mere extravagant amusement and often in dissipation. There are many individuals in our so-called leisure class who devote their lives to intelligent and useful occupation, but there is every reason for asserting that the point of view of the child of fortune in this country is significantly that of the idler—and a more deplorable idler than he of the aristocracies of Europe whom he models himself on, for the reason that the foreigner is less indifferent than he to intellectual inter-

ests. Is there any body of people in the world more contemptible, and anybody among us more useless as an inspiring product of Americanism, than the pleasure-seeking, unpatriotic element of the very rich who, under the caption of our best society, arrogate social distinction by reason of their vulgar ostentation of wealth, their extravagant methods of entertainment and their aimless pleasure-loving lives? To vie with each other in lavish outlay, to visit Europe with frequency, to possess steam-yachts, to bribe custom-house officers, to sneer at our institutions and, save by an occasional check, to ignore all the duties of citizenship, is an off-handed epitome of their existence. And in it all they are merely copy-cats—servile followers of the aristocratic creed, but without the genuine prestige of the old-time nobilities. And in the same breath let me not forget the women.

(*Note.*—"I was afraid you were going to," said my wife, Josephine. "Women count for so much here, and yet their heads seem to become hopelessly turned as soon as they are multi-millionnaires.")

Women indeed count for much here, and yet it is they even more than the men who are responsible for and encourage the mere pleasure-loving life among the leisure class. A ceaseless round of every variety of money-consuming, vapid amusement occupies their days and nights from January to January, and for what purpose? To marry their daughters to foreign noblemen? To breed scandal by pursuing intimacies with other men than their husbands? To demonstrate that the American woman, when she has all the opportunities which health, wealth, and leisure can bestow, is content to become a mere quick-witted, shallow voluptuary?

You will be told that these people are very inconsiderable in number, that they really exercise a small influence, and that one is not to judge the men and women of the United States by them. It is true that they are not very numerous, though their number seems to be increasing, and I am fain to believe that they are not merely out of sympathy with, but alien in character to, the American people as a whole; and yet I cannot see why an unfriendly critic should not claim that they are representative, for they are the lineal descendants of the men from every part of the land who have been the most successful in the accumulation of wealth. Their grandfathers were the pioneers whose brains and sinews were stronger than their fellows in the struggle of nation-building; their fathers were the keenest and not presumptively the most dishonest men of affairs in the country. Not only this; but though the plain people of the nation affect to reprobate this class as un-American and evil, yet the newspapers, who aim to be the exponents of the opinions of the general mass and to cater to their preferences, are constantly setting forth the doings of the so-called multi-millionnaires and their associates with a journalistic gusto and redundancy which reveals an absorbing interest and satisfaction in their concerns on the part of the everyday public.

Undeniably there are no laws which prohibit the wealthy from squandering their riches in futile extravagance and wasting their time in empty frivolities, nor is our leisure class peculiar in this when compared with the corresponding class in other countries, unless it be in a more manifest bent toward civic imbecility. But, from the point of view of human progress, is it not rather discouraging that the most financially prosperous should aspire merely to mimic and outdo the follies of courts, the heartless levity and extravagance of which have been among the instigators of popular revolution? Surely, if this is the best Americanism, if this is what democracy proffers as the flower of its crown of success, it were more satisfactory to the sensitive citizen to owe allegiance to some country where the pretensions to omniscient soul superiority were more commensurate with the results produced.

No. 2. *The Easy-going Hypocrite.*—Here is another slip from the tree of human nature, which flourishes on this soil with a sturdy growth. A large section of the American people has been talking for buncombe, not merely since years ago the member of Congress from North Carolina naïvely admitted that his remarks were uttered solely for the edification of the town of that name, and so supplied a descriptive phrase for the habit, but from the outset of our national responsibilities. To talk for effect with the thinly concealed purpose of deceiving a part of the Amer-

ican people all of the time has been and continues to be a favorite practice with many of the politicians of the country. Yet this public trick of proclaiming sentiments and opinions with the tongue in the cheek is the conspicuous surface-symptom of a larger vice which is fitly described as hypocrisy. There is a way of looking at this accusation which deprives it of part of its sting, yet leaves us in a predicament not very complimentary to our boasted sense of humor. It is that the free-born American citizen means so well that he is habitually dazzled by his own predilections toward righteousness into utterances which he as a frail mortal cannot hope to live up to, and consequently that he is prone to express himself in terms which none but the unsophisticated are expected to believe. In other words, that he is an unconscious hypocrite. However harmless this idiosyncrasy may have been as a preliminary trick of expression, there is no room for doubt that the plea of unconsciousness must cease to satisfy the most indulgent moral philosopher after a very short time. Yet we have persevered in the practice astonishingly, until it may be said that hyperbole is the favorite form of public utterance on almost any subject among a large class of individuals, in the expectation that only a certain percentage will not understand that the speaker or writer is not strictly in earnest. In this manner the virtuous and the patriotic are enabled to give free vent to their emotions and to set their fellow-citizens and themselves highest among the people of the earth without other expenditure than words, resolutions, or empty laws. The process gently titillates the self-esteem of the performer so that he almost persuades himself for the time being that he believes what he is saying: He appreciates that his hearers like better to have their hopes rehearsed as realities at the expense of veracity than to be reminded of imperfections at the expense of pride: And he rejoices in those whom he has fooled into believing that their hopes have been realized, and that all the virtue which he tremendously stands for is part and parcel of the national equipment. Under the insidious influence of this mode of enlightenment the everyday keen American citizen goes about with his head in the air, knowing in his secret heart that one-half of what he hears from the lips of those who represent him in public is buncombe, but content with the shadow for the substance, and wearing a chip on his shoulder as a warning to those who would assert that we are not really as virtuous and as noble as our spokesmen have declared.

For instance, to return to the concrete, consider the plight of a police commissioner in most of our large cities. Those interested in the suppression of vice appear before the legislature and urge the maintenance of a vigorous policy. Acts are passed by the law-makers manifesting the intention of the community to wage vigorous war against the social evil and the sale of liquor, and prescribing unequivocal regulations. The appointing power is urged to select a strong man to enforce these laws. Supposing he does, what follows? Murmurs and contemptuous abuse. Murmurs from what is known as the hard-headed, common-sense portion of the community, who complain that the strong man entrusted with authority does not show tact; that what was expected of him was judicious surface enforcement of the law sufficient to beguile reformers and cranks, and give a semblance of improvement, not strict, literal compliance. They will tell you that the social evil can no more be suppressed than water can be prevented from running down hill, and that the explicit language of the statutes was framed for the benefit of clergymen, and that no one else with common sense supposed it would be enforced to the letter by any intelligent official. The very legislators who voted to pass the laws will shrug their shoulders rancorously and confide to you the same thing; yet in another breath assert to their constituents that they have fought the fight in defence of white-robed chastity and the sacred sanctity of the home.

Now, is this Americanism, the very best Americanism? Surely not. It has an Anglo-Saxon flavor about it which it is easy to recognize as foreign and imported. Englishmen have been asserting for centuries that they were fighting the fight in defence of white-robed chastity and the sanctity of the home, to the amusement of the rest of the world, for in spite of the fact that the laws demand a vigorous policy and the British matron and the Sun-

day-school Unions declare that the home is safe, those familiar with facts know that London is one of the most disgustingly impure cities in the world, and that the youth let loose upon its streets is in very much the same predicament as Daniel in the den of lions, without the same certainty of rescue. And why? Because the hard-headed, common-sense British public sanctions hypocrisy. They tell you that they are doing their utmost to crush the evil. This is for the marines, the British matron, and the Sunday-school Unions. But let a strong man attempt to banish from the streets the shoals of women of loose character, and what an unmistakable murmur would arise. How long would he remain in office?

It may be that the social evil can no more be suppressed than water can be prevented from running down hill. That is neither here nor there for the purposes of this illustration. But to demand the passage of laws, and then to abuse and undermine the influence of those who try to enforce them is a vice more subversive to national character than the fault of Mary Magdalene and her unpenitent successors, both male and female.

Take, again, our custom-house regulations concerning persons returning home from abroad. The law demands a certain tariff, yet it is notorious that a large number of so-called respectable people are able to procure free entry for their effects by bribes to the subordinates. And why? Because those who passed the law devised it to cajole a certain portion of the community; but those charged with the enforcement of it, in deference to its unpopularity, are expected to make matters at the port smooth for travellers with easy-going consciences. Hence the continued existence at the New York Custom-house of the shameless bribe-taker in all his disgusting variety. Authority from time to time puts on a semblance of integrity and discipline, but the home-comer continues to gloat over the old story of double deceit, his own and another's. Is this the best Americanism? Yet these are American citizens who offer the bribe, who pocket it, and who allow the abuse to exist by solemnly or good-naturedly ignoring it. Consider the diversity of our divorce laws. It is indeed true that opinions differ as to what are and what are not suitable grounds for divorce, so that uniformity of legislation in the different States is difficult of attainment; yet there is reason to believe that progress toward this would be swifter were it not for the convenience of the present system which allows men and women who profess orthodoxy a loop-hole of escape to a less rigorous jurisdiction when the occasion arises. Similarly, in the case of corporation laws, it is noticeable that not far removed from those communities where paid-up capital stock and other assurances of good faith are required from incorporators, some State is to be found where none of these restrictions exist. Thus an appearance of virtue is preserved, self-consciousness of virtue flattered, a certain number deluded, and yet all the conveniences and privileges of a hard-headed, easy-going civilization are kept within reaching distance.

No. 3. *The Worshipper of False Gods.*—It is a commonplace of foreign criticism that the free-born American is insatiate for money, and that everything else pales into insignificance before the diameter of the mighty dollar. That is the favorite taunt of those who do not admire our institutions and behavior, and the favorite note of warning of those who would fain think well of us. No one can deny that the influence and power of money in this country during the last thirty years have been enormous. One reason for this is obvious. The magnificent resources of a huge territory have been developed during that period. Men have grown rich in a night, and huge fortunes have been accumulated with a rapidity adapted not merely to dazzle and stir to envy other nations, but to turn the heads of our own people. We have become one of the wealthiest civilizations, and our multi-millionnaires are among the money magnates of the world. Yet popular sentiment in public utterance affects to despise money, and inclines to abuse those who possess it. I write "affects," for here again the point of hypocrisy recurs to mind, and even you very likely would be prompt to remind me that, according to our vernacular, to make one's pile and make it quickly is a wide-spread touch-stone of ambition. True enough it is that there has been, and is, room for reproach in the aggressiveness of this ten-

dency, and yet the seeming hypocrisy is once more unconscious in that the popular point of view intends to be sincere, but the situation has been too dazzling for sober brains and high resolves. For let it be said that keenness of vision and a capacity for escaping from the trammels of conventional and inveterate delusions are essentially American traits, and as a consequence no one more clearly than the American citizen appreciates the importance of material resources as a factor of happy living, and none so definitely as he refuses to be discouraged by the priestly creed that only a few can be comfortable and happy in this life and that the poor and miserable will be recompensed hereafter for their earthly travails. His doctrine is that he desires, if possible, to be one of that comfortable and happy few, and in the exuberance of his consciousness that human life is absorbing, he fortifies the capacity to make the most of it by the quaint, convincing statement that we shall be a long time dead. His quick-witted, intelligent repugnance to the old theory that the mass should be cajoled into dispensing with earthly comforts has helped to give a humorous, material twist to his words ; and yet, I venture to assert, has left his finer instincts unperverted, except in the case of the individual. This combination of an extraordinary opportunity and a shrewd intelligence has, however, it must be admitted, produced a considerable and sorry crop of these individuals guided by the principle that wealth is the highest good, and should be sought at the expense of every scruple. Their many successes in the accomplishment of this single purpose have served to create the impression that the whole nation is thus diseased, and have done the greater harm of dwarfing many an aspiring nature, spell-bound by the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces which sheer money-making has established. As a result the best Americanism is menaced both by the example of accumulation without conscience, and the dangerous public atmosphere which this generates, in that the common eye is caught by the brilliance of the spectacle, and the common mind lured to meditate imitation at every sacrifice. So they say of us that the American hero is the man of material successes, "the smart man" who "gets there" by hook or crook, and that we are content to ask no embarrassing questions as to ways and means, provided the pecuniary evidences of attainment are indisputable. The patriotic American resents this as a libel, and maintains that this type of hero-worship is but a surface indication of the public soul, just as the horrors of the divorce court are but a surface indication of the general conditions of married life. Yet the patriot must admit that there is danger to the noble aspirations which we claim to cherish as Americans from the bright, keen, easy-going, metallic, practical, hard-headed, humorous citizen, male and female, whose aim is simply to push ahead, at any cost, and who in the process does not hesitate to part with his spiritual properties as being cumbersome, unremunerative and somewhat ridiculous. The materialist is no new figure in human civilization. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," is but the ancient synonyme for "we shall be a long time dead." A deep, abiding faith in the serious purposes of humanity has ever been obvious to us Americans as a national possession, however foreigners may deny it to us, but the American nature is at the same time, as I have suggested, essentially practical, level-headed, and inquiring, and is ever ready with a shrewd jest to dispute the sway of traditions founded on cant or out-worn ideas. It behooves you then, if you would be a true American, to beware overstepping the limit which separates aspiring, intelligent, winsome common-sense from the philosophy of mere materialism. There lies one of the great perils of democracy; and unless the development of democracy be toward higher spiritual experiences, Americanism must prove a failure. Keen enjoyment of living is a noble thing, so too is the ambition to overcome material circumstances, and to command the fruits of the earth. A realization of the possibility of this, and an emancipation from dogmas which foreordained him to despair, has evolved the alert, independent, progressive American citizen, and side by side with him the individual whom the less enlightened portion of the community have enshrined in their hearts under the caption of a smart man. This popular hero, with his taking guise of easy-going good

nature, assuring his admirers by way of flippant disposition of the claims of conscience and aspiration that "it will be all the same a hundred years hence" is the kind of American whom every patriot should seek to discredit and avoid imitating.

III

THE foregoing suggestions will suffice, I think, to demonstrate to you that we are not uniformly a nation of Sir Galahads, and that certain types of Americanism, if encouraged and perpetuated, are likely to impair the value and force of our civilization. But having dispelled the hallucination that we are uniformly irreproachable, I would remind you that, in order to be a good American, it is even more necessary for you to appreciate the fine traits of your countrymen than to be keenly alive to their shortcomings. There are two ways of looking at any community, as there are two ways of looking at life. The same landscape may appear to the same gaze brilliant, inspiring, and interesting, or flat, homely, and unsuggestive, according as the eye of the onlooker be healthy or jaundiced. It is easy to fix one's attention on the vulgar and heartless ostentation of the rich, on the cheapness and venality of some of our legislators, on the evidences of hypocrisy and false hero-worship, materialism, and superficiality of a portion of our population, and in doing so to forget and overlook the efficacy and finer manifestations of the people whose lives are the force and bulwark of the state. It is easy to go through the streets of a large city and note only the noise and smoke and stir, coarse circumstance and coarser crime, neglecting to remember that beneath this kernel of hard, real life the human heart is beating high and warm with the hopes and desires of the spirit. It is not necessary for a human being, it is essentially not necessary for an American, to look at life from the point of view of what the eye beholds in the hours of soul-torpor. True is it that Americanism stands to-day as almost synonymous with the struggle of democracy, and that the equal development of the life of the whole people for the common good is what most deeply concerns us; but this does not mean that it is right or American to adhere to what is ordinary and low, because it is still inevitable that the ideals and standards of the mass should not be those of the finest spirits. It was an American who bade you hitch your wagon to a star, and you have only to reflect in order to recall the spiritual vigor, the righteous force of will, the strength of aspiring mind, the patriotic courage, the tireless soul-struggle of the early generations of choicely educated, simply nurtured Americans. Their thought and conscience, true and star-seeking even in its limitations, laid the foundations of law and order, of civic liberty and private welfare, of national honor and domestic repute. Their enterprise and perseverance, their grit and suppleness of intelligence wrested our broad Western acreage from the savage and——

(*Note.*—I was here interrupted in the fervor of this genuine peroration by my wife Josephine's exclamation, "Oh, how atrociously they abused and persecuted those poor Indians, shunting them off from reservation to reservation, cheating them out of their lands and furs!"

It is not agreeable to be held up in this highwayman fashion when one is warming to a subject, but there is a melancholy truth in Josephine's statement which cannot be utterly contradicted. Still this is what I said to her: "My dear, I had hoped you understood that I had referred sufficiently to our national delinquencies, and that I was trying to depict to my correspondent the other side of the case. However just and appropriate your criticism might be under other circumstances, I can only regard it now as misplaced and unfortunate." I spoke with appropriate dignity. "Hoity, toity, toity me!" she responded. "I won't say another word.")

—wrested our broad Western acreage from the savage, and in less than half a century transformed it into a thriving, bustling, forceful civilization. Their ingenuity, their restless spirit of inquiry, their practical skill, their impatience of delay and love of swift decisive action have built countless monuments in huge new cities in the twinkling of an eye, in the marvellous useful inventions which have revolutionized the methods of

the world, the cotton-gin, the steamboat, the telegraph, the telephone, the palace-car—in the eager response made to the call of patriotism when danger threatened the existence of their country, and in the strong, original, clear-thinking, shrewdly acting, quaint personalities which have sprung from time to time from the very soil, as it were, in full mental panoply like the warriors of the Cadmean seed. Their stern sense of responsibility, their earnest desire for self-improvement, their ambitious zeal to acquire and to diffuse knowledge have founded, fostered, and supported the system of public schools and well-organized colleges which exist to-day in almost every portion of the country. The possessors of these qualities were Americans—the best Americans. Their plan of life was neither cheap nor shallow, but steadfast, aspiring, strong, and patient. From small beginnings, by industry and fortitude, they fought their way to success, and produced the powerful and vital nation whose career the world is watching with an interest born of the knowledge that it is humanity's latest and most important experiment. The development of the democratic principle is at the root of Americanism, but whoever, out of deference to what may be called practical considerations, abates one jot the fervor of his or her desire to escape from the commonplace, or who, in other words, forsakes his ideals and is content with a lower aim and a lower outlook, in order to suit the average temper, is false to his birthright and to the best Americanism.

It has been one of the grievances of those whose material surroundings have been more favorable and who have possessed more ostensible social refinement than the mass of the population, that they were regarded askance and excluded from public service and influence. There used to be some foundation for this charge, but the counter plea of the complainants of lack of sympathy and distrust of country was still more true, and an explanation and, in a large measure, a justification of the prejudice. True strength and refinement of character has always in the end commanded the respect and admiration of our people, but they have been roughly suspicious of any class isolation or assumption of superiority. It has been difficult accordingly for that type of Americans who arrogated tacitly, but nevertheless plainly, the prerogatives of social importance, to take an active part in the responsibilities of citizenship. They have been mistrusted, and sneered at, and not always unjustly, for they have been prone to belittle our national institutions and to make sport of the social idiosyncrasies of their unconventional countrymen for the entertainment of foreigners. And yet the people have never failed to recognize and to reverence the fine emanations of the spirit as evidenced by our poets, historians, thinkers, or statesmen. Our forceful humanitarian and ethical movements, our most earnest reforms found their most zealous and untiring supporters among the rank and file of the people. Abraham Lincoln was understood last of all by the social aristocracy of the nation. Emerson's inspiration found an answering chord in every country town in New England. True it is that on the surface the popular judgment may often seem superficial and cheap in tone, but the wise American is chary of accepting surface ebullitions as the real index of the public judgment. He understands that mixed in with the unthinking and the degenerate is a rank and file majority of sober, self-respecting men and women, whose instincts are both earnest and original, and who are to be depended on in every serious emergency to think and act on the side of civilizing progress. It is the inability to appreciate this which breeds our civic censors, who are led by their lack of perspective to underestimate the character of the people and to foretell the ultimate failure of our experiment.

The increase of wealth and a wider familiarity with luxury and comfort through the country has made a considerable and more important class of those whose material and social surroundings are exceptional. The participation of the citizens of this class in the affairs of government is no longer discouraged—on the contrary, it is welcomed by the community. Indeed, many men have secured nomination and election to office solely because of their large means, which enabled them to control men and caucuses in their own favor.

(*Note.*—An appearance of spontaneity is preserved in these cases by the publication of a letter from leading citizens

requesting the candidate to stand for office. He thereupon yields to the overwhelming invitation of the voters of the district, and his henchmen do the rest.)

But though the possession of wealth and social sophistication are no longer regarded as un-American, the public sentiment against open or tacit assumption of social superiority, or a lack of sympathy with democratic principles, is as strong as ever. It is incumbent, therefore, on you, if you would be an American in the best sense, to fix your ideal of life high, and at the same time to fix it in sympathy with the underlying American principle of a broad and progressive common humanity, free from caste or discriminating social conventions. It is not necessary for you to accept the standards and adopt the behavior of the superficial and imperfectly educated, but it is indispensable that you accept and act on the faith that your fellow-man is your brother, and that the attainment of a freer and more equal enjoyment of the privileges of life is essential to true human progress. We have, as I have intimated, passed through the pioneer stage of national development; we have tilled our fields, opened our mines, built our railroads, established our large cities—in short, have laid the foundations of a new and masterful civilization ; it now remains for us to show whether we are capable of treating with originality the old problems which confront complex societies, and of solving them for the welfare of the public and the consequent elevation of individual character.

The originality and clearness of the American point of view has always been a salient national characteristic. Hitherto its favorite scope has been commercial and utilitarian. Yankee notions have been suggestive of sewing-machines, reapers, and labor-saving contrivances, or the mechanism of rushing trade. Now that we have caught up with the rest of the world in material progress and taught it many tricks, it remains for the true American to demonstrate equal sagacity and clear-headedness in dealing with subtler conditions. To be sure the scope of our originality has not been entirely directed to things material, for we have ever asserted with some vehemence our devotion to the things of the spirit, squinting longingly at them even when obliged to deplore only a passing acquaintance with them because of lack of time. The splendid superficiality of the army of youth of both sexes in the department of intellectual and artistic exertion, which has been one of the notable features of the last thirty years, has shown clearly enough the true temper and fibre of our people. To regard this superficiality as more than a transient symptom, and thereby to lose sight of the genuine intensity of nature which has animated it, would indicate the shallow observer. Our youth has been audacious, self-confident, and lacking in thoroughness because of its zeal to assert and distinguish itself, and thus has justly, in one sense, incurred the accusation of being superficial, but it has incurred this partially because of its disposition to maintain the privileges of individual judgments.

Our young men and women have been blamed for their lack of reverence and their readiness to form conclusions without adequate knowledge or study in the teeth of venerable opinion and convention. Indisputably they have erred in this respect, but indisputably also the fault is now recognized, and is being cured in the curriculum of education. Yet, evil as the fault is, the traits which seem to have nourished it —unwillingness to accept tradition and a searching, honest clearness of vision—are virtues of the first water, and typical of the best national character. There are many persons of education and refinement in our society who accept as satisfactory and indisputable the old forms and symbols which illustrate the experience, and have become the final word of the older civilizations in ethics, politics, and art. They would be willing that we should become a mere complement to the most highly civilized nations of Europe, and they welcome every evidence that we are becoming so. As I have already suggested to you, the nations of the world are all nearer akin in thought and impulse than formerly, but if our civilization is to stand for anything, it must be by our divergence from the conclusions of the past when they fail to pass the test of honest scrutiny, not by tame imitation. Profoundly necessary as it is that we should accept with reverence the truths of experience, and much as our students and citizens may learn from the wisdom and performance of older peoples, it behooves the

American to prize and cherish his birthright of independent judgment and freedom from servile adherence to convention. Almost everything that has been truly vital in our production has borne the stamp of this birthright.

The American citizen of the finest type is essentially a man or woman of simple character, and the effect of our institutions and mode of thought, when rightly appreciated, is to produce simplicity. The American is free from the glamour or prejudice which results from the conscious or unconscious influence of the lay figures of the old political, social, or religious world, from the glamour of royalty and vested caste, of an established or dominant church, of aristocratic, monkish, or military privilege. He is neither impelled nor allured to subject the liberty of conscience or opinion to the conventions appurtenant to these former forces of society. For him the law of the state, in the making of which he has a voice, and the authority of his own judgment are the only arbiters of his conduct. He accords neither to fineness of race nor force of intellect the right of aristocratic exclusiveness which they have too often hitherto claimed. To the cloistered nun he devotes no special reverence; he sees in the haughty and condescending fine gentleman an object for the exercise of his humor, not of servility; he is indifferent to the claim of all who by reason of self-congratulation or ancient custom arrogate to themselves special privileges on earth, or special privileges in heaven. This temper of mind, when unalloyed by shallow conceit, begets a quiet self-respect and simple honesty of judgment, eminently serviceable in the struggle to live wisely.

To the best citizens of every nation the most interesting and vital of all questions is what we are here for, what men and women are seeking to accomplish, what is to be the future of human development. For Americans of the best type, those who have learned to be reverent without losing their independence and without sacrifice of originality, the problem of living is simplified through the elimination of the influence of these symbols and conventions. Their outlook is not confused or deluded by the specious dogmas of caste. They perceive that the attainment of the welfare and happiness of the inhabitants of earth is the purpose of human struggle, and that the free choice and will of the majority as to what is best for humanity as a whole is to be the determining force of the future. To those who argue that the majority must always be wrong, and that as a corollary the will of the cheap man will prevail, this drift of society is depressing. The good American in the first place, recognizing the inevitability of this drift, declines to be depressed; and in the second, without subscribing to the doctrine that the majority must be wrong, exercises the privilege of his own independent judgment, subject only to the statute law and his conscience.

There is a noble strength of position in this; there is a danger, too, in that it suggests a lack of definiteness of standard. Yet this want of precision is preferable to the tyranny of hard and fast prescription. It is clear, for instance, that if the men and women of civilization are determined to modify their divorce laws so as to allow the annulment of marriage when either party is weary of the compact, no canon or anathema of the church will restrain them. Nor, on the other hand, will the mere whim or volition of an easy-going majority force them to do so. The judgment of men and women untrammelled by precedent and tradition and seeking simply to ascertain what is best and wisest for all will settle the question. Though the majority will be the force that puts any law into effect, the impulse must inevitably come from the higher wisdom of the few, and that higher wisdom in America works in the interest of a broad humanity, free from the delusions of outworn culture. The wisdom of the few may not seem to guide, but in the end the mass listens to true counsel. Honesty toward self and toward one's fellow-man, without fear or favor, is the leavening force of the finest Americanism, and, if persevered in, will lead the many, sooner or later, with a compelling power far beyond that of thrones and hierarchies. The wise application of this doctrine of the search for the common good in the highest terms of earthly condition to the whole range of economic, social, and political questions is what demands to-day the interest and attention of earnest Americans. The problems relating to capital and labor, to the restraint of the money power, to the government of our cities, to

the education of all classes, to the status of divorce, to the treatment of paupers and criminals, to the wise control of the sale of liquor, to equitable taxation, and to a variety of kindred matters are ripe for the scrutiny of independent, sagacious thought and action. To the consideration of these subjects the best national intelligence is beginning to turn with a fresh vigor and efficiency, but none too soon. Though democracy and Americanism have become largely identical, the spread of the creed of a broader humanity in the countries of civilization where autocratic forms of government still obtain, has been so signal and productive of results that the American may well ask himself or herself if our people have not been slovenly and vain-glorious along the paths where it seemed to be their prerogative to lead. Certainly in the matter of many of the civic and humanitarian problems which I have cited, we may fitly borrow from the recent and modern methods of those to whom we are apt to refer, in terms of condescending pity, as the effete dynasties of Europe. They have in some instances been more prompt than we to recognize the trend of ours and the world's new faith.

IV

In this same connection I suggest to you that in the domain of literary art an Englishman—a colonist, it is true, and so a little nearer allied to us in democratic sentiment—has more clearly and forcibly than anyone else expressed the spirit of the best Americanism—of the best world-temper of to-day. I refer to Rudyard Kipling. Human society has been fascinated by the virility and uncompromising force of his writings, but it has found an equal fascination in the deep, simple, sham-detesting sympathy with common humanity which permeates them. He has been the first to adopt and exalt the idea of the brotherhood of man without either condescension or depressing materialistic realism. He has interpreted the poetry of "the trivial round and common task" without suggesting impending soup, blankets, and coals on earth and reward in heaven on the one hand, or without emphasizing the dirtiness of the workman's blouse on the other. His imagery, his symbols and his point of view are essentially alien to those of social convention and caste. Yet his heroes of the engine-room, the telegraph-station, the Newfoundland Banks, and the dreary ends of the earth, democratic though they are to the core, appeal to the imagination by their stimulating human qualities no less than the bearers of titles and the aristocratic monopolists of culture and aspiration who have been the leading figures in the poetry and fiction of the past. Strength, courage, truth, simplicity and loving-kindness are still their salient qualities — the qualities of noble manhood—he expounds them to us by the force of his sympathy, which clothes them with no impossible virtues, yet shows them, in the white light of performance, men no less entitled to our admiration than the Knights of King Arthur or any of the other superhuman figures of traditional æsthetic culture. He recognizes the artistic value of the workaday life in law courts and hospitals and libraries and mines and factories and camps and lighthouses and ocean steamers and railroad trains, as a stimulus to and rectifier of poetic imagination, negativing the theory that men and women are to seek inspiration solely from what is dainty, exclusive, elegantly romantic, or rhapsodically star-gazing in human conditions and thought. This is of the essence of the American idea, which has been, however, slow to subdue imagination, which is the very electric current of art, to its use by reason chiefly of the seeming discord between it and common life, and partly from the reluctance of the world to renounce its diet of highly colored court, heaven and fairy-land imagery; partly, too, because so many of the best poets and writers of America have adopted traditional symbols. The school of great New England writers which has just passed away were, however, the exponents of the simple life, of high religious and intellectual thought amid common circumstance. They stood for noble ideals as the privilege of all. Yet their mental attitude, though scornful of pomp and materialism, was almost aristocratic; at least it was exclusive in that it was not wholly human, savoring rather of the ascetic star-gazer than the full-blooded appreciator of the boon of life. Their passion was pure as snow, but it was thin. Yet the central tenet

of their philosophy, independent naturalness of soul, is the necessary complement to the broad human sympathy which is of the essence of modern art. The difficulty which imagination finds in expressing itself in the new terms is natural enough, for the poet and painter and musician are seemingly deprived of color, the color which we associate with mystic elegance and aristocratic prestige. Yet only seemingly. Externals may have lost the dignity and lustre of prerogative; but the essentials for color remain—the human soul in all its fervor—the striving world in all its joy and suffering. There is no fear that the tide of existence will be less intense or that the mind of man will degenerate in æsthetic appreciation, but it must be on new lines which only a master imbued with the value and the pathos of the highest life in the common life as a source for heroism can fitly indicate. There lies the future field for the poet, the novelist, and the painter—the idealization of the real world as it is in its highest terms of love and passion, struggle, joy, and sorrow, free from the condescension of superior castes and the mystification of the star-reaching introspective culture which seeks only personal exaltation, and excludes sympathy with the everyday beings and things of earth from its so-called spiritual outlook.

ANNE

By Fanny V. de G. Stevenson

ANNE was walking down the slope of a hill at the time of the first stirring of dawn on a spring morning. She was an old woman, now, her youth lying years behind her; but she had not been one to fall easily into the sere and yellow leaf. Though frail in health, she had kept her manifold interests sharp and lively; pictures gave her pleasure keen as of yore, and there was no critic of literature more quick than she to detect a lapse in taste or art, nor with a readier appreciation of style, originality, or even intention. She was, at last, however, forced to believe that she was growing old. She *was* old, and the days were flying past her with an incredible rapidity. She rebelled with passionate fierceness against the inevitable, approaching end. As bitterly as for herself (she was sixty and past), she resented the fact that John, her husband, stood even nearer the final catastrophe than she; John, whom, though ten years her senior, she had petted and spoiled like a child. Hers had always been the dominant mind. John, older and aging more rapidly than she, had now become absolutely dependent on her, almost for his thoughts. Their marriage was blessed with no children, wherefore all the motherly instincts of the wife had been lavished on the husband. "My very love has made him helpless," thought Anne; "pray God he be called before me."

She walked more quickly, in time with her thoughts, which now wandered along devious pathways through the past. The scenes she recalled were nothing in themselves, no more than most elderly people keep stored in their memories; but to her, who had played the principal parts, they were of the liveliest interest. The day she and John took possession of the house that had been their own ever since was as vivid as yesterday. Nay, more vivid, for she was not at all sure concerning yesterday; she had had a headache, and was stupid, and had slept a good deal; and John dozed in his chair; there was nothing to remember in yesterday.

But that first day in the new house, both so proud, so fond, so full of plans; and it was all over. The plans matured or failed, and they were only two old people, conscious of ever-failing strength, careful of draughts, easily tired—well, no, not so very easily tired after all, at least not Anne, or at least not to-day. It must

be the early morning, or the spring weather. She had heard of old people who recovered their faculties in a sort of Indian summer, possibly her Indian summer was about to burst into a mature blossoming. She felt so light on her feet, so uplifted as with a wholesome, altogether delightful intoxication. The sensation carried her far back to her childhood, to a first day in the garden after a winter's illness. How she skipped, and ran, and laughed. She was conscious to-day of the same pure joy in living. It was like being a child again. And those sad, querulous days, yesterday, and the days and years before—that was the child's illness ; such a long illness, ever-increasing, with but one terrible cure.

But not even that fancy could depress Anne to-day, glorious to-day, this day of ten thousand ! She laughed aloud, pretending, as children pretend, that she had, unknowing, drunk of the golden elixir ; her eyes should be unclouded, her cheeks flower-fresh, her scant, white locks changed to rings of softest brown ; a tall, slim slip of a girl, as John first met her. At the foot of the meadow where she kept tryst with John there used to be a still pool where she preened her feathers while waiting for her gallant. She looked about for a pool, smiling at this vanity in an old woman ; but suppose—suppose—?

Of course she was always properly dressed and coifed as became one of her station and fortune, with a certain well-bred deference to the prevailing modes, and she owned to a nice taste in lace and jewels. Jane, her maid, had been very much remiss when she laid out the gown her mistress wore this morning. It must be a new one, by the way, or an old one remodelled ; it was not in her usual style, but of a singular cut, stiff, plain, and ungraceful in its prim folds. However, it was white, and white was still Anne's color. And what matters a gown when one is in so high a humor ?

The valley below was everywhere covered with a white rime which ran in sparkles as the sun touched it. It should be sharply cold, Anne thought, but she felt no chill. Frost generally passed over the high ground, while it nipped the lower. She hoped it had spared the tender plants in her garden, and the budding peaches. Already the crocuses were in bloom, and the lilacs showed a few timid, scented leaves. Anne was very fond of her garden, and it was one of her grievances against time that she could no longer tend it in person.

She had forgotten why she searched for the pool ; she was a little confused, doubtless the effect of yesterday's headache—nothing unpleasant, rather a delightful, dizzy jumbling of thoughts, ideas, remembrances. At any rate, here was the pool, clear and unruffled; new grass was springing on its banks, and here and there woolly brown bosses showed where ferns were sprouting. She would fetch John here one day—if he were able to walk so far. John used to like a pool when his sight was stronger ; not in Anne's way ; her liking was innocent and sentimental. John would bring his microscope and discover the most wonderful things in water that appeared absolutely pure. Decidedly she must manage to fetch John.

Anne leaned over and looked into the pool. She leaned farther, lower, turned her head this way and that, and then drew back in utter bewilderment. There was no reflection of her face in the water ! She was overwhelmed with disappointment. This enchanting rejuvenation, then, was only a dream. She could almost have wept ; not quite, for the dream still held her as in an embrace of joyousness. She wondered what her body looked like, lying on its bed while its soul was roaming the fields. She pitied it, the worn, frail, old body, as though it were a thing separate from herself. It had suffered in its fairly long life, and had endured many contrarieties, but there had been more than compensating happinesses, and no great sorrows. She hoped it slept well. John's dear, white head would be lying on the pillow beside it. " Oh," she thought, " I wish I could give my dream to John. Well, it shall be the best dream in the world if John is only to have it at second hand."

In the certainty that she was dreaming, Anne now gave her imagination a free rein. False shame is out of place in a dream. She gambolled like a prisoned kid set free, and sang—softly, lest the dream should be shattered. As the day advanced wild things came out of the

wood; squirrels, and other animals so shy by nature that she had only seen them, heretofore, at a distance, stopped beside her and conversed together in their own language. She saw what no naturalist has ever beheld, God's creatures at home and unafraid. She laid her hand on the head of a doe as it drank at a pool, and ran with it feather-footed. She spurned the earth and took long, smooth flights over the undergrowth like a bird sailing on the wing.

Suddenly she became aware of a voice, clear and penetrating, that spoke the name—*Anne*. A face was before her, vaguely familiar, a face of her childhood.

"Marian!" she cried; "my mother's cousin, Marian."

"You remember me, dear Anne."

"You—you went to India," murmured Anne in a maze; "I thought — mother talked of you to us children—your portrait in the school-room——"

"Yes, I went to the Indies; I died there when you were a little child. You were always much in my mind, for I loved your mother, and you were her favorite. So she did not allow my name to be forgotten? She talked of me to her children, and she kept my portrait."

"Did you say—died!" repeated Anne, who had given an involuntary start at the word. "I wonder if I am really meeting your spirit in a dream? It might be. Why should it not?"

"You certainly are meeting my spirit, which is myself, but not in a dream, dear."

Anne felt a thrill of terror. What if this were not a dream? "*I* am not dead?" She looked at Marian with frightened, questioning eyes.

"You must be dead," was the answer, else how should you be here? Your mother used to write me that you had unusual powers; I never had. You might, as a mortal, possibly see me, but I could not be conscious of you unless you were as real as myself."

Anne stared hard at her companion. "I have, it is true," said she, "imagined I saw spirits, but they were not like you; they were phantoms, ghosts, immaterial." She hesitated, and then took Marian's hand in hers. "This hand is as solid as my own. If I believed you were dead—if I thought I was—dead—myself, oh, it would be appalling!"

"My dear Anne," said Marian, "we are both spirits; we were always spirits, only in the body we were chained spirits. Material or immaterial only means a point of view, not a difference."

"I am no spirit," said Anne. "I am of the earth, and the flesh; all my thoughts are with, and on the earth, and of the earth. As to you, Marian, I don't know. There is an uncertainty in my mind—no, I mean an enlightenment; I don't know what to call it—an apprehension. Marian, do you mind? I thought heaven was a very different place. I should expect something more serious, more solemn. The idea of an everlasting sabbath used to depress me. I have no desire for such a state——"

"Heaven! Heaven! Did you think you were in heaven? Oh, no, this is not heaven. I trust there may be a heaven, and a future life, but this is not heaven. I only *know* about this world in which I exist, and that it is immeasurably better than that other world we have both happily left."

"It is all so different from one's dreams," said Anne. "Dreams," she repeated; "dreams. Marian, did you long for those you left behind? Were you lonely without them? Or were you with them, following all their affairs with sympathy and understanding?"

"No," replied Marian, "I knew no more of my loved ones in the past life than they knew of me. That is the worst of it, both now and before; the separation, the waiting. I wish I had had more faith in the old days. I wish my faith were greater now. My dearest ones left me when I was no more than thirty, and I was eighty when I died. It was a long waiting. You were a little child, then, and you must have been well in years when——"

"Don't, don't!" cried Anne; "don't repeat that dreadful word! I am not, I cannot be! And yet I know, and hate the knowledge, that it must come to me very soon, for I am, as you say, an old woman. Let me enjoy this beautiful dream wherein I am still young. But is this youth? When I look at you, Marian, you are not old, but you are not young.

My intellect will not conceive it what it is."

"If you would only believe me," said Marian, "that we are both relieved of the burden of the flesh with all its infirmities and limitations. It is that, only that. There can be no pain where there is no flesh to suffer."

"And no sorrow?" asked Anne.

"Sorrow," replied Marian, "that is of the mind, and the mind is part of ourselves."

"Separation is the worst," replied Anne. "Separation." "Suppose," she thought, "that I am really in another existence, where then is my dear, old John, my husband?"

"Marian," she cried out, "I must go home; at once!"

"But my dear," said Marian, "you cannot; as a mortal you could not come here; how then can you now go there? Oh, Anne, there are many loved ones waiting for you here. Many who loved you. We knew you would arrive suddenly; we were warned of that; I came first—it was thought best—to prepare you for the great meeting."

"I tell you," said Anne, sharply, "I am going home. John will miss me. I have been too long away already."

"Your mother, Anne, she is coming," pleaded Marian.

"Not mother, nor father, nor friends beloved can come between John and me. I must see John first. Something may have happened."

She looked about her. "I don't quite know where I am. There should be people about. I see no one to put me on the road."

"Anne," said Marian, "neither you nor I can find that road."

"Oh, come with me," cried Anne, "help me to find John; I must find John."

The two women moved together hand in hand down the hill into the valley.

"I can make out nothing in this bewildering fog," said Anne, peering out from under her hand. "Whenever I seem just about to recognize a familiar place or object, it is to be blotted out by the fog. There was no fog before. Oh, Marian, it should be hereabouts; our house should be here!"

Marian withdrew her hand from Anne's.

"You disturb me," she said; "what you are doing is unlawful. Come away; something mortal might appear. If you will not, Anne, you drive me from you; I dare not stay."

Anne stood alone, trying to pierce with her gaze the fog which grew perceptibly thinner. The elm, and then the shrubbery of her garden began to show darkly, like shadows. She drew closer, for now the house itself loomed up, large and imposing, but in some intangible way different. The walls, the doors, the windows, all were there, all in their appointed places. What, then, was the indefinable change? It used to be considered such a pleasant house, so cheerful, so gay with its hanging creepers, and the bright curtains at the windows. Two years running a bird had nested in the cornice over the porch. But to-day it presented an aspect of gloom that was forbidding in the extreme. It gave the impression of a house to be avoided, a place where wrong things had happened, or might happen. Anne, now that she was so near that a word spoken aloud would reach her husband's ear, and she had only to lift the knocker and enter her own door, shrank back with an odd reluctance. She would walk round to the study first, and look through the window. Perhaps John would be there, reading, or writing a letter, and, without doubt, wondering what had become of his wife. The blinds were closed. How like John not to think of opening them. With all the blinds down like that, people would think there was a death——

John was sitting by the table, leaning forward, apparently asleep. He was so still, so quiet. Oh, if anything had happened to John! No; he raised his head as though he heard someone call, looking straight in his wife's eyes. Why did he not speak? What ailed him to look like that? Anne remembered that she was behind the closed blinds. His eyes had a strained look as though he almost saw her.

"John! John!" she cried.

The old man shivered and looked vaguely round him. Anne noticed that he had no fire. The hoar-frost of the morning, that looked so beautiful, he would feel that; he was very sensitive to changes of temperature and weather. His clothes, too, looked thinner than he was in the habit

of wearing—and with a great black patch on one sleeve! Anne must see to this at once. John was less fit than ever to take care of himself. He looked so feeble, so old, so much older than she had thought. Ah, what would John do without her? Her heart yearned over him with the tender compassion of the strong for the weak, the deep affection that belongs to the habit of a lifetime—stronger than the love of youth.

"John, John, my husband!"

Again he turned his face toward the window, a leaden gray face. Slow tears ran down his furrowed cheeks and fell on his breast.

"Oh, what is it? Oh, my poor old husband!"

Anne flew to the closed door and snatched at the knocker. Her hands closed on vacancy. Her own house, her home, John's home, and she could not get in! Back she ran to the window. He was still there, his head lying on his clenched hands. As though from a long distance, thin and faint, his voice came to Anne, broken with weeping. He was calling on her name—"*Anne, Anne!*"

"Oh, my dear old husband, do you miss me so sorely? John, John, open the window and let me in!"

He moved, as though in answer, but sank back again with a weary shake of his head. Anne lifted her arms and struck at the wall. That it should prove "such stuff as dreams are made on" gave her no surprise. She was beside John; nothing else was of importance. A shadowy serving-maid opened a door, looked wildly round, shuddered, and fled. John seemed conscious of her presence; oh, why not, then, of Anne's?

She knelt beside him, she laid her hands on his, she murmured all the foolish endearing phrases that were their own; but he saw nothing, he heard nothing.

"Oh, my dear old husband," she said; husband of my youth and of my old age; we are one; we cannot be parted. I will not leave you. I shall wait beside you."

John turned with seeing eyes. "*Anne!*" he cried, with a loud voice, as his head fell on her breast.

Together they passed out of the house, paying no heed to what was left behind, nor to the terrified call of the serving-maid, "Help, help, master is dead!"

HUSH!

By Julia C. R. Dorr

O HUSH thee, Earth! Fold thou thy weary palms!
The sunset glory fadeth in the west;
The purple splendor leaves the mountain's crest;
Gray twilight comes as one who beareth alms,
Darkness and silence and delicious calms.
Take thou the gift, O Earth! on Night's soft breast
Lay thy tired head and sink to dreamless rest,
Lulled by the music of her evening psalms.
Cool darkness, silence, and the holy stars,
Long shadows when the pale moon soars on high,
One far, lone nightbird singing from the hill,
And utter rest from Day's discordant jars;
O soul of mine! when the long night draws nigh
Will such deep peace thine inmost being fill?

THE POINT OF VIEW

IT is more than a full generation, it is going on for half a century, since Thackeray, lecturing on Charity and Honor, in New York, paid the street-manners of the city the pretty compliment that all readers ought to remember:

American Urbanities

> I will tell you when I have been put in mind of the courteous gallantry of the noble knight, Sir Roger de Coverley, of Coverley Manor, of the noble Hidalgo Don Quixote of la Mancha: here, in your own omnibus-carriages and railway-cars, when I have seen a woman step in, handsome or not, well-dressed or not, and a workman in hob-nailed shoes, or a dandy in the height of the fashion, rise up and give her his place.

"Omnibus-carriages" have given way altogether to the horse-car; and the horse-car has ceded to the elevated train, to the cable-car, to the under-ground trolley. These vehicles subsist, but in what one of them could the admiring tourist see repeated as a rule what was, without question, the rule in 1852?

"The age of chivalry is gone" from the public conveyances of New York. Apparently it has gone farther from New York than from any other American city. At least that is the conclusion to which a New Yorker is reluctantly driven who has occasion to visit other American cities. The boorishness of New York is now what impresses the British tourist. Stevenson made his first appearance in New York a matter of seventeen years after Thackeray's last appearance, and he in turn recorded his observation. It was that he was received in casual places where he was personally unknown with a surprising mixture of "rudeness and kindness." But what struck him first, struck him in the face, so to say, was the rudeness. The healing kindness came after, and the final conclusion was that New Yorkers (he was careful not to say Americans) were well-meaning and kind-hearted people who had no manners. The good intentions and the kind hearts may be questioned by any spectator of the scramble at a station of any one of the elevated roads during the crowded hours, where male creatures may be seen using the superior strength of their sex to arrive at seats in advance of women. Even where this is not put too grossly in evidence, it is plain to the spectator of the scramble that the age of chivalry is gone.

The travelling New Yorker becomes aware that this is largely local. A Southern newspaper man, writing from New York to his paper, not long ago, noted its manners with even a touch of horror. "When I saw a man sitting in a car in which a woman was standing," he says, "I knew that I was far from home." A very recent British observer, the clever author of "The Land of The Dollar," proceeding from New York to Philadelphia, recorded his refreshment at happening upon an American town where the inhabitants were not too busy, when the stranger thanked them for a piece of information, to answer "You're very welcome."

When the New Yorker goes abroad at home, he finds unwelcome confirmation of the suggestion that his own city is the most unmannerly of all. The New Englander has undoubtedly a way, as Anthony Trollope noted, of giving you a piece of information as if he were making you a present of a dollar. But for all that, the sensitive stranger finds himself much less rasped at the end of a day in Boston, than at the end of a day in New York. As you go Southward, the level of manners rises in proportion almost to the respective stages of social culture reached in the colonial times, when Josiah Quincy found in Charleston a degree of "civility" and "elegance" such as the good Bostonian recorded that he had never seen, nor expected to see, on this side of the Atlantic. One is driven, in view of the Southern courtesy, to wonder whether there may not be something in Goethe's defence of the duello, to the effect that it is more desirable that there should be some security in the community against a rude act than that all men should be secure of dying in their beds.

But this explanation does not account for the fact that in whatever direction the New Yorker goes from home he finds better manners of the road, manners of the street-car,

manners of the elevator, than those he left. Western cities, unless they be Southwestern also, have not the soothing softness and deference of Southern manners, but there is in these a recognition on the part of the human brother whom you casually encounter, of your human brotherhood which you are by no means so sure of eliciting from the casual and promiscuous New Yorker. The Chicagoan will tell you in detail what you want to know, even though, as Mr. Julian Ralph has remarked, he makes you trot alongside of him on the sidewalk while he is telling it. And in an elevator in which there is a woman, the Chicagoan hats are as promptly and automatically doffed as the Bostonese, while in this regard it is New York and not Philadelphia that is the Quaker city.

"Ethnic" explanations of the bad manners of New York will occur to many readers, which "it may be interesting not to state." These mostly fall to the ground before the appalling fact that Chicago is better-mannered. The elevated roads are great demoralizers. It is barely that primitive human decency escapes from the "Sauve qui peut" and "Devil take the hindmost" of that mode of transit, to say nothing of the fine flower of courtesy. Let us hope it is all the doing of the elevated roads.

The Public Manners of Women

IT is painful to have to say that inquiry among males for an explanation of the degeneration just mentioned reveals yet another lamentable decline in chivalry. For it is a fact that the current masculine hypothesis attributes it to the women themselves. This is a reversion to a state of things which prevailed long before the age of chivalry had come. The scandalous behavior of Adam, in devolving upon the partner and fragment of his bosom the responsibility for his indulgence in the "*malum prohibitum*" of Eden, has been frequently cited in assemblages of Woman in proof of the innate and essential unchivalrousness of Man. It is there regarded as, to say the least of it, real mean.

The citation may not appear germane to an appeal for merely equal rights, which is the professed object of the "woman-women," but it is surely pertinent to the male contention that woman would get more by throwing herself upon the mercy of man than by appealing to his justice. If we take a more modern view of the origin of the relations of the sexes, it is evident that only that minimum of courtly consideration for the weaker vessel which was needful for the preservation of the species was to be expected from a gentleman whose habits had only just ceased to be arboreal, and that the age of chivalry must have been a very long time in coming.

It is, all the same, a fact that, when a son of Adam of the younger generation is asked how, in a public conveyance, he can retain both his seat and his equanimity while a daughter of Eve is standing, he is apt to recur to the third chapter of Genesis, and to put the blame on "the woman thou gavest to be with me." "You don't even get thanked for it," he will say. His father, and much more his grandfather, would have been ashamed to offer that excuse. It would have been ruled out as invalid, even if accurate; and the heir of all the ages who makes it does not put it to the proof often enough to know whether it is accurate or not.

But it must be owned that there is too much truth in it. Woman's inhumanity to man is a good deal in evidence. The late Senator Morton, of Indiana, was, it will be remembered, an invalid and a cripple. He came into a company at the capital one day in a state of great indignation because, in a street-car crowded with young women, not one had offered him a seat, and he had been compelled to make the journey painfully and precariously supported upon his crutches. The like of this may very often be seen. Humanity, consideration for weakness and helplessness, is the root of which chivalry is the fine flower. The Senator's experience was not unique, was not even exceptional. It is a startling proposition that man's inhumanity to man is less than woman's, but the time seems to give it some proof. At any rate, a man evidently disabled would not be allowed to stand in a public conveyance in which able-bodied men were seated, even in the most unchivalrous part of our country, which I have given some reasons for believing to be the city of New York. And, if that be true, it seems that the assumption of the right of an able-bodied woman to remain seated while a disabled man is standing is an assumption that the claims of chivalry are superior to those of humanity. On the other hand, it may fairly be said that the selfishness of women with regard to the wayfaring man is more thoughtless and perfunctory than the selfishness of men with regard to the wayfar-

ing woman. In this country, at least, this latter is in all cases felt to be a violation of propriety and decency. The native American feels himself to be both on his defence and without defence, when he is arraigned for it. This was illustrated one day in a car of the New York elevated road, in which a middle-aged woman was standing in front of a young man who was sitting. Fixing him with her glittering eye, she said, calmly but firmly, "Get up, young man, I want that seat." The conscience-stricken youth rose meekly and automatically at the summons, and left his seat the spoil of the Amazonian bow and spear.

However it may be with woman's inhumanity to man, there can be no question about her inhumanity to woman. It does "make countless thousands mourn." And this not alone in the familiar sense in which

> Every fault a tear may claim,
> Except an erring sister's shame.

Whatever male has assisted at a function at which males are not supposed to assist, and at which the admixture of males is so small as to be negligible, has seen sights as astonishing in their way as the sights witnessed by the rash males who, at the peril of their lives, smuggled themselves into those antique mysteries from which they were expressly excluded. Nowhere in the gatherings of men does shameless selfishness find so crude an expression as, say, at a crowded matinée. It could not be exhibited at a prize-fight, for the exhibitor would subject himself to prompt personal assault. But the female bully is without fear as without shame. She elbows her way through and past her timid sisters, takes tranquil possession of the standing-places they have reserved by occupation, and scatters them to flight as the fierce hawk the pavid doves. Of course the bullies are a small minority, but one hawk suffices to flutter the most populous dove-cote, and to characterize the assemblage which it dominates. The young man who excuses his own bad manners by blaming "the woman" only emphasizes his want of chivalry; but the validity of his plea is more deniable than its accuracy.

IN the play of "Pudd'nhead Wilson," made out of Mark Twain's book by Frank Mayo, the evil genius combines in his veins the bad blood and craven instincts of two races. The *rôle* was given, when first presented, a remarkable impersonation in which there was a subtle mingling of a white man's presumption and a negro's animalism. But the creator of the part was the brother of a leading English poet! An American actor essayed the *rôle* in the second season with decidedly less success. In "The Heart of Maryland," a strenuous developing of Civil War emotions and events, the fate of the hero, a soldier whose devotion to the North alienates him from father and sweetheart, was given in both its first two seasons to actors of good schooling indeed, but distinctly English. The "leading juvenile," supposedly a Confederate officer with all a Southron's manner of speech, was also most pronouncedly a Briton in tongue, build, and carriage. In that exciting coil about a lovable spy—"Secret Service"—not exactly the villain, but the chief meddler with the hero's plans, was on the programme a Virginia gentleman, but on the stage entirely British.

The English Voice on the American Stage.

Multiplying examples is unnecessary; there is enough food for reflection in these three recent plays. They are all marked with particular Americanism, and a prominent share of that Americanism is entrusted to actors foreign-born and foreign-bred.

We are so used here to accepting certain mannerisms of speech as indigenous to, and proper to, the theatre, and so many of our actors follow British pronunciation and inflection, that we hardly see the extent to which the natively English voice prevails on our stage. Once the thing gets on one's nerves, however, it is most noticeable. Indeed, the presence of English actors on the American stage is so pervasive of everything, from farce-comedy to society-tragedy, that they fairly invest our national drama.

Now of all insularities the most abominable, the one most to be shunned by this country is artistic insularity. It is an excellent cosmopolitanism that gives our patronage so generously to the greatest foreign stars, although it is bald snobbery that often leads us to favor mediocre importations over native genius. But it is surely carrying our worldliness too far when we accept and approve the hopeless incapacity of foreigners to enact *rôles* demanding American local color. This may substantiate our proverbial patience, but it deals hard with our boasted sense of the incongruous. So much have unlike environments in a hundred years dif-

ferentiated the two races that an English impersonation of an American character can never be acceptable to real criticism.

The reason for the sway of English actors over our stage is not far to seek. It is not that the best of them can act better than our best, for we have in our little day produced a very few of the greatest actors, tragic and comic. And we still have an excellent array of the plebs of the stage. It is the middle class—which is ever the grand average and backbone of any organization—that is not satisfactory and must draw on foreign aid. The average middle-class actor in England supplies the demand, for he is far above our similar caste in training and finish, and for good reason. In England the stage is taken more seriously than here, at least by the players. There an actor enters upon his career with the same desire for the thoroughness that comes from humble beginnings and complete experience as anyone entering upon any other profession. He may cherish vague hopes of greatness—as every American lawyer hopes to be President—but he is content if his lot is cast in respectable places, where the labor is agreeable and the compensation decent. The result is an army of thoroughly drilled actors that can do almost anything well, though they may do nothing brilliantly.

In the United States, however, where opinion still maligns the business of the actor, he is likely to look on his career as a mere trade or as a too, too high art. Our actor is either one whose ambitions lead him to hitch his wagon to a star and scorn all sublunary things, or one stolidly content to please—not the aristocratic groundlings, but the skylings. Of these two sorts of actor, the former thinks a legitimate minor part too far beneath him to justify serious preparation, the latter thinks it too far above him. There is, consequently, an inadequate list of native actors sufficiently prepared in technic to do well anything that comes to hand. The tendency, too, of an American actor, having hit upon a success in one kind of character, to make an exclusive specialty of it and devote a lifetime to one range of parts, is both due to the besetting commercialism of our stage and responsible for much of its lack of versatility. The manager, finding no well-equipped, highly adaptable rank-and-file at home, turns naturally to the one source of unfailing supply—England.

In the few stock companies that survive the old *régime*, the English voice is particularly prevalent. For the English origin of these actors essaying American *rôles* is discoverable by the voice almost more than by the bearing. Though we of the United States and they of the United Kingdom approximate considerably in language, we are radically different in speech. The British actor rather modifies than accentuates the arpeggios of Piccadilly, but it is only a long life in America and a plasticity uncommon in his race that can disguise him. His curious scale-singing is an unfailing wonder to the American. In the American play it can never be anything but a hopeless incongruity.

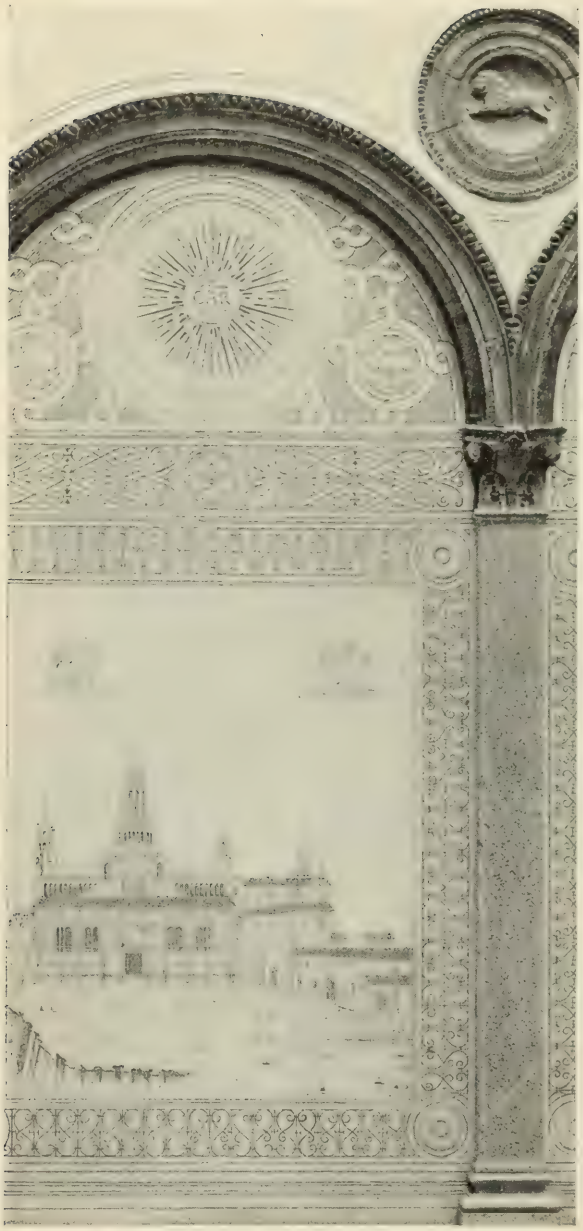
THE FIELD OF ART



Venetian Balcony, Close of Fifteenth Century; Modern Arcade.

ONE WAY OF DESIGNING A MODERN HOUSE

THIS is set forth in a monograph, the title of which may be translated and abbreviated thus: Drawings of the house of the brothers Bagatti Valsecchi in Milan at No. 7 Via di Santo Spirito. One very general, very abstract, very little detailed ground-plan explains what the house is, considered as a building occupying a piece of ground, and doing certain definite work. Evidently it was thought that more should not be allowed the public, concerning a house of habitation. From this it appears that the house is a single very large dwelling of which the dimensions on the ground may be taken at one hundred feet of frontage by sixty feet or rather less of depth. This, however, is the measurement of the whole plot of ground; for the house covers it all, and light for the rearmost rooms and corridors is obtained by three separate courts surrounded by arcades. The front on the street is deeply recessed so as to give a façade of some fifty-five feet at the bottom of the court; with two projecting wings of different widths; the projection, or depth of the court, being of about eighteen feet. And now comes the essential thing—that which forms the peculiarity of the building, and the immense and radical diversity between the scheme proposed by its designer and that adopted by any Parisian master-workman who may have a *hotel privé* to build. The Milan house is in every respect, in its general design and in the minutest detail, that which might have been built about 1475 in the same town and on the same street. The front is of brick and terra-cotta, except that the door-piece in the middle of the recessed façade, the podium, so to speak, or sub-wall of the basement story, standing some four feet high, is of stone; and that a part of one of the wings where it is opened up in the large doorway below communicating with a kind of shop or business-room, and, above, into arcades with a projecting balcony, is also of cut stone. This stone would have been taken to be marble but that the legends expressly speak of *pietra*, and it is probable that Istrian or some other hard white or light gray stone is used. Of stone also are the pillars which carry the vaulting of the cloisters, or galleries, which surround the courts within, and many pilasters, jamb-pieces, dadoes, parapets, and balustrades of the interior; as well as the columns of the *logetta* which crowns one of the wings projecting on the street, and a similar and larger one on the court within. The walls



Graffito; the Certosa near Pavia, Unfinished; from an Old Picture.

of the courts, except for the stone work above described and for certain cornice bands which are evidently of terra-cotta, are entirely finished in *sgraffito*; or scratched decoration on hard plaster, fit to bear the moderate climate of Milan, together with certain modelling in very low relief, which is intermingled with the scratched or incised work, and closely harmonizes with it. One interesting detail of the undertaking must be mentioned here: pieces of ancient work have been built into the structure rather freely, and these are so perfectly in the style that they do not attract attention to themselves. They need, in fact, the legends which announce their presence. This is one way of saying that the collected fragments of antiquity have been carefully chosen with the view to being of one style, of one epoch, of one character, and that the building has been built in the style so fixed. At the principal doorway there are four ancient medallions of the character which sculptors of the fifteenth century enjoyed; that is to say, they are enlargements of Roman coins. The secondary or wing doorway, spoken of above as communicating with what seems to be a kind of shop, is entirely antique, with pilasters filled with carving in the sunken panels. In the spandrels of the arch above are two more antique medallions, and an antique pilaster in marble from Mantua is set in the small reëntrant angle formed between this piece of the front and the adjoining house, which projects slightly beyond the Casa Bagatti. Ancient iron work is used for the two windows which flank the central doorway, and by way of emphasis the other windows on that story are without grilles. Iron work in the head of the side doorway already described as antique is announced as made up of ancient parts; and it may be admitted here that all this wrought iron is of somewhat earlier date than the structure generally; a breach of that harmony which has been insisted on above, but one which might easily be considered as quite characteristic of good, fine, imaginative fifteenth century work, when the Renaissance builders would have rejected carvings in the Gothic spirit, but would have admitted iron work of that character without trouble. Above this ancient doorway an ancient Venetian balcony, also of stone, is worked into the double arcade, of which mention has been made. Two large and elaborate wooden ceilings are used in the open cloisters which surround the courts, and it is worthy of commendation that they seem to have been put in place without restoration, with nothing more than necessary repairs or necessary strengthening, and that no attempt has been made to give them a freshly finished modern look. An ancient doorway of carved wood opens upon one of these porticoes; an ancient *vera di pozzo*, or cistern head, from Venice stands in the middle of that court; an ancient marble fountain and basin; an ancient triple tabernacle with sculptured figures of saints; another tabernacle with an Adoration, and a multiplicity of minor pieces of carving, are worked into the building, including an admirable lion, of heraldic character and supporting a shield of arms, set upon a newel at the foot of the great staircase; and, finally, a very great amount of ancient ironwork in the way

of hinges, door-handles, knockers, awning-rings, and the like, is used in the work.

The use of this ancient material suggests the true solution of the difficulty which every one must feel ; how such a thing as this can be fine when we generally find such imitative work rather mean, rather lazy, rather expressive of the disposition to shirk one's duty than a thing to be commended. It might be objected in the first place that here evidently there has been no reluctance to undertake hard work, for the fitting of old and new details into the same general design, while the character of the old decoration has not been marred in the least, is difficult work enough for any workman. This, however, it is not necessary to urge. The essential thing in the whole situation is this: The reproduction of the fifteenth century house is practicable where the real fifteenth century house might have stood. In Milan, on a quiet by-street of the old city, we can imagine this house having remained intact and unaltered from some time in the second half of the fifteenth century until now. Had any family been rich enough and possessed of the spirit of continuity, that building would have been so preserved. The climate allows of it; the habits of the people would make it easy ; one family, or, as perhaps in this case, the families of two brothers, may inhabit such a mansion, and might have inhabited it at any time from 1575 onward for three hundred years. Moreover, there is no time when such a house might not have been built. At least, if we admit that the artists of earlier days were incapable of deliberate and faithful copying of details—that is all that would separate a house built on these lines in the eighteenth century from this one of to-day. The traditions have remained, the masons have worked on these lines, the stone-cutters have wielded the chisel just as their forefathers did before them ; nothing but a deliberate resolve to call into prominence the traditional knowledge and the traditional habits which have lingered among the workmen has been necessary in order to call into existence this memory of the past.

You could not build in that way in another country. This house on the streets of Paris would have been an absurdity. In Milan it



Largest Inner Court with Graffiti; Vestibule with Ancient Wooden Ceiling.



Smaller Inner Court: Graffiti and Stucco Ornaments in Low Relief.

represents the wholesome feeling of national and local sentiment, family pride perhaps, a sense of what is fitting, a sense of continuity, all that is noble and dignified in the sentimental or theoretical side of fine art—it is this and nothing worse or lower than this which has directed this interesting piece of work. In France, as we have said, and still more strongly in the United States, such a piece of work would have been a mere *tour de force*, a mere piece of deliberate copying, and, still more, a deliberate avoidance of the critical problem—how to plan and build an American city house. In north Italy it is the legitimate and wholly sensible scheme of building an old-fashioned Milanese house to serve new Milanese purposes—and anyone may respect and sympathize with such an undertaking as that.

The full title of the work above-mentioned is as follows :

QUI SI CONTENGONO LE TAVOLE RAPPRESENTANTI LI DISEGNI DE LA CASA DE LI FRATELLI BAGATI VALSECHI CHE RITROVASI IN MILANO AL Ñ. 7 DE LA VIA DE SAN SPIRITO FEDEL RIPRODOTTI DAL VERO CON LA NUOVA INVENTIONE DE LA ELIOTIPIA.

Fausti et Iosephi Frarum de Bagatis Opus An. Dni. MDCCCXCV.

The reader will note in the Italian title the difference in spelling, as of the proper names, caused by the antique form in which it is cast.



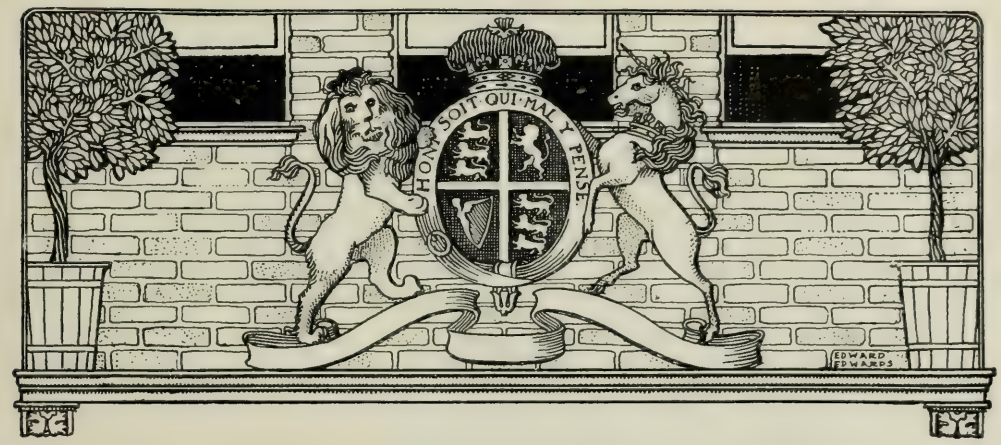
Drawn by W. Glackens

"IN TOWN IT'S DIFFERENT."

[An Urban Harbinger.]

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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THE LION AND THE UNICORN

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

PRENTISS had a long lease on the house, and because it stood in Jermyn Street the upper floors were, as a matter of course, turned into lodgings for single gentlemen; and because Prentiss was a Florist to the Queen, he placed a lion and unicorn over his flower-shop, just in front of the middle window on the first floor. By stretching a little, each of them could see into the window just beyond him, and could hear all that was said inside; and such things as they saw and heard during the reign of Captain Carrington, who moved in at the same time they did! By day the table in the centre of the room was covered with maps, and the Captain sat with a box of pins, with different-colored flags wrapped around them, and amused himself by sticking them in the maps and measuring the spaces in between, swearing meanwhile to himself. It was a selfish amusement, but it appeared to be the Captain's only intellectual pursuit, for at night, the maps were rolled up, and a green cloth was spread across the table, and there was much company and popping of soda-bottles, and little heaps of gold and silver were moved this way and that across the cloth. The smoke drifted out of the open windows, and the laughter of the Captain's guests rang out loudly in the empty street, so that the policeman halted and raised his eyes reprovingly to the lighted windows, and cabmen drew up beneath them and lay in wait, dozing on their folded arms, for the Captain's guests to depart. The Lion and the Unicorn were rather ashamed of the scandal of it, and they were glad when, one day, the Captain went away with his tin boxes and gun-cases piled high on a four-wheeler.

Prentiss stood on the sidewalk and

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said: "I wish you good luck, sir." And the Captain said: "I'm coming back a Major, Prentiss." But he never came back. And one day—the Lion remembered the day very well, for on that same day the newsboys ran up and down Jermyn Street shouting out the news of "a 'orrible disaster" to the British arms. It was then that a young lady came to the door in a hansom, and Prentiss went out to meet her and led her up-stairs. They heard him unlock the Captain's door and say, "This is his room, miss," and after he had gone they watched her standing quite still by the centre-table. She stood there for a very long time looking slowly about her, and then she took a photograph of the Captain from the frame on the mantel and slipped it into her pocket, and when she went out again her veil was down, and she was crying. She must have given Prentiss as much as a sovereign, for he called her "Your ladyship," which he never did under a sovereign.

And she drove off, and they never saw her again either, nor could they hear the address she gave the cabman. But it was somewhere up St. John's Wood way.

After that the rooms were empty for some months, and the Lion and the Unicorn were forced to amuse themselves with the beautiful ladies and smart looking men who came to Prentiss to buy flowers and "buttonholes," and the little round baskets of strawberries, and even the peaches at three shillings each, which looked so tempting as they lay in the window, wrapped up in cotton-wool, like jewels of great price.

Then Philip Carroll, the American gentleman, came, and they heard Prentiss telling him that those rooms had always let for five guineas a week, which they knew was not true; but they also knew that in the economy of nations there must always be a higher price for the rich American, or else why was he given that strange accent, except to betray him into the hands of the London shopkeeper, and the London cabby?

The American walked to the window toward the west, which was the window nearest the Lion, and looked out into the graveyard of St. James's Church, that stretched between their street and Piccadilly.

"You're lucky in having a bit of green to look out on," he said to Prentiss. "I'll take these rooms—at five guineas. That's more than they're worth, you know, but as I know it, too, your conscience needn't trouble you."

Then his eyes fell on the Lion, and he nodded to him gravely. "How do you do?" he said. "I'm coming to live with you for a little time. I have read about you and your friends over there. It is a hazard of new fortunes with me, your Majesty, so be kind to me, and if I win, I will put a new coat of paint on your shield and gild you all over again."

Prentiss smiled obsequiously at the American's pleasantry, but the new lodger only stared at him.

"He seemed a social gentleman," said the Unicorn, that night, when the Lion and he were talking it over. "Now the Captain, the whole time he was here, never gave us so much as a look. This one says he has read of us."

"And why not?" growled the Lion. "I hope Prentiss heard what he said of our needing a new layer of gilt. It's disgraceful. You can see that Lion over Scarlett's, the butcher, as far as Regent Street, and Scarlett is only one of Salisbury's creations. He received his Letters-Patent only two years back. We date from Palmerston."

The lodger came up the street just at that moment, and stopped and looked up at the Lion and the Unicorn from the sidewalk, before he opened the door with his night-key. They heard him enter the room and feel on the mantal for his pipe, and a moment later he appeared at the Lion's window and leaned on the sill, looking down into the street below and blowing whiffs of smoke up into the warm night-air.

It was a night in June, and the pavements were dry under foot and the streets were filled with well-dressed people, going home from the play, and with groups of men in black and white, making their way to supper at the clubs. Hansoms of inky-black, with shining lamps inside and out, dashed noiselessly past on mysterious errands, chasing close on each other's heels on a mad race, each to its separate goal. From the cross streets rose the noises of early night, the rumble of the 'buses, the



Consumed tea and thin slices of bread.—Page 133.

creaking of their brakes, as they unlocked, the cries of the "extras," and the merging of thousands of human voices in a dull murmur. The great world of London was closing its shutters for the night, and putting out the lights; and the new lodger from across the sea listened to it with his heart beating quickly, and laughed to stifle the touch of fear and homesickness that rose in him.

"I have seen a great play to-night," he said to the Lion; "nobly played by great players. What will they care for my poor wares? I see that I have been overbold. But we cannot go back now—not yet."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and nodded "good-night" to the great world beyond his window. "What fortunes lie with ye, ye lights of London town?" he quoted, smiling. And they heard him close the door of his bedroom, and lock it for the night.

The next morning he bought many geraniums from Prentiss and placed them along the broad cornice that stretched across the front of the house over the shop-window. The flowers made a band of scarlet on either side of the Lion as brilliant as a Tommy's jacket.

"I am trying to propitiate the British Lion by placing flowers before his altar," the American said that morning to a visitor.

"The British public, you mean," said the visitor; "they are each likely to tear you to pieces."

"Yes, I have heard that the pit on the first night of a bad play is something awful," hazarded the American.

"Wait and see," said the visitor.

"Thank you," said the American, meekly.

Everyone who came to the first floor front talked about a play. It seemed to be something of great moment to the American. It was only a bundle of leaves printed in red and black inks and bound in brown paper covers. There were two of them, and the American called them by different names: one was his comedy and one was his tragedy.

"They are both likely to be tragedies," the Lion heard one of the visitors say to another, as they drove away together. "Our young friend takes it too seriously."

The American spent most of his time by his desk at the window writing on little blue pads and tearing up what he wrote, or in reading over one of the plays to himself in a loud voice. In time the number of his visitors increased, and to some of these he would read his play; and after they had left him he was either depressed and silent or excited and jubilant. The Lion could always tell when he was happy because then he would go to the side table and pour himself out a drink and say, "Here's to me," but when he was depressed he would stand holding the glass in his hand, and finally pour the liquor back into the bottle again and say, "What's the use of that?"

After he had been in London a month he wrote less and was more frequently abroad, sallying forth in beautiful raiment, and coming home by daylight.

And he gave suppers too, but they were less noisy than the Captain's had been, and the women who came to them were much more beautiful, and their voices when they spoke were sweet and low. Sometimes one of the women sang, and the men sat in silence while the people in the street below stopped to listen, and would say, "Why, that is So-and-So singing," and the Lion and the Unicorn wondered how they could know who it was when they could not see her.

The lodger's visitors came to see him at all hours. They seemed to regard his rooms as a club, where they could always come for a bite to eat or to write notes; and others treated it like a lawyer's office and asked advice on all manner of strange subjects. Sometimes the visitor wanted to know whether the American thought she ought to take £10 a week and go on tour, or stay in town and try to live on £8; or whether she should paint landscapes that would not sell, or race-horses that would; or whether Reggie really loved her and whether she really loved Reggie; or whether the new part in the piece at the Court was better than the old part at Terry's, and wasn't she getting too old to play "ingénues" anyway.

The lodger seemed to be a general adviser, and smoked and listened with grave consideration, and the Unicorn thought his judgment was most sympathetic and sensible.

Of all the beautiful ladies who came to call on the lodger the one the Unicorn liked the best was the one who wanted to know whether she loved Reggie and whether Reggie loved her. She discussed this so interestingly while she consumed tea and thin slices of bread that the Unicorn almost lost his balance in leaning forward to listen. Her name was Marion Cavendish, and it was written over many photographs which stood in silver frames in the lodger's rooms. She used to make the tea herself, while the lodger sat and smoked; and she had a fascinating way of doubling the thin slices of bread into long strips and nibbling at them like a mouse at a piece of cheese. She had wonderful little teeth and Cupid's-bow lips, and she had a fashion of lifting her veil only high enough for one to see the two Cupid-bow lips. When she did that the American used to laugh, at nothing apparently, and say, "Oh, I guess Reggie loves you well enough."

"But do I love Reggie?" she would ask sadly, with her tea-cup held poised in air.

"I am sure I hope not," the lodger would reply, and she would put down the veil quickly, as one would drop a curtain over a beautiful picture, and rise with great dignity and say, "If you talk like that I shall not come again."

She was sure that if she could only get some work to do her head would be filled with more important matters than whether Reggie loved her or not.

"But the managers seem inclined to cut their cavendish very fine just at present," she said. "If I don't get a part soon," she announced, "I shall ask Mitchell to put me down on the list for recitations at evening-parties."

"That seems a desperate revenge," said the American; "and besides, I don't want you to get a part, because someone might be idiotic enough to take my comedy, and if he should, you must play *Nancy*."

"I would not ask for any salary if I could play *Nancy*," Miss Cavendish answered.

They spoke of a great many things, but their talk always ended by her saying that there must be someone with sufficient sense to see that his play was a great play, and by his saying that none but she must play *Nancy*.

The Lion preferred the tall girl with masses and folds of brown hair, who came from America to paint miniatures of the British aristocracy. Her name was Helen Cabot, and he liked her because she was so brave and fearless, and so determined to be independent of everyone, even of the lodger—especially of the lodger, who it appeared had known her very well at home. The lodger, they gathered, did not wish her to be independent of him, and the two Americans had many arguments and disputes about it, but she always said, "It does no good, Philip; it only hurts us both when you talk so. I care for nothing and for no one but my art, and, poor as it is, it means everything to me, and you do not, and, of course, the man I am to marry, must." Then Carroll would talk, walking up and down, and looking very fierce and determined, and telling her how he loved her in such a way that it made her look even more proud and beautiful. And she would say more gently, "It is very fine to think that anyone can care for one like that, and very helpful. But unless I cared in the same way it would be wicked of me to marry you, and besides——" She would add very quickly to prevent his speaking again—"I don't want to marry you or anybody, and I never shall. I want to be free and to succeed in my work, just as you want to succeed in your work. So please never speak of this again." When she went away the lodger used to sit smoking in the big arm-chair and beat the arms with his hands, and he would pace up and down the room while his work would lie untouched and his engagements pass forgotten.

Summer came and London was deserted, dull and dusty, but the lodger stayed on in Jermyn Street. Helen Cabot had departed on a round of visits to country houses in Scotland, where, as she wrote him, she was painting miniatures of her hosts and studying the game of golf. Miss Cavendish divided her days between the river and one of the West End theatres. She was playing a small part in a farce-comedy.

One day she came up from Cookham earlier than usual, looking very beautiful in a white boating frock and a straw hat with a Leander ribbon. Her hands and

arms were hard with dragging a punting pole, and she was sun-burnt and happy, and hungry for tea.

"Why don't you come down to Cookham and get out of this heat?" Miss Cavendish asked. "You need it; you look ill."

"I'd like to, but I can't," said Carroll. The fact is, I paid in advance for these rooms, and if I lived anywhere else I'd be losing five guineas a week on them."

Miss Cavendish regarded him severely. She had never quite mastered his American humor.

"But—five guineas—why that's nothing to you," she said. Something in the lodger's face made her pause. "You don't mean——"

"Yes, I do," said the lodger, smiling. "You see, I started in to lay siege to London without sufficient ammunition. London is a large town, and it didn't fall as quickly as I thought it would. So I am economizing. Mr. Lockhart's Coffee Rooms and I are no longer strangers."

Miss Cavendish put down her cup of tea untasted and leaned toward him.

"Are you in earnest?" she asked. "For how long?"

"Oh, for the last month," replied the lodger; "they are not at all bad—clean and wholesome and all that."

"But the suppers you gave us, and this," she cried, suddenly, waving her hands over the pretty tea-things, "and the cake and muffins?"

"My friends, at least," said Carroll, "need not go to Lockhart's."

"And the Savoy?" asked Miss Cavendish, mournfully shaking her head.

"A dream of the past," said Carroll, waving his pipe through the smoke. "Gatti's? Yes, on special occasions; but for necessity, the Chancellor's, where one gets a piece of the prime roast beef of Old England, from Chicago, and potatoes for ninepence—a pot of bitter two-pence half-penny, and a penny for the waiter. It's most amusing on the whole. I am learning a little about London, and some things about myself. They are both most interesting subjects."

"Well, I don't like it," Miss Cavendish declared, helplessly. "When I think of those suppers and the flowers, I feel—I feel like a robber."

"Don't," begged Carroll. "I am really the most happy of men—that is, as the chap says in the play, I would be if I wasn't so damned miserable. But I owe no man a penny and I have assets—I have £80 to last me through the winter and two marvellous plays; and I love, next to yourself, the most wonderful woman God ever made. That's enough."

"But I thought you made such a lot of money by writing?" asked Miss Cavendish.

"I do—that is, I could," answered Carroll, "if I wrote the things that sell; but I keep on writing plays that won't."

"And such plays!" exclaimed Marion, warmly; "and to think that they are going begging." She continued indignantly, "I can't imagine what the managers do want."

"I know what they don't want," said the American. Miss Cavendish drummed impatiently on the tea-tray.

"I wish you wouldn't be so abject about it," she said. "If I were a man I'd make them take those plays."

"How," asked the American, "with a gun?"

"Well, I'd keep at it until they read them," declared Marion. "I'd sit on their front steps all night and I'd follow them in cabs, and I'd lay in wait for them at the stage-door. I'd just make them take them."

Carroll sighed and stared at the ceiling. "I guess I'll give up and go home," he said.

"Oh, yes, do, run away before you are beaten," said Miss Cavendish, scornfully. "Why, you can't go now. Everybody will be back in town soon, and there are a lot of new plays coming on, and some of them are sure to be failures, and that's our chance. You rush in with your piece and somebody may take it sooner than close the theatre."

"I'm thinking of closing the theatre myself," said Carroll. "What's the use of my hanging on here?" he exclaimed. "It distresses Helen to know I am in London, feeling about her as I do—and the Lord only knows how it distresses me. And, maybe if I went away," he said, consciously, "she might miss me. She might see the difference."



Helen sat . . . deeply considering this new point of view.—Page 139.

Miss Cavendish held herself erect and pressed her lips together with a severe smile. "If Helen Cabot doesn't see the difference between you and the other men she knows now," she said, "I doubt if he is. He might as well stay on in London as to go to South Africa. It won't help him any. The difference comes when she finds he has stopped caring. Why, look at Reggie. He tried that.



He was evidently amused.

she ever will. Besides," she continued, and then hesitated.

"Well, go on," urged Carroll.

"Well, I was only going to say," she explained, "that leaving the girl alone never did the man any good unless he left her alone willingly. If she's sure he still cares, it's just the same to her where He went away for ever so long, but he kept writing me from wherever he went, so that he was perfectly miserable—and I went on enjoying myself. Then when he came back, he tried going about with his old friends again. He used to come to the theatre with them—oh, with such nice girls—but he always stood in the

back of the box and yawned and scowled —so I knew. And, anyway, he'd always spoil it all by leaving them and waiting at the stage entrance for me. But one day he got tired of the way I treated him and went off on a bicycle tour with Lady Hacksher's girls, and some men from his regiment, and he was gone three weeks and never sent me even a line; and I got so scared; I couldn't sleep, and I stood it for three days more, and then I wired him to come back or I'd jump off London Bridge; and he came back that very night from Edinburgh on the express, and I was so glad to see him that I got confused, and in the general excitement I promised to marry him, so that's how it was with us."

"Yes," said the American, without enthusiasm; "but then I still care, and Helen knows I care."

"Doesn't she ever fancy that you might care for someone else? You have a lot of friends, you know."

"Yes, but she knows they are just that —friends," said the American.

Miss Cavendish stood up to go, and arranged her veil before the mirror above the fire-place.

"I come here very often to tea," she said.

"It's very kind of you," said Carroll. He was at the open window, looking down into the street for a cab.

"Well, no one knows I am engaged to Reggie," continued Miss Cavendish, "except you and Reggie, and he isn't so sure. *She* doesn't know it."

"Well?" said Carroll.

Miss Cavendish smiled a mischievous, kindly smile at him from the mirror.

"Well?" she repeated, mockingly. Carroll stared at her and laughed. After a pause he said: "It's like a plot in a comedy. But I'm afraid I'm too serious for play-acting."

"Yes, it is serious," said Miss Cavendish. She seated herself again and regarded the American thoughtfully. "You are too good a man to be treated the way that girl is treating you, and no one knows it better than she does. She'll change in time, but just now she thinks she wants to be independent. She's in love with this picture-painting idea, and with the people she meets. It's all new to her—the fuss they make over her and the titles, and the way she is asked about. We know she can't paint. We know they only give her commissions because she's so young and pretty, and American. She amuses them, that's all. Well, that cannot last; she'll find it out. She's too clever a girl, and she is too fine a girl to be content with that long. Then —then she'll come back to you. She feels now that she has both you and the others, and she's making you wait: so wait, and be cheerful. She's worth waiting for; she's young, that's all. She'll see the difference in time. But, in the meanwhile, it would hurry matters a bit if she thought she had to chose between the new friends and you."

"She could still keep her friends, and marry me," said Carroll; "I have told her that a hundred times. She could still paint miniatures and marry me. But she won't marry me."

"She won't marry you because she knows she can whenever she wants to," cried Marion. "Can't you see that? But if she thought you were going to marry someone else now?"

"She would be the first to congratulate me," said Carroll. He rose and walked to the fire-place, where he leaned with his arm on the mantel. There was a photograph of Helen Cabot near his hand, and he turned this toward him and stood for some time staring at it. "My dear Marion," he said at last, "I've known Helen ever since she was as young as that. Every year I've loved her more, and found new things in her to care for; now I love her more than any other man ever loved any other woman."

Miss Cavendish shook her head sympathetically.

"Yes, I know," she said; "that's the way Reggie loves me, too."

Carroll went on as though he had not heard her.

"There's a bench in St. James's Park," he said, "where we used to sit when she first came here, when she didn't know so many people. We used to go there in the morning and throw penny buns to the ducks. That's been my amusement this summer since you've all been away—sitting on that bench, feeding penny buns to the silly ducks—especially the black one,

the one she used to like best. And I make pilgrimages to all the other places we ever visited together, and try to pretend she is with me. And I support the crossing-sweeper at Lansdowne Passage because she once said she felt sorry for him. I do all the other absurd things that a man in love tortures himself by doing. But to what end? She knows how I care, and yet she won't see why we can't go on being friends as we once were. What's the use of it all?"

"She is young, I tell you," repeated Miss Cavendish, "and she's too sure of you. You've told her you care, now try making her think you don't care."

Carroll shook his head impatiently.

"I will not stoop to such tricks and pretence, Marion," he cried, impatiently. "All I have is my love for her; if I have to cheat and to trap her into caring, the whole thing would be degraded."

Miss Cavendish shrugged her shoulders and walked to the door. "Such amateurs!" she exclaimed, and banged the door after her.

Carroll never quite knew how he had come to make a confidante of Miss Cavendish. Helen and he had met her when they first arrived in London, and as she had acted for a season in the United States, she adopted the two Americans—and told Helen where to go for boots and hats, and advised Carroll about placing his plays. Helen soon made other friends, and deserted the artists, with whom her work had first thrown her. She seemed to prefer the society of the people who bought her paintings, and who admired and made much of the painter. As she was very beautiful and at an age when she enjoyed everything in life keenly and eagerly, to give her pleasure was in itself a distinct pleasure; and the worldly tired people she met were considering their own entertainment quite as much as hers when they asked her to their dinners and dances, or to spend a week with them in the country. In her way, she was as independent as was Carroll in his, and as she was not in love, as he was, her life was not narrowed down to but one ideal. But she was not so young as to consider herself infallible, and she had one excellent friend on whom she was dependent for advice and to whose directions she submitted implicitly. This was Lady Gower, the only person to whom Helen had spoken of Carroll and of his great feeling for her. Lady Gower, immediately after her marriage, had been a conspicuous and brilliant figure in that set in London which works eighteen hours a day to keep itself amused, but after the death of her husband she had disappeared into the country as completely as though she had entered a convent, and after several years had then re-entered the world as a professional philanthropist. Her name was now associated entirely with Women's Leagues, with committees that presented petitions to Parliament, and with public meetings, at which she spoke with marvellous ease and effect. Her old friends said she had taken up this new pose as an outlet for her nervous energies, and as an effort to forget the man who alone had made life serious to her. Others knew her as an earnest woman, acting honestly for what she thought was right. Her success, all admitted, was due to her knowledge of the world and to her sense of humor, which taught her with whom to use her wealth and position, and when to demand what she wanted solely on the ground that the cause was just.

She had taken more than a fancy to Helen, and the position of the beautiful, motherless girl had appealed to her as one filled with dangers. When she grew to know Helen better, she recognized that these fears were quite unnecessary, and as she saw more of her she learned to care for her deeply. Helen had told her much of Carroll and of his double purpose in coming to London; of his brilliant work and his lack of success in having it recognized; and of his great and loyal devotion to her, and of his lack of success, not in having that recognized, but in her own inability to return it. Helen was proud that she had been able to make Carroll care for her as he did, and that there was anything about her which could inspire a man whom she admired so much, to believe in her so absolutely and for so long a time. But what convinced her that the outcome for which he hoped was impossible, was the very fact that she could admire him, and see how fine and unselfish his love for her was, and yet remain untouched by it.

She had been telling Lady Gower one day of the care he had taken of her ever

since she was fourteen years of age, and had quoted some of the friendly and loverlike acts he had performed in her service, until one day they had both found out that his attitude of the elder brother was no longer possible, and that he loved her in the old and only way. Lady Gower looked at her rather doubtfully and smiled.

"I wish you would bring him to see me, Helen," she said; "I think I should like your friend very much. From what you tell me of him I doubt if you will find many such men waiting for you in this country. Our men marry for reasons of property, or they love blindly, and are exacting and selfish before and after they are married. I know, because so many women came to me when my husband was alive to ask how it was that I continued so happy in my married life."

"But I don't want to marry anyone," Helen remonstrated, gently. "American girls are not always thinking only of getting married."

"What I meant was this," said Lady Gower, "that, in my experience, I have heard of but few men who care in the way this young man seems to care for you. You say you do not love him, but if he had wanted to gain my interest, he could not have pleaded his case better than you have done. He seems to see your faults and yet love you still, in spite of them—or on account of them. And I like the things he does for you. I like, for instance, his sending you the book of the moment every week for two years. That shows a most unswerving spirit of devotion. And the story of the broken bridge in the woods is a wonderful story. If I were a young girl, I could love a man for that alone. It was a beautiful thing to do."

Helen sat with her chin on her hands, deeply considering this new point of view.

"I thought it very foolish of him," she confessed, questioningly, "to take such a risk for such a little thing."

Lady Gower smiled down at her from the height of her many years.

"Wait," she said, dryly; "you are very young now—and very rich; everyone is crowding to give you pleasure, to show his admiration. You are a very fortunate girl. But later, these things which some man has done because he loved you, and which you call foolish, will grow large in your life, and shine out strongly, and when you are discouraged and alone, you will take them out, and the memory of them will make you proud and happy. They are the honors which women wear in secret."

Helen came back to town in September, and for the first few days was so occupied in refurnishing her studio and in visiting the shops that she neglected to send Carroll word of her return. When she found that a whole week had passed without her having made any effort to see him, and appreciated how the fact would hurt her friend, she was filled with remorse, and drove at once in great haste to Jermyn Street, to announce her return in person. On the way she decided that she would soften the blow of her week of neglect by asking him to take her out to luncheon. This privilege she had once or twice accorded him, and she felt that the pleasure these excursions gave Carroll were worth the consternation they caused to Lady Gower.

The servant was uncertain whether Mr. Carroll was at home or not, but Helen was too intent upon making restitution to wait for the fact to be determined, and, running up the stairs, knocked sharply at the door of his study.

A voice bade her come in, and she entered radiant and smiling her welcome. But Carroll was not there to receive it, and instead, Marion Cavendish looked up at her from his desk where she was busily writing. Helen paused with a surprised laugh, but Marion sprang up and hailed her gladly. They met half way across the room and kissed each other with the most friendly feeling.

Philip was out, Marion said, and she had just stepped in for a moment to write him a note. If Helen would excuse her, she would finish it, as she was late for rehearsal.

But she asked over her shoulder, with great interest, if Helen had passed a pleasant summer. She thought she had never seen her looking so well. Helen thought Miss Cavendish herself was looking very well also, but Marion said no; that she was too sunburnt, she would not be able to wear a dinner-dress for a month. There was a pause while Marion's quill

scratched violently across Carroll's note-paper. Helen felt that in some way she was being treated as an intruder ; or worse, as a guest. She did not sit down, it seemed impossible to do so, but she moved uncertainly about the room. She noted that there were many changes, it seemed more bare and empty ; her picture was still on the writing-desk, but there were at least six new photographs of Marion. Marion herself had brought them to the room that morning, and had carefully arranged them in conspicuous places. But Helen could not know that. She thought there was an unnecessary amount of writing scribbled over the face of each.

Marion addressed her letter and wrote "Immediate" across the envelope, and placed it before the clock on the mantel-shelf. "You will find Philip looking very badly," she said, as she pulled on her gloves. "He has been in town all summer, working very hard—he has had no holiday at all. I don't think he's well. I have been a great deal worried about him," she added. Her face was bent over the buttons of her glove, and when she raised her blue eyes to Helen they were filled with serious concern.

"Really," Helen stammered, "I—I didn't know—in his letters he seemed very cheerful."

Marion shook her head and turned and stood looking thoughtfully out of the window. "He's in a very hard place," she began abruptly, and then stopped as though she had thought better of what she intended to say. Helen tried to ask her to go on, but could not bring herself to do so. She wanted to get away.

"I tell him he ought to leave London," Marion began again ; "he needs a change and a rest."

"I should think he might," Helen agreed, "after three months of this heat. He wrote me he intended going to Herne Bay or over to Ostend."

"Yes, he had meant to go," Marion answered. She spoke with an air of one who possessed the most intimate knowledge of Carroll's movements and plans, and change of plans. "But he couldn't," she added. "He couldn't afford it. Helen," she said, turning to the other girl, dramatically, "do you know—I believe that Philip is very poor."

Miss Cabot exclaimed, incredulously, "Poor!" she laughed. "Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that he has no money," Marion answered, sharply. "These rooms represent nothing. He only keeps them on because he paid for them in advance. He's been living on three shillings a day. That's poor for him. He takes his meals at cabmen's shelters and at Lockhart's, and he's been doing so for a month."

Helen recalled with a guilty thrill the receipt of certain boxes of La France roses—cut long, in the American fashion—which had arrived within the last month at various country houses. She felt indignant at herself, and miserable. Her indignation was largely due to the recollection that she had given these flowers to her hostess to decorate the dinner-table.

She hated to ask this girl of things which she should have known better than anyone else. But she forced herself to do it. She felt she must know certainly and at once.

"How do you know this?" she asked. "Are you sure there is no mistake?"

"He told me himself," said Marion, "when he talked of letting the plays go and returning to America. He said he must go back ; that his money was gone."

"He is gone to America!" Helen said, blankly.

"No, he wanted to go, but I wouldn't let him," Marion went on. "I told him that someone might take his play any day. And this third one he has written, the one he finished this summer in town, is the best of all, I think. It's a love-story. It's quite beautiful." She turned and arranged her veil at the glass, and as she did so, her eyes fell on the photographs of herself scattered over the mantel-piece, and she smiled slightly. But Helen did not see her—she was sitting down now, pulling at the books on the table. She was confused and disturbed by emotions which were quite strange to her, and when Marion bade her good-by she hardly noticed her departure. What impressed her most of all in what Marion had told her, was, she was surprised to find, that Philip was going away. That she herself had frequently urged him to do so, for his own peace of mind, seemed

now of no consequence. Now that he seriously contemplated it, she recognized that his absence meant to her a change in everything. She felt for the first time the peculiar place he held in her life. Even if she had seen him but seldom, the fact that he was within call had been more of a comfort and a necessity to her than she understood.

That he was poor, concerned her chiefly because she knew that, although this condition could only be but temporary, it would distress him not to have his friends around him, and to entertain them as he had been used to do. She wondered eagerly if she might offer to help him, but a second thought assured her that, for a man, that sort of help from a woman was impossible.

She resented the fact that Marion was deep in his confidence; that it was Marion who had told her of his changed condition and of his plans. It annoyed her so acutely that she could not remain in the room where she had seen her so complacently in possession. And after leaving a brief note for Philip, she went away. She stopped a hansom at the door, and told the man to drive along the Embankment—she wanted to be quite alone, and she felt she could see no one until she had thought it all out, and had analyzed the new feelings.

So for several hours she drove slowly up and down, sunk far back in the cushions of the cab, and staring, with unseeing eyes, at the white enamelled tariff and the black dash-board.

She assured herself that she was not jealous of Marion, because, in order to be jealous, she first would have to care for Philip in the very way she could not bring herself to do.

She decided that his interest in Marion hurt her, because it showed that Philip was not capable of remaining true to the one ideal of his life. She was sure that this explained her feelings—she was disappointed that he had not kept up to his own standard; that he was weak enough to turn aside from it for the first pretty pair of eyes. But she was too honest and too just to accept that diagnosis of her feelings as final—she knew there had been many pairs of eyes in America and in London, and that though Philip had seen them, he had not answered them when they spoke. No, she confessed frankly, she was hurt with herself for neglecting her old friend so selfishly and for so long a time; his love gave him claims on her consideration, at least, and she had forgotten that and him, and had run after strange gods and allowed others to come in and take her place, and to give him the sympathy and help which she should have been the first to offer, and which would have counted more when coming from her than from anyone else. She determined to make amends at once for her thoughtlessness and selfishness, and her brain was pleasantly occupied with plans and acts of kindness. It was a new entertainment, and she found she delighted in it. She directed the cabman to go to Solomons's, and from there sent Philip a bunch of flowers and a line saying that on the following day she was coming to take tea with him. She had a guilty feeling that he might consider her friendly advances more seriously than she meant them, but it was her pleasure to be reckless: her feelings were running riotously, and the sensation was so new that she refused to be circumspect or to consider consequences. Who could tell, she asked herself with a quick, frightened gasp, but that, after all, it might be that she was learning to care? From Solomons's she bade the man drive to the shop in Cranbourne Street where she was accustomed to purchase the materials she used in painting, and Fate, which uses strange agents to work out its ends, so directed it that the cabman stopped a few doors below this shop, and opposite one where jewelry and other personal effects were bought and sold. At any other time, or had she been in any other mood, what followed might not have occurred, but Fate, in the person of the cabman, arranged it so that the hour and the opportunity came together.

There were some old mezzotints in the window of the loan shop, a string of coins and medals, a row of new French posters; and far down to the front a tray filled with gold and silver cigarette-cases and watches and rings. It occurred to Helen, who was still bent on making restitution for her neglect, that a cigarette-case would be more appropriate for a man than flowers, and

more lasting. And she scanned the contents of the window with the eye of one who now saw in everything only something which might give Philip pleasure. The two objects of value in the tray upon which her eyes first fell were the gold seal-ring with which Philip had sealed his letters to her, and lying next to it, his gold watch! There was something almost human in the way the ring and watch spoke to her from the past—in the way they appealed to her to rescue them from the surroundings to which they had been abandoned. She did not know what she meant to do with them nor how she could return them to Philip; but there was no question of doubt in her manner as she swept with a rush into the shop. There was no attempt, either, at bargaining in the way in which she pointed out to the young woman behind the counter the particular ring and watch she wanted. They had not been left as collateral, the young woman said; they had been sold outright.

"Then anyone can buy them?" Helen asked, eagerly. "They are for sale to the public—to anyone?"

The young woman made note of the customer's eagerness, but with an unmoved countenance.

"Yes, miss, they are for sale. The ring is four pounds and the watch twenty-five."

"Twenty-nine pounds!" Helen gasped.

That was more money than she had in the world, but the fact did not distress her, for she had a true artistic disregard for ready money, and the absence of it had never disturbed her. But now it assumed a sudden and alarming value. She had ten pounds in her purse and ten pounds at her studio—these were just enough to pay for a quarter's rent and the rates, and there was a hat and cloak in Bond Street which she certainly must have. Her only assets consisted of the possibility that someone might soon order a miniature, and to her mind that was sufficient. Some one always had ordered a miniature, and there was no reasonable doubt but that someone would do it again. For a moment she questioned if it would not be sufficient if she bought the ring and allowed the watch to remain. But she recognized that the ring meant more to her than the watch, while the latter, as an old heirloom which had been passed down to him from a great-grandfather, meant more to Philip. It was for Philip she was doing this, she reminded herself. She stood holding his possessions, one in each hand, and looking at the young woman blankly. She had no doubt in her mind that at least part of the money he had received for them had paid for the flowers he had sent to her in Scotland. The certainty of this left her no choice. She laid the ring and watch down and pulled the only ring she possessed from her own finger. It was a gift from Lady Gower. She had no doubt that it was of great value.

"Can you lend me some money on that?" she asked. It was the first time she had conducted a business transaction of this nature, and she felt as though she were engaging in a burglary.

"We don't lend money, miss," the girl said, "we buy outright. I can give you twenty-eight shillings for this," she added.

"Twenty-eight shillings," Helen gasped; "why, it is worth—oh, ever so much more than that!"

"That is all it is worth to us," the girl answered. She regarded the ring indifferently and laid it away from her on the counter. The action was final.

Helen's hands rose slowly to her breast, where a pretty watch dangled from a bow-knot of crushed diamonds. It was her only possession, and she was very fond of it. It also was the gift of one of the several great ladies who had adopted her since her residence in London. Helen had painted a miniature of this particular great lady which had looked so beautiful that the pleasure which the original of the portrait derived from the thought that she still really looked as she did in the miniature, was worth more to her than many diamonds.

But it was different with Helen, and no one could count what it cost her to tear away her one proud possession.

"What will you give me for this?" she asked, defiantly.

The girl's eyes showed greater interest. "I can give you twenty pounds for that," she said.

"Take it, please," Helen begged, as though she feared if she kept it a moment longer she might not be able to make the sacrifice.

"That will be enough now," she went on, taking out her ten-pound note. She put Lady Gower's ring back upon her finger and picked up Philip's ring and watch with the pleasure of one who has come into a great fortune. She turned back at the door.

"Oh," she stammered, "in case anyone should inquire, you are not to say who bought these."

"No, miss, certainly not," said the woman. Helen gave the direction to the cabman and, closing the doors of the hansom, sat looking down at the watch and the ring as they lay in her lap. The thought that they had been his most valued possessions, which he had abandoned forever, and that they were now entirely hers, to do with as she liked, filled her with most intense delight and pleasure. She took up the heavy gold ring and placed it on the little finger of her left hand; it was much too large, and she removed it and balanced it for a moment doubtfully in the palm of her right hand. She was smiling, and her face was lit with shy and tender thoughts. She cast a quick glance to the left and right, as though fearful that people passing in the street would observe her, and then slipped the ring over the third finger of her left hand. She gazed at it with a guilty smile and then, covering it hastily with her other hand, leaned back, clasping it closely, and sat frowning far out before her with puzzled eyes.

To Carroll all roads led past Helen's studio, and during the summer, while she had been absent in Scotland, it was one of his sad pleasures to make a pilgrimage to her street and to pause opposite the house and look up at the empty windows of her rooms. It was during this daily exercise that he learned, through the arrival of her luggage, of her return to London, and when day followed day without her having shown any desire to see him or to tell him of her return he denounced himself most bitterly as a fatuous fool.

At the end of the week he sat down and considered his case quite calmly. For three years he had loved this girl, deeply and tenderly. He had been lover, brother, friend, and guardian. During that time, even though she had accepted him in every capacity except as that of the prospective husband, she had never given him any real affection, nor sympathy, nor help; all she had done for him had been done without her knowledge or intent. To know her, to love her, and to scheme to give her pleasure had been its own reward, and the only one. For the last few months he had been living like a crossing-sweeper in order to be able to stay in London until she came back to it, and that he might still send her the gifts he had always laid on her altar. He had not seen her in three months. Three months that had been to him a blank, except for his work—which like all else that he did, was inspired and carried on for her. Now at last she had returned and had shown that, even as a friend, he was of so little account in her thoughts, of so little consequence in her life, that after this long absence she had no desire to learn of his welfare or to see him—she did not even give him the chance to see her. And so, placing these facts before him for the first time since he had loved her, he considered what was due to himself. "Was it good enough?" he asked. "Was it just that he should continue to wear out his soul and body for this girl who did not want what he had to give, who treated him less considerately than a man whom she met for the first time at dinner? He felt he had reached the breaking-point; that the time had come when he must consider what he owed to himself. There could never be any other woman save Helen, but as it was not to be Helen, he could no longer, with self-respect, continue to proffer his love only to see it slighted and neglected. He was humble enough concerning himself, but of his love he was very proud. Other men could give her more in wealth or position, but no one could ever love her as he did. "He that hath more let him give," he had often quoted to her defiantly, as though he were challenging the world, and now he felt he must evolve a make-shift world of his own—a world in which she was not his only spring of acts; he must begin all over again and keep his love secret and sacred until she understood it and wanted it. And if she should never want it he would at least have saved it from many rebuffs and insults.

With this determination strong in him, the note Helen had left for him after her

talk with Marion, and the flowers, and the note with them, saying she was coming to take tea on the morrow, failed to move him except to make him more bitter. He saw in them only a tardy recognition of her neglect—an effort to make up to him for thoughtlessness which, from her, hurt him worse than studied slight.

A new régime had begun, and he was determined to establish it firmly and to make it impossible for himself to retreat from it; and in the note in which he thanked Helen for the flowers and welcomed her to tea, he declared his ultimatum.

"You know how terribly I feel," he wrote; "I don't have to tell you that, but I cannot always go on dragging out my love and holding it up to excite your pity as beggars show their sores. I cannot always go on praying before your altar, cutting myself with knives and calling upon you to listen to me. You know that there is no one else but you, and that there never can be anyone but you, and that nothing is changed except that after this I am not going to urge and torment you. I shall wait as I have always waited—only now I shall wait in silence. You know just how little, in one way, I have to offer you, and you know just how much I have in love to offer you. It is now for you to speak—some day, or never. But you will have to speak first. You will never hear a word of love from me again. Why should you? You know it is always waiting for you. But if you should ever want it, you must come to me, and take off your hat and put it on my table and say, 'Philip, I have come to stay.' Whether you can ever do that or not can make no difference in my love for you. I shall love you always, as no man has ever loved a woman in this world, but it is you who must speak first; for me, the rest is silence."

The following morning as Helen was leaving the house she found this letter lying on the hall-table, and ran back with it to her rooms. A week before she would have let it lie on the table and read it on her return. She was conscious that this was what she would have done, and it pleased her to find that what concerned Philip was now to her the thing of greatest interest. She was pleased with her own eagerness—her own happiness was a welcome sign, and she was proud and glad that she was learning to care.

She read the letter with an anxious pride and pleasure in each word that was entirely new. Philip's recriminations did not hurt her, they were the sign that he cared; nor did his determination not to speak of his love to her hurt her, for she believed him when he said that he would always care. She read the letter twice, and then sat for some time considering the kind of letter Philip would have written had he known her secret—had he known that the ring he had abandoned was now upon her finger.

She rose and, crossing to a desk, placed the letter in a drawer, and then took it out again and re-read the last page. When she had finished it she was smiling. For a moment she stood irresolute and then, moving slowly toward the centre-table, cast a guilty look about her and, raising her hands, lifted her veil and half withdrew the pins that fastened her hat.

"Philip," she began in a frightened whisper, "I have—I have come to——."

The sentence ended in a cry of protest, and she rushed across the room as though she were running from herself. She was blushing violently.

"Never!" she cried, as she pulled open the door; "I could never do it—never!"

The following afternoon, when Helen was to come to tea, Carroll decided that he would receive her with all the old friendliness, but that he must be careful to subdue all emotion.

He was really deeply hurt at her treatment, and had it not been that she came on her own invitation he would not of his own accord have sought to see her. In consequence, he rather welcomed than otherwise the arrival of Marion Cavendish, who came a half-hour before Helen was expected, and who followed a hasty knock with a precipitate entrance.

"Sit down," she commanded breathlessly; "and listen. I've been at rehearsal all day, or I'd have been here before you were awake." She seated herself nervously and nodded her head at Carroll in an excited and mysterious manner.

"What is it?" he asked. "Have you and Reggie——"

"Listen," Marion repeated, "our fortunes are made; that is what's the matter—



Saw her staring down at the tumult.—Page 150.

and I've made them. If you took half the interest in your work I do, you'd have made yours long ago. Last night," she began, impressively, "I went to a large supper at the Savoy, and I sat next to Charley Wimpole. He came in late, after everybody had finished, and I attacked him while he was eating his supper. He said he had been rehearsing 'Caste' after the performance; that they've put it on as a stop-gap on account of the failure of the 'Triflers,' and that he knew revivals were of no use; that he would give any sum for a good modern comedy. That was my cue, and I told him I knew of a better comedy than any he had produced at his theatre in five years, and that it was going begging. He laughed, and asked where was he to find this wonderful comedy, and I said, 'It's been in your safe for the last two months, and you haven't read it.' He said 'Indeed, how do you know that?' and I said, 'Because if you'd read it, it wouldn't be in your safe, but on your stage.' So, he asked me what the play was about, and I told him the plot and what sort of a part his was, and some of his scenes, and he began to take notice. He forgot his supper, and very soon he grew so interested that he turned his chair round and kept eying my supper-card to find out who I was, and at last remembered seeing me in 'The New Boy'—and a rotten part it was, too—but he remembered it, and he told me to go on and tell him more about your play. So I recited it, bit by bit, and he laughed in all the right places and got very much excited, and said finally that he would read it the first thing this morning." Marion paused, breathlessly. "Oh, yes, and he wrote your address on his cuff," she added, with the air of delivering a complete and convincing climax.

Carroll stared at her and pulled excitedly on his pipe.

"Oh, Marion!" he gasped, "suppose he should? He won't, though," he added, but eying her eagerly and inviting contradiction.

"He will," she answered, stoutly, "if he reads it."

"The other managers read it," Carroll suggested, doubtfully.

"Yes, but what do they know?" Marion returned, loftily. "He knows. Charles Wimpole is the only intelligent actor-manager in London."

There was a sharp knock at the door, which Marion in her excitement had left ajar, and Prentiss threw it wide open with an impressive sweep, as though he were announcing royalty; "Mr. Charles Wimpole," he said.

The actor-manager stopped in the doorway bowing gracefully, his hat held before him and his hand on his stick as though it were resting on a foil. He had the face and carriage of a gallant of the days of Congreve, and he wore his modern frock-coat with as much distinction as if it were of silk and lace. He was evidently amused. "I couldn't help overhearing the last line," he said, smiling. "It gives me a good entrance."

Marion gazed at him blankly: "Oh," she gasped, "we—we—were just talking about you."

"If you hadn't mentioned my name," the actor said, "I should never have guessed it. And this is Mr. Carroll, I hope."

The great man was rather pleased with the situation. As he read it, it struck him as possessing strong dramatic possibilities: Carroll was the struggling author on the verge of starvation: Marion, his sweetheart, flying to him gave him hope; and he was the good fairy arriving in the nick of time to set everything right and to make the young people happy and prosperous. He rather fancied himself in the part of the good fairy, and as he seated himself he bowed to them both in a manner which was charmingly inclusive and confidential.

"Miss Cavendish, I imagine, has already warned you that you might expect a visit from me," he said, tentatively. Carroll nodded. He was too much concerned to interrupt.

"Then I need only tell you," Wimpole continued, "that I got up at an absurd hour this morning to read your play; that I did read it; that I like it immensely—and that if we can come to terms I shall produce it. I shall produce it at once, within a fortnight or three weeks."

Carroll was staring at him intently and continued doing so after Wimpole had finished speaking. The actor felt he had somehow missed his point, or that Carroll



Instead . . . buried her face in its folds.—Page 150.



Her fingers fumbled with the knot of her veil.—Page 152.

could not have understood him, and repeated, "I say I shall put it in rehearsal at once."

Carroll rose abruptly, and pushed back his chair. "I should be very glad," he murmured, and strode over to the window, where he stood with his back turned to his guests. Wimpole looked after him with a kindly smile and nodded his head appreciatively. He had produced even a greater effect than his lines seemed to warrant. When he spoke again, it was quite simply and sincerely, and though he spoke for Carroll's benefit, he addressed himself to Marion.

"You were quite right last night," he said, "it is a most charming piece of work. I am really extremely grateful to you for bringing it to my notice." He rose, and going to Carroll, put his hand on his shoulder. "My boy," he said, "I congratulate you. I should like to be your age, and to have written that play. Come to my theatre to-morrow and we will talk terms. Talk it over first with your friends, so that I sha'n't rob you. Do you think you would prefer a lump sum now, and so be done with it altogether, or trust that the royalties may——"

"Royalties," prompted Marion, in an eager aside.

The men laughed. "Quite right," Wimpole assented, good-humoredly; "it's a poor sportsman who doesn't back his own horse. Well then, until to-morrow."

"But," Carroll began, "one moment please. I haven't thanked you."

"My dear boy," cried Wimpole, waving him away with his stick, "it is I who have to thank you."

"And—and there is a condition," Carroll said, "which goes with the play. It is that Miss Cavendish is to have the part of *Nancy*."

Wimpole looked serious and considered for a moment.

"*Nancy*," he said, "the girl who interferes—a very good part. I have cast Miss Maddox for it in my mind, but, of course, if the author insists——"

Marion, with her elbows on the table, clasped her hands appealingly before her.

"Oh, Mr. Wimpole!" she cried, "you owe me that, at least."

Carroll leaned over and took both of Marion's hands in one of his.

"It's all right," he said; "the author insists."

Wimpole waved his stick again as though it were the magic wand of the good fairy.

"You shall have it," he said. "I recall your performance in 'The New Boy' with pleasure. I take the play, and Miss Cavendish shall be cast for *Nancy*. We shall begin rehearsals at once. I hope you are a quick study."

"I'm letter-perfect now," laughed Marion.

Wimpole turned at the door and nodded to them. They were both so young, so eager, and so jubilant that he felt strangely old and out of it. "Good-by, then," he said.

"Good-by, sir," they both chorussed. And Marion cried after him, "And thank you a thousand times."

He turned again and looked back at them, but in their rejoicing they had already forgotten him. "Bless you, my children," he said, smiling. As he was about to close the door a young girl came down the passage toward it, and as she was apparently going to Carroll's rooms, the actor left the door open behind him.

Neither Marion nor Carroll had noticed his final exit. They were both gazing at each other as though, could they find speech, they would ask if it were true.

"It's come at last, Marion," Philip said, with an uncertain voice.

"I could weep," cried Marion. "Philip," she exclaimed, "I would rather see that play succeed than any play ever written, and I would rather play that part in it than—Oh, Philip," she ended. "I'm so proud of you!" and rising, she threw her arms about his neck and sobbed on his shoulder.

Carroll raised one of her hands and kissed the tips of her fingers, gently. "I owe it to you, Marion," he said—"all to you."

This was the tableau that was presented through the open door to Miss Helen Cabot, hurrying on her errand of restitution and good-will, and with Philip's ring and watch clasped in her hand. They had not heard her, nor did they see her at the door, so she drew back quickly and ran along the passage and down the stairs into the street.

She did not need now to analyze her feelings. They were only too evident. For she could translate what she had just seen as meaning only one thing—that she had considered Philip's love so lightly that she had not felt it passing away from her until her neglect had killed it—until it was too late. And now that it was too late she felt that without it her life could not go on. She tried to assure herself that only the fact that she had lost it made it seem invaluable, but this thought did not comfort her—she was not deceived by it, she knew that at last she cared for him deeply and entirely. In her distress she blamed herself bitterly, but she also blamed Philip no less bitterly for having failed to wait for her. "He might have known that I must love him in time," she repeated to herself again and again. She was so unhappy that her letter congratulating Philip on his good fortune in having his comedy accepted seemed to him cold and unfeeling, and as his success meant for him only what it meant to her, he was hurt and grievously disappointed.

He accordingly turned the more readily to Marion, whose interests and enthusiasm at the rehearsals of the piece seemed in contrast most friendly and unselfish. He could not help but compare the attitude of the two girls at this time, when the failure or success of his best work was still undecided. He felt that as Helen took so little interest in his success he could not dare to trouble her with his anxieties concerning it, and she attributed his silence to his pre-occupation and interest in Marion. So the two grew apart, each misunderstanding the other and each troubled in spirit at the other's indifference.

The first night of the play justified all that Marion and Wimpole had claimed for it, and was a great personal triumph for the new playwright. The audience was the typical first-night audience of the class which Charles Wimpole always commanded. It was brilliant, intelligent, and smart, and it came prepared to be pleased.

From one of the upper stage-boxes Helen and Lady Gower watched the successful progress of the play with an anxiety almost as keen as that of the author. To Helen it seemed as though the giving of these lines to the public—these lines which he had so often read to her, and altered to her liking—was a desecration. It seemed as though she were losing him indeed—as though he now belonged to these strange people, all of whom were laughing and applauding his words, from the German Princess in the Royal box to the straight-backed Tommy in the pit. Instead of the painted scene before her, she saw the birch-trees by the river at home, where he had first read her the speech to which they were now listening so intensely—the speech in which the hero tells the girl he loves her. She remembered that at the time she had thought how wonderful it would be if some day someone made such a speech to her—not Philip—but a man she loved. And now? If Philip would only make that speech to her now!

He came out at last, with Wimpole leading him, and bowed across a glaring barrier of lights at a misty but vociferous audience that was shouting the generous English bravo! and standing up to applaud. He raised his eyes to the box where Helen sat and saw her staring down at the tumult, with her hands clasped under her chin. Her face was colorless, but lit with the excitement of the moment; and he saw that she was crying.

Lady Gower, from behind her, was clapping her hands delightedly.

"But, my dear Helen," she remonstrated, breathlessly, "you never told me he was so good-looking."

"Yes," said Helen, rising abruptly, "he is—very good-looking."

She crossed the box to where her cloak was hanging, but instead of taking it down buried her face in its folds.

"My dear child!" cried Lady Gower in dismay. "What is it? The excitement has been too much for you."

"No, I am just happy," sobbed Helen. "I am just happy for him."

"We will go and tell him so then," said Lady Gower. "I am sure he would like to hear it from you to-night."

Philip was standing in the centre of the stage, surrounded by many pretty ladies and elderly men. Wimpole was hovering over him as though he had claims upon him by the right of discovery.

But when Philip saw Helen, he pushed his way toward her eagerly and took her hand in both of his.

"I am so glad, Phil," she said. She felt it all so deeply that she was afraid to say more, but that meant so much to her that she was sure he would understand.

He had planned it very differently. For a year he had dreamed that, on the first night of his play, there would be a supper, and that he would rise and drink her health, and tell his friends and the world that she was the woman he loved, and that she had agreed to marry him, and that at last he was able, through the success of his play, to make her his wife.

And now they met in a crowd to shake hands, and she went her way with one of her grand ladies, and he was left among a group of chattering strangers. The great English playwright took him by the hand and in the hearing of all, praised him gracefully and kindly. It did not matter to Philip whether the older playwright believed what he said or not; he knew it was generously meant.

"I envy you this," the great man was saying. "Don't lose any of it, stay and listen to all they have to say. You will never live through the first night of your first play but once."

"Yes, I hear them," said Philip, nervously; "they are all too kind. But I don't hear the voice I have been listening for," he added in a whisper. The older man pressed his hand again quickly. "My dear boy," he said, "I am sorry."

"Thank you," Philip answered.

Within a week he had forgotten the great man's fine words of praise, but the clasp of his hand he cherished always.

Helen met Marion as she was leaving the stage-door and stopped to congratulate her on her success in the new part. Marion was radiant. To Helen she seemed obstreperously happy and jubilant.

"And Marion," Helen began, bravely, "I also want to congratulate you on something else. You—you—neither of you have told me yet," she stammered, "but I am such an old friend of both that I will not be kept out of the secret." At these words Marion's air of triumphant gayety vanished; she regarded Helen's troubled eyes closely and kindly.

"What secret, Helen?" she asked.

"I came to the door of Philip's room the other day when you did not know I was there," Helen answered; "and I could not help seeing how matters were. And I do congratulate you both — and wish you—oh, such happiness!" Without a word Marion dragged her back down the passage to her dressing-room, and closed the door.

"Now tell me what you mean," she said.

"I am sorry if I discovered anything you didn't want known yet," said Helen, "but the door was open. Mr. Wimpole had just left you and had not shut it, and I could not help seeing."

Marion interrupted her with an eager exclamation of enlightenment.

"Oh, you were there, then," she cried. "And you?" she asked eagerly—"you thought Phil cared for me—that we are engaged, and it hurt you; you are sorry? Tell me," she demanded, "are you sorry?"

Helen drew back and stretched out her hand toward the door.

"How can you!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "You have no right."

Marion stood between her and the door.

"I have every right," she said, "to help my friends, and I want to help you and Philip. And indeed I do hope you *are* sorry. I hope you are miserable. And I'm glad you saw me kiss him. That was the first and the last time, and I did it because I was happy and glad for him; and because I love him too, but not in the least in the way he loves you. No one ever loved anyone as he loves you. And it's time you found it out. And if I have helped to make you find it out I'm glad, and I don't care how much I hurt you."

"Marion!" exclaimed Helen, "what does it mean? Do you mean that you are not engaged; that——"

"Certainly not," Marion answered. "I am going to marry Reggie. It is you that Philip loves, and I am very sorry for you that you don't love him."

Helen clasped Marion's hands in both of hers.

"But, Marion!" she cried, "I do, oh, I do!"

There was a thick yellow fog the next morning, and with it rain and a sticky, depressing dampness which crept through the window-panes, and which neither a fire nor blazing gas-jets could overcome.

Philip stood in front of the fire-place

with the morning papers piled high on the centre-table and scattered over the room about him.

He had read them all, and he knew now what it was to wake up famous, but he could not taste it. Now that it had come it meant nothing, and that it was so complete a triumph only made it the harder. In his most optimistic dreams he had never imagined success so satisfying as the reality had proved to be; but in his dreams Helen had always held the chief part, and without her success seemed only to mock him.

He wanted to lay it all before her, to say, "If you are pleased, I am happy. If you are satisfied, then I am content. It was done for you, and I am wholly yours, and all that I do is yours." And, as though in answer to his thoughts, there was an instant knock at the door, and Helen entered the room and stood smiling at him across the table.

Her eyes were lit with excitement, and spoke with many emotions, and her cheeks were brilliant with color. He had never seen her look more beautiful.

"Why, Helen!" he exclaimed, "how good of you to come. Is there anything wrong? Is anything the matter?"

She tried to speak, but faltered, and smiled at him appealingly.

"What is it?" he asked in great concern.

Helen drew in her breath quickly, and at the same moment motioned him away—and he stepped back and stood watching her in much perplexity.

With her eyes fixed on his she raised her hands to her head, and her fingers fumbled with the knot of her veil. She pulled it loose, and then, with a sudden courage, lifted her hat proudly, as though it were a coronet, and placed it between them on his table.

"Philip," she stammered, with the tears in her voice and eyes, "if you will let me—I have come to stay."

The table was no longer between them. He caught her in his arms and kissed her face and her uncovered head again and again. From outside the rain beat drearily and the fog rolled through the street, but inside before the fire the two young people sat close together, asking eager questions or sitting in silence, staring at the flames with wondering, happy eyes.

The Lion and the Unicorn saw them only once again. It was a month later when they stopped in front of the shop in a four-wheeler, with their baggage mixed on top of it, and steamer-labels pasted over every trunk.

"And, oh, Prentiss!" Carroll called from the cab-window. "I came near forgetting. I promised to gild the Lion and the Unicorn if I won out in London. So have it done, please, and send the bill to me. For I've won out all right." And then he shut the door of the cab, and they drove away forever.

"Nice gal, that," growled the Lion. "I always liked her. I am glad they've settled it at last."

The Unicorn sighed, sentimentally, "The other one's worth two of her," he said.





Nothing was to be seen of him but his head . . . sputtering bad words.—page 160.

VAILLANTCŒUR

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

I

"THAT was truly his name, M'sieu'—Raoul Vaillantcœur—a name of the fine sound, is it not? But me—I think sometimes those grand names attach themselves not to the proper men. It is like the time when the guide-post of the four roads, beside Chicoutimi, blows down from the big storm, and Telesphore Gauthier, he sets him up once more. That Telesphore there, he knows not to read, not so much as the fool caribou. It is the mercy of God, now, what road you take, unless you know him already."

Silence for a few moments, broken only by the ripple of water under the bow of the canoe, the *slish, slish* of the dripping paddle at the stern, and the persistent patter of the rain all around us. I knew there was a story on the way. But I must keep still to get it. A single ill-advised question might switch it off the track into a morass of politics or moralizing. Presently the voice behind me began again.

"You like that name, M'sieu', is it not? *Le cœur vaillant*—it pleases you. But my faith! To me it seems that was given by one who knows not to read. It was put upon the wrong man, without doubt. You shall judge for yourself, M'sieu', when you hear what passed between this Vaillantcœur and his friend Prosper Leclère at the building of the church of Abbéville. You remind yourself of that grand stone church of the square tower—yes? Well, I am going to tell you the story of that."

Thus Ferdinand, my brave *voyageur*, in his old-fashioned *patois* of French Canada, as he pushed the birch-bark down the lonely length of Lac Moïse. How it rained that day! The surface of the lake was beaten flat, and quivered under the storm of silver bullets. Waving sheets of watery gray were driven before the wind; broad curves of dancing drops swept along in front of them where they touched the lake. The dismal clouds had collapsed on the mountains. All around the homeless shores the evergreen trees seemed to hunch their backs and stand closer together in patient misery. Not a bird dared to sing—not even a red-breasted crossbill.

It felt as if we were a thousand miles from everywhere and everybody. Cities, factories, libraries, colleges, laws, palaces, theatres, temples—what had we dreamed of these things? They were far off, in another world. We had slipped back, who knows how many centuries, into a primitive life, and Ferdinand was telling me the naked story of the brave heart, even as it has been told from the beginning.

I cannot tell the story just as he did. There was a charm in his speech too quick for the pen: a flavor of fresh-cut pine logs and clean wood-smoke, that is not to be found in any ink for sale in the shops. Perhaps he left out something that belongs to the tale, and that I may be fool enough to put in. But it shall be as little as possible. The spirit of the tale shall be his. It is Ferdinand's story. If you care for the real thing, here it is. You shall hear the difference between being called Vaillantcœur and having *le cœur vaillant*.

II

THERE were two young men in Abbéville who were easily the cocks of the woodland walk. Their eminence rested on the fact that they were the strongest men in the parish. Strength is the thing that counts, when people live on the edge of the wilderness. These two were well known all through the country between Lake St. John and Chicoutimi as men of great capacity. Either of them could shoulder a barrel of flour and walk off with it as lightly as a common man would carry a side of bacon. There was not a half-pound of difference between them in ability. But there was a great difference in their looks and in their way of doing things.



"No, for what shall I fight with Raoul?"—Page 156.



"But to fight—that is another affair."—Page 156.

Raoul Vaillantcœur was the biggest and the handsomest man in the village ; nearly six feet tall, straight as a fir-tree, and black as a bull-moose in December. He had natural force enough and to spare. Whatever he did was done by sheer power of back and arm. He could send a canoe up against the heaviest water, provided he did not get mad and break his paddle—which he usually did. He had more muscle than he knew how to use.

Prosper Leclère did not have so much, but he knew better how to handle it. He never broke his paddle—unless it happened to be a bad one, and then he generally had another all ready in the canoe. He was at least six inches shorter than Vaillantcœur ; broad shoulders, long arms, light hair, gray eyes ; not a handsome fellow, but pleasant looking and very quiet. What he did was done more than half with his head.

Leclère was the kind of a man that never needs more than one match to light a fire.

But Vaillantcœur—well, if the wood was wet he might use a dozen, and when the blaze was kindled, as like as not, he would throw in the rest of the box.

Now, these two men had been friends and were rivals. At least that was the way that one of them looked at it. And most of the people in the parish seemed to think that was the right view.

It was a strange thing, and not altogether satisfactory to the public mind, to have *two* strongest men in the village. The question of comparative standing in the community ought to be raised and settled in the usual way. Raoul was perfectly willing, and at times (commonly on Saturday nights) very eager. But Prosper was not.

" No," he said, one March night, when he was boiling maple-sap in the suger-bush with little Ovide Rossigno (who had a lyric passion for holding the coat while another man was fighting)—" no, for what shall I fight with Raoul ? As boys we have played together. Once, in the rapids of *la Belle Rivière*, when I have fallen in the water, I think he has saved my life. He was stronger, then, than me. I am always a friend to him. If I beats him now, am I stronger ? No, but weaker. And if he beats me, what is the sense of that ? Certainly I shall not like it. What is to gain ? "

Down in the store of old Girard, that night, Vaillantcœur was holding forth after a different fashion. He stood among the cracker-boxes and flour-barrels, with a background of shelves laden with bright-colored calicoes, and a line of tin pails hanging overhead, and stated his view of the case with vigor. He even pulled off his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeve to show the knotty arguments with which he proposed to clinch his opinion.

" That Leclère," said he, " that little Prosper Leclère ! He thinks himself one of the strongest—a fine fellow ! But I tell you he is *lâche*. If he is clever ? Yes. But he is a poltroon. He knows well that I can flatten him out like a *crêpe* in the frying-pan. But he is afraid. He has not as much courage as the musk-rat. You stamp on the bank. He dives. He swims away Bah ! "

" How about that time he cut loose the jam of logs in the Rapide des Cédres ? " said old Girard from his corner.

Vaillantcœur's black eyes sparkled and he twirled his mustache fiercely. " *Saprie !* " he cried, " that was nothing ! Any man with an axe can cut a log. But to fight—that is another affair. That demands the brave heart. The strong man who will not fight is a coward. Some day I will put him through the mill—you shall see what that small Leclère is made of, *sacrédam !* "

Of course, affairs had not come to this pass all at once. It was a long history, beginning with the time when the two boys had played together, and Raoul was twice as strong as the other, and was very proud of it. Prosper did not care ; it was all right so long as they had a good time. But then Prosper began to do things better and better. Raoul did not understand it ; he was jealous. Why should he not always be the leader ? He had more force. Why should Prosper get ahead ? Why should he have better luck at the fishing and the hunting and the farming ? It was by some trick. There was no justice in it.

Raoul was not afraid of anything but death ; and whatever he wanted, he thought he had a right to have. But he did not know very well how to get it. He would start to chop a log just at the spot where there was a big knot. He was the kind of a man that sets hare-snares on a



caribou-trail, and then curses his luck because he catches nothing.

Besides, what ever he did, he was always thinking most about beating somebody else. But Prosper cared most for doing the thing as well as he could. If anyone else could beat him—well, what difference did it make? He would do better the next time.

He looked the log over for a clear place before he began to chop. What he wanted was, not to make the chips fly, but to get the fire started.

You are not to suppose that the one man was a saint and a hero, and the other a fool and a ruffian. No; that sort of thing happens only in books. People in Abbéville were not made on that plan. They were both plain men. But there was a difference between them; and out of that difference grew all the trouble.

It was hard on Vaillantcœur, of course, to see Leclère going ahead, getting rich, clearing off the mortgage on his farm, laying up money with the *notaire* Bergeron, who acted as banker for the parish—it was hard to look on at this, while he himself stood still, or even slipped back a little, got into debt, had to sell a bit of the land that his father left him. There must be some *chicane* about it.

But this was not the hardest morsel to swallow. The great thing that stuck in his crop was the idea that the little Prosper, whom he could have whipped so easily, and whom he had protected so loftily, when they were boys, now stood just as high as he did as a capable man—perhaps even higher. Why was it that when the Pearce Brothers, down at Chicoutimi, had a good "*jobbe-de-chantier*" up in the woods on *la Belle Rivière*, they made Leclère the boss, instead of Vaillantcœur? Why did the *curé* Villeneuve choose Prosper, and not Raoul, to steady the strain of the biggest pole when they were setting up the derrick for the building of the new church?

It was rough, rough! The more Raoul thought of it, the rougher it seemed. The fact that it was a man who had once been his *protégé*, and still insisted on being his



"Why so many ifs in this fine speech?"—Page 160.

best friend, did not make it any smoother. Would you have liked it any better on that account? I am not telling you how it ought to have been, I am telling you how it was. This isn't Vaillantcœur's account-book; it's his story. You must strike your balances as you go along.

And all the time, you understand, he felt sure in his heart that he was stronger and braver than Prosper. He was hungry to prove it. He only knew of one way. He grew more and more keen to try it. Two or three things happened to set an edge on his hunger.

The first was the affair at the shanty on *Lac des Caps*. The wood-choppers, like sailors, have a way of putting a new man through a few tricks to initiate him into the camp. Leclère was bossing the job, with a gang of ten men from St. Raymond under him. Vaillantcœur had just driven a team in over the snow with a load of provisions, and was lounging around the camp as if it belonged to him. It was Sunday afternoon, the regular time for fun, but no one dared to take hold of him. He looked too big. He expressed his opinion of the camp.

"No fun in this *chantier*, *hé?* I suppose that little Leclère he makes you others work, and say your prayers, and then, for the rest you can sleep. *Hé!* Well, I am going to prepare a little fun for you, my boys. Come, Prosper, get your hat, if you are able to climb a tree."

He snatched the hat from the table by the stove and ran out into the snow. In front of the shanty a good-sized spruce, tall, smooth, very straight, was still standing. He went up the trunk like a bear.

But there was a dead balsam that had fallen against the spruce and lodged on the lower branches. It was barely strong enough to bear the weight of a light man. Up this slanting ladder Prosper ran quickly in his moccasined feet, snatched the hat from Raoul's teeth as he swarmed up the trunk, and ran down again. As he neared the ground, the balsam, shaken from its lodgement, cracked and fell. Raoul was left up the tree, perched among the branches, out of breath. Luck had set the scene for the lumberman's favorite trick.

"Chop him down! chop him down!" was the cry; and a trio of axes were twanging against the spruce-tree, while the other men shouted and laughed and pelted the tree with ice to keep the prisoner from climbing down.





They looked fine on Corpus Christi day.—Page 162.

Prosper neither shouted nor chopped, but he grinned a little as he watched the tree quiver and shake, and heard the rain of "*sacrés!*" and "*maudits!*" that came out of the swaying top. He grinned—until he saw that a half-dozen more blows would fell the spruce right on the roof of the shanty.

"Are you fools?" he cried, as he picked up an axe; "you know nothing how to chop. You kill a man. You smash the *cabane*. Let go!" He shoved one of the boys away and sent a score of mighty cuts into the side of the spruce that was farthest from the cabin; then two short cuts on the other side; the tree shivered, staggered, cracked, and swept in a great arc toward the deep snow-drift by the brook. As the top swung earth ward, Raoul jumped clear of the crashing branches and landed safely in the feather-bed of snow, buried up to his neck. Nothing was to be seen of him but his head, like some new kind of fire-work—sputtering bad words.

Well, this was the first thing that put an edge on Vaillantcœur's hunger to fight. No man likes to be chopped down by his friend, even if the friend does it for the sake of saving him from being killed by a fall on the shanty-roof. It is easy to forget that part of it. What you remember is the grin.

The second thing that made it worse was the bad chance that both of these men had to fall in love with the same girl. Of course there were other girls in the village besides Marie Antoinette Girard—plenty of them, and good girls, too. But somehow or other, when they *were beside her*, neither Raoul nor Prosper cared to look at any of them, but only at 'Toinette. Her eyes were so much darker and her cheeks so much more red—bright as the berries of the mountain-ash in September. Her hair hung down to her waist on Sunday in two long braids, brown and shiny like a ripe hazel-nut; and her voice when she laughed made the sound of water tumbling over little stones.

No one knew which of the two lovers she liked best. At school it was certainly Raoul, because he was bigger and bolder. When she came back from her year in the convent at Roberval it was certainly Prosper, because he could talk better and had read more books. He had a volume of *chansons* full of love and romance, and knew most of them by heart. But this did not last forever. 'Toinette's manners had been polished at the convent, but her ideas were still those of her own people. She never thought that knowledge of books could take the place of strength, in the real battle of life. She was a brave girl, and she felt sure in her heart that the man of the most courage must be the best man after all.

For awhile she appeared to persuade herself that it was Prosper, beyond a doubt, and always took his part when the other girls laughed at him. But this was not altogether a good sign. When a girl really loves, she does not talk, she acts. The current of opinion and gossip in the village was too strong for her. By the time of the affair of the "chopping-down" at *Lac des Caps*, her heart was swinging to and fro like a pendulum. One week she would walk home from mass with Raoul. The next week she would loiter in the front yard on a Saturday evening and talk over the gate with Prosper, until her father called her into the shop to wait on customers.

It was in one of these talks that the pendulum seemed to make its last swing and settle down to its resting-place. Prosper was telling her of the good crop of sugar that he had just made from his maple grove.

"The profit will be large—more than forty piastres—and with that I shall buy at Chicoutimi a new *quatre-roue*, of the finest, a veritable wedding-carriage — if you—if I—'Toinette? Shall we ride together?"

His left hand clasped hers as it lay on the gate. His right arm stole over the low picket fence and went around the shoulder that leaned against the gate-post. The road was quite empty, the night already dark. He could feel her warm breath on his neck as she laughed.

"If you! If I! If what? Why so many ifs in this fine speech? Of whom is the wedding for which this new carriage is to be bought? Do you know what Raoul Vaillantcœur has said? 'No more wedding in this parish till I have thrown the little Prosper over my shoulder!'"

As she said this, laughing, she turned



He gripped Prosper by the head.—Page 165.

closer to the fence and looked up, so that a curl on her forehead brushed against his cheek.

"*Baptême!* Who told you he said that?"

"I heard him, myself."

"Where?"

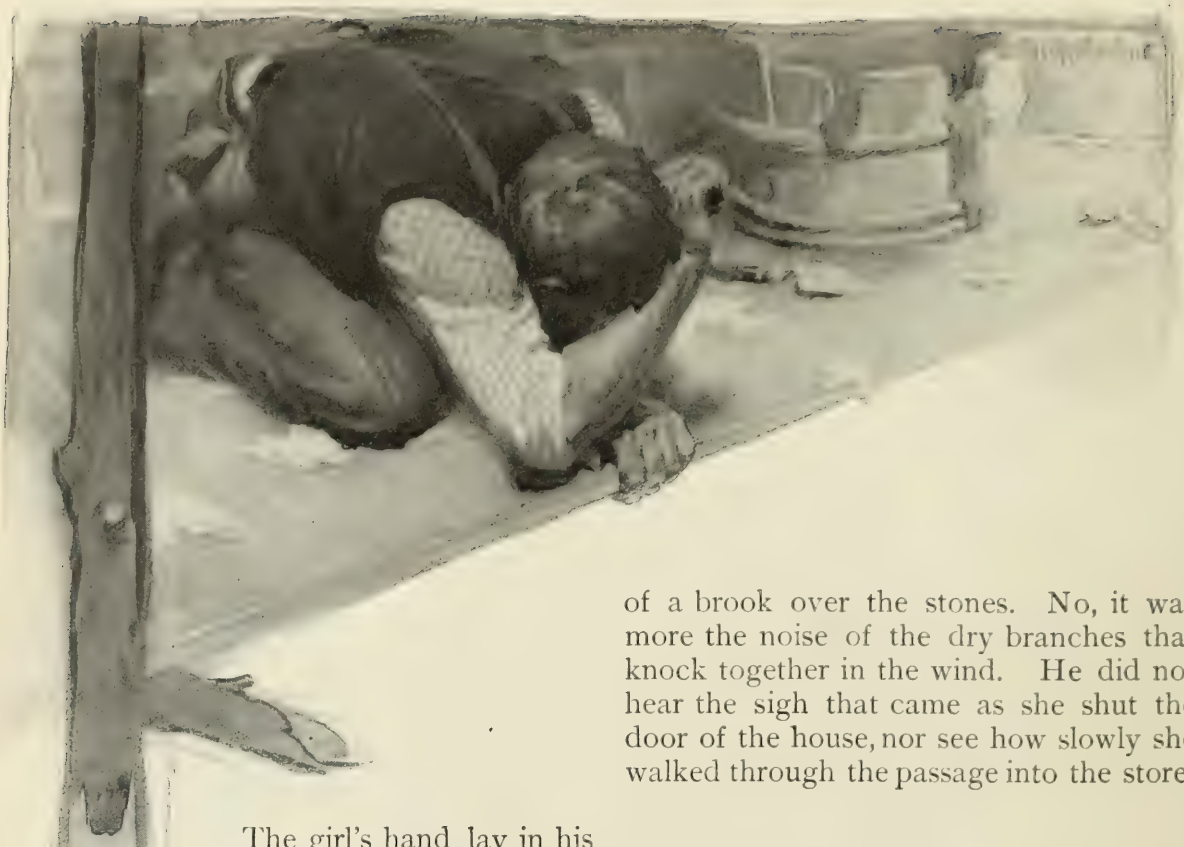
"In the store, two nights ago. But it was not for the first time. He said it when we came from the church together, it will be four weeks to-morrow."

"What did you say to him?"

"I told him perhaps he was mistaken. The next wedding might be after the little Prosper had measured the road with the back of the longest man in Abbéville."

The laugh had gone out of her voice now. She was speaking eagerly, and her bosom rose and fell with quick breaths. But Prosper's right arm had dropped from her shoulder, and his hand gripped the fence as he straightened up.

"'Toinette!" he cried, "that was bravely said. And I could do it. Yes, I know I could do it. But, *mon Dieu*, what shall I say? Three years now, he has pushed me, everyone has pushed me, to fight. And you—but I cannot. I am not capable of that."



The girl's hand lay in his as cold and still as a stone. She was silent for a moment, and then asked, coldly, "Why not, Monsieur Leclère?"

"Why not? Because of the old friendship. Because he pulled me out of the river long ago. Because I am still his friend. Because now he hates me too much. Because it would be a black fight. Because shame and evil would come of it, whoever won. That is what I am afraid of, 'Toinette!"

Her hand slipped suddenly away from his. She stepped back from the gate.

"*Tiens!* You have fear, Monsieur Leclère! Truly? I had not thought of that. It is strange. For so strong a man it is a little stupid. Good-night. I hear my father calling me. Perhaps some one in the store who wants to be served. You must tell me again what you are going to do with the new *quatre-roue*. Good-night!"

She was laughing again. But it was a different laughter. Prosper, at the gate, did not think it sounded like the running of a brook over the stones. No, it was more the noise of the dry branches that knock together in the wind. He did not hear the sigh that came as she shut the door of the house, nor see how slowly she walked through the passage into the store.

III

THERE seemed to be a great many rainy Saturdays that spring; and in the early summer the trade in Girard's store was so brisk that it appeared to need all the force of the establishment to attend to it. The gate of the front yard had no more strain put upon its hinges. It fell into a stiff propriety of opening and shutting at the touch of people who understood that a gate was made merely to pass through, not to lean upon.

That summer Vaillantcœur had a new hat—*chapeau de castor*—black and shiny—and a new red-silk cravat. They looked fine on Corpus Christi day, when he and 'Toinette walked in the procession as *fiancées*.

You would have thought he would have been content with that. Proud, he certainly was. He stepped like the *curé's* big rooster with the top-knot—almost as far up in the air as he did along the ground; and he held his chin high, as if he liked to look at things over his nose.

But he was not satisfied all the way through. He thought more of beating Prosper than of getting 'Toinette. *And he was not quite sure that he had beaten him yet.* Perhaps the girl still liked Pros-

per a little. Perhaps she still thought of his romances, and his *chansons*, and his fine, smooth words, and missed them. Perhaps she was too silent and dull sometimes, when she walked with Raoul; and sometimes she laughed too loud when he talked, more at him than with him. Perhaps those St. Raymond fellows still remembered the way his head stuck out of that cursed snow-drift, and joked about it, and said how clever and quick the little Prosper was. Perhaps—ah, *dame!* a thousand times perhaps! And only one way to settle them, the old way, the sure way, and all the better now because 'Toinette must be on his side. She must understand for sure that the best man in the parish had chosen her.

That was the summer of the building of the grand stone tower of the church. The men of Abbéville did it themselves, with their own hands, for the glory of God. They were keen about that, and the *curé* was the keenest of them all. No sharing of that glory with workmen from Quebec, if you please! Abbéville was only forty years old, but they already understood the glory of God quite as well there as at Quebec, without doubt. They could build their own tower, perfectly, and they would. Besides, it would cost less.

Vaillantcœur was the chief carpenter. He attended to the affair of beams and timbers. Leclère was the chief mason. He directed the affair of dressing the stones and laying them. That required a very careful head, you understand, for the tower must be straight. In the floor a little crookedness did not matter; but in the wall—that might be serious. People have been killed by a falling tower. Of course, if they were going into church, they would be sure of heaven. But then think—what a disgrace for Abbéville!

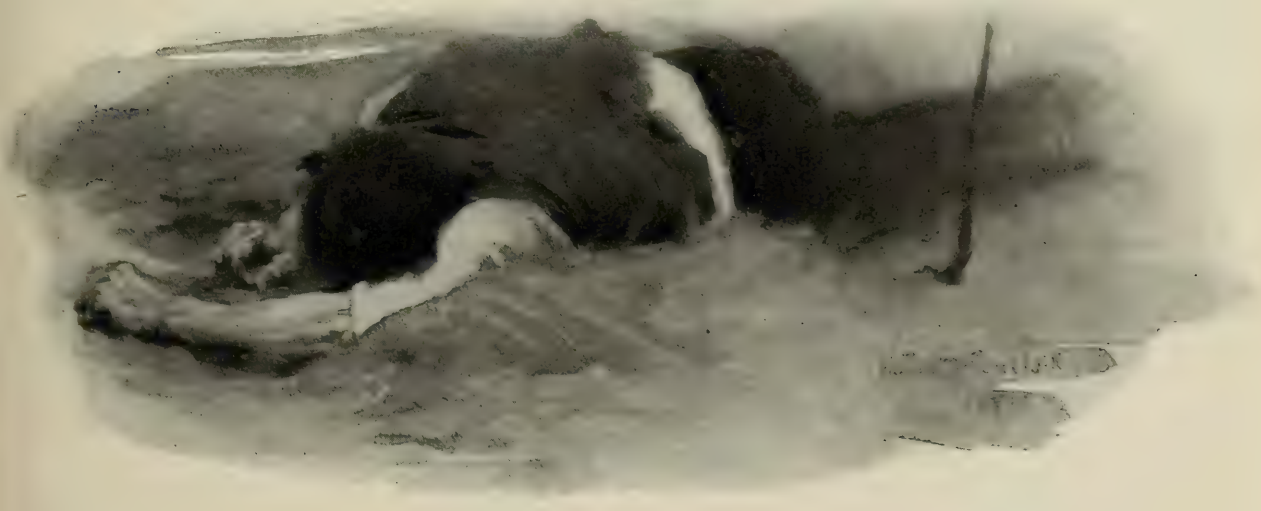
Everyone was glad that Leclère bossed the raising of the tower. They admitted that he might be *lâche*, but he was assuredly careful. Vaillantcœur alone grumbled, and said the work went too slowly, and even swore that the sockets for the beams were too shallow, or else too deep, it made no difference which. That *bête* Prosper made trouble always by his poor work. But the friction never came to a blaze; for the *curé* was pottering about the tower every day and all day long, and a few words from him would make a quarrel go off in smoke.

"*Doucement, mes garçons,*" he would say; "work smooth and you work fast. The logs in the river run well when they run all the same way. But when two logs cross each other, on the same rock—psst! a jam! The whole drive is hung up! Do not run crossways, my children."

The walls rose steadily, straight as a steamboat pipe—ten, twenty, thirty, forty feet; it was time to put in the two cross-girders, lay the floor of the belfry, finish off the stonework, and begin the pointed wooden spire. The *curé* had gone to Quebec that very day to buy the shining plates of tin for the roof, and a beautiful cross of gilt for the pinnacle.

Leclère was in front of the tower putting on his overalls. Vaillantcœur came up, swearing mad. Three or four other workmen were standing about.

"Look here, you Leclère," said he, "I tried one of the cross-girders yesterday





afternoon and it wouldn't go. The templet on the north is crooked—crooked as your teeth. We had to let the girder down again. I suppose we must trim it off some way, to get a level bearing, and make the tower weak, just to match your *sacré* bad work, eh?"

"Well," said Prosper, pleasant and quiet enough, "I'm sorry for that, Raoul. Perhaps I could put that templet straight, or perhaps the girder might be a little warped and twisted, eh? What? Suppose we measure it."

Sure enough, they found the long timber was not half seasoned and had corkscrewed itself out of shape at least three inches. Vaillantcœur sat on the sill of the doorway and did not even look at them while they were measuring. When they called out to him what they had found, he strode over to them

"It's a dam' lie," he said, sullenly. "Prosper Leclère, you slipped the string. None of your *sacré chicane!* I have enough of it already. Will you fight, you cursed sneak?"

Prosper's face went gray, like the mortar in the trough. His fists clenched and the cords on his neck stood out as if they were ropes. He breathed hard. But he only said three words:

"No! Not here."

"Not here? Why not? There is room. The *curé* is away. Why not here?"

"It is the house of *le bon Dieu*. Can we build it in hate?"

"*Polisson!* You make an excuse. Then come to Girard's, and fight there."

Again Prosper held in for a moment, and spoke three words:

"No! Not now."

"Not now? But when, you heart of a hare? Will you sneak out of it until you turn gray and die? When will you fight, little musk-rat?"

"When I have forgotten. When I am no more your friend."

Prosper picked up his trowel and went

into the tower. Raoul bad-worded him and every stone of his building from foundation to cornice, and then went down the road to get a bottle of cognac.

An hour later he came back breathing out threatenings and slaughter, strongly flavored with raw spirits. Prosper was working quietly on the top of the tower, at the side away from the road. He saw nothing until Raoul, climbing up by the ladders on the inside, leaped on the platform and rushed at him like a crazy lynx.

"Now!" he cried, "no hole to hide in here, rat! I'll squeeze the lies out of you."

He gripped Prosper by the head, thrusting one thumb into his eye, and pushing him backward on the scaffolding.

Blinded, half-maddened by the pain, Prosper thought of nothing but to get free. He swung his long arm upward and landed a fearful blow on Raoul's face that dislocated the jaw; then twisting himself downward and sideways, he fell in toward the wall. Raoul plunged forward, stumbled, let go his hold, and pitched out from the tower, arms spread, clutching the air.

Forty feet straight down! A moment —or was it an eternity?—of horrible silence. Then the body struck the rough stones at the foot of the tower with a thick, soft dunt, and lay crumpled up among them, without a groan, without a movement.

When the other men, who had hurried up the ladders in terror, found Leclère, he was peering over the edge of the scaffold, wiping the blood from his eyes, trying to see down.

"I have killed him," he muttered, "my friend! He is smashed to death. I am a murderer. Let me go. I must throw myself down!"

They had hard work to hold him back. As they forced him down the ladders he trembled like a poplar.

But Vaillantcœur was not dead. No; it was incredible—to fall forty feet and not be killed—they talk of it yet all through the valley of the Lake St. John—it was a miracle! But Vaillantcœur had broken only a nose, a collar-bone, and three ribs —for one like him that was but a *bagatelle*. A good doctor from Chicoutimi, a few months of nursing, and he would be on his feet again, almost as good a man as he had ever been.

It was Leclère who put himself in charge of this.

"It is my affair," he said—"my fault! It was not a fair place to fight. Why did I strike? I must attend to this bad work."

"*Mais, sacré bleu!*" they answered, "how could you help it? He forced you. You did not want to be killed. That would be a little too much."

"No," he persisted, "this is my affair. Girard, you know my money is with the *notaire*. There is plenty. Raoul has not enough, perhaps not any. But he shall want nothing—you understand—nothing! It is my affair, all that he needs—but you shall not tell him—no! That is all. *C'est fini!*"

Prosper had his way. But he did not see Vaillantcœur after he was carried home and put to bed in his cabin. Even if he had tried to do it, it would have been impossible. He could not see anybody. One of his eyes was entirely destroyed. The inflammation spread to the other, and all through the autumn he lay in his house, drifting along the edge of blindness, while Raoul lay in his house slowly getting well.

The *curé* went from one house to the other, but he did not carry any messages between them. If any were sent one way they were not received. And the other way, none were sent. Raoul did not speak of Prosper; and if one mentioned his name, Raoul shut his mouth and made no answer.

To the *curé*, of course, it was a distress and a misery. To have a hatred like this unhealed, was a blot on the parish; it was a shame, as well as a sin. At last—it was already winter, the day before Christmas—the *curé* made up his mind that he would put forth one more great effort.

"Look you, my son," he said to Prosper, "I am going this afternoon to Raoul Vaillantcœur to make the reconciliation. You shall give me a word to carry to him. He shall hear it this time, I promise you. Shall I tell him what you have done for him, how you have cared for him?"

"No, never," said Prosper, "you shall not take that word from me. It is nothing. It will make worse trouble. I will never send it."

"What then?" said the priest. "Shall I tell him that you forgive him?"

"No, not that," answered Prosper, "that would be a foolish word. What would that mean? It is not I who can forgive. I was the one who struck hardest. It was he that fell from the tower."

"Well, then, choose the word for yourself. What shall it be? Come, I promise you that he shall hear it. I will take with me *M. le Notaire*, and the good man Girard, and the little Marie Antoinette. You shall hear an answer. What message?"

"*Mon père*," said Prosper, slowly, "you shall tell him just this. I, Prosper Leclère, ask Raoul Vaillantcœur that he will forgive me for not fighting with him on the ground when he demanded it."

Yes, the message was given in precisely those words. Marie Antoinette stood within the door, Bergeron and Girard at the foot of the bed, and the *curé* spoke very clearly and firmly. Vaillantcœur rolled on his pillow and turned his face away. Then he sat up in bed, grunting a little with the pain in his shoulder, which was badly set. His black eyes snapped like the eyes of a wolverine in a corner.

"Forgive?" he said, "no, never. He is a coward. I will never forgive!"

A little later in the afternoon, when the rose of sunset lay on the snowy hills, some one knocked at the door of Leclère's house.

"*Entrez!*" he cried. "Who is there? I see not very well by this light. Who is it?"

"It is me," said 'Toinette, her cheeks rosier than the snow outside, "nobody but me. I have come to ask you about that new carriage—do you remember?"

IV

The voice in the canoe behind me ceased. The rain let up. The *slish, slish* of the paddle stopped. The canoe swung sideways to the breeze. I heard the rap, rap, rap of a pipe on the gunwale, and the scratch of a match on the under side of the thwart.

"What are you doing, Ferdinand?"

"I go to light the pipe, M'sieu'."

"Is the story finished?"

"But yes—but no—I know not, M'sieu'. As you will."

"But what did old Girard say when his daughter broke her engagement and married a man whose eyes were spoiled?"

"He said that Leclère could see well enough to work with him in the store."

"And what did Vaillantcœur say when he lost his girl?"

"He said it was a cursed shame that one could not fight a blind man."

"And what did 'Toinette say?"

"She said she had chosen the bravest man in Abbéville."

"And Prosper—what did he say?"

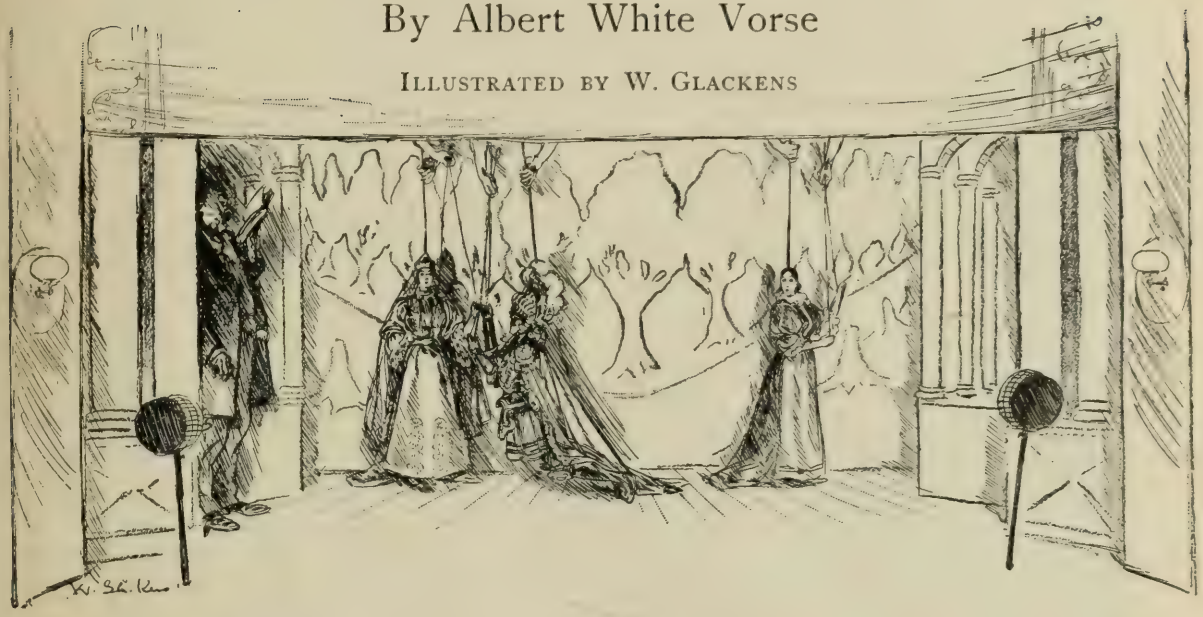
"M'sieu', I know not. He spoke only to 'Toinette."



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

By Albert White Vorse

Illustrated by W. Glackens



BEATRICE was making an angel. She had lifted down the Princess Angelica from the hook whence her royal highness had been suspended since her death a few weeks before, had removed the royal crown and the royal legs, and was turning the royal robe into celestial drapery. Beatrice's conception of a heavenly garment was a white morning wrapper gathered at the bottom, so that when the angel soared head downward—as angels do—its clothes could not fall over its face. Beside Beatrice, who was seated on the floor, lay a pair of wings constructed of muslin tacked upon thin sticks; and about her feet writhed long wires designed to support the angel that evening in its visitation to her father's Italian marionette theatre.

It was behind the scenes that I was waiting for her father to come in; and meanwhile I lounged upon the helpers' bench and enjoyed the quaintness of the place.

Lighted by an irresolute gas-jet, the space between the back-drop and the rear wall of the theatre was a chaos of strange objects. Beside me, upon the bench, lay the book of the play—a collection of those legends of Charlemagne's court, descended from the *Chansons de gestes*, which have been so dear to Italian poets and are still so dear to the Italian people. Each afternoon the manager read over the adventure to be presented in the evening. When the curtain rose he took his stand in the wings and declaimed lines extemporized to fit the situations. The helpers, from their places upon the high bench, leaned over the back-drop, swung the marionettes upon the stage by means of long rods running down through the heads of the figures, and by means of other rods and of strings caused the mock men and women to make gestures and to fight. That was a task which told upon heads as well as hands; for the helpers were bound, not only to make the figures walk—no light labor, for each puppet weighed seventy pounds—but also to make them express the sentiment of every speech as it fell from Pietro's lips. Many times had I tried to handle a marionette and as often had failed; and I looked with respect upon the row of little creatures hung about the walls from a rack. They were dight in the panoply of knighthood. At my left shone the brass armor of the Christianos. The right was brilliant with the party-colored robes and turbans and the glowering faces of dusky infidels. The corners were piled high with heterogeneous properties; bright silks, bits of armor, shields, swords. From the right-hand heap protruded a ghastly leg, lopped from a Christian. The summit of the opposite heap was the grinning head of a dragon

which had met death a few nights before in terrible battle with Orlando.

The dragon's body was a comfortable support for Beatrice's back. Of her face, bent over her work, I could see only an obstinate little olive-colored chin, two faintly red cheeks, and two straight black brows. Her hair hung over ears and shoulders and fell in dusky tangles upon a green silk waist. Ordinarily, Italian girls begin early in life to use hairpins.

"How old are you, Beatrice?" I asked.

The girl looked up and opened wide a pair of great tawny eyes.

"How old, Signore?" she repeated, in her low, husky voice. "Fifteen-a. Nex' moont' I s'all be sixteen-a."

"So old!" I commented. "Almost a woman. You'll be having a sweetheart soon; and what will your father do when he wants an angel?"

Again I saw of Beatrice only a veil of hair and a hand rapidly plying to and fro.

"No, Signore," she murmured from behind her screen. "I am not enough old-a. I s'all nevair marry. Who would tak-a me?"

"Anselmo?" I suggested.

I caught a gleam of the tawny eyes through the hair.

"I do not tink of 'im!" she expostulated.

"The other helper, then. What's his name? Giuseppe?"

Beatrice ceased to sew, tossed her hair away from her face, and shook her head slowly. The pink in her cheeks had deepened, but her luminous eyes gazed straight into mine.

"Signore," she said, impressively, "I ask-a to credit me. I do not tink of eit'er of desa men."

I found myself abashed, as if I had been making light of sacred things.

"I beg your pardon, Beatrice," I stammered. "It's not my business, of course. I'm sorry I spoke of it."

Without making reply she bent over her work again. For some moments she sewed, while I chid myself for suggesting romance to a sensible child.

Rapid steps beat upon the stairs outside, and Beatrice's father hurried into the little den.

"Beatrice," he called, sharply, in his own language, "go thou to the ticket-office. It is the hour of admittance for the people. I will finish the angel."

The girl dropped her needle and sped out through the door. The manager slammed it behind her, turned toward me, drew up his shoulders, and raised his eyes toward heaven.

"May the saints aid me to make righteous that child!" he exclaimed. "Both of my helpers came to me to-day to ask her in marriage. She promised herself to both last night."

II

It so happened that a year elapsed before I visited the theatre again. During that time I had fallen in love with the most charming girl in the world. In my college days I had patronized her young-maiden adoration; but when she came home, after three years of travel, the most self-possessed, as well as the most beautiful of women, the adoration and the indifference exchanged places. All I seemed to win from her was good-comradeship and confidence; and they were due to the friend of her childhood.

She had travelled with her mother, whose delight was picture-galleries, court-balls, and dinners at embassies. Of unconventional life, Deborah had seen nothing, and she listened eagerly to my descriptions of nooks and corners in New York.

One day her mother yielded. Deborah might go through the foreign quarter with me, if I would promise not to bring her into danger from men or germs.

For our first expedition I chose the Italian theatre. It was safe, picturesque, unique. We drove to the door in a hansom, and I instructed the driver to call for us at eleven o'clock.

As we entered the tiny foyer my companion murmured a little "Ah!" of delight. The walls had been decorated by the manager himself with wonderful pictures of kings, queens, knights, and ladies. The colors were green, red, and white, because those were the paints Pietro had on hand. Upon one side Orlando and Olliviero were fighting their famous duel in the presence of Charlemagne and his gorgeous court. Pietro's admiration was for legs. Those of Orlando had muscles



Beatrice was making an angel.

unknown to anatomists, and those of his cousin were big enough for two Ollivieros.

While Deborah was trembling with pleasure in this work of art, I heard the latch of the ticket-office door click, and, turning, saw Beatrice. She stood upon the threshold, gazing not at me but at Deborah. In a year she had grown tall. Her hair was coiled upon her neck, and her eyes seemed to be deeper and tawnier than ever.

"What a pretty child!" exclaimed my companion.

"It's Beatrice," I answered. "How do you do, little girl? How is Pietro?"

"My father is well," replied the girl; but her scrutiny still rested upon my companion's face and yellow hair. Under this inspection Deborah was flushing, and I hastened to end it.

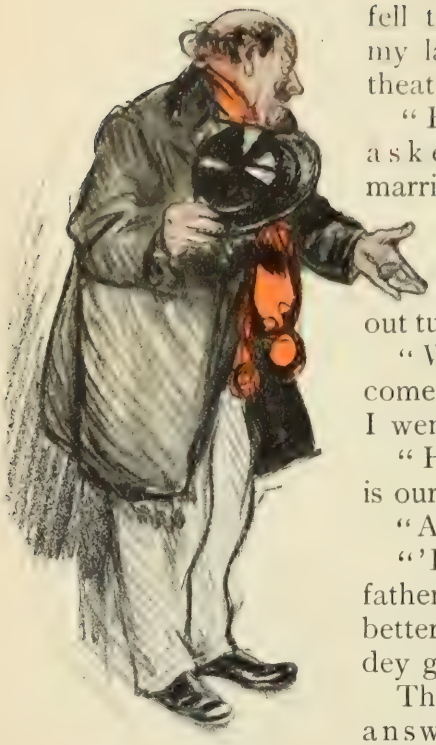
"This is Miss Speedwell, Beatrice," I said. "She has come with me to see the play. You must give us good seats."

Beatrice touched Deborah's glove with a soiled paw, and, without a word of reply, led the way through the door of the theatre and along the aisle.

We had arrived early, and the theatre was empty. The place was fascinating enough, but I noticed that my companion, who was commonly both curious and self-reliant, followed me closely.

"What a beautiful, strange child," she whispered.

"H—m! child!" I said to myself, and



"She promised herself to both last night."

fell to musing upon my last visit to the theatre.

"Beatrice," I asked, "are you married yet?"

"No, Signore," answered the girl, without turning her head.

"What has become of Anselmo?" I went on.

"He is 'ere. 'E is our helper."

"And Giuseppe?"

"'E is 'ere. My father cood not-a get better helpers. Why dey go away?"

This I could not answer. Beatrice had a way of making me shamefaced.

"Dese are your seats," she said, pausing at the third row of settees. "Now I begga to pardon, I must go to my father."

"But you'll come back, won't you, Beatrice?" I asked. "We have forgotten some of our Italian, and we need you to interpret for us—just as you used to interpret for me."

This attempt to establish old-time relations fell flat. Beatrice replied, "Yes, Signore," in calm tones, and left us. When she had closed the door, Deborah drew a long breath.

"I'm glad she's gone," said Deborah. "She made me feel uncanny."

"Nonsense," I laughed. "She's only a queer little girl. Look at Pietro's paintings; they are more wholesome."

The dingy little theatre had once been a stable. Pietro had turned the loft into a gallery, with tiers of benches receding high into the gloom. He had cut off the stall-room with a wooden proscenium. Upon it twined a mastodon of a vine, the like of which no botanist ever beheld. The toy curtain bore, upon its forty-eight square feet of canvas, a representation of a Roman triumph that would have insured Pietro's admission into any Academy with a sense of humor.

It cheered Deborah amazingly, and the audience, which burst in at eight o'clock, caused her to clasp her hands. It was chiefly composed of men—laborers, chestnut venders, and bootblacks, with swarthy skins, gleaming eyes, and gleaming teeth. They rushed, shouting, down the single aisle, sprang over settees, scrambled and pushed to win the seats nearest the stage. In three minutes the theatre was a bewilderment of bobbing heads and active hands, and a tumult of voices and laughter. Not a seat was vacant except those upon our settee. The Italians had respected the presence of strangers. The men in front of us and on either hand turned about to greet the American lady and to smile a welcome.

Deborah returned every smile and every bow. Her eyes were bright with excitement.

"How nice they are! How polite!" she exclaimed. Presently she laid a clinging hand upon my arm.

"How can I ever thank you," she whispered, "for bringing me here!"

I tried to tell her by a look, but her attention was not for me.

"See," she went on, "see the faun!"

A slender boy appeared in the proscenium doorway. His hair clustered about deep red cheeks, and his great dark eyes looked mournfully over the house. I



Had once been a stable.

fancied he was seeking someone. The audience hailed him with applause and he descended two or three steps to the street-piano, which served as orchestra, and began to turn the crank. Deborah started, raised eyebrows of dismay, and pressed her hands over her ears. Never before had she heard the Intermezzo from Cavalleria



She wheeled about and stamped her foot. "Silence, pigs!" she screamed.

rendered by a street-piano in a twenty by forty foot room.

Beatrice, appearing at my side, evidently perceived the gesture. Her face turned crimson and she drew herself up proudly.

"Gaiterno!" she called, "stop that noise."

The boy paused, and, still bent over at the lower curve of his stroke, turned an astonished face toward us. The chatter from the seats hushed.

"Stop the music," repeated Beatrice, imperiously.

A grumble sounded in the rear and increased from seat to seat until it was a growl. The corners of Beatrice's mouth curled up like those of an angry cat. She wheeled about and stamped her foot.

"Silence, pigs!" she screamed.

The tumult fell away. For a moment the girl stood poised as if ready to spring, and then turned, and, in the hush passed beyond us to a seat at Deborah's farther side. My companion shrank slightly toward me and once more laid a hand upon my arm. Her face was turned toward Beatrice, whose color had died down and whose eyes were perfectly indifferent.

The raising of the curtain put an end to the strain. The audience, forgetting their disappointment, bent excited faces toward the stage, and so, after a few moments, did Deborah.

I fear I was an inattentive spectator. I dared not move lest I should disturb that precious touch upon my arm, and the eager face before me I found a sight more fascinating than the absurd gestures of puppets. But presently, beyond Deborah's

face appeared Beatrice's, and a certain self-consciousness in its expression took my notice. The girl's lips were pressed together and her eyes were directed sternly toward the stage, but it was evidently with an effort that she held them thus. A glance about the theatre gave me the clew. The faun by the street-piano was looking full at her, with such a face of adoration as I had read of but never beheld. It was pathetic, but it was funny as well, and I laughed. Glances of scorn from Deborah and Beatrice punished me, and Deborah transferred the hand to her lap.

"Do you understand what is going on?" I whispered. "The scene is in the court of the Soldan of Africa. That trembling creature is an envoy from Carlo Magno, come to demand the Soldan's surrender. The play, you know, is six months long. Each adventure takes up one night."

Here Deborah pointed a monitory finger toward the stage, and I shrugged my shoulders in silence.



With such a face of adoration as I had read of.

Indeed the drama had reached a crisis. The Soldan had committed the envoy to a dungeon. While the prisoner grovelled upon the floor, in stalked the Soldan with the haughty stride, achieved by marionettes only. In his hand he bore a sword.

"The hour of thy choice is come," announced the infidel. "Renounce thy faith. Acknowledge the true God and Mahomet his prophet and thou goest free. If thou refuse, this shall be thy last moment on earth."

Many visits to the theatre had prepared me for the sound of indrawn breaths on every side. Deborah glanced curiously around her, but instantly turned again to the scene. The Christian had struggled to his feet.

"Never!" he said in feeble tones. "I can die, but I cannot be false to my faith."

The Pagan raised his sword.

"Dog of a Christian, die!" he roared, and cut the captive down.

"*Infame! infame!*" screamed the audience. Settees scraped, shoes pounded, and men sprang to their feet. About us was a hurly-burly of brandished fists, glaring eyes, snarling lips, flashing teeth. Apples, bananas, split peas, and I thought a knife or two, hurtled toward the stage. Deborah uttered a little scream and started up.

The curtain, falling swiftly, shut off the craven monarch from this just indignation, and instantly the raging mob turned into an assemblage of light-hearted citizens, laughing, chaffing, tossing up their heads to drink beer out of bottles or oval tin pails.

Deborah understood, and a smile curved her lips, but her eyes were wide and deep with recent fright.

"Isn't it amazing?" I ventured.

"Yes!" she agreed, faintly. "It's—it's Elizabethan. I wish we Americans could take our theatre as seriously. I



"*Infame! Infame!*" screamed the audience.

don't wonder, though, that they were excited. I was a little under the spell myself. I could easily fancy that those dolls were alive."

"Look at Beatrice," I suggested.

The girl had not yet recovered her composure. Her hands were clinched and her breath came deep and fast. Deborah eyed her sympathetically.

"It seems very real, doesn't it, my dear?" said Deborah.

Beatrice turned upon her.

"It *is*-a r-real!" she exclaimed. "It was-a te-r-*rue!* 'E did kill-a da Christiano. It was long ago. You are-a cold, you Americani!"

"Come, come, Beatrice," I interposed. "You must not speak like that to Miss Speedwell. Take us to your father at once. I shall tell him that you are a naughty girl."

III

In the little enclosure behind the scenes Pietro gave us a welcome that raised a lump in my throat.

"Old friend!" he exclaimed, in his pure Tuscan. "Why have you left us lonely so long? The theatre has not been a satisfaction without you. No one understands it as you do."

As I shook his hand I noted that his dark eyes had dulled over, and that anxiety had cut a wrinkle between his white old brows.

"I am making amends," I answered. "I am bringing someone who will comprehend your art as well as I."

"This lady! You are married, then. It is well."

Deborah turned away, and though I hastened to explain, I felt a thrill of joy. She was not carrying off an embarrassing situation with her wonted lightness.

"No, no, only an old friend," I said. "I am not married. Deborah, let me introduce Pietro. He is a true artist. He might be making himself rich by taking his daughter and a street-piano to the restaurants, but he prefers to stick to his art and to live on a little."

Pietro's face fell.

"It is not altogether that," he said. "It is true that I love the drama. But also I do not find that it is good for Beatrice to go where there are people who look on."

I looked a question at him.

"Would not the lady like to handle a marionette?" replied the manager. "It is the beginning of knowledge about our drama. Anselmo, show the lady how to manage the figures."

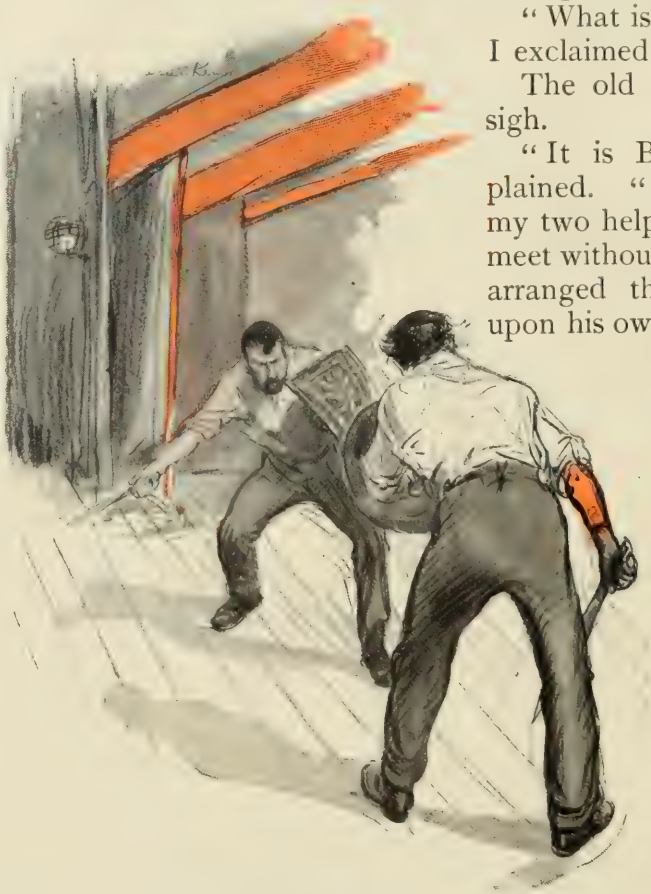
As Anselmo led Deborah away, a change in the room, of which I had been dimly aware, insisted upon my full attention. A high wooden partition divided the helpers' bench into two parts.

"What is that for, Pietro?" I exclaimed.

The old man drew a heavy sigh.

"It is Beatrice," he explained. "She has bewitched my two helpers. They cannot meet without blows. So I have arranged that each remains upon his own side of the room. Anselmo handles the Christians; Giuseppe the Moslems. I have made high the boards, so that they cannot meet upon the bench."

"So-o-o," I whistled. I ran over in my mind Pietro's anxious face, Beatrice's cool reply to my question about the helpers, and the pleading gaze of the faun.



"My two helpers, with the shields and the swords of Orlando and Rinaldo, fought."

"Who is the boy at the piano?" I asked.

"Gaiterno? He is her cousin. He worships her. It would be a good match, but she will not listen to him. He is not strong enough, she says."

"The little coquette!" I commented.

"Ah, Signore, it is not that!" sighed Pietro. "It is the play. The play is in her head. Life to her is the play. She holds herself to be a princess. Strong men love her, she thinks. She says she will smile upon no one who is not as strong as Rinaldo. Listen, Signore. This is what I saw when I made entrance here three days ago. My two helpers, with the shields and the swords of Orlando and Rinaldo, fought, while Beatrice, with the crown of Angelica upon her head, sat upon the throne of Carlo Magno, and urged them on."



Her arms were folded across her breast.

The old man's arms were flourishing, and his eyes were bright.

"I made Anselmo to go away upon the instant," he went on; "but Beatrice, she made a threat that she would elope with him. What could I do? I am an old man. She is my only child. You see—he is still here."

The fire in his eyes went out, his head sank upon his breast, and his hands fell to his sides. I grasped one of them in mine.

The old man returned my grasp bravely, and tried to smile.

"It is sad, is it not, my friend," he said, "that my art should have brought this misfortune upon me!"

Deborah's laughter gurgled down from the bench. Evidently she was in difficulties with her marionettes. An idea came to me.

"Wait for me one minute," I said. "Perhaps Miss Speedwell can help us."

"It is time to raise the curtain," answered Pietro. "You are a good friend. I go to my work with an uplifted heart."

I hastened to the steps at the end of the bench. As I turned to mount them, I felt a hand upon mine, and found Beatrice beside me.

"You lofe-a her!" declared the child, solemnly.

The thought that I carried my heart upon my sleeve annoyed me.

"Beatrice," I exclaimed, "you must learn not to be silly. You are too young to think of such things."

"You not-a say dat once," returned Beatrice, reproachfully; and the recollection of my indiscreet chaffing added to my annoyance. I hurried away, doubtful of my plan. But my kind-hearted companion received it eagerly.

"Ask her to visit us in the country? Of course I will!" she exclaimed, when I had told the story.

During the next act we sat upon one of the heaps of properties, still piled in the corners, and arranged Beatrice's future. We constituted ourselves god and goddess *ex machinâ* to make a noble woman of the little girl. She was to spend a whole summer face to face with nature, at Deborah's father's pet stock-farm. There she would forget plays and learn to milk cows and to cook. Perhaps, at the end of the season, Gaiterno might be asked to visit her. The



It struck Anselmo fairly in the chest and laid him low.

wooing of the faun and the maiden amid Colonel Speedwell's groves appealed to Deborah's sense of the picturesque. What appealed to me was the provision in the plan that I should run down every Sunday to watch the progress of education.

Plotting was a very pleasant occupation, and we both started at the thunder of applause and the trampling of feet outside. The play was over—the audience was going home. I rose to my feet reluctantly, and I hoped that I detected in Deborah's deliberation a willingness to linger. While she was watching the helpers, as they hung Orlando and his comrades upon the rack, Pietro came to bid us good-night. Beatrice followed him as far as the doorway. I did not think it best that her good fortune should be revealed to her as yet, and while Deborah was laying it before her father, I asked the child to see if my cab was ready. She drew herself up resentfully, but sulked away. After a long time she returned with word that no cab was in sight.

"No cab?" I asked, in astonishment.

I stumbled through the door, and down half a dozen steps and ran along the passage that led to the street. Beatrice had told the truth. No cab was in sight. Indeed the street was vacant. A March rain had begun to fall, driving everyone indoors and making a mirror of the pavement. It flashed to me the lights of an electric car crossing the street half a dozen blocks away.

"She'd get fearfully wet," I mused, "and her mother would put a stopper on trips."

While I was searching my brains for an expedient, Pietro came running down the hallway.

"Have no care, my good friend," he panted. "Beatrice has told me of cabs at the ferry. It is but a dozen squares. I go to order a cab. Go you to your kind lady."

Greatly relieved, I returned behind the scenes. In the hall I passed Anselmo, and wondered why Beatrice had not sent him instead of her father forth into the wet; but I reflected that perhaps relations between the girl and her lovers might be strained. Thanks for her thoughtfulness were on my lips as I opened the door. They were never spoken, however. Beatrice stood by the partition, alone. Her hair, loosed from its knot, hung wild about her shoulders. Her arms were folded across her breast. One foot was planted forward, and I saw under it Deborah's fur cape.

"Beatrice!" I exclaimed. "What on earth is the matter with you? Where is Miss Speedwell?"

The girl stretched forth both arms toward me.

"You list-a me," she said. "You tink she lof-a you. It is not. It is I! I lof-a you. I 'ave lof-a you one year. You come one year ago—I lof-a you."

Anxiety for Deborah overcame my bewilderment. I stamped my foot upon the stage.

"Stop this nonsense, Beatrice," I commanded. "What are you talking about? Where is Miss Speedwell? Tell me at once!"

The girl thrust a hand into the bosom of her dress.

"You cast-a me off?" she declaimed. "Den I tell you. Nevair s'all you see 'er again. I desire dat you s'all-a not. It is me dat 'ave ordered da cabba away. It is me dat 'ave pris-oned 'er w'ere you s'all nevair coome. I hate 'er. Dis is for dem who betr-r-rays an' not care!"

She plucked the hand from her dress and lifted it high. It held a villanous little stiletto.

Of that moment I can never think, nowadays, without laughing. But at the time I had no appreciation of absurdities. I sent a hasty searching glance about the enclosure. Beyond Beatrice was a door, and I thought I heard the sound of muffled sobs behind it. I sprang forward. On the way I brushed Beatrice aside, heard a scream, and felt a hot streak upon my arm; but I was beyond caring for that. A stroke of my foot burst the lock of the door, and in another instant I was holding my sweetheart in my arms.

A hurry of footsteps upon the stairs opposite startled us. The two helpers, the little faun and another Italian boy rushed through the door. Beatrice sprang to meet them. The dagger was still in her hand, and her eyes were two yellow suns.

"Seize him!" she shrieked. "He has stolen away my father—who knows where? Me, he has betrayed! Revenge my wrong!"

But Beatrice was not vouchsafed the spectacle of a combat in her honor. When I am thoroughly roused I act promptly, and I am not a feeble man. I snatched my arm from Deborah's waist, seized from the rack the nearest marionette and sent it flying among Beatrice's lovers. It struck Anselmo fairly in the chest and laid him low. Fortunately it was a lady figure and could hardly have hurt him seriously, but it smothered him with skirts and hampered him with strings. The other Italians watched his struggles for an instant, and as I made a stride forward, turned and ran as if the *Pagani* themselves had been after them.

I snatched Deborah's cape from the floor, lifted my sweetheart herself, and sped with her to the street. Once out of doors, I let her find her own feet, and we skurried on through the driving rain. It was a bedraggled maiden that boarded the electric car with me, but her eyes were bright and her spirits were firm ; she had even the courage to laugh over the adventure.

"The dreadful little creature!" said Deborah. "She told me I should find you outside that door, and that she would bring my cape. But when I had opened the door, she pushed me through and locked it after me. I knew you would come ; but it was dark in there, and I—I think there were rats."

She bent to examine the edge of her waist, which did not in the least need attention.

"You—you are very strong and brave, Harry," she murmured.

IV

That evening won my cause. For reasons not pertaining to this story, our wedding was hastened. The month of preparation was busy, and I am ashamed to say that I forgot Pietro and his trouble. Deborah, who never forgets anything, arranged for Beatrice's invitation to the farm.

During our three years of honeymoon abroad we spoke almost daily of the child and her father. A message from the farmer asking why his guest had not appeared excited further our curiosity ; and when we returned to New York I devoted my first unengaged evening to a visit at the theatre. My wife preferred to remain at home.

The paintings in the foyer were a little dingy ; otherwise the place seemed unchanged. I rapped upon the door of the ticket-office.

A woman with a baby in her arms answered my clamor. Her figure was thick and clumsy, and her clothes were baggy. After a moment of scrutiny she shifted the baby to her left arm and extended a pudgy hand.

"Welcome, Signore," she said, in a husky voice. I stared at her face. Her cheeks had encroached upon her eyes, but the depths gleamed yellow.

"Beatrice!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Signore," she replied. "You not-a know? I am grow up. I am marry."

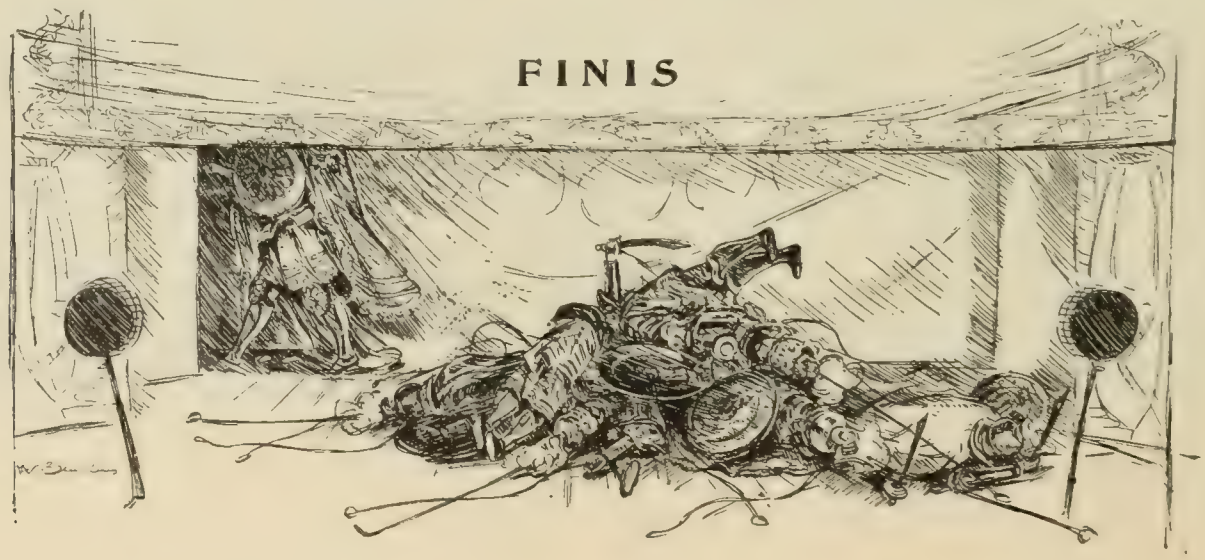
"So I supposed," I stammered. "Ah—when did it——?"

"Two year ago. More. My 'usband, 'e is inside. Giovanni, come 'ere."

An undersized man shuffled into the foyer. His legs wavered, and one shoulder was higher than the other.

"'E is tail'. 'E maka da clo'," said Beatrice, proudly. "We 'ave r-roon off, toget'er. My father, 'e is so good ; 'e' ava pardon. We live all toget'er. My father lof-a da *bambino*. You will see da play? Giovanni, show de signore da good seat. No, no! No taka da ten centa."

FINIS



THE SPECTRE IN THE CART

By Thomas Nelson Page

I HAD not seen my friend Stokeman since we were at college together, longer ago than it was pleasant to think of, and now naturally we fell to talking of old times. I remembered him as a hard-headed man without a particle of superstition, if such a thing be possible in a land where we are brought up on superstition, from the bottle. He was at that time full of life and of enjoyment of whatever it brought. I found now that gravity had taken the place of the gayety for which he was then noted, and that his wild and almost reckless spirits had been tempered by the years which had passed as I should not have believed possible; for his career had been an unbroken success, and he appeared to have proved in his own case his old tenet so arrogantly asserted, that no difficulty could exist which a man's intellect could not overcome.

He used to maintain, I remember, that there was no apparition or supernatural manifestation, or series of circumstances pointing to such a manifestation, however strongly substantiated they appeared to be, that could not be explained on purely natural grounds. And he was wont to say that he regretted that he had not followed my profession: Medicine instead of the Law, that he might study and explain all such phenomena, and show the folly of all contrary theories.

During our stay at college a somewhat notable instance of what was by many supposed to be a supernatural manifestation occurred in a deserted house on a remote plantation in an adjoining county.

It baffled all investigation, and got into the newspapers, recalling the Cock Lane ghost, and many more less celebrated apparitions. Parties were organized to investigate it, but were baffled. Stokeman, on a bet of a box of cigars, volunteered to go out alone and explode the fraud; and did so, not only putting the restless spirit to flight, but capturing it and dragging it into town as the physical and indisputable witness both of the truth of his theory and of his personal courage. The exploit gave him immense notoriety in our little world.

I was, therefore, now during my visit to him no little surprised to hear him say seriously that he had come to understand how people saw apparitions.

"I have seen them myself," he added, gravely.

"You do not mean it?" I sat bolt upright in my chair in my astonishment. I had myself, largely through his influence, become a skeptic in matters relating to the supernatural.

"Yes, I have seen ghosts. They not only have appeared to me, but were as real to my ocular vision as any other external physical object which I saw with my eyes."

"Of course it was an hallucination. Tell me; I can explain it."

"I explained it myself," he said, dryly. "But it left me with a little less conceit and a little more sympathy with the hallucinations of others not so gifted."

It was a fair hit.

"In the year ——," he went on, after a brief period of reflection, "I was the State Attorney for my native county, to which office I had been elected a few years after I left college, and the year we emancipated ourselves from carpet-bag rule, and I so remained until I was appointed to the bench. I had a personal acquaintance, pleasant or otherwise, with every man in the county. The district was a close one, and I could almost have given the census of the population. I knew every man who was for me and almost every one who was against me. There were few neutrals. In those times much hung on the elections. There was no borderland. Men were either warmly for you or hotly against you.

"We thought we were getting into smooth water, where the sailing was clear, when the storm suddenly appeared about

to rise again. In the canvass of that year the election was closer than ever and the contest hotter.

"Among those who went over when the lines were thus sharply drawn was an old darky named Joel Turnell, who had been a slave of one of my nearest neighbors, Mr. Eaton, and whom I had known all my life as an easy-going, palavering old fellow with not much principle, but with kindly manners and a likable way. He had always claimed to be a supporter of mine, being one of the two or three negroes in the county who professed to vote with the whites.

"He had a besetting vice of pilfering, for which I had once or twice defended and got him off, and he appeared to be grateful to me. I always doubted him a little; for I believed he did not have force of character enough to stand up against his people, and he was a great liar. Still, he was always friendly with me, and used to claim the emoluments and privileges of such a relation. Now, however, on a sudden, in this campaign he became one of my bitterest opponents. I attributed it to the influence of a son of his, named Absalom, who had gone off from the county during the war when he was only a youth, and had stayed away for many years without anything being known of him, and who had now returned unexpectedly, and thrown himself into the fight. He claimed to have been in the army, and he appeared to have a deep-seated animosity against the whites, particularly against all those whom he had known in boyhood. He was a vicious-looking fellow, broad-shouldered, and bow-legged, with a swagger in his gait. He had an ugly scar on the side of his throat, evidently made by a knife, though he told the negroes, I understood, that he had got it in the war, and was ready to fight again if he but got the chance. He had not been back long before he was in several rows, and as he was of brutal strength, he began to be much feared by the negroes. Whenever I heard of him it was in connection with some fight among his own people, or some effort to excite race animosity. When the canvass began he flung himself into it with fury, and I must say with marked effect. His hostility appeared to be particularly directed against myself, and I heard of him in all parts of the district declaiming against me. The Negroes who, for one or two elections had appeared to have quieted down and become indifferent as to politics were suddenly revivified and showed more feeling than I personally had ever known them to show. It looked as if the old scenes of the Reconstruction period, when the two sides were like hostile armies, might be witnessed again. Night meetings, or 'camp-fires,' were held all through the district, and from all of them came the report of Absalom Turnell's violent speeches stirring up the blacks and arraying them against the whites. Our side was equally aroused and the whole section was in a ferment. Our effort was to prevent any outbreak and tide over the crisis.

"Among my friends was a farmer named John Halloway, one of the best men in my county, and a neighbor and friend of mine from my boyhood. His farm, a snug little homestead of fifty or sixty acres, adjoined our plantation on one side; and on the other, that of the Eatons, to whom Joel Turnell and his son Absalom had belonged, and I remember that as a boy it was my greatest privilege and reward to go over on a Saturday and be allowed by John Halloway to help him plough, or cut his hay. He was a big, ruddy-faced, jolly boy, and even then used to tell me about being in love with Fanny Peel, who was the daughter of another farmer in the neighborhood, and a Sunday-school scholar of my mother's. I thought him the greatest man in the world. He had a fight once with Absalom Turnell when they were both youngsters, and, though Turnell was much the heavier, whipped him completely. Halloway was a good soldier and a good son, and when he came back from the war and won his wife, who was a belle among the young farmers, and with her settled down on his little place and proceeded to make it a bower of roses and fruit-trees, there was not a man around who did not rejoice in his prosperity and wish him well. The Halloways had no children and, as is often the case in such instances, they appeared to be more to each other than most husbands and wives. He always spoke of his wife as if the sun rose and set in her. No matter where he might be in the county, when night came he always rode home, saying that his wife would be expecting

him. 'Don't keer whether she's asleep or not,' he used to say, 'she knows I'm a-comin', and she always hears my click on the gate-latch, and is waitin' for me.'

"It came to be well understood throughout the county.

"'I believe you are henpecked,' said a man to him one night.

"'I believe I am, George,' laughed Halloway, 'and by Jings! I like it too.'

"It was impossible to take offence at him, he was so good-natured. He would get out of his bed in the middle of the night, hitch up his horse and pull his bitterest enemy out of the mud. He had on an occasion ridden all night through a blizzard to get a doctor for the wife of a negro neighbor in a cabin near by who was suddenly taken ill. When someone expressed admiration for it, especially as it was known that the man had not long before been abusing Halloway to the provost-marshal, who at that time was in supreme command, he said,

"'Well, what's that got to do with it? Wa'n't the man's wife sick? I don't deserve no credit, though; if I hadn't gone, my wife wouldn' 'a' let me come in her house.' He was an outspoken man, too, not afraid of the devil, and when he believed a thing he spoke it, no matter whom it hit. In this way John had been in trouble several times while we were under 'gun-rule'; and this, together with his personal character, had given him great influence in the county, and made him a power. He was one of my most ardent friends and supporters, and to him, perhaps, more than to any other two men in the county, I owed my position.

"Absalom Turnell's rancorous speeches had stirred all the county, and the apprehension of the outbreak his violence was in danger of bringing might have caused trouble but for John Halloway's coolness and level-headedness. John offered to go around and follow Absalom up at his meetings. He could 'spike his guns,' he said. Some of his friends wanted to go with him. But he said no. The only condition on which he would go was that he should go alone.

"'You'd better not try that,' they argued. 'That fellow, Ab. Turnell's got it in for you.'

"'They ain't any of 'em going to trouble me,' said John. 'I know 'em all and I git along with 'em first rate. I don't know as I know this fellow Ab.; he's sort o' grown out o' my recollection; but I want to see. He knows me, I know. I got my hand on him once when he was a boy—about my age, and he ain't forgot that, I know. He was a blusterer; but he didn't have real grit. He won't say nothin' to my face. But I must go alone. You all are too flighty.'

"So Halloway went alone and followed Ab. up at his 'camp-fires,' and if report was true his mere presence served to curb Ab.'s fury, and take the fire out of his harangues. Even the negroes got to laughing and talking about it. Ab. was just like a dog when a man faced him, they said; he could not look him in the eye.

"The night before the election there was a meeting at one of the worst places in the county, a country store at a point known as Burley's Fork, and Halloway went there, alone—and for the first time in the canvass thought it necessary to interfere. Absalom, stung by the taunts of some of his friends, and having stimulated himself with mean whiskey, launched out in a furious tirade against the whites generally, and me in particular; and called on the negroes to go to the polls next day prepared to 'wade in blood to their lips.' For himself, he said, he had 'drunk blood' before, both of white men and women, and he meant to drink it again. He whipped out and flourished a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other. His language exceeded belief, and the negroes, excited by his violence, were showing the effect of his wild declamation on their emotions, and were beginning to respond with shouts and cries, when Halloway rose and walked forward. Absalom turned and started to meet him, yelling his fury and threats, and the audience were rising to their feet when they were stopped. It was described to me afterwards. Halloway was in the midst of a powder magazine, absolutely alone, a single spark would have blown him to atoms and might have caused a catastrophe which would have brought untold evil. But he was as calm as a May morning. He walked through them, the man who told me said, as if he did not know there was a soul in a hundred miles of him, and

as if Absalom were only something to be swept aside.

"'He wa'n't exac'ly laughin', or even smilin,' he said, 'but he jest looked easy in his mine.'

"They were all waiting, he said, expecting Absalom to tear him to pieces on the spot; but as Halloway advanced, Absalom faltered and stopped. He could not stand his calm eye. 'It was jest like a dog givin' way before a man who ain't afraid of him,' my man said. 'He breshed Absalom aside as if he had been a fly, and began to talk to us, and I never heard such a speech.'

"I got there just after it happened; for some report of what Absalom intended to do had reached me that night and I rode over hastily, fearing that I might arrive too late. When, however, I reached the place everything was quiet, Absalom had disappeared. Unable to face his downfall, he had gone off, taking old Joel with him. The tide of excitement had changed and the negroes, relieved at the relaxing of the tension, were laughing among themselves at their champion's defeat and disavowing any sympathy with his violence. They were all friendly with Halloway.

"'Dat man wa'n' nothin' but a' outside nigger, nohow,' they said. 'And he always was more mouth than anything else,' etc.

"'Good L—d! He say he want to drink *blood!*' declared one man to another, evidently for us to hear, as we mounted our horses.

"'Drink *whiskey!*' replied the other, dryly, and there was a laugh of derision.

"I rode home with Halloway. I shall never forget his serenity. As we passed along, the negroes were lining the roads on their way homeward, and were shouting and laughing among themselves; and the greetings they gave us as we passed were as civil and good-humored as if no unpleasantness had ever existed. A little after we set out, one man, who had been walking very fast just ahead of us, and had been keeping in advance all the time, slackened his gait and, as we rode by him, came close to Halloway's stirrup and said something to him in an undertone. All I caught was that somebody was 'layin' up something against him.'

"'That's all right, Dick; let him lay it up, and keep it laid up,' Halloway laughed.

"'Dat's a bad feller!' the negro insisted, uneasily, his voice kept in an undertone. 'You got to watch him. I'se knowed him from a boy.' He added something else in a whisper which I did not catch.

"'All right; certainly not! Much obliged to you, Dick. I'll keep my eyes open. Good-night.'

"'Good-night, gent'men;' and the negro fell back and began to talk with the nearest of his companions effusively.

"'Who is that?' I asked, for the man had kept his hat over his eyes.

"'That's Dick Winchester. You remember that old fellow 't used to belong to old Mr. Eaton—lived down in the pines back o' me, on the creek 't runs near my place. His wife died the year of the big snow.' It was not necessary to explain further. I remembered the negro for whom Halloway had ridden through the storm that night.

"I asked him, somewhat irrelevantly, if he carried a pistol. He said no, he had never done so.

"'Fact is, I'm afraid of killin' somebody. And I don't want to do that, I know. Never could bear to shoot my gun even durin' o' the war, though I shot her 'bout as often as any of 'em, I reckon—always used to shut my eyes right tight whenever I pulled the trigger. I reckon I was a mighty pore soldier,' he laughed. (I had heard that he was one of the best in the army.)

"'Besides, I always feel sort o' cowardly if I've got a pistol on. Looks like I was afraid of somebody—an' I ain't. I've noticed if two fellows has pistols on and git to fightin', mighty apt to one git hurt, maybe both. Sort o' like two dogs growling—long as don't but one of 'em growl it's all right. If don't but one have a pistol, t'other feller always has the advantage and sort o' comes out top, while the man with the pistol looks mean.'

"I remember how he looked in the dim moonlight as he drawled his quaint philosophy.

"'I'm a man o' peace, Mr. Johnny, and I learnt that from your mother—I learnt a heap o' things from her,' he added, presently, after a little period of reflection.

'She was the lady as used always to have a kind word for me when I was a boy. That's a heap to a boy. I used to think she was an angel. You think it's *you* I'm a fightin' for in this canvass? 'Tain't. I likes you well enough, but I ain't never forgot your mother, and her kindness to my old people durin' the war when I was away. She give me this handkerchief for a weddin' present when I was married after the war—said 'twas all she had to give, and my wife thinks the world and all of it; won't let me have it 'cept as a favor; but this mornin' she told me to take it—said 'twould bring me luck.' He took a big bandanna out of his pocket and held it up in the moonlight. I remembered it as one of my father's.

"'She'll make me give it up to-morrow night when I git home,' he chuckled.

We had turned into the road through the plantations, and had just come to the fork where Halloway's road turned off toward his place.

"'I lays a heap to your mother's door—purty much all this, I reckon.' His eye swept the moon-bathed scene before him. 'But for her I mightn't 'a got *her*. And ain't a man in the world got a happier home, or as good a wife.' He waved his hand toward the little homestead that was sleeping in the moonlight on the slope the other side of the stream, a picture of peace.

"His path went down a little slope, and mine kept along the side of the hill until it entered the woods. A great sycamore tree grew right in the fork, with its long, hoary arms extending over both roads, making a broad mass of shadow in the white moonlight.

"The next day was the day of the election. Halloway was at one poll and I was at another; so I did not see him that day. But he sent me word that evening that he had carried his poll, and I rode home knowing that we should have peace.

"I was awakened next morning by the news that Halloway and his wife had both been murdered the night before. I at once galloped over to his place, and was one of the first to get there. It was a horrible sight. Halloway had evidently been waylaid and killed by a blow of an axe just as he was entering his yard gate, and then the door of the house had been broken open and his wife had been killed, after which Halloway's body had been dragged into the house, and the house had been fired with the intention of making it appear that the house had burned by accident. But the house had not burned down. By one of those inexplicable fatalities, the fire, after catching and burning half of two walls, had gone out. It was a terrible sight, and the room looked like a shambles. Halloway had evidently been caught unawares while leaning over his gate. The back of his head had been crushed in with the eye of an axe, and he had died instantly. The pleasant thought which was in his mind at the instant—perhaps of the greeting that always awaited him on the click of his latch; perhaps of his success that day; perhaps of my mother's kindness to him when he was a boy—was yet on his face, stamped there indelibly by the blow that killed him. There he lay, face upward, as the murderer had thrown him after bringing him in, stretched out his full length on the floor, with his quiet face upturned, looking in that throng of excited, awe-stricken men, just what he had said he was: a man of peace. His wife, on the other hand, wore a terrified look on her face. There had been a terrible struggle. She had lived to taste the bitterness of death, before it took her." He put his hand over his eyes as though to shut out the vision that recurred to him.

"In a short time there was a great crowd there, white and black. The general mind flew at once to Absalom Turnell. The negroes present were as earnest in their denunciation as the whites; perhaps more so, for the whites were past threatening. I knew from the grimness that trouble was brewing, and I felt that if Absalom were caught and any evidence were found on him, no power on earth could save him. A party rode off in search of him, and went to old Joel's house. Neither Absalom nor Joel were there; they had not been home since the election, one of the women said.

"As a law officer of the county I was to a certain extent in charge at Halloway's, and in looking around for all the clews to be found, I came on a small piece of 'light-wood,' as it is called, stuck in a

crack in the floor near the bed: a piece of a stick of 'fat-pine,' such as negroes often carry about, and use as tapers—not as large or as long as one's little finger. One end had been burned; but the other end was clean and was jagged just as it had been broken off. There was a small scorched place on the planks on either side, and it was evident that this was one of the splinters that had been used in firing the house. I called a couple of the coolest, most level-headed men present and quietly showed them the spot, and they took the splinter out and preserved it.

"By one of those fortuitous chances which so often happen in every lawyer's experience, and appear inexplicable, Old Joel Turnell came up to the house just as we came out. He was as sympathetic as possible, appeared outraged at the crime, and professed the highest regard for Halloway, and the deepest sorrow at his death. The sentiment of the crowd was rather one of sympathy with him, that he should have such a son as Absalom.

"I took the old man aside to have a talk with him, to find out where his son was and where he had been the night before. He was equally vehement in his declarations of his son's innocence, and of professions of regard for Halloway. He was indeed so profuse as to these that he aroused my suspicion and I questioned him further; when to my astonishment he declared that his son had spent the night with him and had gone away after sunrise.

"Then happened one of those fatuous things that have led to the detection of so many negroes and can almost be counted on in their prosecution. Joel took a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his face, and as he did so I recognized the very handkerchief Halloway had shown me the night before. As he pulled out the handkerchief, Joel drew with it several splinters of light-wood, one of which had been broken off from a longer piece and looked exactly as if it might fit into the piece that had been stuck in the crack in the floor. At first, I could scarcely believe my own senses. But it was the same handkerchief. Of course, it became my duty to have Joel arrested immediately. But I was afraid to have it done there, the crowd was so deeply incensed. So I called the two men to whom I had shown the light-wood splinter, told them the story, and they promised to get him away and arrest him quietly and take him safely to jail, which they did.

"Even then we did not exactly believe that the old man had any active complicity in the crime, and I was blamed for arresting the innocent old father and letting the guilty son escape. The son, however, was arrested shortly afterward.

"The circumstances from which the crime arose gave the case something of a political aspect, and the prisoners had the best counsel to be procured, both at our local bar and in the capital. Thus the case became a somewhat celebrated one. The evidence was almost entirely circumstantial, and when I came to work it up, I found, as often occurs, that although the case was plain enough on the outside, there were many difficulties in the way of fitting all the circumstances to prove the guilt of the accused and to make out every link in the chain. Particularly was this so in the prosecution of the young man, who was supposed to be the chief criminal, and in whose case there was a strong effort to prove an alibi.

"As I worked, I found to my surprise that the guilt of the old man, though based wholly on circumstantial evidence, was established more clearly than that of his son—not indeed, as to the murders, but as to the arson, which served just as well to convict on. The handkerchief, which Joel had not been able to resist the temptation to steal, and the splinter of light-wood in his pocket, which fitted exactly into that found in the house, together with other circumstances, proved his guilt conclusively. But although there was an equal moral certainty of the guilt of the young man, it was not so easy to establish it by law.

"Old Dick Winchester was found dead one morning and the alibi was almost completely proved, and only failed by the incredibility of the witnesses for the defence. Old Joel persistently declared that Absalom was innocent, and but for a confession by Absalom of certain facts intended to shift the suspicion from himself to his father, I do not know how his case might have turned out.

"I believed him to be the instigator as well as the perpetrator of the crime.

"I threw myself into the contest, and

prosecuted with all the vigor I was capable of. And I finally secured the conviction of both men. But it was after a hard fight. They were the only instances in which, representing the Commonwealth, I was ever conscious of strong personal feeling, and of a sense of personal triumph. The memory of my last ride with Halloway, and of the things he said to me; the circumstances under which he and his wife were killed; the knowledge that in some sort it was on my account; and the bitter attacks made on me personally (for in some quarters I was depicted as a bloodthirsty ruffian, and it was charged that I was for political reasons prosecuting men whom I personally knew to be innocent), all combined to spur me to my utmost effort. And when the verdicts were rendered, I was conscious of a sense of personal triumph so fierce as to shock me.

"Not that I did not absolutely believe in the guilt of both prisoners; for I considered that I had demonstrated it, and so did the jurors who tried them.

"The day of execution was set. An appeal was at once taken in both cases and a stay was granted, and I had to sustain the verdicts in the upper court. The fact that the evidence was entirely circumstantial had aroused great interest, and every lawyer in the State had his theory. The upper court affirmed in both cases and appeals were taken to the next highest court, and again stay of execution was granted.

"The prisoners' counsel had moved to have the prisoners transferred to another county, which I opposed. I was sure that the people of my county would observe the law. They had resisted the first fierce impulse, and were now waiting patiently for Justice to take its course. Months passed, and the stay of execution had to be renewed. The road to Halloway's grew up and I understood that the house had fallen in, though I never went that way again. Still the court hung fire as to its conclusion.

"The day set for the execution approached for the third time without the court having rendered its decision. On the day before that set for the execution, the court gave its decision. It refused to interfere in the case of old Joel, but reversed, and set aside the verdict in that of the younger man. Of a series of over one hundred bills of exception taken by his counsel as a "drag-net," one held; and owing to the admission of a single question by a juror, the judgment was set aside in Absalom's case and a new trial ordered.

"The decision of the court was not as great a surprise to me as it was to the people generally; still even I was somewhat surprised, for I had supposed that both judgments would go together. The court came in for a good deal of abuse, and it was declared by many that they had hanged the wrong man.

"Being anxious lest the excitement might increase, I felt it my duty to stay at the county-seat that night, and as I could not sleep I spent the time going over the records of the two cases; which, like most causes, developed new points every time they were read. I found myself fascinated by them.

"Everything was perfectly quiet all night, though the village was filling up with people from the country to see the execution, which at that time was still public. I determined next morning to go to my home in the country and get a good rest, of which I began to feel the need. I was detained, however, and it was well along in the forenoon before I mounted my horse and rode slowly out of town through a back street. The lane kept away from the main road except at one point just outside of town, where it crossed it at right angles.

"It was a beautiful spring day—a day in which it is a pleasure merely to live, and as I rode along through the quiet lane under the leafy trees I could not help my mind wandering and dwelling on the things that were happening. I am not sure, indeed, that I was not dozing; for I reached the highway without knowing just where I was.

"I was recalled to myself by a rush of boys up the street before me, and a crowd behind them. And there at that moment, coming slowly along before me, was the head of the procession, the sheriff and his men riding, with set faces, in front and on both sides of a slowly moving vehicle, and in a common horse-cart in the midst of his guards, dressed in his Sunday clothes, with a clean white shirt on, seated on his pine coffin, was old Joel. I unconsciously gazed at him, and at the instant he looked

up and saw me. Our eyes met as naturally as if he had expected to find me there, and he gave me as natural and as friendly a bow, not a particle reproachful; but a little timid, as though he did not quite know whether I would speak to him.

"It gave me a tremendous shock. I had a sudden sinking of the heart, and nearly fell from my horse. I turned and rode away; but I could not shake off the feeling. I tried to reassure myself with the reflection that he had committed a terrible crime. It did not compose me. What insisted on coming to my mind was the eagerness with which I had prosecuted him and the joy I had felt at my success.

"Of course, I know now it was simply that I was overworked and needed rest; but at that time the trouble was serious.

"It haunted me all day, and that night I could not sleep; and for many days after, it clung to me, and I found myself unable to forget it, or to sleep as I had been used to do.

"The new trial of Absalom came on in time, and the fight was had all over again. It was longer than before, as every man in our county had an opinion, and a jury had to be brought from another county. But again the verdict was the same. And again an appeal was taken; was refused by the next higher court; and allowed by the highest; this time because a talesman said he had expressed an opinion, but had not formed one. And in time the appeal was heard once more, and after much delay, due to the number of cases on the docket and the immense labor of studying carefully so huge a record it was decided. It was again reversed, on the technicality mentioned, and a new trial ordered.

"That same day the court adjourned for its term.

"Sentiment is a curious thing. The apparent injustice of the fact that old Joel was sentenced to be hanged, while his son, who was universally believed to be the instigator of the crime, was given another chance for his life, affected many people, and a strong effort was made to get his sentence commuted; some, even of those who had been most earnest in their denunciation of him, turned, and petitions were got up recommending him for executive clemency. One was brought to me, and every argument was used to induce me to sign it. I was satisfied of his guilt, and refused.

"Having a bedroom adjoining my office, I spent that night in town. I did not go to sleep until late, and had not been asleep long when I was awakened by the continual repetition of a monotonous sound. At first I thought I was dreaming, but as I aroused it came to me distinctly: the sound of blows in the distance struck regularly. I awaked fully. The noise was in the direction of the jail. I dressed hastily and went down on the street. I stepped into the arms of a half-dozen masked men who quietly laid me on my back, blindfolded me and bound me so that I could not move. I threatened and struggled; but to no purpose, and finally gave it up and tried expostulation. They told me that they intended no harm to me; but that I was their prisoner and they meant to keep me. They had come for their man, they said, and they meant to have him. They were perfectly quiet and acted with the precision of old soldiers.

"All the time I could hear the blows at the jail as the mob pounded the iron door with sledges, and now and then a shout or cry from within. Then one great roar went up and the blows ceased suddenly, and then one cry.

"The blows were on the inner door, for the mob had gained access to the outer. They had come prepared and, stout as the door was, it could not resist long.

"In a little while I heard the regular tramp of men, and in a few minutes the column came up the street, marching like soldiers. There must have been five hundred of them. The prisoner was in the midst, bare-headed and walking between two mounted men, and was moaning and pleading and cursing by turns.

"I asked my captors if I might speak, and they gave me ten minutes. I stood up on the top step of the house, and for a quarter of an hour I made what I consider to have been the best speech I ever made or shall make. I told them in closing that I should use all my powers to find out who they were, and if I could I should prosecute them, every one, and try and have them hanged for murder.

"They heard me patiently, but without a word, and when I was through, one of the leaders made a short reply. They

agreed with me about the law ; but they felt that the way it was being used was such as to cause a failure of justice. They had waited patiently, and were apparently no nearer seeing justice executed than in the beginning. So they proposed to take the law into their own hands. The remedy was, to do away with all but proper defences and execute the law without unreasonable delay.

"It was the first mob I had ever seen, and I experienced a sensation of utter powerlessness and insignificance; just as in a vast disturbance of the elements—a storm at sea, a hurricane, a conflagration. The individual disappeared before the irresistible force.

"An order was given and the column moved on silently.

"A question arose among my guards as to what should be done with me.

"They wished to pledge me to return to my rooms and take no steps until morning, but I would give no pledges. So they took me along with them. From the time they started there was not a word except the orders of the leader and his lieutenants and the occasional outcry of the prisoner, who prayed and cursed by turns.

"They went out of the village and turned in at Halloway's place.

"Here the prisoner made his last struggle. The idea of being taken to Halloway's place appeared to terrify him to desperation. He might as well have struggled against the powers of the Infinite. He said he would confess everything if they would not take him there. They said they did not want his confession. He gave up, and from this time was quiet ; and he soon began to croon a sort of hymn.

"The procession stopped at the big sycamore under which I had last parted from Halloway.

"I asked leave to speak again ; but they said no. They asked the prisoner if he wanted to say anything. He said he wanted something to eat. The leader said he should have it ; that it should never be said that any man—even he—had asked in vain for food in that county.

"Out of a haversack food was produced in plenty, and while the crowd waited amidst profound silence, the prisoner squatted down and ate up the entire plateful.

"Then the leader said he had just five minutes more to live, and he had better pray.

"He began a wild sort of incoherent ramble ; confessed that he had murdered Halloway and his wife, but laid the chief blame on his father, and begged them to tell his friends to meet him in Heaven.

"I asked leave to go, and it was given me on condition that I would not return for twenty minutes. This I agreed to. I went to my home and aroused someone, and we returned. It was not much more than a half hour since I had left, but the place was deserted. It was all silent as the grave. There was no living creature there. Only under the great sycamore, from one of its long, pale branches that stretched across the road, hung that dead thing just out of our reach, turning and swaying a little in the night wind.

"We had to climb to the limb to cut the body down.

"The outside newspapers made a good deal of the affair. I was charged with indifference, with cowardice, with venality. Some journals even declared that I had instigated the lynching and participated in it, and said that I ought to be hanged.

"I did not mind this much. It buoyed me up, and I went on with my work without stopping for a rest, as I had intended to do.

"I kept my word and ransacked the county for evidence against the lynchers. Many knew nothing about the matter ; others pleaded their privilege and refused to testify on the ground of self-crimination.

"The election came on again, and almost before I knew it I was in the midst of the canvass.

"I held that election would be an indorsement of me, and defeat would be a censure. After all, it is the endorsement of those about our own home that we desire.

"The night before the election I spoke to a crowd at Burley's Fork. The place had changed since Halloway checked Absalom Turnell there. A large crowd was in attendance. I paid Halloway my personal tribute that night, and it met with a deep response. I denounced the lynching. There was a dead silence. I was sure that in my audience were many of the men who had been in the mob that night.

"When I rode home quite a company started with me.

"The moon, which was on the wane, was, I remember, just rising as we set out. It was a soft night, rather cloudy, but not dark, for the sad moon shone a little now and then, looking wasted and red. The other men dropped off from time to time as we came to the several roads that led to their homes and at last I was riding alone. I was dead tired, and after I was left by my companions sat loungingly on my horse, and my mind ran on the last canvass and the strange tragedy that ended it, with its train of consequences. I was not aware when my horse turned off from the main road into the by-road that led through the Halloway place to my own home. It was the same horse I had ridden that night. I waked suddenly to a realization of where I was, and regretted for a second that I had come by that road. The next moment I put the thought away as a piece of cowardice and rode on, my mind perfectly easy. My horse presently broke into a canter and I took a train of thought distinctly pleasant. I mention this to account for my inability to explain what followed. I was thinking of old times and of a holiday I had spent once at Halloway's when old Joel came through on his way to his wife's house. It was the first time I ever remembered seeing Joel. I was suddenly conscious of something white moving on the road before me. At the same second my horse suddenly wheeled with such violence as to break my stirrup-leather and almost throw me over his neck. I pulled him up and turned him back, and there before me, coming along the unused road up the hill from Halloway's, was old Joel, sitting in a cart, looking at me, and bowing to me politely just as he had done that morning on his way to the gallows; while dangling from the white limb of the sycamore, swaying softly in the wind, hung the corpse of Absalom. At first I thought it was an illusion and I rubbed my eyes. But there they were. Then I thought it was a delusion; and I reined in my horse and reasoned about it. But it was not; for I saw both men as plainly as I saw my stirrup-leather lying there in the middle of the road, and in the same way. My horse saw them too, and was so terrified that I could not keep him headed to them. Again and again I pulled him around and looked at the men and tried to reason about them; but every time I looked there they were, and my horse snorted and wheeled in terror. I could see the clothes they wore; the clean, white shirt and neat Sunday suit old Joel had on, and the striped, hickory shirt, torn on the shoulders, and the gray trousers that the lynched man wore—I could see the white rope wrapt around the limb and hanging down, and the knot at his throat; I remembered them perfectly. I could not get near the cart, for the road down to Halloway's, on which it moved steadily without ever approaching, was stopped up. But I rode right under the limb on which the other man hung, and there it was just above my head. I reasoned with myself, but in vain. There it still hung silent and real, swinging gently in the night wind and turning a little back and forth at the end of the white rope.

"In sheer determination to fight it through I got off my horse and picked up my stirrup. He was trembling like a leaf. I remounted and rode back to the spot and looked again, confident that the spectres would now have disappeared. But there they were, old Joel, sitting in his cart, bowing to me civilly with timid, sad, friendly eyes, as much alive as I was, and the dead man, with his limp head and arms, hanging in mid-air and turning in the wind.

"I rode up under the dangling body and cut at it with my switch. At the motion my horse bolted. He ran fully a mile before I could pull him in.

"The next morning I went to my stable to get my horse to ride to the polls. The man at the stable said:

"'He ain't fit to take out, sir. You must 'a gin him a mighty hard ride last night—he won't tetch a moufful; he's been in a cold sweat all night.'

"Sure enough, he looked it.

"I took another horse and rode out by Halloway's to see the place by daylight. It was quiet enough now.

"The sycamore shaded the grass-grown road, and a branch, twisted and broken by some storm, hung by a strip of bark from the big bough that stretched across the road above my head, swaying, with



Dressed in his Sunday clothes, with a clean white shirt on, seated on his pine coffin, was old Joel.—Page 185.

limp leaves, a little in the wind; a dense dogwood bush in full bloom among the young pines, filled a fence-corner down the disused road where old Joel had bowed to me from his phantom cart the night before. But it was hard to believe that these were the things which had created such impressions on my mind—as hard to believe as that the quiet cottage peering out from amid the mass of peach-bloom was one hour the home of such happiness, and the next the scene of such a tragedy.

"Yes, I have seen apparitions," he said, thoughtfully, "but I have seen what was worse."

Once more he put his hands suddenly before his face as though to shut out something from his vision.

AN URBAN HARBINGER

By E. S. Martin

With an Illustration [Frontispiece] by W. Glackens

In the sweet country, as the spring's
  Advance decks out the scenery,
And limns with hues the colored things
  And gives the greens their greenery,
I love to watch when I am there
Each little step of Nature's care;
The wiles with which she goes about
To coax the shivering crocus out,
And, day by day, succeeding troops
Of blooms, to marshal in their groups.

In town, it's different! All's wrought out
  With least of her complicity,
By man-power, helped, as I misdoubt,
  By steam and electricity.
The bed that yesterday was snow
To-morrow's plants, set all arow;
You press a button and they blow,
Just watch them and you'll see it's so.
I'm told, too, that in open sight
The park men turn them off at night.
You can't rely on city plants
  Whose habits have been tampered with.
I always look at them askance.
  Such culture as they're pampered with
Might well their little minds upset,
Confuse their dates, make them forget
The calendar, their proper times
As set by use and nursery rhymes—
All, all, except, come sun, come cold,
They're bound to blossom when they're told.

I trust them not, but when it's fair
  I note in garb delectable
Sophronia driving out for air
  With parent most respectable.
And when she leaves her furs at home
I say the season's ripening some.
Successive hats, new brought from France,
Denote to me the sun's advance,
And, when her parasols appear,
I cry, "Now bless me! summer's here."

THE TRAIL OF THE SANDHILL STAG

BY ERNEST SETON THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



IT was a burning hot day. Yan was wandering in pursuit of birds among the endless groves and glades of the Sandhill wilderness about Carberry. The water in the numerous marshy ponds was warm with the sunheat, so Yan cut across to the trail spring, the only place in the country where he might find a cooling drink. As he stooped beside it his eye fell on a small hoof-mark in the mud, a sharp and elegant track. He had never seen one like it before, but it gave him a thrill, for he knew at once it was the track of a *wild deer*.

"There are no deer in those hills now," the settlers told Yan. Yet when the first snow came that autumn he, remembering the hoof-mark in the mud, quietly took down his rifle and said to himself, "I am going into the hills every day till I bring out a deer." Yan was a tall, raw lad in the last of his teens. He was no hunter yet, but he was a tireless runner, and filled with unflagging zeal. Away to the hills he went on his quest, day after day, and many a score of long white miles he coursed, and night after night he returned to the shanty without seeing even a track. But the longest chase will end. On a far, hard trip in the southern hills he came at last on the trail of a deer—dim and stale, but still a deer-trail—and again he felt a thrill as the thought came, "At the other end of that line of dimples in the snow is the creature that made them; each one is fresher than the last, and it is only a question of time for me to come up with their maker."

At first Yan could not tell by the dim track which way the animal had gone. But he soon found that the mark was a little sharper at one end, and rightly guessed that that was the toe; also he noticed that the spaces shortened in going up hill, and at last a clear imprint in a sandy place ended the doubt.

Away he went with a new fire in his blood, and an odd prickling in his hair; away on a long hard follow through interminable woods and hills, with the trail growing fresher as he flew. All day he

followed, and toward night it turned and led him homeward. On it went, soon over familiar ground, back to the saw-mill, then over Mitchell's Plain, and at last into the thick poplar woods nearby, where Yan left it when it was too dark to follow. He was only seven miles from home, and this he easily trotted in an hour.

In the morning he was back to take it up, but instead of an old track, there were now so many fresh ones, crossing and winding, that he could not follow at all. So he prowled along haphazard, until he found two tracks so new that he could easily trail them as before, and he eagerly gave chase.

As he sneaked along watching the tracks at his feet instead of the woods ahead, he was startled by two big-eared, grayish animals, springing from a little glade into which he had stumbled. They trotted to a bank fifty yards away and then turned to gaze at him.

How they did seem to *look* with their great ears. How they spell-bound him by the soft gaze that he felt rather than



The way they would rise in air by a tiny toe-touch was bewildering.—Page 193.



Straining his eyes in vain to see some form that he might shoot —Page 196.

saw! He knew what they were. Had he not for weeks been holding ready, preparing and hungering for this very sight! And yet how useless were his preparations; how wholly all his preconcepts were swept away, and a wonder-stricken "Oh-h-h!" went softly from his throat.

As he stood and gazed, they turned their heads away, though they still seemed to look at him with their great ears, and trotting a few steps to a smoother place, began to bound up and down in a sort of play. They seemed to have forgotten him, and the wonderful effortless way in which they would rise six or eight feet in air by a tiny toe-touch was bewildering. Yan stood fascinated by the strange play of the light-limbed, gray-furred creatures.

There was no haste or alarm in their movements, he would watch them until they began to run away—till they should take fright and begin the labored straining, the vast athletic bounds, he had heard of. And it was only on noting that they were rapidly fading into the distance that he realized that *now* they were running away, *already* were flying for safety.

Higher and higher they rose each time; gracefully their bodies swayed inward as they curved along some bold ridge, or for a long space the buff-white 'scutcheons that they bore behind them seemed hanging in the air, while these wingless birds were really sailing over a deep gully.

Yan stood intensely gazing until they were out of sight, and it never once occurred to him to shoot.

When they were gone he went to the place where they had begun their play. Here was one track, where was the next? He looked all around and was surprised to see a blank for fifteen feet; and then another blank, and on farther, another: then the blanks increased to eighteen feet, then to twenty, then to twenty-five and sometimes thirty feet. Each of these playful, effortless bounds covered a space of eighteen to thirty feet.

Gods above! They do not run at all, they fly; and once in awhile come down again to tap the hill-tops with their dainty hoofs.

"I'm glad they got away," said Yan. "They've shown me something to-day that never man saw before. I know that no one else has ever, ever seen it, or he would have told of it."





Seven deer had been seen; their leader a wonderful buck.—Page 199.

II

YET when the morning came the old wolfish instinct was back in his heart. "I must away to the hills," he said, "take up the trail, and be a beast of the chase once more; my wits against their wits; my strength against their strength; and against their speed, my gun."

Oh! those glorious sand-hills —an endless rolling stretch of sandy dunes, with lakes and woods and grassy lawns between. Life—life, on every side, and life within, for Yan was young and strong and joyed in powers complete, and he said, "These are the best days of my life, these are my golden days." He thought it then, and oh, how well he came to know it in the after years!



The seasons round.

All day at a long wolf-lope he would go and send the white hare and the partridge flying from his path, and swing along and scan the ground for sign and the tell-tale inscript in the snow, the oldest of all writing, more thrillful of interest by far than the finest glyph or scarab that ever Egypt gave to modern day.

But the driving snow was the wild deer's friend, as the driven snow was his foe, and down it came that day and wiped out every trace.

The next day and the next still found Yan careering in the hills, but never a track or sign did he see. And the weeks went by and many a rolling mile he ran and many a bitter day and freezing night he passed in the snowclad hills, sometimes on a deer-trail but more often without. Sometimes in the barren hills, and sometimes led by woodmen's talk to far-off sheltering woods, and once or twice he saw indeed the buff-white bannerets go floating up the hills. Sometimes reports came of a great buck that frequented the timberlands near the sawmill, and more than once Yan found his trail, but never got a glimpse of him; and the few deer there were, now grew so wild with long pursuit that he had no further chances to shoot, and the hunting season passed in one long train of failures. Bright, unsad failures they, for every day on the trail was a glad triumphant march.

He seemed indeed to come back empty-handed, but he really came home laden with the best spoils of the chase.

III

THE year went by. Another season came, and Yan felt in his heart the hunter fret once more. Even had he not, the talk he heard would have set him all afire.

It told of a mighty buck that now lived in the hills—the Sandhill Stag they called him. It told of his size, his speed, and the crowning glory that he bore on his brow, a marvellous growth like sculptured bronze with gleaming ivory points.

So when the first tracking snow came, Yan set out with some comrades who had caught a faint reflected glow of his ardor. They drove in a sleigh to the Spruce Hill, then scattered to meet again at sunset. The woods about abounded in hares and grouse, and the powder burned all around. But no deer-track was to be found, so Yan quietly left the woods and set off alone for Kennedy's Plain, where last this wonderful buck had been seen.

After a few miles he came on a great deer-track, so large and sharp and broken by such mighty bounds that he knew it at once for the trail of the Sandhill Stag.

With a sudden rush of strength to his limbs he led away like a wolf on the trail. And down his spine and in his hair he felt as before, and yet as never before, the strange prickling that he knew was the same as makes the wolf's mane bristle when he hunts. He followed till night was near and he must needs turn, for the Spruce Hill was many miles away.

He knew that it would be long after sunset before he could get there, and he scarcely expected that his comrades would wait for him, but he did not care ; he gloried in the independence of his strength, for his legs were like iron and his wind was like a hound's. Ten miles were no more to him than a mile to another man, for he could run all day and come home fresh, and always when alone in the lone hills he felt within so glad a gush of wild exhilaration that his joy was full.



So when his friends, feeling sure that he could take care of himself, drove home and left him, he was glad to be left. They seemed rather to pity him for imposing on himself such



The doe was walking slowly, with hanging head and ears.—Page 201.



long, toilsome tramps. They had no realization of what he found in those wind-swept hills. They never once thought what they, and all their friends and every man that ever lived has striven for and offered his body, his brain, his freedom and his life to buy; what they were vainly wearing out their lives in fearful, hopeless drudgery to gain, that boy was daily finding in those hills. The bitter, biting, blizzard wind was without, but the fire of health and youth was within; and at every stride in his daily march, it was *happiness* he found, and he knew it. And he smiled such a gentle smile when he thought of them driven home in the sleigh shivering and miserable, yet pitying him.



Oh! what a glorious sunset he saw that day on Kennedy's Plain, with the snow dyed pink and the poplar woods aglow in red and gold. What a glorious tramp through the darkening woods as the shadows fell and the yellow moon came up!

"These are the best days of my life," he said. "These are my golden days!"

And as he neared the great Spruce Hill, Yan yelled a long hurrah! "In case they are still there," he told himself, but really for very joy of feeling all alive.

As he listened for the improbable response, he heard a faint howling of wolves away over Kennedy's Plain. He mimmicked their cry and quickly got response, and noticed that they were gathering together, doubtless hunting something, for now it was their hunting cry. Nearer and nearer it came, and his howls brought ready answers from the gloomy echoing woods, when suddenly it flashed upon him: "It's *my* trail you are on. *You are hunting me.*"

The road now led across a little open plain. It would have been madness to climb a tree in such a fearful frost, so he went out to the middle of the open place and sat down in the moonlit snow—a glittering rifle in his hands, a row of shiny brass pegs in his belt, and a strange new feeling in his heart. On came the chorus, a deep, melodious howling, on to the very edge of the woods, and there the note changed. Then there was silence. They must have seen him sitting there for the light was like day, but they went around in the edge of the woods. A stick snapped to the right and a low '*woof*' came from the left. Then all was still. Yan felt them sneaking around, felt them watching him from the cover and straining his eyes in vain to see some form that he might shoot. But they were wise, and he was wise, for had he run he would soon have seen them closing in on him. They must have been but few, for after their council of war they decided he was better let alone, and he never saw them at all. For twenty minutes he waited, but hearing no more of them arose and went homeward. And as he tramped he thought, "Now I know how a deer feels, when the grind of a moccasined foot or the click of lock are heard in the trail behind him."



In the days that followed he learned those sandhills well, for many a frosty day and bitter night he spent in them. He learned to follow fast the faintest trail of deer. He learned just why that trail went never past a tamarac-tree and why it pawed the snow at every oak, and why the buck's is plainest and the fawn's down wind. He learned just what the club-rush has to say, when its tussocks break the snow. He came to know how the muskrat lives beneath the ice and why the mink slides down a hill, and what the ice says when it screams at night. The squirrels taught him how best a fir-cone can be stripped, and which of toad-stools one might eat. The partridge, why it dives beneath the snow, and the fox, just why he sets his feet so straight, and why he wears so huge a tail.

He learned the ponds, the woods, the hills and a hundred secrets of the trail, but—*he got no deer.*

And though many a score of crooked frosty miles he coursed, and sometimes had a track to lead and sometimes none, he still went on, like Galahad when the Grail was just before him. For more than once, the guide that led was the trail of the Sandhill Stag.



The track of a mother blacktail was suddenly joined by two little ones' tracks.—Page 201.

IV

THE hunt was nearly over, for the season's end was coming. The moose-birds had picked the last of the saskatoons, all the spruce-cones were scaled, and the hunger-moon was near. But a hopeful chickadee sang "*see soon*" as Yan set off one frosty day for the great Spruce Woods. On the road he overtook a woodcutter, who told him that at such a place he had seen two deer last night, a doe and a monstrous stag, with "a rocking-chair on his head."

Straight to the very place went Yan and found the tracks. One like

those he had seen in the mud long ago, another a large unmistakable print, the mark of the Sandhill Stag.

How the wild beast in his heart did ramp—he wanted to howl like a wolf on a hot scent; and away they went through woods and hills, the trail and Yan and the inner wolf.

All day he followed and, grown crafty himself, remarked each sign, and rejoiced to find that nowhere had the deer been bounding. And when the sun was low the sign was warm, so laying aside unneeded things, Yan crawled along like a snake on the track of a hare. All day the animals had zigzagged as they fed; their drink was snow, and now at length away across a lawn in a bank of brush Yan spied a *something* flash. A bird perhaps; he lay still and watched. Then gray among the gray brush, he made out a great log, and from one end of it rose two gnarled oaken boughs. Again the flash—the move of a restless ear, then the oak-boughs moved and Yan trembled, for he knew that the log in the brush was the form of the Sandhill Stag. So grand, so charged with *life*. He seemed a precious, sacred thing — a King, fur-robed and duly crowned. To think of shooting now as he lay unconscious, resting, seemed an awful crime. But Yan for weeks and months had pined for this. His chance had come and shoot he must. The long, long strain grew tighter yet—grew taut—broke down, as up the rifle went. But the wretched thing went wabbling and pointing all about the little glade. His breath came hot and fast and choking—so much, so very much —so clearly all. hung on a single touch. He laid the rifle down, revulsed—and trembled in the snow. But he soon regained the mastery, his hand was steady now, the sights in line—'twas but a deer lying out there. But at that moment, the stag turned full Yan's way, with those regardful eyes and ears, and nostrils too, and gazed.

"Darest thou slay me?" said an uncrowned, unarmed king once, as his eyes fell on the assassin's knife, and in that clear, calm gaze the murderer quailed and cowed.

So trembled Yan; but he knew it was only stag-fever, and he despised it then as he came in time to honor it; and the beast that dwelt within him fired the gun.

The ball splashed short. The buck sprang up and the doe appeared. Another shot, then as they fled, another and another. But away the deer went, lightly drifting across the low round hills.

They say a wild beast cannot look a man in the eyes; Yan found it hard to look a wild beast in the eyes when he was trying to take its life.

V

He followed their trail for some time, but gnashed his teeth to find no sign of blood, and he burnt with a raging animal sense that was neither love nor hate. Within a mile there was a new sign that joined on and filled him with another rage and shed light on many a bloody page of frontier history, a moccasin-track, a straight-set, broad-toed, moosehide track, the track of a Cree brave. He followed in savage humor, and as he careered up a slope a tall form rose from a log, raising one hand in peaceable gesture. Although Yan was behind, the Indian had seen him first.



"Who are you?" said Yan, roughly.

"Chaska."

"What are you doing in my country?"

"It was my country first," he replied, gravely.

"Those are my deer," Yan said, and thought.

"No man owns deer till he kills them," said Chaska.

"You better keep off any trail I'm following."

"Not afraid," said he, and made a gesture to include the whole settlement, then added, gently, "No good to fight, the best man will get the most deer anyhow."

And the end of it was that Yan stayed for several days with Chaska and got, not an antlered buck indeed, but, better far, an insight into the ways of a man who

could hunt. The Indian taught him *not* to follow the trail over the hills, for deer watch their back track, and cross the hills to make this more easy. He taught him to tell by touch and smell of sign just how far ahead they are, as well as the size and condition of the deer, and not to trail closely when the game is near. He taught him to study the wind by raising his moistened finger in the air, and Yan thought, "Now I know why a deer's nose is always moist, for he must always watch the wind." He showed Yan how much may be gained by patient waiting at times, and that it is better to tread like an Indian with foot set straight, for thereby one gains an inch or two at each stride and can come back in one's own track through deep snow. And he also unwittingly taught him that an Indian *cannot* shoot with a rifle, and Natty Bumpo's adage came to mind, "A white man can shoot with a gun, but it ain't accordin' to an Injun's gifts."



Sometimes they went out together and sometimes singly. One day while out alone Yan had followed a deer-track into a thicket by what is now called Chaska Lake. The sign was fresh, and as he sneaked around there was a rustle in the brush. Then he saw the kinnikinic boughs shaking. His gun flew up and covered the spot. As soon as he was sure of the place he meant to fire. But when he saw the creature as a dusky moving form through the twigs, he awaited a better view, which came, and he had almost pulled the trigger when his hand was stayed by a glimpse of red, and a moment later out stepped—Chaska.

"Chaska," Yan gasped, "I nearly did for you."

For reply the Indian drew his finger across the red handkerchief on his brow. Yan knew then one reason why a hunting Indian always wears it; after that he wore one himself.

One day a flock of prairie chickens flew high overhead toward the thick Spruce woods. Others followed and it seemed to be a general move. Chaska looked toward them and said, "Chickens go hide in bush. Blizzard to-night."

It surely came, and the hunters stayed all day by the fire. Next day it was as fierce as ever. On the third day it ceased somewhat and they hunted again. But Chaska returned with his gun broken by a fall, and after a long silent smoke he said:

"Yan hunt in Moose Mountain?"

"No!"

"Good hunting. Go?"

Yan shook his head.

Presently the Indian, glancing to east, said, "Sioux tracks there to-day. All bad medicine here." And Yan knew that his mind was made up. He went away and they never met again. Like everything Indian, he is gone, his family is gone, his hunting grounds are gone, and to-day all that is left of him is his name, borne by the lonely lake that lies in the Carberry Hills.

VI

"THERE are more deer round Carberry now than ever before, and the Big Stag has been seen between Kennedy's Plain and the mill." So said a note that reached Yan away in the east where he had been chafing in a new and distasteful life. It was the beginning of the hunting season, the fret was already in his blood, and that letter decided him. For awhile the iron horse, for awhile the gentle horse, then he donned his moosehide wings and flew as of old on many a long hard flight to return as so often before.

Then he heard that at a certain lake far to the eastward seven deer had been seen; their leader a wonderful buck.

With three others he set out in a sleigh to the eastward lake and soon found the tracks. Six of various sizes and one large one, undoubtedly that of the famous Stag.

How utterly the veneer was torn to tatters by those seven chains of tracks. How completely the wild paleolithic beast stood revealed in each of the men, in spite of semi-modern garb, as they drove away on the trail with a wild excited gleam in every eye.

It was nearly night before the trail warmed up, but even then, in spite of Yan's earnest protest, they drove on in the sleigh. And soon they came to where the trail told of seven keen observers looking backward from a hill, then an even sevenfold chain of twenty-five foot bounds. The





To scan the white world for his foe.—Page 203.

hunters got no glimpse at all, but followed till the night came down, then hastily camped in the snow.

In the morning they followed as before, and soon came to where seven spots of black, bare ground showed where the deer had slept.

Now when the trail grew warm Yan insisted on hunting on foot. He trailed the deer into a great thicket and knew just where they were by a grouse that flew cackling from its farther side.

He arranged a plan, but his friends would not await the blue-jay's "all-right note," and the deer escaped. But finding themselves hard pressed they split their band, two going one way and five another. Yan kept with him one, Duff, and leaving the others to follow the five deer, he took up the twofold trail. Why? Because in it was the great broad track he had followed for two years back.

On they went, overtaking the deer and causing them to again split. Yan sent Duff after the doe while he stuck relentlessly to the track of the famous Stag. As the sun got low, the chase led to a great half-wooded stretch, in a country new to him; for he had driven the Stag far from his ancient range. The trail again grew hot, but just as Yan felt sure he soon would close, two distant shots were heard and the track of the Stag as he found it then went off in a fear-winged flight that might keep on for miles.

Yan went at a run and soon found Duff. He had had two long shots at the doe.



The second he thought had hit her. Within half a mile they found blood on the trail; within another half mile the blood was no more seen and the track seemed to have grown very large and strong. The snow was drifting and the marks not easily read, yet Yan knew very soon that the track they were on was not that of the wounded doe, but was surely that of her antlered mate. Back on the trail they ran till they solved the doubt, for there they learned that the Stag, after making his own escape, had come back to change off; an old, old trick of the hunted whereby one deer will cleverly join on and carry on the line of tracks to save another that is too hard pressed, while it leaps aside to hide or fly in a different direction. Thus the Stag had sought to save his wounded mate, but the hunters remorselessly took up her trail and gloated like wolves over the slight drip of blood. Within another short run they found that the Stag, having failed to divert the chase to himself, had returned to her, and at sundown they sighted them a quarter of a mile ahead mounting a long snow slope. The doe was walking slowly with hanging head and ears. The Buck was running about as though in trouble that he did not understand, and coming back to caress the doe and wonder why she walked so slowly. In another half mile the hunters came up with them. She was down in the snow. When he saw them coming, the great Stag shook the oak-tree on his brow and circled about in doubt, then fled from a foe he was powerless to resist.

As the men came near, the doe made a convulsive effort to rise, but could not. Duff drew his knife. It never before occurred to Yan why he and each of them carried a long knife. The poor doe turned on her foes her great lustrous eyes; they were brimming with tears, but she made no moan. Yan turned his back on the scene and covered his face with his hands, but Duff went forward with the knife and did some dreadful, unspeakable thing, Yan scarcely knew what, and when Duff called him he slowly turned, and the big Stag's mate was lying quiet in the snow, and the only living thing that they saw as they quit the scene was the great round form bearing aloft the oak-tree on its brow as it haunted the nearer hills.

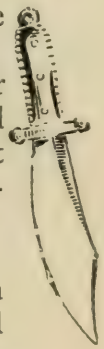
And when, an hour later, the men came with the sleigh to lift the doe's body from the crimsoned snow, there were large fresh tracks about it, and a dark shadow passed over the whitened hill into the silent night.

What morbid thoughts came from the fire that night. How the man in Yan did taunt the glutted brute. Was this the end? Was this the real chase? After long weeks, with the ideal alone in mind, after countless blessed failures, was this the vile success a beautiful, glorious, living creature tortured into a loathsome mass of carrion?

VII

But when the morning came the impress of the night was dim. A long howl came over the hill, and the thought that a wolf was on the trail that he was quitting smote sadly on Yan's heart. They all set out for the settlement, but within an hour Yan only wanted an excuse to stay. And when at length they ran onto the fresh track of the Sandhill Stag himself, the lad was all ablaze once more.

"I cannot go back — something tells me that I must stay—I must see him face to face again."



The rest had had enough of the bitter frost, so Yan took from the sleigh a small pot, a blanket, and some food, and left them, to follow alone the great sharp imprint in the snow.

"Good-by—good luck."

He watched the sleigh out of sight, in the low hills, and then felt as he never had before. Though he had been so many months alone in the wilds he had never known loneliness, but as soon as his friends were gone he was overwhelmed by a sense of the utter heart-sickening dreariness of the endless, snowy waste. Where were the charms that he had never failed to find until now? He wanted to recall the sleigh, but pride kept him silent.

In a little while it was too late, and soon he was once more in the power of that fascinating endless chain of tracks. A chain begun years ago, when in a June the track of a mother blacktail was suddenly joined by two little ones' tracks;

since then the three had gone on winding over the land the trail-chains they were forging. Knotted and kinked, and twisted with every move and thought of the makers, imprinted with every hap of their lives, but interrupted never wholly. At times the tracks were joined by that of some fierce foe, and the kind of mark was changed, but the chains went on for months or years, now fast, now slow, but endless, until some foe more strong joined on and there one trail was ended. But this great Stag was forging still that mystic chain. A million roods of hills had he overlaid with its links and scribbled over in this oldest script with the story of his life. If only our eyes were bright enough to follow up that twenty thousand miles of trail, what light unguessed we might obtain on the wild things' lives and thoughts.



But skin deep, man is brute. Just a little while ago we were mere hunting-brutes — our bellies were our only thought, that tell-tale line of dots was the road to food. No man can follow it far without feeling a wild beast prickling in his hair and down his spine. Away Yan went, a hunter-brute once more, all other feelings swamped.

Late that day the trail, after many a kink and seeming break, led into a great dense thicket of brittle, quaking asp. Yan knew that the Stag was there to lie and rest. The deer went in up-wind, of course. His eyes and ears would watch his trail, and his nose would guard in front, so Yan went in at one side, trusting to get a shot. With a very agony of care he made his way, step by step, and, after many minutes, surely found the track, still leading on. Another lengthy crawl, with nerves at tense, and then the lad thought he heard a twig snapped behind him, though the track was still ahead. And after long he found it true. Before lying down the Stag had doubled back, and while Yan had thought him still ahead, he was lying far behind, so had gotten wind of the man and now was miles away.

Once more into the unknown north away, till cold, black night came down ; then Yan sought out a sheltered spot and made a tiny, red man's fire. As Chaska had taught him long ago—" Big fire for fool."

When the lad curled up to sleep he felt a vague wish to turn three times like a dog, and a well-defined wish that he had fur on his face and a bushy tail to lay around his freezing hands and feet, for it was a night of northern frost. Old Peboan was stalking on the snow. The stars seemed to crackle, so one could almost hear. The trees and earth were bursting with the awful frost. The ice on a near lake was rent all night by cracks that went whooping from shore to shore ; and down between the hills there poured the cold that burns.

A prairie-wolf came by in the night, but he did not howl or treat Yan like an outsider now. He gave a gentle, doglike "*Woof, woof*," a sort of " Oho ! so you have come to it at last," and passed away. Toward morning the weather grew milder, but with the change there came a driving snow. The track was blotted out. Yan had heeded nothing else and did not know where he was. After travelling an aimless mile or two he decided to make for Pine Creek, which ought to lie southeastward. But which way was southeast ? The powdery snow was driven along through the air, blinding, stinging, burning. On all things near it was like smoke, and on farther things, a driving fog. But he made for a quaking asp grove, and there, sticking through the snow, he found a crozier golden-rod, dead and dry, but still faithfully delivering its message, " Yon is the north." With course corrected, on he went, and, whenever in doubt, dug out this compass-flower, till the country dipped and Pine Creek lay below.

There was good camping here, the very spot indeed where, fifteen years before, Butler had camped on his Loneland Journey ; but now the blizzard had ceased, so Yan spent the day hunting without seeing a track, and he spent the night as before, wishing that nature had been kinder to him in the matter of fur. During that first lone night his face and toes had been frozen and now bore burning sores. But still he kept on the chase, for a something within had told him that the Grail was surely near. Next day a strange, unreasoning guess sent him east across the creek in a deerless-looking barren land. Within

half a mile he came on dim tracks made lately in the storm. He followed, and soon found where six deer had lain at rest, and among them a great, broad bed and a giant track that only one could have made. The track was almost fresh, the sign unfrozen still. "Within a mile," he thought. But within a hundred yards there loomed up on a fog-wrapped hillside five heads with ears regardant, and at that moment, too, there rose up from the snowy top a great form like a blasted trunk with two dead boughs still on. But they had seen him first, and before the deadly gun could play, six beacons waved and a friendly hill had screened them from its power.

The Sandhill Stag had gathered his brood again, yet now that the murderer was on the track once more, he scattered them as before. But there was only one track for Yan.

At last the chase led away to the great dip of Pine Creek. A mile-wide flat, with a long dense thicket down the middle.

"There is where he is hiding and watching now, but there he will not rest," said something within, and Yan kept out of sight and watched; after half an hour a dark spot left the willow belt and wandered up the farther hill. When he was well out of sight over the hill Yan ran across the valley and stalked around to get the trail on the down-wind side. He found it, and there learned that the Stag was as wise as he—he had climbed a good lookout and watched his back trail, then seeing Yan crossing the flat, his track went swiftly bounding, bounding——

The Stag knew just how things stood; a single match to a finish now, and he led away for a new region. But Yan was learning something he had often heard, that the swiftest deer can be run down by a hardy man; for he was as fresh as ever, but the great Stag's bounds were shortening, he was surely tiring out, he must throw off the hunter now, or he is lost.

He often mounted a high hill to scan the white world for his foe, and the after-trail was a record of what he learned or feared. At last his trail came to a sudden end. This was a mystery until long study showed how he had returned backward on his own track for a hundred yards then bounded aside to fly in another direction. Three times he did this and then passed through an aspen thicket and, returning, lay down in this thicket near his own track so that in following, Yan must pass where the Stag could smell and hear him long before the trail brought the hunter over close.

All these doublings and many more like them were patiently unravelled, and the shortening bounds were straightened out once more till, as daylight waned, the tracks seemed to grow stale and the bounds again grow long. After a little, Yan became wholly puzzled, so he stopped right there and spent another wretched night. Next day at dawn he worked it out.

He found he had been running the trail he had already run. With a long hark back, the doubt was cleared. The desperate Stag had joined onto his old track and bounded aside at length to let the hunter follow the cold scent. But the join-on was found and the real trail read, and the tale that it told was of a great Stag wearing out, too tired to eat, too scared to sleep, and a tireless hunter after.



VIII

A LAST long follow brought the hunt back to familiar ground—a marsh-encompassed tract of woods with three ways in. There was the deer's trail entering. Yan felt he would not come out there, for he knew his foe was following. So swiftly and silently the hunter made for the second road on the down-wind side, and having hung his coat and sash there on a swaying sapling, he hastened to the third way out, and hid. After awhile, seeing nothing, Yan gave the low call that the jaybird gives when there's danger abroad in the woods.



All deer take

guidance from the jay, and away off in the encompassed woods Yan saw the great Stag with wavering ears go up a high lookout. A low whistle turned him to a statue, but he was far away with many a twig between. For some seconds he stood sniffing the wind and gazing with his back to his foe, watching the back trail, where so long his enemy had been, but never dreaming of that enemy in ambush ahead. Then the breeze set the coat on the sapling afluttering. The Stag quickly quit the hillock, not leaping or crashing through the brush—he had years ago got past that—but, silent and weasel-like, threading the maze he disappeared. Yan crouched in the willow thicket and strained his every sense and tried to train his ears to watch the harder. A twig ticked in the copse he was in. Yan slowly rose with nerve and sense at tightest tense, the gun in line—and as he rose, then also rose, but fifteen feet away, a wondrous pair of bronze and ivory horns, a royal head, a noble form behind it, and face to face they stood, Yan and the Sandhill Stag. At last—at last, his life was in Yan's hands. The Stag flinched not but stood and gazed with those great ears and mournful, truthful eyes, and the rifle leaped but sank again, for the Stag stood still and calmly looked him in the eyes, and Yan felt the prickling fading from his scalp, his clenched teeth eased, his limbs, bent as to spring, relaxed and manlike stood erect.

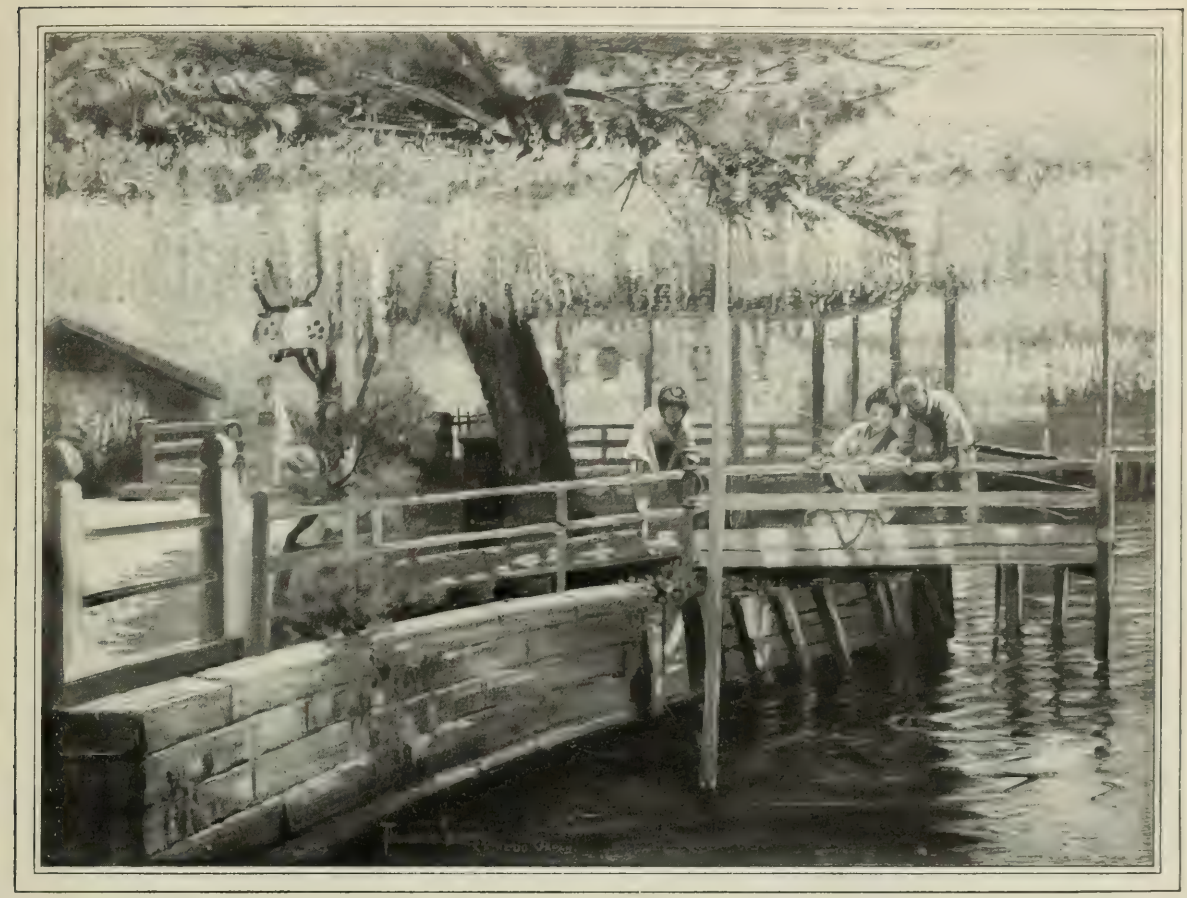
"Shoot, shoot, shoot now! This is what you have toiled for," said a faint and fading voice, and spoke no more.

Yan remembered that night when he, himself, run down, had turned to face the hunting wolves. He remembered that night when the snow was red with crime and down between them now he dimly saw a vision of an agonized and dying doe, with great, sad eyes, that only asked, "What harm have I done you?" A change came over him and every thought of murder went from Yan as they gazed into each other's eyes—and hearts. For different thoughts and a wholly different concept of the Stag, coming—coming—had come.

"Oh, beautiful creature! One of our wise men has said, the body is the soul made visible; is your spirit then so beautiful—as beautiful as wise? We have long stood as foes, hunter and hunted, but now that is changed and we stand face to face, fellow-creatures looking in each other's eyes, not knowing each other's speech—but knowing motives and feelings. Now I understand you as I never did before; surely you at least in part understand me. For your life is at last in my power, yet you have no fear. I knew of a deer once, that, run down by the hounds, sought safety with the hunter, and he saved it—and you also I have run down and you boldly seek safety with me. Yes! you are as wise as you are beautiful. We are brothers, oh, bounding Blacktail! only I am the elder and stronger, and if only my strength could always be at hand to save you, you would never come to harm. Go now without fear, to range the piney hills; never more shall I follow your trail with the wild wolf rampant in my heart. Less and less as I grow do I see in your race mere flying marks, or butcher-meat. We have grown, little brother, and learned many things that you know not, but you have many a precious sense that is wholly hidden from us. Go now without fear of me.

"I may never see you again. But if you only would come sometimes and look me in the eyes and make me feel as you have done to-day, you would drive the wild beast wholly from my heart and then the veil would be a little drawn and I should know more of the things that wise men have prayed to know. And yet I feel—it never will be—I have found the Grail. I have learned what Buddha learned. I shall never see you again. Farewell."





The White Wistaria at Kamedo.

JAPANESE FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

By Theodore Wores

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR



"Little Miss Cherry-blossom."

WHILE it is generally recognized that flower arrangement affords an excellent opportunity for the display of good taste and artistic judgment, we by no means consider it, as in Japan, an art distinct in itself.

In Japan the art of flower arrangement is as highly regarded as music, poetry, or painting; and in order that one may become expert therein, it is deemed necessary to devote quite as much attention, time, and study to this as to any other form of art. We look upon flower arrangement in general as merely the result of individual taste, but a Japanese regards it from a very different point of view. He is governed, in this accomplishment, by numerous and well-defined rules which can only be acquired by long and patient study. It would be impossible, without this knowledge, to compose an arrangement of flowers which would meet with the approval of competent critics. It would, in fact, be quite as hopeless as for a musician to compose great masterpieces of music without previous training and careful study. The art of flower arrangement is not only practised by women and girls, but by men as well, for it is an accomplishment indispensable for all who would make any pretence to learning and culture.

During a conversation between a Japanese friend and myself, I once remarked



Arrangement of Bamboo, Plum, and Pine. Symbolic of good luck and everlasting happiness.

that a certain young lady was not very pretty. "You are quite right," he answered, "but she is very clever at flower arrangement."

There are six or seven schools of flower arrangement, and while they differ more or less as to details, the fundamental principles are alike in all.

In spite of the fact that flowers are so inseparably associated with everything Japanese, it would be a mistake to assume that Japan is a land of flowers for wild, as well as garden flowers, are far more profuse in many sections of this country. Japan is, however, rich in cultivated flowers that are grown in great profusion in garden and nursery in the suburbs of all the cities.

Flower sellers, carrying their fragrant burdens in huge baskets, are met with everywhere, and they are patronized by the poor as well as by the rich, for the prices are low enough to bring them within the reach of all. Although there are many varieties of flowers, few, comparatively, are used in flower arrangement for the Japanese limit their choice to those with which they are most familiar and such as are most closely associated with the different months or seasons, seldom or never using rare or unknown flowers.

The reason given for this is that a thorough knowledge of the character of the flowers and the conditions under which they grow is indispensable, in order that a proper and effective use of them may be made.

The following may be mentioned as the popular flowers of Japan, and most closely associated by the Japanese with the different seasons of the year :

The first to appear is the plum blossom, which is hailed with delight as the harbinger of spring, and enjoys, therefore, the greatest popularity.

The plum is closely followed by the cherry blossom, which almost rivals the former as a favorite.

The next, and the last of the spring flowers, is the Wistaria. Summer's flowers include the peony, iris, and the lotus; while autumn claims one of the chief favorites, the chrysanthemum, and also the morning-glory.

Winter has no flowers, but here the poetic imagination of the Japanese fills the void ; for when trees and landscape are whitened with snow, he converts this, in his



Corner of Iris Garden.



Lotus Flowers at Kamakura.

picturesque fancy, into "winter flowers," and this exquisite love and appreciation of all that nature affords in her various phases, is a strongly developed trait, common to all classes of Japan.

Certain flowers are considered lucky and others unlucky—the latter including all such as are supposed to possess poisonous qualities. I found, for instance, that one of the wild flowers, a beautiful scarlet lily, known as the Shibuta-no-hanna, which I greatly admired, was regarded with disfavor and was never used for decoration or flower arrangements, for the reason that it was a flower of ill omen.

On the other hand, a favorite arrangement, formed of a combination of pine, bamboo, and plum blossoms, is symbolic of good luck and everlasting happiness. It is frequently used on festive occasions and figures conspicuously in the New Year's decorations that are arranged over gate and doorway.

The first glimpse that I obtained of a flower arrangement scene in Japan was presented to me under conditions that made a most pleasing and lasting impression.

The little daughter of one of my neighbors in Tokio, who gloried in the name of Kosakurasan, little Miss Cherryblossom, had kindly consent-



Flower Basket with Chrysanthemum Arrangement.



A Peony Show.

ed to pose for a picture upon which I was engaged. During the several sittings that I received from this little lady of eight she told me much of her short but eventful life. She attended school, and explained that aside from the regular instructions she received, her parents had engaged a very accomplished young lady to give her sisters and herself a lesson in flower arrangement once a week at home.

I was much interested to know more about this floral study and expressed a desire to be present on one of these occasions.

A few days later little Miss Cherry-blossom appeared at my studio-door with a large bunch of chrysanthemums in her arms and an invitation from her mother to be present at a lesson which the teacher was about to give. I accompanied my little friend, and arriving at her home, was ushered into a room where I found the teacher and pupils deeply absorbed in their interesting study. I watched the proceedings with great interest, and though I failed to comprehend much of what the teacher endeavored to impart to her pupils, it gave me great pleasure to observe the interesting group. These bright-eyed, prettily dressed little Japanese maidens, earnestly engaged in their interesting occupation and surrounded by quantities of flowers, formed such a charming and delightful scene, that I decided on the spot to make it the subject for a picture.



Kiku Haran and Zuro-modoki in Hanging Bamboo Vase.

Later on I carried out this idea, and the illustration which appears on p. 211, gives an impression of the result. I engaged a famous old professor to arrange the chrysanthemums as they appear in the picture. The old man came to my studio bringing the flowers which he had carefully selected, and spent over an hour in making the arrangement. Several times, when it was almost completed, he pulled it to pieces and began again, exclaiming that it was not good enough. "It would pass," he said, "for ordinary purposes;" but since it was to serve as a model to be copied into the picture, nothing but absolute perfection would satisfy him.

This old professor was famous in his art and enjoyed great distinction and consideration—as much so as any famous poet or painter.

Aside from his occupation as a teacher, he was frequently engaged by wealthy

people and by proprietors of tea-houses to make arrangements of flowers for dinner-parties and other festive occasions. Many methods are known and employed for keeping cut flowers fresh; and some of the famous professors of this art claim to possess the secret of certain ingredients, which, added to the water containing the flowers, have a stimulating effect and greatly prolong their life. The successful application of this process, known as mizuage, requires much experience, certain plants requiring a strong and others a weak solution.

One enthusiastic exponent of this art declared to me that many years ago, at a flower arrangement competition, given by a famous Daimio, he had received the first prize for an arrangement of bamboo, which, to the surprise of everyone, remained fresh and unfaded for twenty-seven days. This had been accomplished —without the use of water—by injecting a certain tonic into an opening which he had bored at the top of the bamboo stalk.

On another occasion, when he had arranged a combination of bamboo and morning-glory, he had carefully wrapped strips of paper around each of the flowers early in the morning before they had opened. Later in the afternoon, and just before this flower arrangement was to be shown to a company of guests, he had removed these paper wraps, and, by pouring a certain liquid into the water, had caused the flowers slowly to unfold before the eyes of the delighted spectators.



Early Plum Blossoms at Sungita.

Entertainments of this character, where guests are invited to view various arrangements of flowers made especially for the occasion, are often given. Sometimes a guest is invited to make an extemporary arrangement, the flowers and everything necessary being provided for the purpose.

On one occasion, on a visit to the girls' high school in Kioto, I found a class of twenty or thirty girls receiving a lesson in flower arrangement. The professor, an old and distinguished-looking man, was seated before a low stand with a heap of flowers

and shrubs at his side, and as Japanese houses are not provided with tables and chairs, the pupils and master were seated on the matted floor.

The teacher selected a few sprays from the heap and after carefully trimming off the decayed leaves and twigs, proceeded to arrange the blossoms in a vase standing before him. The lines given to the branches and stems of flowers were not always natural, but the character was given by much twisting and bending, as well as in the manner in which they were fastened in the vase; the stems of the flowers being held firmly in place by two short sticks of wood, wedged in tightly across the neck of the vase. In some instances a forked twig serves the same purpose. The chief feature of Japanese flower arrangement is simplicity, and usually but few flowers are required. The object of this device, therefore, is to give to the stems a firm position and enable them to rise erect out of the centre of the vase. Sometimes small metal crabs, or tortoises, are utilized as wedges.



Kohenai, Iris and Chrysanthemum in Bamboo Vase.

As the professor arranged the flowers, he carefully explained his method to a group of five or six girls who were seated opposite to him. He impressed upon them the fact that flower arrangements are linear in character: being, in most instances, based on three lines rising gracefully from the neck of the vase. The centre or principal line should be the longest, the second one-half, and the third one-fourth the length of the first. He cautioned them against allowing these three stem-lines to cross one another in a way to form angles, nor should they be permitted to run in parallel lines. Other arrangements are based on five and seven lines and sometimes as many as nine or eleven, but these are uncommon and are rarely seen.

During the lesson the professor imparted much instructive information to his pupils. Among other things he told them that in the art of flower arrangement the student must be guided by nature and a careful study and observation of the character and habits of the flowers employed. Everything unnatural and inappropriate must be strictly avoided. Flowers of different seasons should never be arranged together,



Corner of Japanese Nursery.



A Lesson in Flower Arrangement.

and no flower, however beautiful, should have a place in such arrangement out of its proper season.

Symmetry in flower arrangement should be avoided, and under no circumstances should both sides of a composition correspond or match. (This principle, it may be said, is observed in all forms of Japanese art.) It would be in very bad taste, for instance, to allow two vines to hang symmetrically from either side of a suspended vase, or even for a flower of one color to be placed between two of another color.

One of the fundamental rules of this art is that all flower arrangements should fit into a triangle, either vertical or horizontal, and that in itself serves more or less as a restriction against symmetrical compositions. Great attention should be given also to the manner in which the stems rise out of the water, as they should present a strong and vigorous appearance, and hold, in fact, the same relation to the flowers that the trunk of a tree bears to the branches and foliage overhead. Plants that grow erect should be given an upright direction in floral arrangements, while such, for instance, as grow overhanging the banks of streams or cliffs should be arranged in a hanging position. The professor demonstrated all this with numerous examples which he made and then distributed to the pupils.

Each girl, upon receiving a finished example, made a low bow to the master; and retiring to the other end of the room, proceeded to take the flowers apart and rearrange them as before.

After having accomplished this to the best of her ability, she returned with it to the teacher's desk, when he pointed out to her any defects it might contain.



Suspended Bamboo Vase in the Form of a Boat, Containing an Arrangement of Iris.

The Japanese divide plants and flowers, without any regard to scientific facts, into the male and female sex. Trees, mountains, and streams are likewise classified as their fancy wills. This division of flowers and plants into sexes forms an important consideration in the art of flower arrangement. In a composition in which delicate plants and slender vines are used in connection with stems of trees, the latter represent the male element and should always form the centre or backbone of the arrangement and serve as a support for the former, the female element.



Morning-Glory and Shion Arrangement, in Imitation Well Buckets.

The various vessels used for holding the flowers form a very important feature in the art of flower arrangement, and a great many varieties are utilized for this purpose. Certain arrangements require long-necked vessels of earthenware or bronze, while broad and shallow ones are used for others. A great variety of baskets, known as flower baskets, are also used. These vary in shape and size, and some are suspended, while others are placed upon the ground. They always contain an inner vessel for holding water.

Another form of vessel very extensively used is one made of a cylinder of bamboo. This is generally formed from a section cut near the root, where the form is irregular and the joints are close together. These bamboo tubes are from one to two feet in height and from three to six inches in diameter, and sometimes have holes cut in the sides for inserting flowers.

Bamboo vases in the forms of boats are often hung in Japanese rooms. Imitation well-buckets, made of lacquered wood or porcelain, are also employed for holding flowers. Always used in pairs, they are generally suspended over a pulley by a silk rope, and make a very effective and pleasing decoration for a room.

One of the most important results of the study of this floral art has been in the direction of simplicity. It has created a love and an appreciation for the beauty of a single flower—for in its color and form, in its graceful stem and well-formed leaves, the votaries of this art find far more enjoyment than in confused masses of many colored flowers.

While there is, no doubt, much in Japanese flower arrangement that is unintelligible to us and would fail to appeal to the uninitiated, there is also much that would be understood and admired everywhere by persons of good taste. It is indeed a wonder that our attention has not been more generally drawn to this interesting study, so suggestive of a new and promising field of artistic possibilities.

Flower arrangement in Japan, like music, painting, and architecture, is in harmony with the peculiar and unique civilization of that country, and could not, therefore, be taken literally and grafted on to a civilization so radically different as our own. The principle, however, might be adopted and developed on lines in harmony with our arts and to the enrichment of our civilization. As an art it is full of possibilities, and would not only bring us into closer communion, and into a better understanding with nature and the floral world, but would also exercise a most æsthetic influence and add an unknown charm to our daily lives.



Visit to the Chrysanthemum Show.

DANIEL WEBSTER

WITH UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS AND SOME EXAMPLES OF HIS PREPARATION FOR PUBLIC SPEAKING

By George F. Hoar

SECOND PAPER

THE impression made by Webster's personality, referred to at the beginning of these papers, partly accounts for the eagerness with which everything he said or did is caught up, even at second hand. In any gathering, however brilliant, the whole company pricks up its ears and listens if one of them says, "I shook hands with Daniel Webster," or "I once heard him speak," or "I saw him go by in the street." So it seems well worth while to include among these very important and characteristic papers of Mr. Webster, now published for the first time, not only several of his letters, but a few notes that might seem trifling and insignificant if they related to anybody else.

The following letters written from London show Mr. Webster's opinion of the English lawyers and public speakers, and his keen interest in everything relating to agriculture. The alarm which was excited by the fear of a dishonor of the drafts of the Bank of the United States is an interesting fact in our financial history:

"LONDON, June 9, '39.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"On Monday morning, the 2nd inst, we arrived at Lpool, after a passage of 14½ days, or rather less, from Pilot to Pilot. For a great part of the way we had calm, the rest, light winds ahead; which same light winds have so retarded the sailing ships, that we were in Lpool several days before the N. Y. Packet of May 1., tho' we left the 18th. We staid in Lpool 2 days, went to Chester, and thence struck off & hit the Lpool & London Rail Road, & got to London, on the evening of the 5th. The sixth, it was rainy. I went out, quite alone, looked into all the Courts—the whole four were sitting—I saw all their venerable wigs. I stayed long enough to hear several Gentlemen speak. They are vastly better *trained* than we are. They speak short. They get up, begin immediately, & leave off when they have done. Their manner is more like that of a school boy, who gets up to say his lesson, goes right through it, & then sits down, than it is like our more leisurely & elaborate habit. I think Sergeant Wilde, who is esteemed a long speaker, argued an insurance question in 15 minutes, that most of us would have got an hour's speech out of. The rooms are all small, with very inconvenient writing places, & almost nobody present, except the wigged population. I went to the Parliament Houses (Houses not in session). They are very small rooms. Where the Lords sit, I was sure, must be the old painted chamber where the Comees. of conference used to meet. On entering it, I asked the guide, *what Comee. room that was*—he turned to rebuke my ignorance, & exclaimed, "this is the House of Lords." I was right, however. The H. of C. was burnt, you know, some time ago, & the H. of C. now sit in what was the H. of L., & the Lords sit, temporarily, in the old painted chamber. All these accommodations are small & paltry; & new buildings are in progress for the use of both Houses.

"The political state of things is quite unsettled. All sorts of expectations exist, as to what shall happen. The ministry, most certainly, are very weak, in public estimation, & as clearly not very strong in their own. But Lord Wellington, whose weight & influence are, at this moment, prodigious, does not want office; & it is said that both he & Sir Robt. see the difficulty which they would be obliged to encounter, if in power, in consequence of

the state of things in Ireland. Mr. O'Connell is king of Ireland; & it is thought that nothing but military power could keep the peace in that kingdom of his under an administration which he should oppose. Some speak of a dissolution of Parliament —others say, the Queen will rather give way to radicalism, than receive the tories into power. A new election, in the opinion of some, would give the Tories a working majority of 70 members. On all these topics, I have seen too little, & know too little, to be able to form any opinion for myself. As yet, I have not attended any Debates in Parliament, but purpose to go to the H. C. to-morrow Evening to witness a second Debate on the Jamaica Question. As to private matters, I will write you, if possible, in season for the same conveyance which takes this,—if not, I will write by the next. I propose to send this by the Lpool, which sails on the 13th.

"June 12.

"I attended the Debate on the Jamaica Question. The great guns were not fired, but the Debate was handsomely conducted. Sir Ed. Sugden began it. He is not remarkably interesting as a political Speaker. Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Grey, all young men, followed & spoke well.

"Pray remember me to all friends. Write me often, & tell me all the news. Send my regards Mr. Blake, & let me know how he is.

"Yrs truly

D. Webster.

"Be sure to let no one single thing from me ever get into the newspapers."

"London, Sep. 20, 1839.

"My Dear Sir

"I have recd. your letter, respecting the two acceptances. I had thought they were both provided for. As the Boat goes to-morrow, and as I returned to London only last evening, I may not be able to arrange so as to write by this opportunity; but by the *very next*, I will cause you to hear from me. We have been about six weeks, having run over much of England, & something of Scotland. Of course we could stay but little time in any one place, nor were we able to see much below the surface of things. But the agriculture, and the general of things, in England & Scotland, I have looked at, pretty attentively. Taken together, England exhibits a high wrought, exact, elaborate system of art & industry. Every productive power is carried to the utmost extent of skill, & maintained in the most unceasing activity. Constant attention & close calculation pervade everything. Rent is high, but prices of produce are high also. About thirty shillings, Sterling, say seven dollars, or thereabouts, may be regarded, perhaps, as near the average rent of good land in England. In some parts, it is much higher, say ten dollars, or, rent & tithes together, perhaps fifteen. The land is vastly productive, & prices are high. A gentleman told me yesterday that he had sold, some weeks ago, his wheat crop, at eleven pounds Sterling, pr acre, standing, & his oat crop for eight. This will shew you the aggregate of product & price. Forty bushels of wheat, & fifty or even sixty of oats, are not an uncommon yield to the acre. The land is naturally good, & is made the subject of the most careful & skilful cultivation. In the course of forty years, the *turnip* has vastly enriched England. It feeds millions of sheep, whose wool & flesh command high prices, & the feeding of which in the field, during the winter, say ten sheep to the acre, enriches the land, for the succeeding crop of wheat. Then, too, lime is used extensively, & every bone ground up, for bone dust, which is found a most powerful manure. And when the lands require it, a complete system of underground draining is practised, especially in Scotland, which produces the best effects. Agricultural labor is not more than half as dear in England, as in the U. S.

"(I shall add a P. S. if I learn anything before this P. M. of this matter of the U. S. Bank & Hottinguer.

"(4 P. M. Mr. Jaudon has been to Paris. Rothschilds have accepted the Bills of the Bk. U. S. for the honor of the Bank. It is thought the Bank may have drawn, under an understanding with Hottinguer's agt. in U. S. of which his principals were not seasonably advised. It is an unlucky affair, at least, & will much prejudice American interests and credits here."

D. Webster.

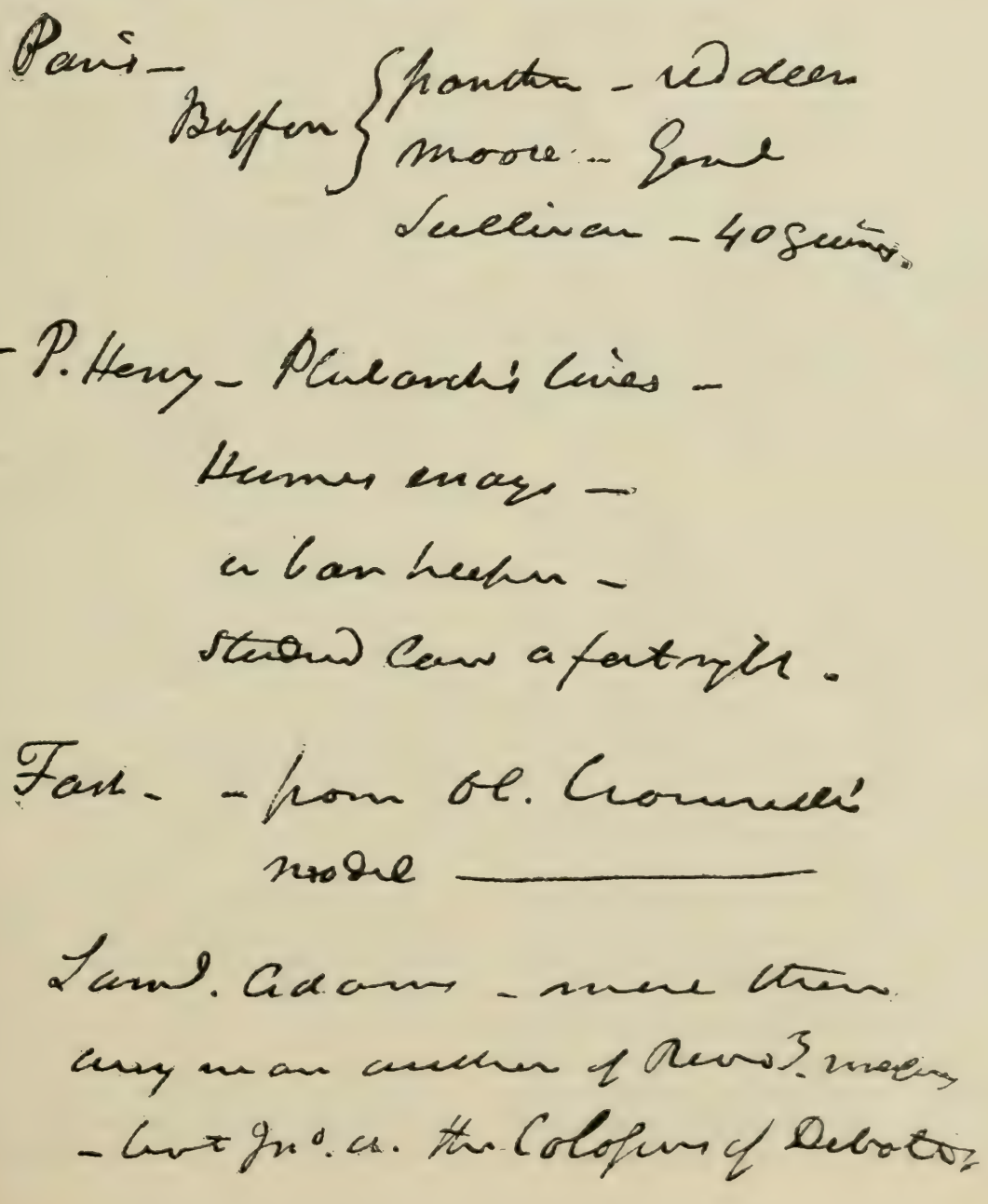
Here are Mr. Webster's minutes of his famous conversation with Mr. Jefferson when he visited him in December, 1824. They were afterward published in full from these *memoranda*. They are written on two pages of a very small sheet of note-paper. But they contain, among other things, a graphic portrait of Patrick Henry, his tribute to Sam Adams as more than any other man the author of Revolutionary measures; to John Adams as the colossus of the great debate of liberty which preceded the Declaration of Independence; Mr. Jay's authorship of the Address to the People of England, one of the four greatest state papers in our history; of the fact that Richard Henry Lee came near being a stamp-master, and the fact that Virginia and the New England States always acted together and carried through the Revolution, picking up a few other votes where they could:

"Paris— panther—red deer
Buffon moose—Genl
Sullivan—40 guineas

P. Henry—Plutarch's lives—
Humes essays—
a bar keeper—
Studied law a fortnight—

Fast— from Ol. Cromwell's
model ——— ———

"Sam'l Adams—more than any man author of Revol. measures—but Jno. A. the Colossus of Debate.



"Mr. Jay wrote address to people of England—

"R. H. Lee—solicited, at first to be stamp-master—

"Va. & 4 N. E. States always acted together, *they* carried thro' the Revolution —picking up a few other votes where they could—"

Next comes a letter from Lord Ashburton, written from London, June 18, 1852, interesting for the confession of that sincere and candid Englishman, that he did not pretend to be a free-trader for America. If many of our English advisers, and many Americans who have been prone to take their advice, had been as sensible as Lord Ashburton, it would have been much better for all concerned. This letter, as some others of Ashburton's which have been published heretofore, is a thorough refutation, if any were needed after Edward Everett's conclusive statement, of the old slander once uttered in Parliament, and occasionally revived on both sides of the Atlantic, that Mr. Webster obtained dishonest advantage over the English Commissioner by suppressing an ancient map wherein the boundary between Maine and Nova Scotia had been traced in conformity with the British claim. Lord Ashburton's expressions of friendship and esteem for Mr. Webster are wholly inconsistent with such a transaction :

"London, June 18th, '52.

"My Dear Mr. Webster,

"It was with no small pleasure that I recognised your handwriting, and accepted the very grateful office of shewing civility to your friend.

"I fear that our climate at this moment will prove anything but beneficial to his daughter's health. We are now paying the penalty for three months of drought ; I wish for his sake that he had arrived at an earlier period.

"We expect very little change in the relative strength of parties from the coming elections. The popular element must always gain, but less on this occasion than on any other, as the masses are enjoying in comfort the blessings of cheap food & abundant employment. The farmer even is thriving. He sells mutton of the growth of 18 months, he saves 20 per cent in the cost of labor. He economises in the purchase of all he consumes. Forgive this burst of Peelite exultation in consideration of the abuse & odium under which we have been laboring.

"Let me add however that I do not pretend to be a free trader for America, and thus oppose myself to your powerful authority. Believe me my dear Mr. Webster

"Yours very truly Ashburton."

The following letter, addressed to Mr. Webster's law partner, John P. Healey, with its enclosure, has never been printed. Allusions are found to it in other letters of Mr. Webster written from London, contained in Mr. Webster's published correspondence. It is probable that Mr. Webster's friends in Boston took the liberty of withholding his letter refusing to be a candidate. At any rate, his name was presented to the Whig National Convention held at Harrisburg in October(?), 1839. That convention was held more than a year before the election. The delegates from each State were requested to present to the convention the name of their own choice for the Presidency, and with it the name of the other person whom they thought likely to be the strongest candidate in case their own selection were not adopted by the convention. These reports of the different delegations were all referred to a grand committee with instructions to recommend a candidate to the convention. The result was the nomination of General Harrison by a large majority. Then a committee was appointed to select a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. That committee first agreed upon the name of Benjamin Watkins Leigh, but, on his refusal to be a candidate, reported the name of John Tyler, with most unfortunate results for the Whig party :

"London, June 12, '39.

"Dr Sir,—Please cause the enclosed to be published, the same day, in all the Whig newspapers in Boston, & as soon as you receive it.

Yrs D. Webster.

"*To the People of Massachusetts.*

"It is known that my name has been presented to the Public, by a meeting of

Members of the Legislature of the State, as a candidate for the office of President of the United States at the ensuing Election. As it has been expected that a Convention would be holden in the autumn of this year, composed of Delegates from the Several States, I have hitherto thought proper not to anticipate, in any way, the results of that Convention. But I am now out of the country, not to return, probably, much earlier than the period fixed for the meeting of the convention, and do not know what events may occur, in the meantime, which, if I were at home, might demand immediate attention from me. I desire, moreover, to act no part which may tend to prevent a cordial & effective union among those, whose object, I trust, is to maintain, unimpaired, the Constitution of the Country, and to uphold all its great interests, by a wise, prudent, and patriotic administration of the Government. These considerations have induced me to withdraw my name as a Candidate for the office of President at the next Election.

"DAN'L WEBSTER.

"LONDON, June 12, 1839."

Mr. Webster was counsel in the celebrated case of Myra Clark Gaines, the wife of General Gaines, who laid claim to a large property in Louisiana as the daughter of Daniel Clark by an alleged marriage with Zuleima Carriere. This marriage was denied, and it was also alleged that the mother of Mrs. Gaines had, at the time of the alleged marriage, another lawful husband living.

Mr. Webster's brief, which is in his own writing, consists of seventeen pages of manuscript notes. It contains nothing specially striking except an observation about one of the witnesses, a woman who seems to have been called to prove a marriage of reputation, and seems to have been one of three female witnesses called by the same party. Mr. Webster's memorandum for his arguments is this:

"There is but one witness. And who is she? Who are they all? Not respectable women at that period. All three alike.

Facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.

One bad element of character taints the rest."

This letter to William Sullivan refers to the famous Dartmouth College case, the judgment in which, as the result of Webster's argument, made safe the endowment of every incorporated institution of learning and charity in the country. It was doubtless sent by Mr. Sullivan to Mrs. Webster for her inspection, as appears by the following note written by Sullivan in the margin: "Dear Madam, In a letter which I have seen, it is said, 'In the College cause, Webster shone like the sun; and Holmes like a sunfish.'"

"WASHINGTON, March 13, Friday,
2 o'clock.

"DEAR SIR,—The Court has announced its intention to rise tomorrow, & will hear no argument except in the cause now before them, which is No. 79.

"The Pastora will not be reached. I am exceedingly sorry for this, but could not help it. I insisted to the last & the Chief Justice was obliged to tell me it was *impossible*—& then I gave it up.

"The College case is argued—not decided—There is a difference of opinion on the bench, & some of the Judges have not come to a conclusion in their own minds. So it is to be continued. I shall depart, on the rising of the Court, & make the best of my way home.

"Yrs

D. WEBSTER."

The following letter to Mr. Brewer is interesting as showing Mr. Webster's interest in questions relating to the currency. It is well known that he himself thought that the department of activity in which he was most capable to render service to the country was that of finance, and that he would have liked very well to have taken the Treasury instead of the Department of State in Harrison's administration:

"BOSTON, Aug. 25, 1837.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for your trouble in procuring & sending me the plan of Mr. Wood's House. I enclose the amount of the Architect's charge.

Like yourself, I look forward with much concern to the ensuing session of Congress. That there has been a considerable change, in public opinion, is certain; that this may

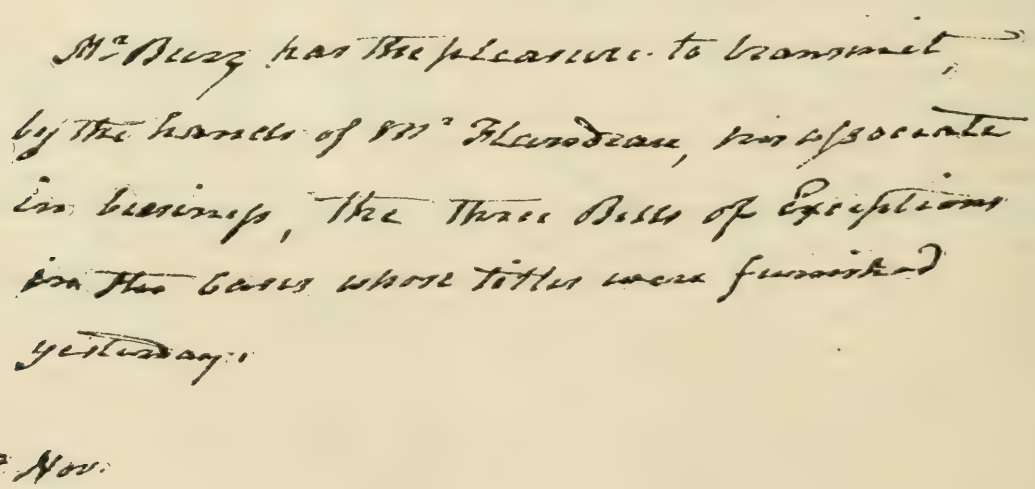
produce a corresponding effect, in some degree, on the deliberations of Congress, is to be hoped; but whether the change has proceeded so far, as to justify the expectation that the Country is now ready to renounce, entirely, the folly of "Experiments" on the currency, & to return to the former well approved system of finance & currency, may admit of doubt. To the friends of the right cause, however, there remains nothing but a steady, honest, patriotic adherence to sound policy & the true interests of the Country.

"I am, Dr Sir,
with regard & esteem
Yr ob serv.
DAN'L WEBSTER.

"MR. BREWER."

Some very zealous persons were impatient of Mr. Webster's hesitation and irresolution long before the time of the anti-slavery struggle. My Uncle Jeremiah Evarts, a man whom many people think quite the intellectual equal of his son, the famous advocate, threw himself with all his zeal into the defence of the Cherokee Indians when they were removed from their homes in Georgia by the Legislature of that State, in spite of the judgment of the Supreme Court, which was set at defiance. Mr. Evarts said, "There is One who knows how to execute His judgments." That prophecy had a terrible fulfilment in the region about Missionary Ridge, named, I suppose, for the mission to those Indians maintained by the board of which Mr. Evarts was secretary, which during the Civil War was, as Horace Maynard told me, drenched with blood and honeycombed with graves. Mr. Evarts gave his life to the cause of these oppressed people. His death was caused by over-exertion in their defence. He always claimed to have Mr. Webster's promise of earnest support; and whether he were right or not, no such promise was ever kept. But I have in my possession a considerable number of bound volumes of pamphlets which belonged to Mr. Webster, including many presentation copies from their authors who were among his famous cotemporaries. One of them is a copy of Jeremiah Evarts's "William Penn," written by him in the cause of the Cherokee Indians, which was very famous in its day. On the title-page, written in pencil but still quite legible, in Daniel Webster's handwriting, are the words: "When Greece uttered her voice and stretched forth her hand for aid your hearts were moved, your kindling sympathies went out. Will you be deaf to the no less piteous Indian cry?" This single sentence shows, I suppose, that Mr. Webster was thinking of a speech to be made in the Senate in the cause of the Indians, and also what, as we have said, was his usual method of preparation, that he intended to compose a few sentences in a complete form, the rest of the speech being, so far as composition was concerned, extempore.

The following is from Aaron Burr, containing little in itself, other than the auto-



graph, and the fact that it in all probability relates to the case of which Mr. Todd tells the story in his delightful paper in the "Green Bag," as follows:

"The late Judge Tenney, of Maine,

told me that Mr. Webster, when at Portsmouth, heard one of Mr. Mason's students say that the 'old man' had been much puzzled over a particular law difficulty, but had settled it. Mr. Webster inquired what it was, and what was Mr. Mason's solution, and did not forget it. A few years after, in New York, Aaron Burr, one of the ablest lawyers of his time, applied to Mr. Webster for his opinion on this very question, and was surprised to hear his ready answer, that of Mr. Mason."

The tone of hostility in the following letter from Benton is not explained, so far as I know, by any occurrence which history has preserved. If it implied a threat of a challenge, undoubtedly Mr. Webster bore himself on the occasion as became a Senator from Massachusetts, as he did in dealing with the fiery-hearted John Randolph, and as Henry Wilson afterward did in dealing with Preston S. Brooks :

"SENATE CHAMBER, Jan'y 4th 1832.

"SIR,—I take leave to invite your attention to a published letter which Col. Davis will show you, and to say, that he will receive the answer, if any, which you may think the occasion calls for.

"Yr. obt. servant

"THOMAS H. BENTON.

"HON. MR. WEBSTER."

Among the books in my possession belonging to Daniel Webster is a copy of Granger's Biographical Dictionary, in three volumes. It contains Mr. Webster's book-plate, with the motto, "Vera Pro Gratis." On the fly-leaf Mr. Webster has written :

"Mr. Granger died, April 15, 1776, while administering the sacrament, of an apoplectic fit.

More happy end what saint e'er knew !
To whom like mercy shown !
His Saviour's death in rapturous view,
And unperceived his own.

Vide Annual Register for 1776.

D. W."

The poetry is not original, but is taken from the "Register."

Mr. Webster's scrupulous care of his dress is well known. On each of the occasions I saw him, his dress—which, as is well known, was the blue coat with the buff or white vest and brass buttons, and, at least on one occasion in the summer, white trousers—seemed to have been nearly new. I was told by a lady who heard the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson in 1826, in Faneuil Hall that on that occasion he wore a gown.

There are in literature a few biographies in which the hand of a master has, in a brief compass, given a portraiture of an illustrious subject, which, like the faces portrayed by the great painters of the Middle Ages, leaves nothing wanting and which no fulness of detail could improve. Of these, Tacitus's "Life of Agricola" is probably the most perfect example. Kirkland's "Fisher Ames" is of the same class. So, also, unless I am greatly deceived, is the "Life of Daniel Webster," by Edward Everett, published with Webster's Works in 1852. This admirable biography, partly, perhaps, by reason of its place in a voluminous publication, has attracted far less attention than its own excellence and the fame of its author would lead us to expect. It will be worth all the pains taken in preparing these articles if it shall lead the youth of the country to study carefully this masterly portrait by one great statesman and orator of another who was his teacher, leader, and friend. I extract from it one passage which gives the key to Webster's great success and to the success of every great orator who has stirred the feeling or convinced the understanding of the people by the power of eloquent speech :

"The orator who would do justice to a great theme or a great occasion must thoroughly study and understand the subject ; he must accurately and, if possible, minutely digest in writing beforehand the substance, and even the form, of his address ; otherwise, though he may speak ably, he will be apt not to make in all respects an able speech. He must entirely possess himself beforehand of the main things which he wishes to say, and then throw himself upon the excitement of the moment and the sympathy of the audience. In those portions of his discourse which are didactic or narrative, he will not be likely to wander, in any direction, far from his notes ; although even in those

portions new facts, illustrations, and suggestions will be apt to spring up before him as he proceeds. But when the topic rises, when the mind kindles from within, and the strain becomes loftier, or bolder, or more pathetic, when the sacred fountain of tears is ready to overflow, and audience and speaker are moved by one kindred sympathetic passion, then the thick-coming fancies cannot be kept down, the storehouse of the memory is unlocked, images start up from the slumber of years, and all that the orator has seen, read, heard, or felt returns in distinct shape and vivid colors. The cold and premeditated text will no longer suffice for the glowing thought. The stately, balanced phrase gives place to some abrupt, graphic expression, that rushes unbidden to his lips. The unforeseen incident or locality furnishes an apt and speaking image; and the discourse instinctively transposes itself into a higher key."

BALLAD

By J. Russell Taylor

"Whither away? Shall we sail or stay? Whither away," I said,
"Into the sunset's glory of gold and passion of rose-red?
Over the water changed to wine and into the sky we slip,
But never a fairer shore than this shall find our buoyant ship,
Not though by shadowy Arcady we drop the anchor at last,
And in the dusk our weary sails come rattling down the mast.
Into the dark steals off the bark: let us stay in our bridal June:
Whither away should lovers stray from the Island of Honeymoon?"

"O far away in the dying day, and farther away," she cried,
"Ere the glory of gold has faded yet or the passion of rose-red died,
O far away from the happier present visit the happy past,
Though never shall our ghostly sails die down the shadowy mast:
For we will flit by the twilight land and name the places fair,
But set no foot on the shore," she cried, "nor drop the anchor there:
But under the night with so swift a flight that the keel is singing in tune,
Back, haste back on the starry track to the Island of Honeymoon!"

A ROYAL ALLY

By William Maynadier Browne

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

LIKE many other energetic and successful men, Mr. Cutting had his enemies. When, as counsel for the East End Land and Traction Company, he discovered that the policy of a majority of the Board of Directors was to slowly but surely "freeze out" the smaller stockholders, he promptly resigned his position, and proceeded to form a coalition among the to-be-frozen. This coalition had for its object the overthrow of the existing management and the subsequent instituting of a new and generous policy.

After a hard, stubborn fight, Mr. Cutting and his followers won; the management was displaced, and Mr. Cutting again became counsel for the company. But he had added to his list of enemies some who, though few in number, were long of memory, relentless, and powerful.

Under the new *régime* the company prospered, and the patient stockholders received their dividends regularly, hitherto withheld or, rather, made to appear nonexisting by means of the well-known device of undervaluing the company's lands in converse ratio to its increasing earnings.

The annual meeting was but two days off, and Mr. Cutting's sky seemed clear and tranquil; but overnight clouds had gathered black and ominous. The enemy, believing themselves once more superior in strength, or nearly enough so to venture upon the step, at the last moment sounded the note of war. That evening's paper contained insinuations, which were followed in the morning editions by large headlines and by direct though guarded accusations.

It was this morning, the morning of the very day before the annual meeting, that I was sitting in the office reading these same accusations. I was indignant and tired out.

All the night before I had been closeted with Mr. Cutting in his house, working out with him a defence for use in the battle to come, writing to this or telegraphing to that out-of-town holder of the stock; in one instance even cabling to London for a proxy allowing Mr. Cutting to vote a thousand shares held by a friend of his who was abroad. Together we had gone through the long list of stockholders, checking off those for and those against us, and embodying in a new list the names, not a few, of those either uncertain or unknown to us. This list comprised the names of almost all the smaller holders, owning from one to fifty shares. The only large holding was that of one Andrew J. Ahearn, against whose name appeared the goodly figure of five hundred shares. But, alas! he was among the unknown to us.



Michael O'Connor.

As I was leaving the house Mr. Cutting had said to me, mournfully: "I'm afraid they've got us this time. We need four thousand shares more, counting Emley's as safe; and the cable may not reach him in time, or he may be out of London. But, never mind," he added, clapping me warmly on the shoulder; "we will fight 'em till they knock us out, and go for 'em again next year. See you at the office."

As I walked slowly home to my lodgings through the long, level shadows of the early morning, the distinct rattling of incoming milk-carts and the twitter of countless sparrows pulsed through my tired brain in throb with the names of big and little stockholders. Thus, after a bath and breakfast, I had reached the office tired and indignant over the unjust and unwarranted attacks upon Mr. Cutting contained in the morning papers. Though counsel in name, he was in fact the managing head of the company's affairs.

As I sat at my desk, the newspapers lying about on the floor where I had thrown them in my anger, the door opened and old O'Connor entered.

Unlike his former appearances upon the scene of Mr. Cutting's domain, he did not wait to be spoken to, but crossed to me briskly, without hesitation or apology, merely removing his tall hat and sweepingly smoothing his thin white hair as he sat himself down firmly in a chair directly facing me. Something was on his mind, evidently.

"Phwat's dthis the papers do be sayin' about Mr. Cuttin', sor," he began, but, remembering himself, hastened to add, "Good-morning, sor. And how is Mr. Cutting this morning, sor?"

I told him that Mr. Cutting was well. Then I explained to him that the newspaper attacks were instigated by the old Board of Directors of the East End Company, who were trying to oust Mr. Cutting and his friends from the directorate. At receiving this piece of information he merely remarked, tersely, "The divils!" and after a pause added, in a whisper, "Shure, Mr. Cuttin' can down the whole av thim——" Then, with a note of anxiety in his voice, "Can't he, now, sor?"

I replied that it looked very doubtful, the time left us being so short and the other side having prepared themselves so secretly.

"And phwat's dthis," O'Connor went on, an angry look still more contracting his wizened face and concentrating all his features to a point at the tip of his short up-turned nose—"phwat's dthis they do be sayin'—Chimmie, me bar-tender, was afther readin' ut to me—phwat's dthis about Mr. Cuttin' mismanaging the money?"

"Not the money," I hastened to say; "the affairs of the company."

"Well — annyho-ow, 'tis a dommed lie," said O'Connor, thrusting out his square chin farther and farther with each word as it escaped from between the compressed wide lips, which at last opened in a far from pleasant grin, showing his still sound if ragged teeth, as he ejaculated, with fine distinctness, "The blay-gyards!" and then asked, with sudden eagerness, "Do there be anny wan av thim oi knaw, now?"

"No," I said, laughingly, "unless you happen to have met the former president, Mr. Walker;" thinking that that gentleman would in all probability be the least likely to be among the O'Connor's acquaintances.

"Phwat Walker is this?" he asked, all interest and expectation.

"The former president," I said.

"'Tis not Jarge Double-ye, it is, now, is ut?" He was leaning forward, looking eagerly into my eyes, his hands tightly clutching his knees.

"It is," I replied. "George W. Walker."

"An' *do I know him!*" he exclaimed, leaning back and throwing up both hands, as if exhausted with amazement. "An' it's the loikes av him is fightin' Mr. Cuttin', is ut?" I nodded. "Well, well, well!" he murmured, softly. "*Phwat* do ye dthink av that! Whishper! Sit still, there, you."

He rose and tiptoed quickly to the door, opened it, and with an imperative backward jerk of the head summoned somebody from the hallway without. In a few moments a small elderly woman squeezed into the room. She was dressed in black and carried her hands clasped in front of her, seeming to hold in place the corners of a shawl that, folded over her



Ejaculated, with fine distinctness, "The blay-gyards!" —Page 222.

shoulders, was crossed at her waist. Her bonnet was diminutive, but somehow uncompromising, almost defiant, in its plainness. From beneath it peeped a portion, but enough, of a smooth brown wig. By it I recognized her. She was the consort of the lineal descendant of the last king of Ireland; she was O'Connor's wife and Mollie's, now Mrs. Fennessey's, mother.

"Ah! Mrs. O'Connor!" I exclaimed, rising, "how do you do? I am glad to see you again."

She merely courtesied sharply and sniffed once. She was not nearly so gracious and so comfortably confiding as she had been in the state chamber of her own castle, where I last saw her. However, she remarked at length, pleasantly enough, that "it was a rale plisint mornin', the day," and seated herself in a chair near the door. For perhaps a minute O'Connor stood by her side and whispered to her. She seemed interested. I caught the sound of "Jarge Double-ye" from him, and a crisp and threatening "Ho, ho!" from her in reply. Then they crossed to my desk, O'Connor drawing a folded paper from his pocket as he came. His manner now was grave and business-like.

"Av you plaze, sor, Mrs. O'Connor and mesilf would thank you if you would be so kind as to lit us j'intly sign this paper forninst ye."

"Do you want me to witness the signatures? Is that it?" I asked, taking the paper and mechanically starting to unfold it.

"Yis, sor. But 'tis—excuse me, sor—'tis a private matther. Read it, sor, if—if——" He paused, much embarrassed. I hastened to assure him it was not necessary for me to read it, and, smoothing down the lowest fold of the document.

handed O'Connor a well-filled pen. He, in turn, handed it to his wife, with the words, "Sign you, Bridget Ann, fur-rst, and I'll sign afther, meself."

"Where do I putt me name, Michael, dear?" she asked, now seated uneasily at my desk.

"Just undher the worruds 'Wid my consint,'" he answered, pointing with a short, knotty, curved index-finger to the words "So help me, God," which appeared on the right side of the sheet, just below the edge of the folded section that covered the remainder of the writing, except the words "With my consent," which were on the same line, but at the left. I corrected his mistake.

Slowly and awkwardly, but with great patience, Mrs. O'Connor's signature was constructed. If a decided upward slant indicates, as students of chirography assert, that the writer is of sanguine and ambitious temperament, the lady was surely a worthy spouse for an heir to the throne of Ireland. The signature ran up, up, up, until balked by the folded edge; but pressing against this obstacle, it ran its remaining course in protest against its confinement. Whether or not it spelled Bridget Ann O'Connor, it certainly spelled nothing else.

O'Connor, as usual, had left his spectacles at home. I signed his name and an ×, while he softly touched the tip of my pen-holder. He sighed with relief when it was over, and remarked: "Shure, cross or name, 'tis all the same. There's no differ. Thank you kindly, sor, and phwat do I owe you, now?"

As I waved away his question, Mr. Cutting came in from the company's offices, which adjoined our own.

Despite his anxieties, Mr. Cutting greeted O'Connor with his usual cheery, "Well, Michael, how are you?" and then seeing Mrs. O'Connor, crossed to her and shook hands; after which she resumed her seat, and sniffed once more — this time with more decision and with her nose in the air. *She* knew she knew Henry H. Cutting, Esq., whether the rest of the world knew she did or not.

"Well, Michael, what can I do for you to-day?" he asked, pleasantly. O'Connor was immediately all confusion. As he tried to answer, he fumbled with his tall hat (which he had hurriedly grasped from its resting-place on my desk at Mr. Cutting's entrance), he pulled with gentle uncertainty at the fringe of white beard that encircled his anxious face, while his eyes followed the line of the washboard as if searching there for encouragement.

"Anything wrong?" asked Mr. Cutting.

"No, sor; no, Mr. Cuttin'," O'Connor at last stammered. "Not wid me, nor yit wid anny belongin' to me. But, Mr. Cuttin', sor, I do be hearin' av—av—phwat the papers——" He paused.

I saw a look of pain and disappointment quickly cross Mr. Cutting's face, and I read his thoughts on the instant. His old servant and friend, doubtful of its security, had come to demand his money.

"Av phwat the papers do be sayin' about you," O'Connor at last gained courage to say, "and av phwat thim blaygyards do be havin' in moind to do to you, sor. So-o I wud—meanin' no presumshin, sor, and wid your kind permission—be afther givin' you this, sor. I dic*tay*ted it and me daughter, Mollie, that's now Mrs. Fennessey, wrote it down for me. Av you plaze, sor."

He handed Mr. Cutting the paper I had witnessed, and was gently rising and falling on his toes, holding his tall hat behind him in both hands, while he nervously moistened his lips and gazed at the wall.

Mr. Cutting read the paper quickly, then walked abruptly to the window and stood looking out. There was silence for several moments. O'Connor continued his gentle rising and falling. Mrs. O'Connor sighed softly, smoothed her gown by a touch or two, and again folded her hands. Then Mr. Cutting turned and resting his left hand, which still held the paper, on O'Connor's shoulder, with his right grasped the other's right and shook it warmly. There was the glitter of moisture in his eyes, but his fine face wore an expression of mingled affection and mirth.

"Michael," he said, his clear, musical voice firm and kind, "I thank you with all my heart for your generous offer of assistance. And you, too, Bridget." Mrs. O'Connor half rose, sat down again and sniffed. "But I cannot—it would not be right for me to accept it."

Then followed a wholly unwritable



Slowly and awkwardly, but with great patience, Mrs. O'Connor's signature was constructed.—Page 224.

scene—O'Connor and his wife, by turns and at times together, protesting, insisting, assuring, even coaxing. In the *mêlée* of warm-hearted Irish explosives, I could distinguish, "Shure, I've plinty money"—"More than plinty, he has"—"What wid me rum"—"Yis, an' your junk"—"And me rints"—"There's a good man, now"—"No bodther at all, at all." But at last O'Connor caught a look in his former employer's eye that he knew. He saw that further argument or entreaty was useless. At a gesture from Mr. Cutting, he and his wife desisted.

"No, Michael," Mr. Cutting continued, quietly; "it is impossible. It is out of the question. Besides, I must tell you, and now seems a good time, that while my affairs are in no danger, they are, owing to this new development in the company's prospects, causing me a good deal of trouble and anxiety. I have, therefore, turned the property of yours I was holding into cash, and it is now in my bank. I want you to wait here while I send and draw it out. Then I am going to ask you to take care of it yourself—at least, for the present. I am happy to say the amount has increased considerably, and I know you won't be disappointed."

His tone was firm, and his determination manifest. O'Connor humbly acquiesced with his familiar "Phwativer you plaze, sor, Mr. Cutting, sor." Then Mr. Cutting said:

"But there is one thing you can do for me, Michael, and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will."

"I will, then," said O'Connor, brightening. "Phwat is ut?"

"Give me this paper," said Mr. Cutting, holding up the paper O'Connor had handed him.

"Shure I will, sor, if you want it. 'Tis no use to me now." His sadness had returned, and now held him completely.

Mr. Cutting then disappeared into the company's offices; but in passing my desk

on the way he laid the paper before me, whispering as he did so, "Read that."

O'Connor and his wife were now conversing apart, in mournful numbers, so I read, unobserved, this :

"I, Michael O'Connor, being of sound and disposing mind, this day do hereby loan to Mr. Henry H. Cutting, Esq., for any use he please, all my money he has now in charge, him to repay whenever it suits his convenience, and if never at all, no matter at all.

"So help me God.

"*Michael*
"his × mark
"*O'Connor.*

"With my consent,
"*Bridget Ann O'Connor.*"

You may be sure it found a safe abiding-place among Mr. Cutting's most cherished possessions. He soon came back into the office, alert and eager, a new light in his eyes.

"Mike," he exclaimed, so suddenly that O'Connor dropped his hat, "perhaps you *can* help me after all."

"Glory be to God!" exclaimed O'Connor, looking at him, though groping for his hat, which had rolled in a short semicircle to his wife's feet and was now safely reposing in her lap. "How, sor?"

"Parker," said Mr. Cutting turning to me, "let me have that copy of the list of the uncertain and unknown. Ah!" as he took it and with a flirt opened it. "Michael, see if you can tell me anything of these people. Perhaps you may know the first one on the list—Andrew J. Ahearn, five hundred shares."

"Andy Ahearn!" replied O'Connor, in interested surprise. "Yis, sor, shure I know Andy Ahearn these t'irty years—more shame to me."

"Oh, ho! Thrue for you," came from Mrs. O'Connor's direction.

"What sort of man is he?" Mr. Cutting asked.

"Shure, he do go round pickin' up bur-rnt matches against the day there's no builder left who'll give him firewood; and him wort' his t'ousands upon t'ousands. And now I think av it, sor, I can tell ye how he kem by thim five hunder' shares." Here the old man became very deliberate and precise. "Now, d'ye moind, he is—no-o—he was father to Carneelus Ahearn, him that was in the Legis*lay*ter five year ago. 'Twas thin d'ye moind, your company—as it is no-ow—was petishinin' for a—phwat's this ut is—a franchise. Well, I dunno-o; but thin it was many av thim in the Legis*lay*ter got shares av stock. Some sez they bought thim, and odthers sez—but that's neidther here nor there, at all, at all, and av no consequince now. But 'twas this same Carneelus, d'ye moind, son to Andy, that was afther give a term av five years in jail, for—for—phwat's this they calls shtealin' whin it ain't shtealin', now?"

"Embezzlement," I suggested.

"That's ut," said O'Connor. "An' he died two years afther, wid t'ree year yet comin' to him. So, now, d'ye moind how ould Andy Ahearn kem by the five hunder' shares? He bought thim arf av his son, Carneelus."

"Do you think you could get him to give you a proxy?" Mr. Cutting asked.

"An' phwat's that, sor, av you plaze?"

"Shure, Michael, dear," came in cooing accents from the lady across the room, "a proxy is a godfather or a godmother whin they are unabil to be prisint."

I tried not to laugh, and Mr. Cutting turned his head to hide a smile; but O'Connor saw that something was wrong. Turning toward his wife, he said, impressively :

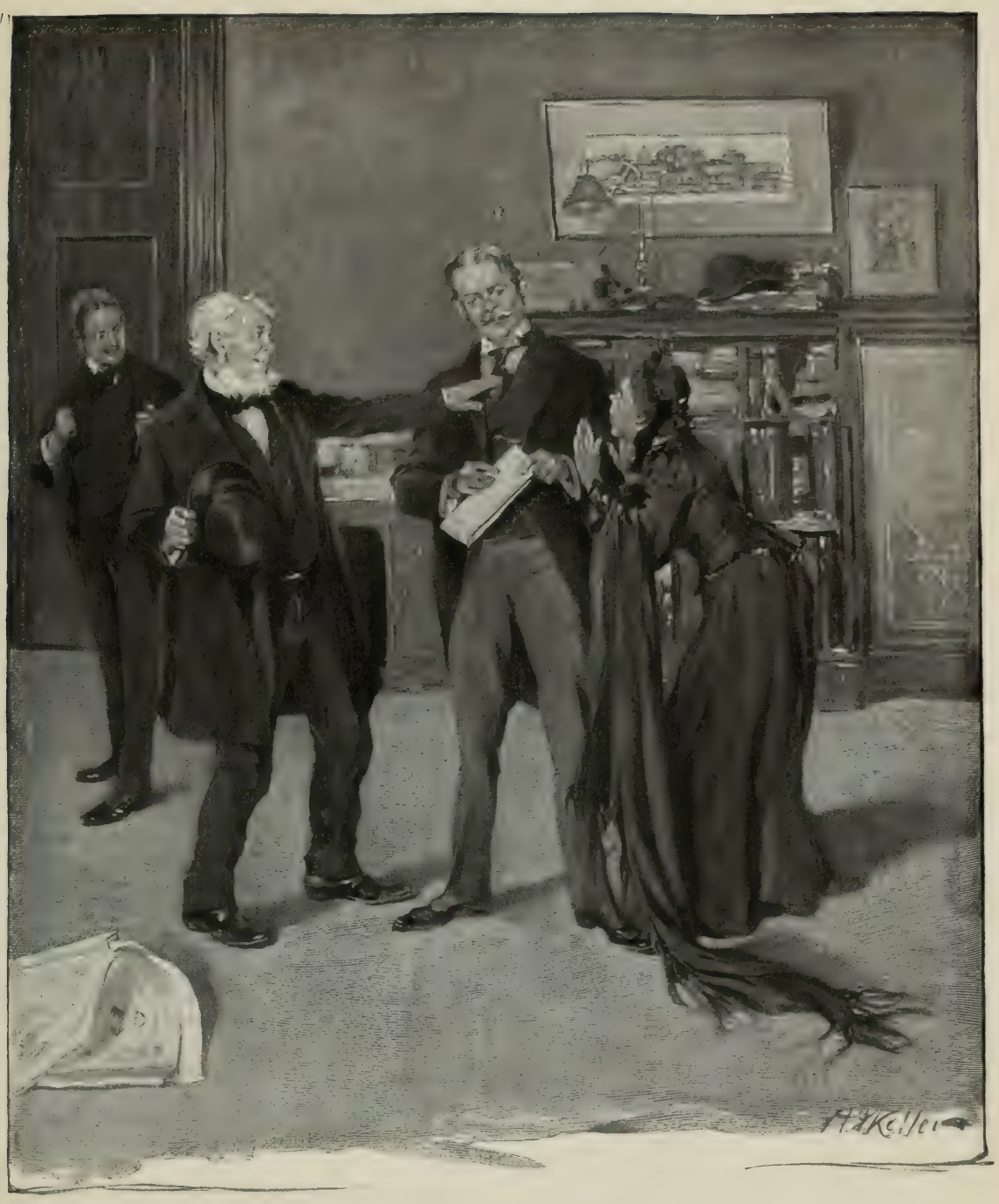
"Shure, Bridgit Ann, 'tis not ba-abies we're dishcussin', dear. 'Tis business, it is."

Mr. Cutting and I finally succeeded in giving him a fairly good idea of what a proxy was.

"Shure, 'tis a permit fer me to vote fer him as I plaze, thin?" he asked, at last.

Mr. Cutting said that that was near enough for all practical purposes, and went on reading from the list of names, selecting those of evident or probable Celtic origin. It was amazing how many the old couple knew, either personally or by hearsay. In many instances Mrs. O'Connor was with difficulty restrained from giving a complete family history of the person in question. As the reading progressed they became more and more excited and enthusiastic, until at last O'Connor broke out with :

"Nivver moind the rist, sor. Gimme



"There's a good man, now—no bodther at all, at all."—Page 225

the list av the whole av thim, and a boonch av thim godfa — I mane, thim proxies."

"And moind you take Chimmie along wid you, Michael," said Mrs. O'Connor, grasping at once her husband's intention and eagerly espousing it. "Chim knows manny as well as you, and some betther. Thin, he is eddi*cay*ted, too, Michael, dear. And I'll get Tim to come over and tind bar, dear."

"Thrue for you, Bridgit Ann," said O'Connor, warmly. "'Tis Chimmie an' me will do the job this day."

I gave him a handful of printed blanks to use for the proxies, and Mr. Cutting handed him the list of names. He disposed of these summarily in the capacious pocket of his coat, caught his wife by the arm, and together they started to go.

At this moment a clerk entered and handed Mr. Cutting O'Connor's money.

"Wait, Michael," he called. "Here's your money; and here"—reaching for a paper in his desk—"is an account of how we stand. It is all there. Look it over at your leisure."

O'Connor hesitated, a last look of plead-

ing in his eyes; then took the money and account, thrust them deep into his trousers pocket, and hurried to the door. This he partly opened, and he and milady scurried funnily through the narrow space, like a pair of elderly black puppies. The door closed behind them.

Mr. Cutting leaned back in his chair, and laughed for a full minute. Then he asked me to bring him the signed dictation. I did so. He read it through once more, laughed again, and sighed:

"God bless him! Being of sound and disposing mind this day, I will take the will for the deed." He sat for a moment in thought; then holding the paper before him, he said, musingly: "Few, very, very few are those in *this* world so broadly ed-di*cay*ted as to have dic*tay*ted this."

"There are few of the blood royal," I ventured to remark.

"And more's the pity," he said, as the lock of his lacquered dispatch-box clicked. For a time we were silent.

"It just occurs to me," I said at last, "that we forgot to have him sign a receipt."

"Receipt, man!" he exclaimed. "A receipt from *him?* Besides, we have Bridget Ann as a witness." And chuckling, he passed again into the company's offices.

Not until the very hour of the day of the meeting did we realize that we had entirely forgotten to instruct O'Connor to have such proxies as he might get made out in Mr. Cutting's name.

The morrow came, and with it the meeting. The stockholders were not present in large numbers, but enough were there to crowd uncomfortably the directors' room where the meeting was held. O'Connor had not put in an appearance, nor had we heard from him since his and his wife's hurried departure of the day before. Our side was not a very hopeful party. True, Emley had cabled his attorney to give Mr. Cutting a proxy, and it was now safe in Mr. Cutting's possession, with the others he had obtained. But we were sure of only twenty-two thousand out of a total of fifty thousand shares, and to our knowledge (now, alas! at the last moment) the other side had been working like beavers to obtain proxies. Still, there was a chance for us. It is as misleading to count your proxies before they are voted, as to count your chickens before they are hatched. Some of the enemy's might be revoked at any moment, or be superseded by others bearing later dates. At any rate, preparation was passed. The fight was on.

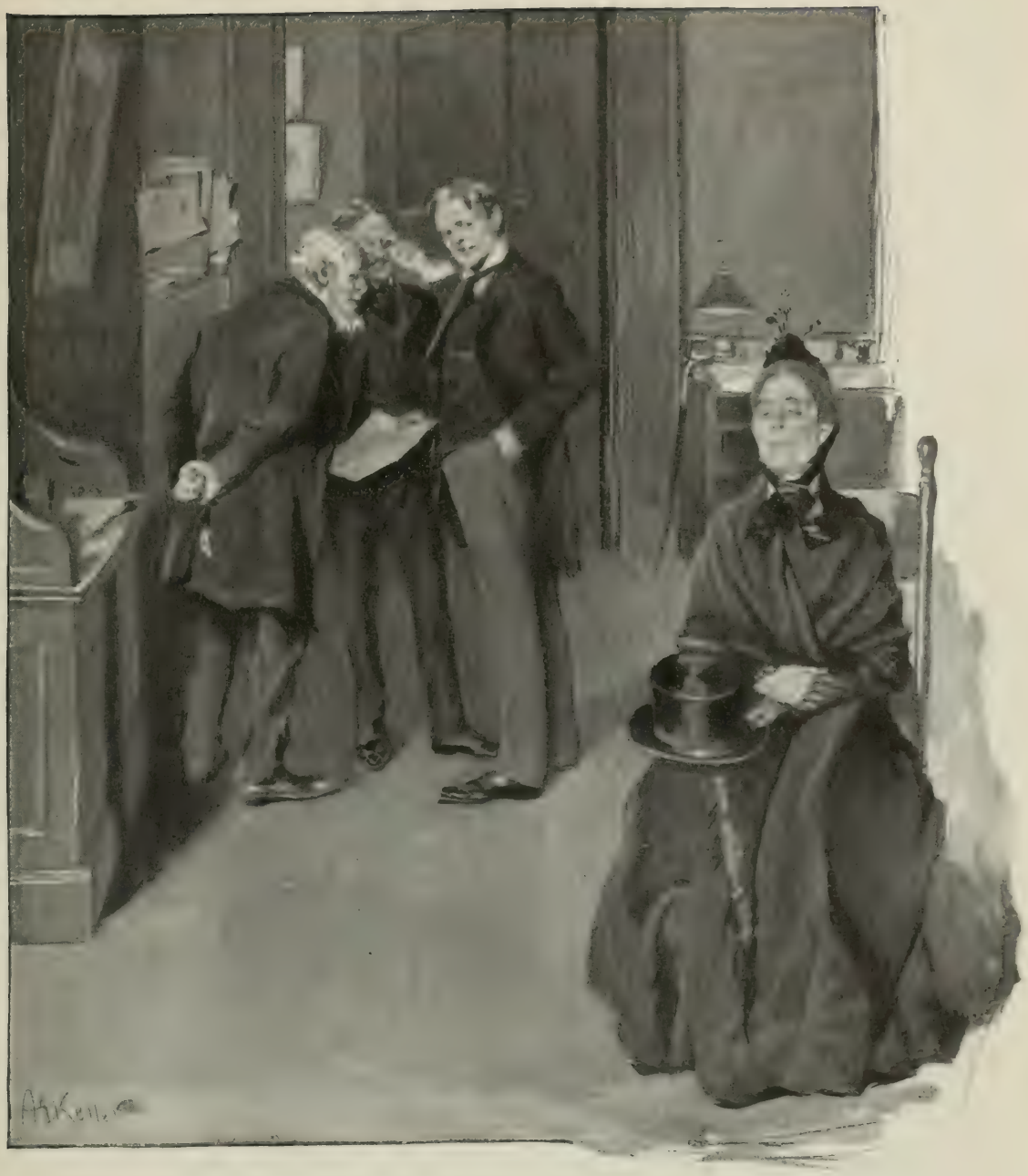
Mr. Cutting was seated at the side of the room, surrounded by a little group of his fellow-directors and friends. I was beside the president, the necessary books and papers at my hand, ready to perform my duties as secretary. It was a position I held through Mr. Cutting's kindness and influence. At last the president called the meeting to order.

The reading of the minutes of the previous meeting was dispensed with, for which I was grateful. Something in the air told me that the enemy were eager for action. As many formalities as could be were omitted or summarily disposed of. The instant the treasurer's report had been read and accepted, Mr. Walker, the ex-president, was on his feet.

Then followed a very able, if wholly misleading, attack upon the policy pursued by the board of directors during their term of office. Mr. Walker was a man of force and a good speaker; and his remarks had their effect upon not a few uncertain ones, if one could judge by the look of approval apparent on the faces of many who were present. But as he neared the end, either his personal enmity toward Mr. Cutting or the excitement due to the occasion, got the better of his judgment. He closed by a personal attack upon the counsel, whom he characterized as "the non-commissioned general who had cunningly devised this whole campaign of extravagance, wickedly designed to elate and bamboozle the smaller stockholders, who, when the inevitable result of such reckless expenditure should come—namely, a crash—would find themselves obliged to sell their little hard-earned holdings. "To whom," Mr. Walker ended, "it is hardly necessary for me to say."

From where I sat I commanded a view of the door that led directly into the corridor of the building. Just as Mr. Walker's spleen was beginning to take possession of him, I saw this door open and O'Connor enter. He was accompanied by a short, stocky, red-haired young Irishman, whom I recognized as his bartender, "Chimmie."

The old chap looked hot and excited,



"A proxy is a godfather or a godmother whin they are unabil to be prisint."—Page 226.

but not tired, and far from dejected. There was a new alertness about him, much like that you will see in an old and experienced bull-terrier, who has every reason to believe that the rat-trap is about to be opened. I watched him.

With head bent forward, and with one bunchy hand curled like a warped oyster-shell about his ear, he listened to every word. I saw him ask a man next him who was speaking. I could tell that this was his question by the effect the man's answer produced upon him. His eyebrows lowered and contracted, and from beneath them he glared at "Jarge Double-ye," while the far from pleasant grin appeared, grew, and hardened about his mouth. Meanwhile he was gradually edging his way forward, his faithful companion at his elbow, nearer and nearer to the speaker. In the general interest in Mr. Walker's remarks, few noticed the pair.

At last the descendant of the last King of Ireland was in a position squarely in front of the speaker, and separated from him by the width of the directors' long table, upon which now reposed the old tall hat so familiar to me and to Mr. Cutting.

The instant Mr. Walker was seated, after his speech, he of the royal blood seized his opportunity.

"Mr. Prisidint," he said, firmly and clearly, depositing his large red cambric

handkerchief in the hat beside him. The president bowed, saying:

"You have the floor, Mr. —— Excuse me; you are a stockholder, I suppose?"

"I am, sor."

I was amazed.

"Your name, please."

"Michael O'Connor, twinty-wan —— Wharf, junk-dealer and licensed liquor-seller."

There was a slight stir of expectancy among those present. The president glanced at me, waiting for me to verify O'Connor's statement. I had run my finger down the O's in the list of names, well knowing, of course, O'Connor's was not there. I shook my head.

"Your name does not seem to appear on the list, Mr. O'Connor," said the president.

"Shure, I only bought me shtock this mornin', sor," replied O'Connor with a reassuring and comforting wave of the hand to the chief officer of the company. Chimmie, at his elbow still, handed him a paper from a bunch of many he held ready in his hand. O'Connor passed it up to the president, with the remark, "Here is me credintials, sor, av you plaze."

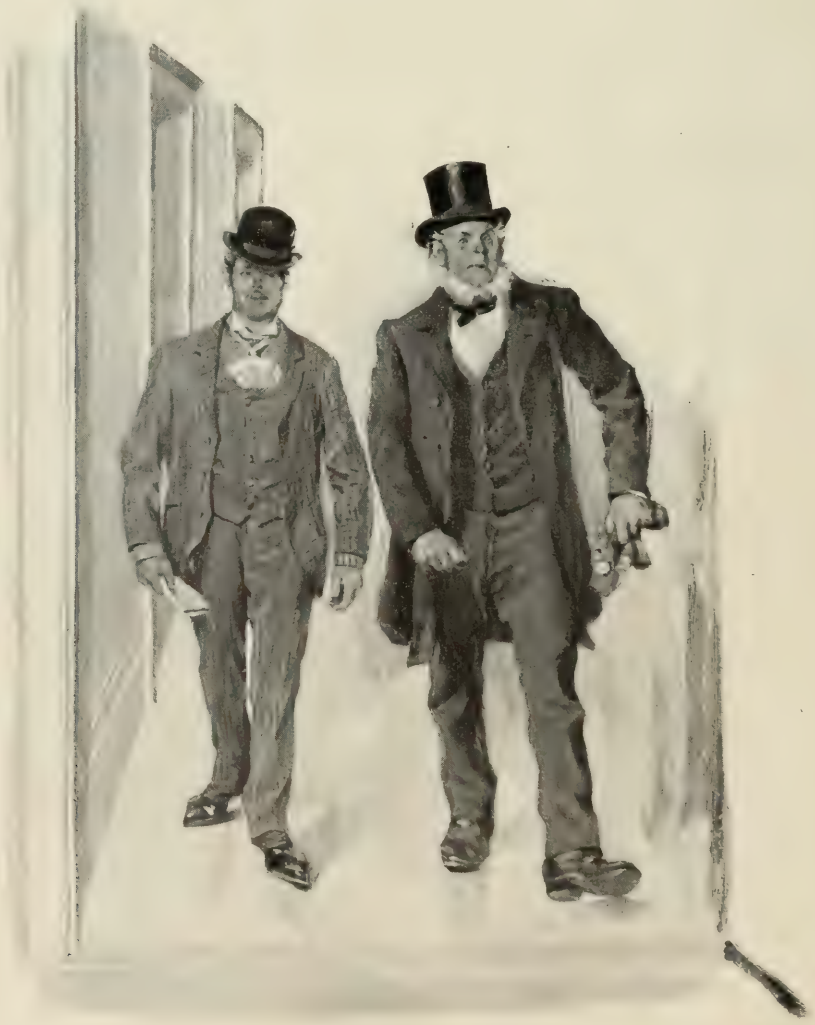
That gentleman merely glanced at it, then returned it to O'Connor, and said,

"A certificate of stock, I see. Did you expect to vote?"

"Dthat's phwat I kem here fer," said O'Connor, with a quick nod of the head, which showed that the royal blood was stirring.

Then the president explained to him that the transfer-books were closed, and that, by the by-laws of the company, nobody was allowed to vote at its meetings except such persons as were duly registered holders of its stock, or were holders of a proxy from somebody who was.

"Proxy, is ut!" exclaimed O'Connor. "Chimmie, me boy, give me the odther



Enter O'Connor and Chimmie.—Page 228.



The royal blood was now at boiling-point.—Page 232.

wan." Jimmie handed him a second paper, which he in turn handed to the president.

"This seems to be perfectly regular, dated to-day, from Andrew J. Ahearn, for five hundred shares," the president said, and handed the proxy to me.

The stir of expectation had become a ripple of excitement. I observed that Mr. Walker moved uneasily.

"Yis, sor," said O'Connor, with a touch of ludicrous *aplomb*. "Andy Ahearn—shure, the ould divil wouldn't give me the wan widout I bought the odther. And now, thin, sor, I have the privilege to vote, is ut?"

The president bowed and looked about the room for some other person who might have business before the meeting.

"Thin I, Michael O'Connor," the old fellow continued, to everybody's surprise and amusement, "do hereby vote on these five hunder' shares"—here he held the certificate aloft in his right hand—"for Mr. Hinry Haitch Cutting, Esquire, so help me God, and——"

He was interrupted by a roar of laughter. Mr. Walker was now on his feet. When the laughter ceased, he said:

"Mr. President, are we to take this stockholder as a fair example of Mr. Cutting's faithful following?"

The question was greeted with silence. Mr. Walker had made a blunder, and he was instantly made to feel it. O'Connor spoke again, quietly and slowly, addressing the presiding officer, but looking angrily at the interrupter through half-closed eyelids, his nose held high. As he spoke he gently smoothed down his long upper lip at the corners with thumb and forefinger.

"Mr. Prisidint," he said, "I think—I dunno-o — but may-be-e — I have the floo-or?"

The president bowed, but added that it was not yet time to take a vote. Those who are familiar with the Irish well know how rarely you find one with absolutely *no* knowledge of parliamentary procedure. It seems to be imbibed with the mother's milk. O'Connor was not in the least disconcerted. "Thin, sor," he continued, "wid your kind permission, I will make a few remarks."

"I shall be glad to hear them, Mr. O'Connor," the president said. A small wave of approval passed over the meeting. O'Connor placed his thumbs firmly in the armholes of his waistcoat, planted his feet well apart, and began. The royal blood was up.

"Mr. Prisidint and gintlemin," with a low, sweeping bow from left to right, "and Jarge Double-ye Walker." Here he cleared his throat to allow his sarcasm time to penetrate the understanding of his hearers. It did. "Whidther or not I am a fair example uv *ahl* Mr. Hinry Haitch Cutting Esquire's fait'ful follyers, I am unabil to say, they bein' so large in noomber, by God's justice. *But*, Mr. Prisidint and gintlemin, and Jarge Double-ye Walker, wid ahl modesty, I do claim to be a fair example av some thirty-foor av Mr. Hinry Haitch Cutting Esquire's fait'ful follyers, who owns bechune thim two t'ousand wan hunder' and sivin shares, countin' me own five hunder'. They are ivery wan av thim Oirish, includin' mesilf, and I have the proxies av ivery wan av thim, includin' me own. Put that in your poipe, Jarge Double-ye Walker." The royal blood was getting hot. A round of applause burst from Mr. Cutting's party, but it quickly subsided at the sharp rap of the president's gavel upon the table. This, however, had little effect upon O'Connor. The royal blood was now at boiling-point.

"Moreover, Jarge Double-ye Walker," he continued, too quickly for interruption, and emphasizing each clause with clenched fists, "they pays their taxes, they pays their bills. They has paid for their little hard-earned holdin's in this company, and —some av thim owns tinimint-houses, but not one wid bad plumbin' and defective drainage, Jarge Double-ye Walker."

Caution had been royally thrown to the winds. The president rapped hard and long upon his desk. The listeners moved uneasily in their seats.

"Mr. O'Connor," the president said, sharply, "you must confine your remarks to the business in hand and address them to the chair, or I must ask you to take your seat."

"I ax your pardon, Mr. Prisidint," said O'Connor. He was now his old self, and went on with homely courtesy, to say: "It is my wish, sor, to say just a few worruds more regyardin' me idee av phwat

conshtitutes the fitness av a man for the job av managin' the affairs av odthers than himself—wid your kind permission, Mr. Prisidint, and I'll not be long, at all, at all." The president bowed. As the old Irishman continued, his voice grew soft and tender, at times sinking almost to a whisper.

"I am unabil, bein' mesilf uneddi*cay*ted and a plain man, to deshcribe to yez just phwat I'm wantin' to tell yez. But maybe you'll know from this. Twinty year ago come the tinth av this prisint month, I wint to worruk for a certin gintleman, to do chores about the place and phwat gyardenin' and potherin' round the grounds was nicissary. He had a purty place in the country—a rale pur-rty place, and there was a shweet little house there he putt me in—all for mesilf and me wife and me baby—a little gurrul she was, wan year old. I had been to worruk in the city, where I lived in a tinimint—noomber t'ree Gay's Alley, so called it was. Me wife was ailin', and the baby was takin' afther her modther at the time; so, shure, it was deloighted we was at the chanst to live in the country and wid our new place. A lovely home it was. Well, just tin days afther we kem, me wife was tuk wid fever—typhide fever it was—and two days afther little Mollie was tuk, too, just the same. Oh! wurra! wurra! but thim was heart-breakin' days! But niver moind, I'll not bodther you wid ahl av it. Wan night me wife was terrible bad, little Mollie bein' ashleep in the nixt room, and not near so bad as her modther, to my thinkin'. The docthor kem, and wid him the gintleman that emplyed me. Whin the docthor had looked at the two, he sez to me, 'The modther is very low,' he sez, 'but she will come t'rough all right; but the young un,' he sez, 'is in a viry criticil condition. She'll need conshtant attintion,' he sez, 'and I cannot be here mesilf,' he sez, 'to save her life!' Me heart died in me that minute.

"But quick, wid no hesitation, the gintleman sez to the docthor, callin' him by name, he bein' a frind av his, he sez, 'John,' he sez, 'I'll look afther the little one mesilf durin' the night,' he sez. 'I've done it before this, as you know,' he sez; 'and come again, you, in the mornin',' he sez."

Here the old man paused. There was perfect silence in the room. When he again spoke, it was in a hoarse whisper, but he could be distinctly heard.

"For t'ree whole nights—long, sad, weary nights—the gintleman niver lift the side av Mollie's bed, onliss whin he crep' in to putt his hand on me shoulder and say to me, 'Keep up, me man. We'll pull 'em both t'rough, all right'—and we did that same. Glory be to God and the Blessed Virgin! they're alive and well this day, the two av thim.

"Well, Mr. Prisidint and gintlemin, I am not eddi*cay*ted and I dunno-o—I may be wrong, but to my moind that gintleman is the kind av a man that hav fitness for the job av managin' the affairs av odthers beside himself. And that gintleman is Mr. Hinry Haitch Cutting, Esquire."

He paused and looked about him sheepishly; then turning so as to face Mr. Walker, he said:

"Mr. Jarge Double-ye Walker, I ax your pardon for shpeakin' so rough to ye, sor. 'Tis ahl past and gone now, sor, and I bear ye no ill-will." Then to the president he said, quietly, "Thank you kindly, Mr. Prisidint;" and taking his hat, moved back among those who were standing near the door.

Mr. Cutting now moved that we proceed to the election of officers for the ensuing year. The motion was carried.

When the ballots were counted, it was found that the existing officers had received the votes of twenty-seven thousand and some odd shares, thus having a clear majority. We could, of course, tell exactly how many votes were due to O'Connor's proxies; but how many more were due to his personal presence at the meeting, we could only estimate.

THE SHIP OF STARS

By A. T. Quiller-Couch

(Q.)

XVIII

THE BARRIERS FALL

THERE were marks of teeth on his right boot, but no marks at all on his body. Fright—or fright following on that evening's frenzy—had killed him.

He was buried three days later, and Mr. Raymond read the service. No rain had fallen, and the blood of the three hounds still stained the gravel dividing the grave from the porch, where the crowd had shot them down.

For awhile his death made small difference to the family at the Parsonage. They had fought the shadow of his enmity and proved it for what it was; a shadow and little else. But they had scarcely realized their success, and wondered why the removal of the shadow did not affect them more.

About this time Taffy began to carry out a scheme which he and his father had often discussed, but hitherto had found no leisure for—the setting up of wooden crosses on the graves of the drowned sailormen. They had wished for slate: but good slate was expensive and hard to come by, and Taffy had no skill in stone-cutting. Since wood it must be, he resolved to put his best work into it. The names, etc., should be engraved, not painted merely. Some of the pew-fronts in the church had panels elaborately carved in flat and shallow relief—fine Jacobean designs, all of them. He took careful rubbings of the narrowest, made tracings, and set to work to copy them on the face of his crosses.

One afternoon, some three weeks after the Squire's funeral, he happened to return to the house for a tracing which he had forgotten, and found Honoria seated in the kitchen and talking with his father and mother. She was dressed in black, of course, and either this or the solemnity of her visit gave her quite a grown-up look. But to be sure, she was mistress of Tredinnis now, and a child no longer.

Taffy guessed the meaning of her visit at once. And no doubt this act of formal reconciliation between Tredinnis House and the Parsonage had cost her some nervousness. When he entered his parents stood up and seemed just as awkward as their visitor. "Another time, perhaps," he heard his father say. Honoria rose almost at once, and would not stay to drink tea, though Humility pressed her.

"I suppose," said Taffy next day, looking up from his Virgil, "I suppose Miss Honoria wants to make friends now, and help on the restoration?"

Mr. Raymond, who was on his knees fastening a loose hinge in a pew-door, took a screw from between his lips.

"Yes, she proposed that."

"It must be splendid for you, dad!"

"I don't quite see," answered Mr. Raymond, with his head well inside the pew.

Taffy stood up, put his hands in his pockets, and took a turn up and down the aisle.

"Why," said he, coming to a halt, "it means that you have won. It's victory, dad, and *I* call it glorious!" His lip trembled. He wanted to put a hand on his father's shoulder, as any other comrade would. But his abominable shyness stood between.

"We won long ago, my boy." And Mr. Raymond wheeled round on his knees, pushed up his spectacles, and quoted the famous lines, very solemnly and slowly:

> And not by eastern windows only,
> When daylight comes, comes in the light;
> In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
> But westward, look, the land is bright.

"I see," Taffy nodded. "And—I say, that's jolly. Who wrote it?"

"A man I used to see in the streets of Oxford, and always turned to stare after:

a man with big oddly shaped feet and the face of a god—a young tormented god. Those were days when young men's thoughts tormented them. Taffy," he asked, abruptly, "should you like to go to Oxford?"

"Don't, father!" The boy bit his lip to keep back the tears. "Talk of something else—something cheerful. It has been a splendid fight, just splendid! And now it's over I'm almost sorry."

"What is over?"

"Well, I suppose—now that Honoria wants to help—we can hire workmen and have the whole job finished in a month or two at farthest: and you——"

Mr. Raymond stood up, and leaning against a bench-end examined the thread of the screw between his fingers.

"That is one way of looking at it, no doubt," he said, slowly; "and I hope God will forgive me if I have put my own pride before His service. But a man desires to leave some completed work behind him: something to which people may point and say, '*he* did it.' There was my book, now: for years I thought that was to be my work. But God thought otherwise and—to correct my pride, perhaps—set me to this task instead. To set a small forsaken country church in order and make it worthy of His presence—that is not the mission I should have chosen. But so be it: I have accepted it. Only, to let others step in at the last and finish even this—I say He must forgive me, but I cannot."

"Your book . . . you can go back to it and finish it."

"I have burnt it."

"Dad!"

"I burned it. I had to. It was a temptation to me, and until I lifted it from the grate and the flakes crumbled in my hands, the surrender was not complete."

Taffy felt a sudden gush of pity. And as he pitied, suddenly he understood his father.

"It had to be complete?"

"Either the book or the surrender. My boy"—and in his voice there echoed the aspiration and the despair of the true scholar who abhors imperfection and incompleteness in a world where nothing is either perfect or complete, "it is different with you. I borrowed you, so to say, for the time. Without you I must have failed; but this was never your work. For myself, I have been humble and learnt my lesson; but, please God, you shall be my Solomon and be granted a temple to build."

Taffy had lost his shyness now. He laid a hand on his father's sleeve.

"We will go on, then."

"Yes, we will go on."

"And Jacky? Where has he been? I haven't seen him since the Squire died."

Mr. Raymond searched in his coat-pocket and handed over a crumpled letter. It ran:—

"DEAR FRIEND.—This is to say that you will not see me no more. The dear Lord tells me I have made a cauch of it. He don't say how, all He says is go and do better somewheres else.

"Seems to me a terrable thing to think *Religion* can be bad for anny man. It have done me such powars of good. The late Moyle esq he was like a dirty pan all the milk turned sour no mattar what. Dr friend I pored Praise into him and it come out Prayer and all for him self. But the dear Lord says I was to blame as much as Moyle esq so must do bettar next time but feel terrable timid.

"My respects to Masr Taffy. Dr friend I done my best I come like *Nicodemus* by night. Seeming to me when Christians fall out tis over what they pray for. When they *praise God* forget diffnses and I cant think where the quaraling comes in and so no more at present from

"Yours respflly

"J. Pascoe."

After supper that night, in the Parsonage kitchen, Humility kept rising from her chair, and laying her needlework aside to re-arrange the pans and kettles on the hearth. This restlessness was so unusual that Taffy, seated in the ingle with a book on his knee, had half raised his head to twit her when he felt a hand laid softly on his hair, and looked up into his mother's eyes.

"Taffy, should you like to go to Oxford?"

"Don't, mother!"

"But you can." The tears in her eyes answered his at once. She turned to his father. "Tell him——"

"Yes, my boy, you can go," said Mr.

Raymond; "that is, if you can win a scholarship. Your mother and I have been talking it over."

"But—" Taffy began and could get no farther. He knew nothing of his parents' affairs except that they were poor: he had always supposed, almost desperately poor.

"We have money enough, with care," said Mr. Raymond.

But the boy's eyes were on his mother. Her cheeks, usually so pale, were flushed; but she turned her face away and walked slowly back to her chair. "The lacework," he heard her say: "I have been saving . . . from the beginning——"

"For this?" He followed and took her hand. With the other she covered her eyes; but nodded.

"O mother—mother!" He knelt and let his brow drop on her lap. She ceased to weep; her palms rested on his bowed head, but now and then her body shook with a sob that would not be restrained. And but for the ticking of the tall clock there was silence in the room.

It was wonderful; and the wonder of it grew when they recovered themselves and fell to discussing their actual plans. In spite of his idolatry, Mr. Raymond could not help remembering certain slights which he, a poor miller's son, had undergone at Christ Church. He had chosen Magdalen, which Taffy knew to be the most beautiful of all the colleges; and the news that his name had been entered on the college books for years past gave him a delicious shock. It was now July. He would matriculate in the October term, and in January enter for a demyship. But (the marvels followed so fast on each other's heels) there would be an examination held in ten days' time—actually in ten days' time—a "Certificate" examination, Mr. Raymond called it—which would excuse the boy not only the ordinary Matriculation test, but Responsions too. And, in short, Taffy was to pack his box and go.

"But the subjects?"

"You have been reading them and the prescribed books for four months past. And I have had sets of the old papers by me for a guide. Your mathematics are shaky—but I think you should do well enough."

It was now Humility's turn, and the discussion plunged among shirts and collars. Never had evening been so happy; and whether they talked of mathematics or of collars, Taffy could not help observing how from time to time his father's and mother's eyes would meet and say, as plainly as words, "We have done rightly," "Yes, we have done rightly."

And the wonder of it remained next morning, when he awoke to a changed world and took down his books with a new purpose. Already his box had been carried into old Mrs. Venning's room, and his mother and grandmother were busy, the one packing and repacking, the other making a new and important suggestion every minute.

He was to go up alone, and to lodge in Trinity College, where an old friend of Mr. Raymond's, a resident fellow just then abroad and spending his Long Vacation in the Tyrol, had placed his own room at the boy's service.

To see Oxford—to be lodging in college! He had to hug his mother in the midst of her packing.

"You will be going by the Great Western," she said. "You won't be seeing Honiton on your way."

When the great morning came, Mr. Raymond travelled with him in the van to Truro, to see him off. Humility went upstairs to her mother's room, and the two women prayed together.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

XIX

OXFORD

EIGHT o'clock, sir!" Taffy heard the voice speaking above a noise which his dreams confused with the rattle of yesterday's journey. He was still in the train, rushing through the rich levels of Somersetshire. He saw the broad horizon, the cattle at pasture, the bridges and flagged pools flying past the window—and sat up, rubbing his eyes. Blenkiron, the scout, stood between him and the morning sunshine, emptying a can of water into the tub beside his bed.

Blenkiron wore a white waistcoat, and a tie of orange scarlet and blue, the colors of the College Servants Cricket Club. These were signs of the Long Vacation. For the rest his presence would have become an archdeacon; and he guided Taffy's choice of a breakfast with an air which suggested the hand of iron beneath the glove of velvet.

"And begging your pardon, sir, but will you be lunching in?"

Taffy would consult Mr. Blenkiron's convenience.

"The fact is, sir, we've arranged to play Teddy 'All this afternoon at Cowley, and the drag starts at one-thirty sharp."

"Then I'll get my lunch out of college," said Taffy, wondering who Teddy Hall might be.

"I thank you, sir. I had, indeed, took the liberty of telling the manciple that you was not a gentleman to give more trouble than you could 'elp. Fried sole, pot of tea, toast, pot of blackberry jam, commons of bread—" Mr. Blenkiron disappeared.

Taffy sprang out of bed and ran to the open window in the next room. The gardens lay below him—smooth turf flanked with a border of gay flowers, flanked on the other side with yews; and beyond the yews, with an avenue of limes; and beyond these, with tall elms. A straight gravelled walk divided the turf. At the end of it two yews of magnificent spread guarded a great iron gate. Beyond these the chimneys and battlements of Wadham College stood gray against the pale eastern sky, and over them the larks were singing.

So this was Oxford; more beautiful than all his dreams. And since his examination would not begin until to-morrow, he had a whole long day to make acquaintance with her. Half a dozen times he had to interrupt his dressing to run and gaze out of the window, skipping back when he heard Blenkiron's tread on the staircase. And at breakfast again he must jump up and examine the door. Yes, there was a second door outside—a heavy *oak*—just as his father had described. What stories had he not heard about these oaks! He was handling this one almost idolatrously when Blenkiron appeared suddenly at the head of the stairs. Blenkiron was good enough to explain at some length how the door worked; while Taffy, who did not need his instruction in the least, blushed to the roots of his hair.

For, indeed, it was like first love, this adoration of Oxford; shamefast, shy of its own raptures; so shy, indeed, that when he put on his hat and walked out into the streets he could not pluck up courage to ask his way. Some of the colleges he recognized from his father's description: of one or two he discovered the names by peeping through their gateways and reading the notices pinned up by the porters' lodges: for it never occurred to him that he was free to step inside and ramble through the quadrangles. He wondered where the river lay, and where Magdalen, and where Christ Church. He passed along the Turl, and down Brasenose Lane; and at the foot of it, beyond the great chestnut-tree leaning over Exeter wall, the vision of noble square, the dome of the Radcliffe, and St. Mary's spire caught his breath and held him gasping.

His feet took him by the gate of Brasenose and across the High. On the farther pavement he halted, round-eyed, held at gaze by the beauty of the Virgin's Porch with the creeper drooping like a veil over its twisted pillars. High up, white pigeons wheeled round the spire, or fluttered from niche to niche, and a queer fancy took him that they were the souls of the carved saints, up there, talking to one another above the city's traffic. At length he withdrew his eyes, and reading the name "Oriel Street" on an angle of the wall above him, passed down a narrow by-lane in search of further wonders.

The clocks were striking three when, after regaining the High and lunching at a pastry-cook's, Taffy turned down into St. Aldates and recognized Tom Tower ahead of him. The great gates were closed. Through the open wicket he had a glimpse of green turf and an idle fountain; and while he peered in a jolly-looking porter stepped out of the lodge for a breath of air and nodded in the friendliest manner.

"You can walk through, if you want to. Were you looking for anyone?"

"No," said Taffy; and explained, proudly, "My father used to be at Christ Church."

The porter seemed interested. "What name?" he asked.

"Raymond."

"That must have been before my time. I suppose you'll be wanting to see the Cathedral. That's the door—right opposite."

Taffy thanked him, and walked across the great empty quadrangle. Within the Cathedral the organ was sounding and pausing; and from time to time a boy's voice broke in upon the music like a flute, the pure treble rising to the roof as though it were the very voice of the building and every pillar sustained its petition, "*Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law!*" Neither organist nor chorister was visible, and Taffy tiptoed along the aisles in dread of disturbing them. For the moment this voice adoring in the noble building expressed to him the completest, the most perfect thing in life. All his own boyish handiwork, remember, had been guided under his father's eye toward the worship of God.

" . . . *and incline our hearts to keep this law.*" The music ceased. He heard the organist speaking, up in the loft; criticising, no doubt: and it reminded him somehow of the small sounds of home and his mother moving about her house-work in the hush between breakfast and noon.

He stepped out into the sunlight again, and wandering through archway and cloister found himself at length beyond the college walls and at the junction of two avenues of elms, between the trunks of which shone the acres of a noble meadow, level and green. The avenues ran at a right angle, east and south; the one old, with trees of magnificent girth, the other new and interset with poplars.

Taffy stood irresolute. One of these avenues, he felt sure, must lead to the river; but which?

Two old gentlemen stepped out from the wicket of the Meadow Buildings, and passed him, talking together. The taller —a lean man, with a stoop—was clearly a clergyman. The other wore cap and gown, and Taffy remarked, as he went by, that his cap was of velvet; and also that he walked with his arms crossed just above the wrists, his right hand clutching his left cuff, and his left hand his right cuff, his elbows hugged close to his sides.

After a few paces the clergyman paused, said something to his companion, and the two turned back toward the boy.

"Were you wanting to know your way?"

"I was looking for the river," Taffy answered. He was thinking that he had never in his life seen a face so full of goodness.

"Then this is your first visit to Oxford? Suppose, now, you come with us? and we will take you by the river and tell you the names of the barges. There is not much else to see, I'm afraid, in Vacation time."

He glanced at his companion in the velvet cap, who drew down an extraordinarily bushy pair of eyebrows (yet he, too, had a beautiful face) and seemed to come out of a dream.

"So much the better, boy, if you come up to Oxford to worship false gods."

Taffy was taken aback.

"Eight false gods in little blue caps, seated in a trough and tugging at eight poles: and all to discover if they can get from Putney to Mortlake sooner than eight other false gods in little blue caps of a lighter shade! What do they do at Mortlake when they get there in such a hurry? Eh, boy?"

"I—I'm sure I don't know," stammered Taffy.

The clergyman broke out laughing, and turned to him. "Are you going to tell us your name?"

"Raymond, sir. My father used to be at Christ Church."

"What? Are you Sam Raymond's son?"

"You knew my father?"

"A very little. I was his senior by a year or two. But I know something about him." He turned to the other. "Let me introduce the son of a man after your own heart—of a man fighting for God in the wilds, and building an altar there with his own hands and by the lamp of sacrifice."

"But how do you know all this?" cried Taffy.

"Oh," the old clergyman smiled, "we are not so ignorant up here as you suppose."

They walked by the river-bank, and there Taffy saw the college barges and was told the name of each. Also he saw a racing eight go by: it belonged to the Vacation Rowing Club. From the barges they turned aside and followed the wind-

ings of the Cherwell. The clergyman did most of the talking; but now and then the old gentleman in the velvet cap interposed a question about the church at home, its architecture, the materials it was built of, and so forth; or about Taffy's own work, his carpentry, his apprenticeship with Mendarva the smith. And to all these questions the boy found himself replying with an ease which astonished him.

Suddenly the old clergyman said, "There is your College!"

And unperceived by Taffy a pair of kindly eyes watched his own as they met the first vision of that lovely tower rising above the trees and (so like a thing of life it seemed) lifting its pinnacles exultantly into the blue heaven.

"Well?"

All three had come to a halt. The boy turned, blushing furiously.

"This is the best of all, sir."

"Boy," said old Velvet-cap, "do you know the meaning of 'edification'? There stands your lesson for four years to come, if you can learn it in that time. Do you think it easy? Come and see how it has been learnt by men who have spent their lives face to face with it."

They crossed the street by Magdalen bridge, and passed under Pugin's gateway, by the Chapel door and into the famous cloisters. All was quiet here; so quiet that even the voices of the sparrows chattering in the ivy seemed but a part of the silence. The shadow of the great tower fell across the grass, on which (so a notice-board announced) nobody was allowed to walk.

"This is how one generation read the lesson. Come and see how anoth
a later, read it."

A narrow passage led them out of
into sudden sunlight; and the s
spread itself on fair grass-plots and
elled walks, flower-beds and the pale
façade of a block of buildings in the
cal style, stately and elegant, with a
onnade which only needed a few p
enading figures in laced coats and tie-
to complete the agreeable picture.

"What do you make of that?"

As a matter of fact, Taffy's thoughts
run back to the theatre at Plymouth
its sudden changes of scenery. And
stood for a moment while he collected them.

"It's different—that is," he added, feeling that this was lame, "it means something different; I cannot tell what."

"It means the difference between godly fear and civil ease, between a house of prayer and one of no-prayer. It spells the moral change which came over this University when religion, the spring and source of collegiate life, was discarded. The cloisters behind you were built for men who walked with God."

"But why," objected Taffy, plucking up courage, "couldn't they do that in the sunlight?"

Velvet-cap opened his mouth. The boy felt he was going to be denounced; when a merry laugh from the old clergyman averted the storm.

"Be content," he said to his companion; "we are Gothic enough in Oxford nowadays. And the lad is right too. There was hope even for eighteenth-century Magdalen while its buildings looked on sunlight and on that tower. We lay too much stress on prayer. The lesson of that tower (with all deference to your amazing discernment and equally amazing whims) is not prayer, but praise. And between ourselves, when all men unite to worship God, it'll be praise, not prayer, that brings them together.

> Praise is devotion fit for noble minds,
> The differing world's agreeing sacrifice. . . ."

"Oh, if you're going to fling quotations from a tapster's son at my head. . . . Let me see . . . how does it go on? . . . Where — something or other— different faiths—

> Where Heaven divided faiths united finds. . . ."

And in a moment the pair were in hot pursuit after the quotation, tripping each ther up, like two schoolboys at a game. affy never forgot the last stanza, the last e of which they recovered exactly in middle of the street, Velvet-cap standbetween two tram-lines, right in the h of an advancing car, while he demed—

> By penitence when we ourselves forsake,
> 'is but in wise design on piteous Heaven;
> praise—

(gesture was magnificent)

In praise we nobly give what God may take,
And are without a beggar's blush forgiven.

—Damn these trams ! "

The old clergyman shook hands with Taffy in some haste. "And when you reach home give my respects to your father. Stay, you don't know my name. Here is my card, or you'll forget it."

"Mine too," said Velvet-cap.

Taffy stood staring after them as they walked off down the lane which skirts the Botanical Gardens. The names on the two cards were famous ones, as even he knew. He walked back toward Trinity a proud and happy boy. Half-way up Queen's Lane, finding himself between blank walls, with nobody in sight, he even skipped.

XX

TAFFY GIVES A PROMISE

THE postman halted by the foot-bridge and blew his horn. The sound sent the rabbits scampering into their burrows ; and just as they began to pop out again, Taffy came charging across the slope ; whereupon they drew back their noses in disgust, and to avoid the sand scattered by his heels.

The postman held up a blue envelope and waved it. "Here, 'tis come, at last!"

"It may not be good news," said Taffy, clutching it, and then turning it over in his hand.

"Well, that's true. And till you open it, it won't be any news at all."

"I wanted mother to be the first to know."

"Oh, very well—only as you say, it mightn't be good news."

"If it's bad news, I want to be alone. But why should they trouble to write ?"

"True again. I s'pose now you're sure it *is* from them ? "

"I can tell by the seal."

"Take it home, then," said the postman. "Only if you think 'tis for the sake of a twiddling sixteen shilling a week that I traipse all these miles every day——"

Taffy fingered the seal. "If you would really like to know——"

"Don't 'ee mention it. Not on any account." He waved his hand magnanimously and trudged off toward Tredinnis.

Taffy waited until he disappeared behind the first sand-hill, and broke the seal. A slip of parchment lay inside the envelope.

"*This is to certify*——"

He had paused! He pulled off his cap and waved it round his head. And once more the rabbits popped back into their burrows.

Toot—toot—toot !—It was that diabolical postman. He had fetched a circuit round the sand-hill, and was peeping round the north side of it and grinning as he blew.

Taffy set off running, and never stopped until he reached the Parsonage and burst into the kitchen.

"Mother—it's all right ! I've passed ! "

. . . . . .

Somebody was knocking at the door. Taffy jumped up from his knees and Humility made the lap of her apron smooth.

"May I come in?" asked Honoria, and pushed the door open. She stepped into the middle of the kitchen and dropped Taffy an elaborate courtesy. "A thousand congratulations, sir ! "

"Why, how did you know? "

"Well, I met the postman : and I looked in through the window before knocking."

Taffy bit his lip. "People seem to be taking a deal of interest in us, all of a sudden," he said to his mother. Humility looked distressed, uncomfortable. Honoria ignored the snub. "I am starting for Carwithiel to-day," she said, "for a week's visit ; and thought I would look in—after hearing what the postman told me—and pay my compliments."

She talked for a minute or two on matters of no importance ; asked after old Mrs. Venning's health ; and left, turning at the door to give Humility a cheerful little nod.

"Taffy, you ought not to have spoken so." Humility's eyes were tearful.

Taffy's conscience was already accusing him. He snatched up his cap and ran out.

"Miss Honoria ! "

She did not turn.

"Miss Honoria—I am sorry." He

overtook her, but she turned her face away. "Forgive me——"

She halted, and after a moment looked him in the eyes. He saw then that she had been crying.

"The first time I came to see you, *he* whipped me," she said slowly.

"I am sorry; please——"

"Taffy——"

"Miss Honoria."

"I said—Taffy."

"Honoria, then."

"Do you know what it is to feel lonely, here?"

Taffy remembered the afternoons when he had roamed the sand-hills longing for George's company. "Why, yes," said he; "it used to be always lonely."

"I think we have been the loneliest children in the whole world—you and I and George; only George didn't feel it in the same way. And now it's coming to an end with you. You are going up to Oxford, and soon you will have heaps of friends. Can you not understand? Suppose there were two prisoners, alone in the same prison, but shut in different cells; and one heard that the other's release had come. He would feel—would he not?—that now he was going to be lonelier than ever. And yet he might be glad of the other's liberty, and if the chance were given, might be the happier for shaking hands with the other and wishing him joy."

Taffy had never heard her speak at all like this.

"But you are going over to Carwithiel, and George is famous company."

"I am going over to Carwithiel because I hate Tredinnis. I hate every stone of it, and will sell the place as soon as ever I come of age. And George is the best fellow in the world. Some day I shall marry him (Oh, it's all arranged!) and we shall live at Carwithiel and be quite happy; for I like him, and he likes people to be happy. And we shall talk of you. Being out of the world ourselves, we shall talk of you, and the great things you are going to do, and the great things you are doing. We shall say to each other, 'It's all very well for the world to be proud of him, but we have the best right; for we grew up with him and know the stories he used to tell us, and when the time came for his going, it was we who waved from the door'——"

"Honoria——"

"But there is one thing you haven't told; and you shall now, if you care to—about your examination and what you did at Oxford."

So he sat down beside her on a sand-hill and told her; about the long low-ceiled room in the quadrangle of the Bodleian, the old marbles which lined the walls, the examiner at the blue-baize table, and the little deal tables (all scribbled over with names and dates and verses and ribald remarks) at which the candidates wrote; also of the *viva voce* examination in the ante-chamber of the Convocation House. He told it all as if it were the great event which he honestly felt it to be.

"And the others," said she: "those who were writing around you, and the examiner—how did you feel toward them?"

Taffy stared at her. "I don't know that I thought much about them?"

"Didn't you feel as if it was a battle, and you wanted to beat them all?"

He broke out laughing. "Why the examiner was an old man, as dry as a stick! And the others—I hardly remember what they were like—except one, a white-headed boy with a pimply face. I couldn't help noticing him, because, whenever I looked up, there he was at the next table, staring at me and chewing a quill."

"I can't understand," she confessed. "Often and often I have tried to think myself a man—a man with ambition. And to me that has always meant fighting. I see myself a man, and the people between me and the prize have all to be knocked down or pushed out of the way. But you don't even see them—all you see is a pimply-faced boy sucking a quill. Taffy——"

"What is it, Honoria?"

"I wish you would write to me, when you get to Oxford. Write regularly. Tell me all you do."

"You will like to hear?"

"Of course I shall; so will George. But it's not only that. You have such an easy way of going forward; you take it for granted you're going to be a great man——"

"I don't."

"Yes, you do. You think it just lies

with yourself, and it is nobody's business to interfere with you. You don't even notice those who are on the same path. Now a woman would notice every one, and find out all about them."

"Who said I wanted to be a great man?"

"Don't be silly, that's a good boy. There's your father coming out of the church-porch, and you haven't told him yet. Run to him, but promise first."

"What?"

"That you will write."

"I promise."

(To be continued.)

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

BOURNEMOUTH (CONTINUED): 1885–1886

[The following correspondence with Mr. William Archer I insert continuously, though it belongs to two different periods of the year 1885. An anonymous review of the *Child's Garden*, appearing in March, gave R. L. S. so much pleasure that he wrote to inquire the name of his critic, and learned that it was Mr. Archer, with whom he had hitherto had no acquaintance, but with whom he thereupon entered into friendly correspondence. The "paper" referred to in the later letters of October 25 to November 1, is one on R. L. S. in general, which Mr. Archer wrote over his own signature in *Time*, a monthly magazine now extinct.]

BOURNEMOUTH, March 29th, 1885.

DEAR MR. ARCHER,—Yes, I have heard of you and read some of your work; but I am bound in particular to thank you for the notice of my verses. "There," I said, throwing it over to the friend who was staying with me, "it's worth writing a book to draw an article like that." Had you been as hard upon me as you were amiable, I try to tell myself I should have been no blinder to the merits of your notice. For I saw there, to admire and to be very grateful for, a most sober, agile pen; an enviable touch; the marks of a reader, such as one imagines for one's self in dreams, thoughtful, critical, and kind; and to put the top on this memorial column, a greater readiness to describe the author criticised than to display the talents of his censor.

I am a man *blasé* to injudicious praise (though I hope some of it may be judicious, too), but I have to thank you for THE BEST CRITICISM I EVER HAD; and am therefore, dear Mr. Archer, the most grateful critickee now extant.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P.S.—I congratulate you on living in the corner of all London that I like best [Queen's Square, Bloomsbury]. *Apropos*, you are very right about my voluntary aversion from the painful sides of life. My childhood was in reality a very mixed experience, full of fever, nightmare, insomnia, painful days and interminable nights; and I can speak with less authority of gardens than of that other 'land of counterpane.' But to what end should we renew these sorrows. The sufferings of life may be handled by the very greatest in their hours of insight; it is of its pleasures that our common poems should be formed; these are the experiences that we should seek to recall or to provoke; and I say with Thoreau, "What right have I to complain, who have not ceased to wonder?" and, to add a rider of my own, who have no remedy to offer?

R. L. S.

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH,
October 28th, 1885.

DEAR MR. ARCHER,—I have read your paper with my customary admiration; it is very witty, very adroit, it contains a great deal that is excellently true (particularly the parts about my stories and the description of me as an artist in life): but you will not be surprised if I do not think it altogether just. It seems to me, in particular, that you have wilfully read all my works in terms of my earliest; my aim, even in style, has quite changed in the last six or seven years; and this I should have thought you would have noticed. Again, you first remark upon the affectation of the italic names: a practice only followed in my two affected little books of travel, where a typographical *minauderie* of the sort appeared to me in character; and what you say of it, then, is quite just. But why should you forget yourself and use these same italics as an index to my theology some pages further on? This is lightness of touch indeed; may I say, it is almost sharpness of practice?

Excuse these remarks. I have been on the whole much interested, and sometimes amused. Are you aware that the praiser of this "brave gymnasium" has not seen a canoe nor taken a long walk since '79? that he is rarely out of the house nowadays, and carries his arm in a sling? Can you imagine that he is a back-slidden communist, and is sure he will go to Hell (if there be such an excellent institution) for the luxury in which he lives? And can you believe that, though it is gaily expressed, the thought is hag and skeleton in every moment of vacuity or depression? Can you conceive how profoundly I am irritated by the opposite affectation to my own, when I see strong men and rich men bleating about their sorrows and the burthen of life, in a world full of "cancerous paupers," and poor sick children, and the fatally bereaved, ay, and down even to such happy creatures as myself, who has yet been obliged to strip himself, one after another, of all the pleasures that he had chosen except smoking (and the days of that I know in my heart ought to be over), I forgot eating, which I still enjoy, and who sees the circle of impotence closing very slowly but quite steadily around him? In my view, one dank, dispirited word is harmful, a crime of *lèse-humanité*, a piece of acquired evil; every gay, every bright word or picture, like every pleasant air of music, is a piece of pleasure set afloat; the reader catches it and, if he be healthy, goes on his way rejoicing; and it is the business of art so to send him, as often as possible.

For what you say, so kindly, so prettily, so precisely, of my style, I must in particular thank you: though even here, I am vexed you should not have remarked on my attempted change of manner: seemingly this attempt is still quite unsuccessful! Well, we shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.

And now for my last word: Mrs. Stevenson is very anxious that you should see me, and that she should see you, in the flesh. If you at all share in these views, I am a fixture. Write or telegraph (giving us time, however, to telegraph in reply, lest the day be impossible), and come down here to a bed and a dinner. What do you say, my dear critic? I shall be truly pleased to see you; and to explain at greater length what I meant by saying narrative was the most characteristic mood of literature, on which point I have great hopes I shall persuade you. —Yours truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P.S.—My opinion about Thoreau, and the passage in *The Week*, is perhaps a fad, but it is sincere and stable. I am still of the same mind, five years later; did you observe that I had said "modern" authors? and will you observe again that this passage touches the very joint of our division? It is one that appeals to me, deals with that part of life that I think the most important, and you, if I gather rightly, so much less so? You believe in the extreme moment of the facts that humanity has acquired and is acquiring; I think them of moment, but still of much less than those inherent or inherited brute principles and laws that sit upon us (in the character of conscience) as heavy as a shirt of mail, and that (in the character of the affections and the airy spirit of pleasure) make all the light of our lives. The house is, indeed, a great thing, and should be rearranged on sani-

tary principles; but my heart and all my interest are with the dweller, that ancient of days and day-old infant, man.

R. L. S.

An excellent touch is p. 584. "By instinct or design he eschews what demands constructive patience." I believe it is both; my theory is that literature must always be most at home in treating movement and change; hence I look for them.

BOURNEMOUTH, October 30th, 1885.

DEAR MR. ARCHER,—It is possible my father may be soon down with me; he is an old man and in bad health and spirits; and I could neither leave him alone, nor could we talk freely before him. If he should be here when you offer your visit, you will understand if I have to say no, and put you off.

I quite understand your not caring to refer to things of private knowledge. What still puzzles me is how you ('in the witness box'—ha! I like the phrase) should have made your argument actually hinge on a contention which the facts answered.

I am pleased to hear of the correctness of my guess. It is then as I supposed; you are of the school of the generous and not the sullen pessimists; and I can feel with you. I used myself to rage when I saw sick-folk going by in their Bath-chairs; since I have been sick myself (and always when I was sick myself), I found life, even in its rough places, to have a property of easiness. That which we suffer ourselves has no longer the same air of monstrous injustice and wanton cruelty that suffering wears when we see it in the case of others. So we begin gradually to see that things are not black, but have their strange compensations; and when they draw towards their worst, the idea of death is like a bed to lie on. I should bear false witness if I did not declare life happy. And your wonderful statement that happiness tends to die out and misery to continue, which was what put me on the track of your frame of mind, is diagnostic of the happy man raging over the misery of others; it could never be written by the man who had tried what unhappiness was like. And at any rate, it was a slip of the pen: the ugliest word that silence has to declare is a reserved indifference to happiness and misery in the individual; it declares no leaning toward the black, no iniquity on the large scale in fate's doings, rather a marble equality, dread not cruel, giving and taking away and reconciling.

Why have I not written my *Timon?* Well, here is my worst quarrel with you. You take my young books as my last word. The tendency to try to say more has passed unperceived (my fault, that). And you make no allowance for the slowness with which a man finds and tries to learn his tools. I began with a neat brisk little style, and a sharp little knack of partial observation; I have tried to expand my means, but still I can only utter a part of what I wish to say, and am bound to feel; and much of it will die unspoken. But if I had the pen of Shakespeare, I have no *Timon* to give forth. I feel kindly to the powers that be; I marvel they should use me so well; and when I think of the case of others I wonder too, but in another vein, whether they may not, whether they must not, be like me, still with some compensation, some delight. To have suffered, nay, to suffer, sets a keen edge on what remains of the agreeable. This is a great truth, and has to be learned in the fire.—Yours very truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

We expect you, remember that.

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH,
November 1st, 1885.

DEAR MR. ARCHER,—You will see that I had already had a sight of your article and what were my thoughts.

One thing in your letter puzzles me. Are you, too, not in the witness box? And if you are, why take a wilfully false hypothesis? If you knew I was a chronic invalid, why say that my philosophy was unsuitable to such a case? My call for facts is not so general as yours, but an essential fact should not be put the other way about.

The fact is, consciously or not, you doubt my honesty; you think I am making faces, and at heart disbelieve my utterances. And this I am disposed to think must spring from your not having had enough of pain, sorrow, and trouble in your existence. It is easy to have too much; easy also or possible to have too little; enough is required that a man may appreciate what elements of consolation

and joy there are in everything but absolutely overpowering physical pain or disgrace, and how in almost all circumstances the human soul can play a fair part. But perhaps my hypothesis is as unlike the truth as the one you chose. Well, if it be so, if you have had trials, sickness, the approach of death, the alienation of friends, poverty at the heels, and have not felt your soul turn round upon these things and spur them under—you must be very differently made from me, and I earnestly believe from the majority of men. But at least you are in the right to wonder and complain.

To 'say all'? Stay here. All at once? That would require a word from the pen of Gargantua. We say each particular thing as it comes up, and 'with that sort of emphasis that for the time there seems to be no other.' Words will not otherwise serve us; no, nor even Shakespeare, who could not have put *As You Like It* and *Timon* into one without ruinous loss both of emphasis and substance. Is it quite fair then to keep your face so steadily on my most light-hearted works, and then say I recognise no evil? Yet in the paper on Burns, for instance, I show myself alive to some sorts of evil. But then, perhaps, they are not your sorts.

And again: 'to say all'? All: yes. Everything: no. The task were endless, the effect nil. But my all, in such a vast field as this of life, is what interests me, what stands out, what takes on itself a presence for my imagination or makes a figure in that little tricky abbreviation which is the best that my reason can conceive. That I must treat, or I shall be fooling with my readers. That, and not the all of some one else.

And here we come to the division: not only do I believe that literature should give joy, but I see a universe, I suppose, eternally different from yours: a solemn, a terrible, but a very joyous and noble universe; where suffering is not at least wantonly inflicted, though it falls with dispassionate partiality, but where it may be and generally is nobly borne; where above all (this I believe: probably you don't: I think he may, with cancer) *any brave man may make* out a life which shall be happy for himself, and, by so being, beneficent to those about him. And if he fails, why should I hear him weeping? I mean if I fail, why should I weep? why should *you* hear *me?* Then to me morals, the conscience, the affections, and the passions are, I will own frankly and sweepingly, so infinitely more important than the other parts of life, that I conceive men rather triflers who become immersed in the latter; and I will always think the man who keeps his lip stiff, and makes 'a happy fireside clime,' and carries a pleasant face about to friends and neighbours, infinitely greater in the abstract than an atrabilious Shakespeare or a backbiting Kant or Darwin. No offence to any of these gentlemen: two of whom probably (one for certain) came up to my standard.

And now enough said: it were hard if a poor man could not criticise another without having so much ink shed against him. But I shall still regret you should have written on an hypothesis you knew to be untenable, and that you should thus have made your paper, for those who do not know me, essentially unfair. The rich, foxhunting squire speaks with one voice; the sick man of letters with another.—Yours very truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(*Prometheus-Heine in minimis.*)

P. S.—Here I go again. To me, the medicine bottles on my chimney and the blood on my handkerchief are accidents; they do not colour my view of life, as you would know, I think, if you had experience of sickness; they do not exist in my prospect; I would as soon drag them under the eyes of my readers as I would mention a pimple I might chance to have (saving your presence) on my——. What does it prove? what does it change? it has not hurt, it has not changed me in any essential part; and I should think myself a trifler and in bad taste if I introduced the world to these unimportant privacies.

But again there is this mountain-range between us: *that you do not believe me.* It is not flattering, but the fault is probably in my literary art.

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH,
October 28, 1885.

MY DEAR HENRY JAMES,—At last, my wife being at a concert, and a story being

done, I am at some liberty to write and give you of my views. And first, many thanks for the works that came to my sickbed. And second, and more important, as to the *Princess* [Cazamassima]. Well, I think you are going to do it this time ; I cannot, of course, foresee, but these two first numbers seem to me picturesque and sound and full of lineament, and very much a new departure. As for your young lady, she is all there ; yes, sir, you can do low life, I believe. The prison was excellent ; it was of that nature of touch that I sometimes achingly miss from your former work ; with some of the grime, that is, and some of the emphasis of skeleton there is in nature. I pray you to take grime in a good sense ; it need not be ignoble : dirt may have dignity ; in nature it usually has ; and your prison was imposing.

And now to the main point, why do we not see you ? Do not fail us. Make an alarming sacrifice, and let us see "Henry James's chair" properly occupied. I never sit in it myself (though it was my grandfather's) ; it has been consecrated to guests by your approval, and now stands at my elbow gaping. We have a new room, too, to introduce to you : our last baby, the drawing-room : it never cries, and has cut its teeth. Likewise, there is a cat now. It promises to be a monster of laziness and self-sufficiency.

Pray see, in the November *Time* (a dread name for a magazine of light reading), a very clever fellow, W. Archer, stating his views of me : the rosy-gilled "athletico-æsthete" : and warning me in a fatherly manner that a rheumatic fever would try my philosophy (as indeed it would), and that my gospel would not do for "those who are shut out from the exercise of any manly virtue save renunciation." To those who know that rickety and cloistered spectre, the real R. L. S., the paper, besides being clever in itself, presents rare elements of sport. The critical parts are in particular very bright and neat and often excellently true. Get it by all manner of means.

I hear on all sides I am to be attacked as an immoral writer ; this is painful. Have I at last got, like you, to the pitch of being attacked ? 'Tis the consecration I lack—and could do without. Not that Archer's paper is an attack, or what either he or I, I believe, would call one ; 'tis the attacks on my morality (which I had thought a gem of the first water) I referred to.—Yours affectionately,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Oct. 28th, 1885.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—Get the November number of *Time*, and you will see a review of me by a very clever fellow, who is quite furious at bottom because I am too orthodox, just as Purcell was savage because I am not orthodox enough. I fall between two stools. It is odd, too, to see how this man thinks me a full-blooded foxhunter, and tells me my philosophy would fail if I lost my health or had to give up exercise !

An illustrated *Treasure Island* will be out next month. I have had an early copy, and the French pictures are admirable. The artist has got his types up in Hogarth ; he is full of fire and spirit, can draw and can compose, and has understood the book as I meant it, all but one or two little accidents, such as making the *Hispaniola* a brig. I would send you my copy, *but I cannot :* it is my new toy, and I cannot divorce myself from this enjoyment.

I am keeping really better, and have been out about every second day, though the weather is cold and very wild.

I was delighted to hear you were keeping better ; you and Archer would agree, more shame to you ! (Archer is my pessimist critic.) Good-bye to all of you, with my best love. We had a dreadful overhauling of my conduct as a son the other night ; and my wife stripped me of my illusions and made me admit I had been a detestable bad one. Of one thing in particular she convicted me in my own eyes : I mean, a most unkind reticence, which hung on me then, and I confess still hangs on me now, when I try to assure you that I do love you.—Ever your bad son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

["Prince Otto" had been published in the October of this year ; and the following refers to two reviews of it—one of them by Mr. Henley, which to the writer's

displeasure had been pruned by the editor before it was printed—the other by a critic in the *Saturday Review*, who had declared Otto to be "a fool and a wittol," and seen nothing but false style in the flight of Seraphina through the forest.]

October 1885.

Dear Lad,—If there was any more praise in what you wrote, I think [the editor] has done us both a service ; some of it stops my throat. What, it would not have been the same if Dumas or Musset had done it, would it not? Well, no, I do not think it would, do you know, now ; I am really of opinion it would not ; and a dam good job too. Why, think what Musset would have made of Otto ! Think how gallantly Dumas would have carried his crowd through ! And whatever you do, don't quarrel with —. It gives me much pleasure to see your work there ; I think you do yourself great justice in that field ; and I would let no annoyance, petty or justifiable, debar me from such a market. I think you do good there. Whether (considering our intimate relations) you would not do better to refrain from reviewing me, I will leave to yourself : were it all on my side, you could foresee my answer ; but there is your side also, where you must be the judge.

As for the *Saturday*. Otto is no 'fool,' the reader is left in no doubt as to whether or not Seraphina was a Messalina (though much it would matter, if you come to that) ; and therefore on both these points the reviewer has been unjust. Secondly, the romance lies precisely in the freeing of two spirits from these court intrigues ; and here I think the reviewer showed himself dull. Lastly, if Otto's speech is offensive to him, he is one of the large class of unmanly and ungenerous dogs who arrogate and defile the name of manly. As for the passages quoted, I do confess that some of them reek Gorgonically ; they are excessive, but they are not inelegant after all. However, had he attacked me only there, he would have scored.

Your criticism on *Gondremark* is, I fancy, right. I thought all your criticisms were indeed ; only your praise—chokes me.—Yours ever,

R. L. S.

Skerryvore, Bournemouth,
December 26th, 1885.

My dear Low,—*Lamia* has not yet turned up, but your letter came to me this evening with a scent of the Boulevard Montparnasse that was irresistible. The sand of Lavenue's crumbled under my heel ; and the bouquet of the old Fleury came back to me ; and I remembered the day when I found a twenty franc piece under my fetish. Have you that fetish still ? and has it brought you luck ? I remembered, too, my first sight of you in a frock coat and a smoking-cap, when we passed the evening at the Café de Medicis ; and my last when we sat and talked in the Parc Monceau ; and all these things made me feel a little young again, which, to one who has been mostly in bed for a month, was a vivifying change.

Yes, you are lucky to have a bag that holds you comfortably. Mine is a strange contrivance ; I don't die, damme, and I can't get along on both feet to save my soul ; I am a chronic sickist ; and my work cripples along between bed and the parlour, between the medicine bottle and the cupping glass. Well, I like my life all the same ; and should like it none the worse if I could have another talk with you : though even my talks now are measured out to me by the minute hand like poisons in a minim glass.

A photograph will be taken of my ugly mug and sent to you for ulterior purposes : I have another thing coming out, which I did not put in the way of the Scribners, I can scarce tell how, but I was sick and penniless and rather back on the world, and mismanaged it. I trust they will forgive me.

I am sorry to hear of Mrs. Low's illness, and glad to hear of her recovery. I will announce the coming *Lamia* to Bob ; he steams away at literature like smoke. I have a beautiful Bob on my walls, and a good Sargent, and a delightful Lemon ; and your etching now hangs framed in the dining-room. So the arts surround me,—Yours,

R. L. S.

['Kinnicum' is an affectionate variation upon 'Cummy', which was Stevenson's name for Mrs. Alison Cunningham, the nurse who had been so devoted in her

tendance on his childhood, and to whom his affection and gratitude knew no change.]

Jan. 1st, 1886.

My dear Kinnicum,—I am a very bad dog, but not for the first time. Your book, which is very interesting, came duly; and I immediately got a very bad cold indeed, and have been fit for nothing whatever. I am a bit better now, and aye on the mend: so I write to tell you, I thought of you on New Year's Day; though, I own, it would have been more decent if I had thought in time for you to get my letter then. Well, what can't be cured must be endured, Mr. Lawrie; and you must be content with what I give. If I wrote all the letters I ought to write, and at the proper time, I should be very good and very happy; but I doubt if I should do anything else.

I suppose you will be in town for the New Year; and I hope your health is pretty good. What you want is diet; but it is as much use to tell you that as it is to tell my father. And I quite admit a diet is a beastly thing. I doubt, however, if it be as bad as not being allowed to speak, which I have tried fully, and do not like. When, at the same time, I was not allowed to read, it passed a joke. But these are troubles of the past, and on this day, at least, it is proper to suppose they won't return. But we are not put here to enjoy ourselves; it was not God's purpose; and I am prepared to argue, it is not our sincere wish. As for our deserts, the less said of them the better, for some body might hear, and nobody cares to be laughed at. A good man is a very noble thing to see, but not to himself; what he seems to God is, fortunately, not our business; that is the domain of faith; and whether on the first of January or the thirty-first of December, faith is a good word to end on.

My dear Cummy, many happy returns to you and my best love.—The worst correspondent in the world,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Skerryvore, Bournemouth,
Jan. 2nd, 1886.

My dear Gosse,—Thank you for your letter, so interesting to my vanity. There is a review in the *St. James's*, which, as it seems to hold somewhat of your opinions, and is besides written with a pen and not a poker, we think may possibly be yours. The Prince has done fairly well in spite of the reviews, which have been bad; he was, as you doubtless saw, well slated in the *Saturday*; one paper received it as a child's story; another (picture my agony) described it as a 'Gilbert comedy.' It was amusing to see the race between me and Justin M'Carthy; the Milesian has won by a length.

That is the hard part of literature. You aim high, and you take longer over your work, and it will not be so successful as if you had aimed low and rushed it. What the public likes is work (of any kind) a little loosely executed; so long as it is a little wordy, a little slack, a little dim and knotless, the dear public likes it; it should (if possible) be a little dull into the bargain. I know that good work sometimes hits; but, with my hand on my heart, I think it is by an accident. And I know also that good work must succeed at last; but that is not the doing of the public; they are only shamed into silence or affectation. I do not write for the public; I do write for money, a nobler deity; and most of all for myself, not perhaps any more noble, but both more intelligent and nearer home.

Let us tell each other sad stories of the bestiality of the beast whom we feed. What he likes is the newspaper; and to me the press is the mouth of a sewer, where lying is professed as from an university chair, and everything prurient, and ignoble, and essentially dull, finds its abode and pulpit. I do not like mankind; but men, and not all of these—and fewer women. As for respecting the race, and, above all, that fatuous rabble of burgesses called 'the public,' God save me from such irreligion,—that way lies disgrace and dishonour. There must be something wrong in me, or I would not be popular.

This is perhaps a trifle stronger than my sedate and permanent opinion. Not much, I think. As for the art that we practice, I have never been able to see why its professors should be respected. They chose the primrose path; when they found it was not all primroses, but some of it brambly, and much of it uphill, they began to think and to speak of themselves as holy martyrs. But a man is never martyred in

any honest sense in the pursuit of his pleasure; and *delirium tremens* has more of the honour of the cross. We were full of the pride of life, and chose, like prostitutes, to live by a pleasure. We should be paid if we give the pleasure we pretend to give; but why should we be honoured?

I hope some day you and Mrs. Gosse will come for a Sunday; but we must wait till I am able to see people. I am very full of Jenkin's life; it is painful, yet very pleasant, to dig into the past of a dead friend, and find him, at every spadeful, shine brighter. I own, as I read, I wonder more and more why he should have taken me to be a friend. He had many and obvious faults upon the face of him; the heart was pure gold. I feel it little pain to have lost him, for it is a loss in which I cannot believe; I take it, against reason, for an absence; if not to-day, then to-morrow, I still fancy I shall see him in the door; and then, now when I know him better, how glad a meeting! Yes, if I could believe in the immortality business, the world would indeed be too good to be true; but we were put here to do what service we can, for honour and not for hire; the sods cover us, and the worm that never dies, the conscience, sleeps well at last; these are the wages, besides what we receive so lavishly day by day; and they are enough for a man who knows his own frailty and sees all things in the proportion of reality. The soul of piety was killed long ago by that idea of reward. Nor is happiness, whether eternal or temporal, the reward that mankind seeks. Happinesses are but his wayside campings; his soul is in the journey; he was born for the struggle, and only tastes his life in effort and on the condition that he is opposed. How, then, is such a creature, so fiery, so pugnacious, so made up of discontent and aspiration, and such noble and uneasy passions, how can he be rewarded but by rest? I would not say it aloud; for man's cherished belief is that he loves that happiness which he continually spurns and passes by; and this belief in some ulterior happiness exactly fits him. He does not require to stop and taste it; he can be about the rugged and bitter business where his heart lies; and yet he can tell himself this fairy-tale of an eternal tea-party, and enjoy the notion that he is both himself and something else; and that his friends will yet meet him, all ironed out and emasculate, and still be lovable; as if love did not live in the faults of the beloved only, and draw its breath in an unbroken round of forgiveness? But the truth is, we must fight until we die; and when we die there can be no quiet for mankind but complete resumption into — what? — God, let us say—when all these desperate tricks will lie spellbound at last.

Here came my dinner and cut this sermon short—*excusez*. R. L. S.

[The next letter was written on receiving from the United States a copy of Messrs. Lippincotts's fine edition of Keats's *Lamia*, illustrated by Mr. W. H. Low, and bearing on the frontispiece the dedication: "In testimony of loyal friendship and of a common faith in doubtful tales from faery land, I dedicate to Robert Louis Stevenson my work in this book"; together with the Latin legend "*neque est ullum certius amicitiæ vinculum quam consensus et societas consiliorum et voluntatum.*]

Jan. 2nd, 1886.

My dear Low,—*Lamia* has come, and I do not know how to thank you, not only for the beautiful art of the designs, but for the handsome and apt words of the dedication. My favourite is "Bathes unseen," which is a masterpiece; and the next, "Into the green recessed woods," is perhaps more remarkable, though it does not take my fancy so imperiously. The night scene at Corinth pleases me also. The second part offers fewer opportunities. I own I should like to see both *Isabella* and the *Eve* thus illustrated; and then there's *Hyperion*—O, yes, and *Endymion!* I should like to see the lot: beautiful pictures dance before me by hundreds: I believe *Endymion* would suit you best. It, also, is in faery land; and I see a hundred opportunities, cloudy and flowery glories, things as delicate as the cobweb in the bush; actions, not in themselves of any mighty purport, but made for the pencil: the feast of Pan, Peona's isle, the "slabbèd margin of a well," the chase of the butterfly, the nymph, Glaucus, Cybele, Sleep on his couch, a farrago of unconnected beauties.

But I divagate; and all this sits in the bosom of the publisher.

What is more important, I accept the terms of the dedication with a frank heart, and the terms of your Latin legend fairly. The sight of your pictures has once more awakened me to my right mind; something may come of it; yet one more bold push to get free of this prison-yard of the abominably ugly, where I take my daily exercise with my contemporaries. I do not know, I have a feeling in my bones, a sentiment which may take on the forms of imagination, or may not. If it does, I shall owe it to you; and the thing will thus descend from Keats even if on the wrong side of the blanket. If it can be done in prose—that is the puzzle—I divagate again. Thank you again; you can draw and yet you do not love the ugly: what are you doing in this age? Flee, while it is yet time; they will have your four limbs pinned upon a stable door to scare witches. The ugly, my unhappy friend, is *de rigueur:* it is the only wear! What a chance you threw away with the serpent! Why had Apollonius no pimples? Heavens, my dear Low, you do not know your business. . . .

I send you herewith a Gothic gnome for your Greek nymph; but the gnome is interesting, I think, and he came out of a deep mine, where he guards the fountain of tears. It is not always the time to rejoice.—Yours ever, R. L. S.

The gnome's name is "Jekyll & Hyde"; I believe you will find he is likewise quite willing to answer to the name of Low or Stevenson.

Jan. 2nd, '86.

P. S. I have copied out on the other sheet some bad verses, which somehow your picture suggested; as a kind of image of things that I pursue and cannot reach, and that you seem—no, not to have reached—but to have come a thought nearer to than I. This is the life we have chosen; well, the choice was mad, but I should make it again.

What occurs to me is this: perhaps they might be printed in (say) the *Century* for the sake of my name; and if that were possible, they might advertise your book. It might be headed as sent in acknowledgment of your *Lamia*. Or perhaps it might be introduced by the phrases I have marked above. I daresay they would stick it in: I want no payment, being well paid by *Lamia*. If they are not, keep them to yourself. R. L. S.

[The verses referred to in the above were those beginning "Youth now flees on feathered foot." They were printed in the *Century Magazine* as here suggested, and afterward in the volume of *Underwoods*.]

Skerryvore, Bournemouth [1886].

My dear Symonds,—If we have lost touch, it is (I think) only in a material sense; a question of letters, not hearts. You will find a warm welcome at Skerryvore from both the lightkeepers; and indeed we never tell ourselves one of our financial fairy tales, but a run to Davos is a prime feature. I am not changeable in friendship; and I think I can promise you you have a pair of trusty well-wishers and friends in Bournemouth, whether they write or not is but a small thing; the flag may not be waved, but it is there.

Jekyll is a dreadful thing, I own; but the only thing I feel dreadful about is that damned old business of the war in the members. This time it came out; I hope it will stay in, in future.

Raskolnikoff is the greatest book I have read easily in ten years; I am glad you took to it. Many find it dull: Henry James could not finish it: all I can say is, it nearly finished me. It was like having an illness. James did not care for it because the character of Raskolnikoff was not objective; and at that I divined a great gulf between us, and, on further reflection, the existence of a certain impotence in many minds of to-day, which prevents them from living *in* a book or a character, and keeps them standing afar off, spectators of a puppet show. To such I suppose the book may seem empty in the centre; to the others it is a room, a house of life, into which they themselves enter, and are tortured and purified. The Juge d'Instruction I thought a wonderful, weird, touching, ingenious creation: the drunken father, and Sonia, and the student friend, and the uncircumscribed, protoplasmic humanity of Raskolnikoff, all upon a level that filled me with wonder: the execution also, superb in places. Another has been

transiated : *Humiliés et Offensés*. It is even more incoherent than *Le Crime et le Châtiment;* but breathes much of the same lovely goodness, and has passages of power. Dostoieffsky is a devil of a swell, to be sure. Have you heard that he became a stout imperialist conservative ? It is interesting to know. To something of that side, the balance leans with me also, in view of the incoherency and incapacity of all. The old boyish idea of the march on Paradise being now out of season, and all plans and ideas that I hear debated being built on a superb indifference to the first principles of human character, a helpless desire to acquiesce in anything of which I know the worst assails me. Fundamental errors in human nature of two sorts stand on the skyline of all this modern world of aspirations. First, that it is happiness that men want ; and second, that happiness consists of anything but an internal harmony. Men do not want, and I do not think they would accept, happiness ; what they live for is rivalry, effort, success—the elements our friends wish to eliminate. And on the other hand, happiness is a question of morality—or of immorality, there is no difference—and conviction. Gordon was happy in Khartoum, in his worst hours of anger and fatigue ; Marat was happy, I suppose, in his ugliest frenzy ; Marcus Aurelius was happy in the detested camp ; Pepys was pretty happy, and I am pretty happy on the whole, because we both somewhat crowingly accepted a *via media*, both liked to attend to our affairs, and both had some success in managing the same. It is quite an open question whether Pepys and I ought to be happy, on the other hand there is no doubt that Marat had better be unhappy. He was right (if he said it) that he was *la misère humaine*, cureless misery—unless perhaps by the gallows. Death is a great and gentle solvent ; it has never had justice done it, no, not by Whitman. As for those crockery chimney-piece ornaments, the bourgeois (*quorum pars*), and their cowardly dislike of dying and killing, it is merely one symptom of a thousand how utterly they have got out of touch of life. Their dislike of capital punishment and their treatment of their domestic servants are for me the two flaunting emblems of their hollowness.

God knows where I am driving to. But here comes my lunch.

Which interruption, happily for you, seems to have stayed the issue. I have now nothing to say, that had formerly such a pressure of twaddle. Pray don't fail to come this summer. It will be a great disappointment now it has been spoken of, if you do.—Yours ever,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[Mr. Locker-Lampson, better known as Frederick Locker, the friend of Tennyson and most accomplished writer of *vers de société* in his time, had asked Stevenson, through their common friend Mr. Andrew Lang, for a set of verses, and he had sent those beginning :

> Not roses to the rose, I trow,
> The thistle sends, nor to the bee
> Do wasps bring honey. Wherefore now
> Should Locker ask a verse from me ?

To Mr. Locker's acknowledgment Stevenson replied as follows, asking for that gentleman's help in trying to get a nomination to Christ's Hospital (the historic Bluecoat School) for the son of a friend who had shown him kindness at Hyères :]

BOURNEMOUTH, September, 1886.

DEAR LOCKER,—You take my verses too kindly, but you will admit, for such a bluebottle of a versifier to enter the house of Gertrude, where her necklace hangs, was not a little brave. Your kind invitation, I fear, must remain unaccepted ; and yet—if I am very well—perhaps next Spring—(for I mean to be very well)—my wife might. . . . But all that is in the clouds with my better health. And now look here : you are a rich man and know many people, therefore perhaps some of the Governors of Christ's Hospital. If you do, I know a most deserving case, in which I would (if I could) do anything. To approach you in this way, is not decent ; and you may therefore judge by my doing it, how near this matter lies to my heart. I enclose you a list of the Governors, which I beg you to return, whether or not you shall be able to do anything to help me.

The boy's name is ——, he and his mother are very poor. It may interest you

in her cause if I tell you this : that when I was dangerously ill at Hyères, this brave lady, who had then a sick husband of her own (since dead) and a house to keep and a family of four to cook for, all with her own hands, for they could not afford a servant, yet took watch-about with my wife, and contributed not only to my comfort, but to my recovery, in a degree that I am not able to limit. You can conceive how much I suffer from my impotence to help her, and indeed I have already shown myself a thankless friend. Let not my cry go up before you in vain.

Yours in hope,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[The sequel of this correspondence explains itself.]

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH,
September 1886.

That I should call myself a man of letters and land myself in such unfathomable ambiguities ! No, my dear Locker, I did not want a cheque ; and in my ignorance of business, which is greater even than my ignorance of literature, I have taken the liberty of drawing a pen through the document and returning it ; should this be against the laws of God or man, forgive me. All that I meant by my excessively disgusting reference to your material well-being was the vague notion that a man who is well off was sure to know a Governor of Christ's Hospital ; though how I quite arrived at this conclusion I do not see. A man with a cold in the head does not necessarily know a ratcatcher; and the connection is equally close—as it now appears to my awakened and somewhat humbled spirit. For all that, let me thank you in the warmest manner for your friendly readiness to contribute. You say you have hopes of becoming a miser ; I wish I had ; but indeed I believe you deceive yourself, and are as far from it as ever. I wish I had any excuse to keep your cheque, for it is much more elegant to receive than to return ; but I have my way of making it up to you, and I do sincerely beg you to write to the two Governors. This extraordinary outpouring of correspondence would (if you knew my habits) convince you of my great eagerness in this matter. I would promise gratitude ; but I have made a promise to myself to make no more promises to anybody else, having broken such a host already, and come near breaking my heart in consequence ; and as for gratitude, I am by nature a thankless dog, and was spoiled from a child up. But if you can help this lady in the matter of the hospital, you will have helped the worthy. Let me continue to hope that I shall make out my visit in the Spring, and believe me, yours very truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

It may amuse you to know that a very long while ago, I broke my heart to try to imitate your verses, and failed hopelessly ; I saw some of the evidences the other day among my papers, and blushed to the heels. R. L. S.

I give up finding out your name in the meantime, and keep to that by which you will be known—Frederick Locker.

24th September 1886.

MY DEAR LOCKER,—You are simply an angel of light, and your two letters have gone to the post ; I trust they will reach the hearts of the recipients ; at least, that could not be more handsomely expressed. About the cheque, well now I am going to keep it ; but I assure you Mrs. —— has never asked me for money, and I would not dare to offer any till she did. For all that I shall stick to the cheque now, and act to that amount as your almoner. In this way I reward myself for the ambiguity of my epistolary style. I suppose, if you please, you may say your verses are thin (would you so describe an arrow, by the way? and one that struck the gold? It scarce strikes me as exhaustively descriptive), and, thin or not, they are (and I have found them) inimitably elegant. I thank you again very sincerely for the generous trouble you have taken in this matter which was so near my heart, and you may be very certain it will be the fault of my health and not my inclination, if I do not see you before very long ; for all that has passed has made me in more than the official sense sincerely yours.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(To be continued.)

THE POINT OF VIEW

WHAT is the formula for writing a book which will sell a hundred thousand copies? Authors consider the question with more or less interest, publishers meditate upon it more closely still. What sort of works is it that this interesting experience befalls? Are they literary masterpieces? Let us see. There was "David Harum;" so much of that as is literature is chiefly horse stories—excellent horse stories, without "tendency" or moral purpose. The rest of it that is good is made up of character sketches in which David Harum is the character. It is the kind of book of which you say, after it has entertained you and kept you cheerful for two or three evenings, that it is not much of a book, but has mighty good things in it, and the following morning you find it necessary to buy two more copies to send away.

"A Hundred Thousand Copies."

Then there is the "Dooley" book, which has been doing its tens of thousands; that, too, is a book which has good things in it rather than a literary masterpiece; and though the good things were better when served hot in the newspapers, they do not lose all their flavor when dished up on a cold plate.

There is a book from Kansas called "In His Steps," which is reported to have sold by the million, both in this country and in Great Britain, which appeals to readers who are interested in putting the precepts of the Gospels into practical effect. There is not much literature in that book either, and in reckoning its readers it is proper to consider that it has been issued in very cheap form.

That takes us nearly back to "Trilby," which had some literature in it, some theology, much entertainment, and some structure; and yet as a book it was rather a happy-go-lucky work than a great novel. But it sold far more than a hundred thousand. Verily, with these examples in mind we must feel that the literary race is not to the professionally swift nor to the professionally literary. For a living example of what we should consider a legitimate success we have to fall on Mr. Kipling, who has built up a reputation in prose by good writing, and is able to gather the fruits of it whenever he puts forth his hand. It may be that in the matter of poetry he has gathered a fig reputation from a sowing rich in thistles, but that has been because he has been progressive, and finding his thistles so readily marketable has been stirred to cause figs to follow them.

What, then, is our popular book going to be? Shall it be a compilation of horse stories like "David Harum," a religious story like "In His Steps," a book like "Dooley," of lively discourse on current events, or a "Trilby," compounded of charm, mystery, Bohemianism, love, theology, and music? Alas, there is no formula. One may not choose what he will write, nor plan beforehand with any certainty to catch his myriad of readers. The only shafts the author can let fly are those that he finds in his quiver. He may grow expert in shooting them; he may bring down more readers with each successive missile, but the arrows themselves will always be those that he happens to have in stock. All he can do is to select each one in turn and look to its feathers and its point and let it drive.

But while there is no sure method of writing a book that will find a hundred thousand buyers, the fact that nowadays the successful book may succeed enormously, brings pleasant thrills to the practitioner of letters. The finding of a big nugget sets the hearts of all the prospectors a-thump. The miraculous draught agitates all the fishermen and makes them experience, without sin, the delights of holding a ticket in a lottery. Let us be thankful, without envy, to the Fortunatuses of letters. We—most of us—would be glad if we too had the golden touch, and yet we need not sorrow if we haven't it, for it has its drawbacks, and once the possession of it is demonstrated, it tends to make its owner merchant first and writer afterward. His wares are so precious that he is bound to turn trader; his success is so notorious that he is constrained to be a public character, and he pays in part for phenomenal good luck by the loss of a valuable obscurity. Let us be sympathetic with literary popularity rather than unduly stirred by it. Let us say, "Poor Jones, his book has sold a hundred thousand and he has gone to Europe. What a desperate chore it will be to keep that up—if he can keep it up—and what a bump he will get if he finds that he can't."

THE FIELD OF ART

CONCERNING PAINTERS WHO WOULD EXPRESS THEMSELVES IN WORDS

LET us consider some of the difficulties of the artist in dealing with subjects that are to be considered in other modes than his own.

The artist is of necessity extremely stubborn, like men who have to do things; impressionable as a man who must push the tiller at the slightest warning, for he must be both rudder and helmsman. He is unjust very often, for he sees men before principles —often, alas, the man whom he sees being himself. He is unaffected to a surprising degree by criticism or advice from outside, and extremely careful of it from within the circle. He is doubtful and irresponsive in answer to reasoning not clearly put into his own terms of thinking. Like the Chinese philosopher, the artist is apt to say, or to think without saying, "What is proven by the fact that your dialectics are better than mine, and that your mind has a better use and handling of logic? Nothing more than these very facts of your powers. Is, therefore, what you say true because I cannot confute it? All this, you say, may be right in the terms of another way of looking at things, but it does not seem to be so in any arrangement that I can make of mine." "*E pur si muove*," he would have answered, like Galileo, to arguments in his own mode but based upon theological and therefore extraneous views.

Far down within him remains a dislike of a closed and finished proposition. He is Bagehot's Englishman. He does not wish to commit himself to a statement that twice two make five, but he is also extremely unwilling to pin himself to the statement that twice two make four. His mind lives in the practical, in the joining of the ideal with the real, which does not prevent his being a dreamer —in fact, confirms him in that direction. All these things he has in common with the man of practical action who, himself, in these things, recalls the attitude of mind said to be feminine.

As he works for no result outside of his work—that is to say that the emotions produced by him upon himself and upon others are not prolonged outside of the work itself—he is kept more and more within a circle of unprovable suppositions, within a method of applying thought that seems satisfactory, as it is complete in its circuit. For, as you know, he gives only a fictitious pain, a fictitious sadness—and no real sorrow or hurt comes from his most beautiful tragedy; indeed, it produces an exaltation of the mind not disconnected with joy. Confined within his own circle he generally loses the use of the methods of words; and he is often, and most wisely and rightly, unwilling to handle them; for he has the most complete and almost superstitious respect for the mastery of tools in methods of appreciation. When he uses words he finds that they are tools whose use he does not know—living tools that refuse to work, that stumble over each other, that lead him astray, that turn on him sometimes, or actually direct his path, instead of being led by him; until at length he recognizes that they are old acquaintances in new forms. They are the signs of thought, of ideas, and perceptions. *They are not these last themselves.* And he becomes both delighted and timid; pleased, because words express differently and yet like his tools; timid, because how long and difficult and endless perhaps are their full use and mastery. He sees also that each one is an abstraction; that each phrase, and often each word, has involved the consumption, the absorption, the waste of hundreds of sensations concerning still more objects. To put into record merely the impressions of nature, he has only a few notes, and he knows that these external appearances that delight him are written in an infinite gamut. Before the accurate and full description of anything that he sees could be worked out in words, it would have decayed and been born again many times. He sees that the essence of these tools is to generalize, and thereby to leave over in each thing something that is inexpressible. All this reminds him of the failures and inade-

quacies of his own art, wherein (in those moments of despair which are the consequence of passionate attachment) he feels that he has felt all, and that his miserable means only allow him to express a part. This eternal enemy—so much loved—nature, never meets him half-way for more than a moment. Just as he closes the circle of the little world he has made, in which he thinks, for a moment, that she is imprisoned, and says to himself and to us—There! she passes on making other worlds and creating continual appearances.

How is he in days like this, when the life of the seasons is beginning again, to paint the spring that delights him? He can paint some trees and a little sky, and the reflections of water. How can he paint its murmur? How can he paint the settling restlessness of the air above him? How can he paint the forgotten odors of new growth? How can he paint that "becoming" of the season, in which is also expressed the faint sadness of a past long put aside?

Surely he feels that all is inadequate, and that the only happy one is he who forgets to paint, and only looks without seeing.

He may turn to those who work in other ways, but who also—he becomes more and more sure of it—have limitations not unlike his. But those limitations are not his, and they are not responsible to him, and so far he can be happy with them. With them he can continue the dreams of a complete recall and perception. And when they fail he does not suffer; he is more willing to see that they could not look at everything from every point of view at once.

He recognizes with some amusement how words, and consequently ideas, are placed in masses, as he places forms and colors; and is occasionally even a little worried when what he considers styles are confused, and thought which he respects is brushed about for effect or for purpose, like so much paint.

And he recognizes that just as with him in the modes he knows, minds are caught in the net of imitation, and fly around and about it without escaping, so that they are even affected in their deepest soul—that this often comes from using certain manners and certain styles, "for that the matter of style very much comes out of the manner," and the outside reacts upon the inner.

He gives up asking for all sorts of truth in any one form of language, and does not lose the interest, the exhilaration that Shakespeare gives because his Marc Antony does not include all, besides, that history has told. Science cannot wither the charm of Cleopatra.

At some such moment, when he sees thought more clearly, and is reverential toward the minds that live in ideas, he may be asked, as I have been, to express in words his beliefs and perceptions. At such a moment, forgetful of early experiences, that were both confusing and disenchanting, but are long past and faded, he may do as I have done—open some page of a writer—some person who thinks in words and who thinks about art.

He finds that that writer has asked art to tell "the truth," but has forgotten to ask of it sincerity. In reality he has forbidden the artist to express himself while expressing things. He has asked him to go out of his own humanity, out of his own thought, his own emotion, his own proper affection, and try to execute what he thinks proper to cause on others such and such an impression. Nothing can relieve this tendency from the duplicity which looks toward the public, and only lives to act upon the spectators.

This is not the painter's art of painting. In minds like that of Mr. Ruskin, the destiny thus given to painting would be certainly one of the noblest and most useful of functions, but it has the fault of being impossible. No more could music, while agitating my nerves according to the laws of harmony, teach me at the same time as from the chair of a professor.

No, never, however shocking it may sound in or out of studios, never has truth in the ordinary sense of the word been the end of art. The value of a painting as a means of making us know the nature of realities shall have nothing in common with its value as a work of art.

Truth is not the pictorial essence of a painting; it is, on the contrary, the manner or means of the painting's addressing ordinary intelligence; all the general powers that the artist has in common with other men, but which faculties and powers do not constitute his artistic side, that part of himself which he tries to please, to represent, to disengage, to assert in his painting.

He may, of course, because his profession is partly a profession or art of sight, teach how to see—how to see better and farther and more delicately; but this is only inciden-

tal, and is good so far as it does not injure or detract from his own special duty. Of course he should not shock or annoy the most intelligent part of our intelligence, so that our other instincts that meet his may not be troubled in their peaceful enjoyment.

Therefore, according to time and place, in one way for the mediæval mind, in another for the Oriental, in another for us of to-day, it is advisable that he conform somewhat to the general knowledge that composes the vague ideas of a public; that he do not contradict too squarely scientific exactness that is fairly familiar.

But nothing can be falser than to measure his merit by the instruction he gives us. In the first place, if what he does is a lesson of observation, the effort to understand it is so much to detract from the spectator's emotion. Secondly, if a painter wishes to teach he will no longer be carried away by his special emotions, the one thing in which he is stronger than we. He cannot, even if he wishes—and this will explain the cause of certain blunders that have astonished us. It is for the scientific, the religious mind to remove our ignorances and correct our moral defects; it is not the duty of the artistic mind.

No more than when I am dead and have found the Reality, now vaguely seen in this world of appearances, should I expect of the divine who may preach my funeral sermon to try to decide what may have been my errors in the technique of the art of painting.

Nor, of course, can the end of art be untruth. Teachings like those of Mr. Ruskin, far more common than they should be (because of our natural want of humility and charity, and the narrowness of the fields into which accident forces us), divide absolutely our art into two kinds—those that give images of things just as they are, and those that give images of things just as they are not; such a dilemma as worries the child's mind.

"Things as they are" may mean so much as to be meaningless. If we mean things as they are in themselves, only God can so see them as to enclose them and leave nothing outside but falsehood. For us, we see but as in a mirror darkly. We have a few imperfect senses, and such moral faculties as we manage to distinguish the one from the other, and which we have to complete by making one act upon the others.

So that for us there exist many truths. We have truths of smell, before which all things are absorbed in one or more impressions of odor. We have the truths of the eyes, for which all is appearance. We have the truths of intelligence, for which there are ideas; truths of feeling for which there are impressions; and many others in a long list perhaps exhaustless; and I only use these definitions for our momentary convenience.

Now, in connection with which of these truths must the painter represent the manner of existence of objects?

That is the question the painter must ask himself—that must be his canon of æsthetics. He cannot exile the truths that affect his specialty, however much he may care for the others. It is possible for him to let the truths of one kind affect his own, but his own must predominate, or the work of art will not exist.

Persons like Mr. Ruskin think that they are fighting the cause of truth against falsehood. In fact, they are making one truth fight another, with injury to both.

It is not possible that a work of art should define like science and still move like poetry.

It is precisely that point of which I spoke first, that tendency of the artist which makes him not a reasoner but a seer, which gives him the unexplainable power of impressing us in a way that we can only analyze afterward. It is because he can escape from the rule of his intelligence, can become a being that does not judge, can become as a little child, no longer see things through ideas, but merely feel the agitation of a love, an unexplainable passion. As if he felt the breath that animates the world behind a covering of what we call realities.

It is in this way that he is an awkward man when he tries to handle the tools which we generally call *language*—that is to say, words and phrases; in so far, at least, as he has to use them, to explain the ideas and sentiments involved in his own language. This is all the more difficult in that literature, the language of words, has not become acquainted as yet with this mind of the artist, and has not furnished to the artist special tools to define his intentions and position. It is because of the peculiarities of his work, which we have just considered, that no person can explain that work perfectly in terms of words; while he, the artist himself, grows continually more averse to handle words which seem unsatisfactory, and, naturally, becomes more and more unfit to use them. J. L. F.



Painted by George Butler.

VENETIAN GIRL.

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WHERE THE WATER RUNS BOTH WAYS

By Frederic Irland

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



THE greatest glory of Canada is not its modern progress, but its vast and ancient wilderness. If you weary of the sameness and unprofitableness of every thing you know, go where I went last year, to the upper waters of the Ottawa, where the beaver is the master architect and the moose is king of the woods. See for yourself, as I saw, that the Ottawa and the Gatineau, appearing to come from widely distant regions, have their origin close together and are twins. Behold these two children of the lakes, nourished from the same generous breast. Trace their courses, and see that, though journeying far, in widely different directions, they finally arrive at a common destination.

Nobody knows all about that head-water country around the sources of the Ottawa. It is a prolific game region, where sportsmen rarely go, for the simple reason that they can get all the hunting they want nearer to the railroad. There are plenty of deer close to almost any Canadian Pacific station west of Pembroke, and it is not much trouble to get a chance at a moose in two days from Deux Rivières, Rockliffe, or Mattawa. Not many hunting parties start from there either, and I suppose the reason is that for thousands of miles to the west the woods, prairies, and mountains lie close to the railroad and afford almost limitless opportunities.

The territory enclosed by the Ottawa and the Gatineau has been, from immemorial times, the home of the Algonquin Indians, and they still remain there, in such primitive innocence that they receive no annuity from the Dominion Government. In this they are unlike the Indians of the United States or their brother tribes of Canada.

The map which accompanies this article is reproduced from the latest Crown Land Office charts of the Upper Ottawa River. Hundreds of lakes, some of them many miles in extent, are unmarked, because they have never been surveyed. But a glance at the map will give some idea of the flood which is poured out at the feet of Canada's stately capital. As a canoeing country I believe the Ottawa valley to be unequalled anywhere in the world. The dotted line on the map shows the course of a lazy autumn trip which I took around the borders of the great interior island, formed by the streams which fall from a common birthplace in the Kakebonga region and reunite in front of the city of Ottawa.

The *coureurs du bois* of the old *régime* have passed away, but the song of their beloved wilderness is as sweet to-day as when they found it irresistible.

At Mattawa I procured the supplies which are necessary for a canoe trip in the woods, and the branch railroad took

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me to the shore of Lake Kippewa. Then a lumber company's steamer carried me to Hunter's Point, the farthest settlement, eighty-five miles north of Mattawa. From there it was all canoe and portage. Nowhere was there a carry more than a mile long, and generally the distance was only a few hundred yards from one lake to another, or around a rapid. The rivers form a continuous waterway, but we made many short cuts. In five hundred miles of canoeing there were, perhaps, twenty miles of carrying, all told.

Mr. Isaac Hunter, the postmaster at Hunter's Point, has his office in the front room of his house or else in his coat-pocket. He has a large, well-cleared farm, where his father lived before him, and he sells hay to the lumbermen at fifty dollars a ton. Plenty of people in the United States might well want to be in his place. Yet the farm he lives on has no legal status. It has never been surveyed, and the Crown Land Office has no official knowledge of it. So he pays no taxes and he never cast a vote in his life.

When I got to Mr. Hunter's I was at the end of civilization. Beyond his house there were no roads except the water-ways, and the journey I wished to make through the wilderness was several hundred miles long. But I felt as sure of the way as though I had been there before. There are no maps which are of any use at all. Not one of them shows more than half of the lakes which form the easy road we travelled.

I told Mr. Hunter where I wanted to go. He said: "Well, my brother-in-law, Joe Decountie, knows the way to Ross Lake, about half way to the Grand Lake Victoria. Mr. Christopherson, the Hudson's Bay agent at Grand Lake, will be back here soon. If you want to go with Joe and bring back a moose by Saturday, you'll find Mr. Christopherson here then, and he can tell you how to go the rest of the way. You'll need a canoe. They sell pretty high this year. You can have that one out by the water for six dollars."

Joe was young and big. He lived across the bay from his brother-in-law. He and the rest of the twenty or thirty other people around Hunter's Point speak Algonquin and French and very fair English, and their names show that those early adventurers from Europe, two hundred years ago and later, had no violent race prejudices. The more I have seen of the half-bloods of Canada, the more I have come to admire them. They are of fearless stock, and have inherited many good traits from both races. They regard with amusement and pity their half-brothers, the full-blood Algonquins of the remote forest, but they understand the



Valley of the Upper Ottawa.

The finest canoeing country in the world. Mr. Irland's route indicated by the dotted line. There are watercourses even in the places where, on the official map, the line seems to cross dry land.



Lower Chute of the Grand Calumet Fall.

arts of wood-lore which make life more than endurable there. They have French, English, Scotch, and Scandinavian family names, and any one who thinks they lead an uncomfortable life is very much mistaken.

A good deal has been written lately about the hardships and dangers of camp life. For years I have spent a considerable time each season in the woods, sometimes depending for days on the resources of the country, and I can truthfully say I never had one uncomfortable hour there.

"Where shall we go after a moose, Joe?" I asked.

Joe said: "Well, it's bes' to go where we sure to find 'em. Dese fellers aroun' here don't like de place where I go, because it takes most all day to get dere. But I never failed yet to see moose." So we threw our luggage into the canoe, and departed, in a gentle rain-storm.

It was nearly a year since I had had a paddle in my hand, but it was only a short distance between portages. I know of no form of severe muscular exertion which is so little irksome as paddling a canoe. Rowing is galley-slavery in comparison. With the paddle there are not less than three variations of position on each side, which bring new muscles into play and relieve the weary ones; and a shift from one hand to the other is a complete rest. So it was not long, during the succeeding month of canoeing, before I came, at daylight, to look forward to a long day's paddling with positive delight.

If any one wishes to know just where we went on that little side issue of a moose hunt let him get a good map of the Kippewa region, and locate the space between Lake Ostoboining and Hay Bay. It is a blank space on a Crown Land Office map, but there are at least fifty small lakes in it. It took six hours' canoeing and carrying, from Mr. Hunter's house, till we came to the lake Joe had chosen.

That moose hunt was too easy. We got to the lake, put up the tent, chopped some wood, and just at dusk, when Joe was baking biscuits in the frying-pan, suddenly he set the pan down and made a rush for the canoe. At the same moment I saw a big bull moose wading out of his depth, from the opposite shore, into the deep water, about the length of a city block from the tent. He did not see us at all, and went right on, swimming leisurely across. The lake was narrow, and the moose did not hurry. His broad yellow antlers were so heavy that he barely kept his nose above the water. It was a great



On Lake Kippewa.

sight to see the ripple spread in a diagonal behind him, while Joe urged the little canoe right up close astern. What a pity it was too dark for the camera! When he was forty rods from shore and we were close to him, Joe asked, loudly and pleasantly, "Jack, where you goin' to-day?" Jack turned his big head, and the expression in his ox-like eye was that of pained surprise. He began to swim so hard that he half climbed out of the water.

"Let's head him off," said Joe. So we made a respectful circle around the moose, and he ported his helm and turned back toward the place whence he came.

"Drive him to the tent," I suggested; and we did the meanest thing I ever saw done on a moose hunt. We kept between him and where he wanted to go, and actually made him carry himself to shore close to the tent, before I turned the express bullet loose. It was all done so quickly that the biscuits did not burn.

"Now, we worked ourselves out of business, didn't we?" commented Joe, by the fire-light, after we had completed certain anatomical dismemberments, the result of which would have astonished the moose very greatly if he could have seen himself hung up. "My pore leetle cousins ain't got no fresh meat," continued Joe, relapsing from the severely studied English with which he had previously addressed me. "It's 'bout twelve mile straight so, to de house. How you t'ink if I bring my cousins to-morrow to take out de moose?"

I thought that was a very good idea, so the next day Joe left me and walked through the woods to Hunter's Point, to bring his relatives. In the afternoon it rained, so Joe and his cousins did not appear, and I had the blankets to myself that night.

The Hudson's Bay Company supply a tent which can be closed up tightly. This is good in mosquito time, but in the fall there is nothing so fine as a plain shed tent, open in front. The heat from the fire is reflected down from the slanting roof, and you can keep warm and dry in the coldest rain that ever fell, especially if you have a light fly spread above the tent. I had brought along a tent of this pattern, and was as comfortable as any king that night, though the nearest human being was twelve miles or so away. The rain made the fire burn more brightly than usual, by knocking the film of ashes from the logs.

The next morning I was awakened by my old friends, the moose-birds. A pair of them were trying to carry off the moose meat, all at one mouthful, and at the

same time fighting away a third bird which sneaked in between their trips to their place of storage. The moose-bird takes life very seriously, and his sole business is stealing everything he can stick his bill into. Unless he is very often disturbed he is without fear, and will readily alight on a stick held in your hand, if you put a piece of meat on the end of the stick. I have often photographed the bird at a distance of three or four feet.



Cow Moose in Thick Timber.

About two o'clock that afternoon Joe and his friends appeared on the scene, with another canoe ; and they carried the moose home in sections.

The next day was so warm and bright that we took the canoe and went on a long observation tour. Joe made a big circuit, from lake to lake and pond to pond. One of the geographical peculiarities of the country is that you can go by water in any direction you choose, with short portages. Between almost any two ridges you will find a lake or two.

In many places we saw where, earlier in the season, the moose had been eating the water-lilies. The remnants of the roots, as thick as a man's wrist, were floating on the surface by the score.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, when we were on the return to our tent, and paddling along very quietly, we heard a stick break close by the edge of the water. Looking sharply into the thick brush I caught sight of a cow moose, with two calves, in the woods about twenty feet back from the shore. We kept very quiet, hoping they would come out where they could be photographed. But soon the cow's great ears straightened out



Hudson's Bay Post at the Grand Lake Victoria.

in our direction, the calves backed around behind their mamma, and in an instant they had begun a noiseless flight.

It was dusk by the time we reached our own lake, and there was a faint moon. All through the day we had traversed about as fine a moose country as one could find. Every lake had its well-defined path around the shore, just along the edge of the bushes.

At the head of our lake, about a mile from the tent, we stopped and ran the canoe ashore. Joe grunted hoarsely, and splashed the water with his paddle, and, sooner than it takes to tell this, we heard, not two hundred yards away, the most impressive sound that ever comes to a sportsman's ears, the ripping, tearing noise made by a bull moose, hooking the trees right and left out of sheer joy and pride in his strength. He tore down a few cords of saplings, judging by the racket, and then came out, "oofing" at every step, circling around us. In the gathering dusk we saw his great black shape for a moment as he crossed the little stream in which the canoe was hidden. That was the time to have fired, if I had wanted him very badly, but Joe, whose wealth of luck had made him over-bold, whispered, "I bring him close," and emitted a loud roar, very like the squeal of a horse, and the moose never stopped to take one more look. He simply wheeled around behind the fir thicket where he was concealed, and, with a few characteristic remarks in his own



A Portage.

language, expressive of disdain and opprobrium, made a hasty departure for a distant section of the country. He acted as though he recognized Joe's voice. "Well, we fright him good, anyway," said Joe.

There was only one other place on our whole subsequent trip where the moose seemed to be so plentiful as right here, close to Lake Kippewa. We had one moose, and had seen that there were plenty more. The Quebec law allows only two in a season, to one man.



The Old Dam at Barrière Lake.

I wished to see more of the Kippewa country before going north; so we went back to Mr. Hunter's the next morning, and there met Mr. Christopherson, on his way back to the Grand Lake Victoria, and with him an Indian named Jocko, one of the "Grand Lakers," as Joe called them. Jocko was a thick-set, open-faced barbarian who smiled at the slightest excuse, and who was so pleasant and bright that I am going hunting with him some day if I can. Mr. Christopherson said there would be no trouble in finding our way to the Grand Lake Victoria, as there was a plain trail from Ross Lake, where Joe had been, to Trout Lake, and that on this latter sheet of water were two or three families of Indians who traded at the Grand Lake Victoria, any one of whom could be induced, for a dollar a day, to show us the way.

Joe and I spent another week camping about Kippewa Lake, getting used to each other's paddling, before we started on our northern journey.

It was at this stage of the proceedings that Joe modestly suggested that he had a little nephew, Billy Paulson, thirteen years old, who could do a good deal around camp, and that he would like to take him with us. So Billy went and was happy. He was a versatile little boy. He could read, which Joe could not do, and he spoke English without much accent. I shall not soon forget my amazement when he began, soon after our introduction, to whistle, in good tune, Sousa's "Washington Post" march. How it had reached that far corner of the earth I do not know, and neither did he; but he had it, and with "Her Golden Hair was Hanging down Her Back," as an occasional interlude, he made distant lakes melodious during the succeeding days.

The next day we took another side trip,



Heavy Swells.

to the east end of Lake Kippewa. Joe had been telling of a wonderful trout lake, away up the mountain, and we went to see it. There we found one of Billy's relatives, Johnnie Puryea, and two squaws, catching a winter's supply of trout. They had been there about a week, and had more than three hundred beautiful fish hung up on a frame over a slow, smoky fire. While we partook of Johnnie's trout, such a violent thunder-shower came up, with heavy wind, that we stayed late. It was almost as dark as it could be when we started back over the mile portage to the big lake. There was no good trail, only a few trees being "spotted," and the side of the mountain was furrowed with countless ravines, at the bottom of some one of which lay our canoe. We could not see the trail at all, but kept going down hill, and feeling of every tree we came to for the axe-spots. I suppose we were about two hours making that mile, and I vividly appreciated the force of the expression "feeling one's way." When we finally found the canoe, and the moon came out from under the clouds, the smooth lake seemed, after the storm, to be an old friend.

The next morning we paddled along the shores of the deep indenting bays for miles, looking for moose tracks. At one place a whole family, big and little, had left fresh hoof-prints in the mud, and Joe followed them to see where they went, while Billy and I trolled, and caught as many wall-eyed pike and pickerel as we pleased.

All along the shores of the lake, at conspicuous points, the bush-rangers, or fire police, had posted printed warnings against leaving fires in the woods. It is a misdemeanor there to leave a smouldering fire. He who starts a blaze must see that it is extinguished.

Joe showed us a place where he and a companion were watching for moose last year. "De moose come out. I shoot.



"Jocko"—a Typical Algonquin.

De ca'tridge bu'st, and mos' blind me. I listen for my chum to shoot, but he no shoot. I look 'round, and my chum run away. So we no get dat moose."

There are many men who do not seem to be able to face a moose, but the animal cannot do anything to a man with a heavy rifle, who uses it.

My note-book is full of Joe's moose stories. Here is one that shows how common the animals are at Kippewa. "Las' year anoder lad and me, we took a big head out to de station to sell. A man offer us five dollar for it. At las' we sell it for six. De trouble was, 'noder feller sell a moose, de head, skin, meat, and all, de week before, for five dollar. I swore I never help take out no more heads twenty-five mile for t'ree dollar my share, and me kill de moose, too!"

The shores of Lake Kippewa are high hard-wood ridges, and one can see a long way through the trees, as there is not much undergrowth. It is an ideal place to hunt. As late as October 14th it was rather warm for a night fire in front of the tent.

Every red and golden leaf as it fell at our feet bore to us the same message. The Indian summer was upon us, and it was time to be going northward. So we gathered our simple belongings together, and started on our swing around the wilderness circle, to find where the two rivers run from the same lake, to behold the mountain home of the twins.

There is joy in the mere fact of following unmapped water-ways. No matter if you mistake your course, you can, at least, come back by the same way you go. The river will run just as it has run during all the centuries while you were neglecting it, and the lake will stay where it has waited for you these countless years. The land-marks will not fade away. Few, indeed, have been the kings of earth who ever felt as jaunty and independent as the one white man and two half-breeds who left Hunter's Point for the far Upper Ottawa, on the 16th of October, last year. No matter what happened to other people, we were secure; and the farther away we got, the better pleased we were.

Half a day of steady paddling through the Birch Lakes took us past shores where the standing pine has never been disturbed by the lumbermen. There are in these vast forests thousands of miles of country which have never yet been decimated.



Against the Current.

The farther end of Big Birch Lake was the best we could do the first day, and we camped at the foot of a portage as well cleared as a country road, which has been in use by the Indians for a hundred years, and probably much longer. Joe here rebelled against any elaborate tenting arrangements for travellers. He cut three long poles, stuck them in the ground slanting, and threw the tent over them. In truth this did just as well, when the wind did not blow, as anything else.

A half-mile climb the next morning brought us to the top of a long hill; and right at the very top, where a hundred dollars' worth of blasting would let it run down into Birch Lake, stretched away

Lake Sissaginega, or "Island Lake," appropriately named, for there are about five hundred islands in it.

Joe produced a couple of short oars from the bottom of the canoe, and nailed a pair of rude rowlocks onto the gunwales. He explained that on the long, wind-swept lakes which we should have to traverse, a pair of oars were superior to two paddles against a head wind. It was a wonderful thing, but during hundreds of miles of lake travel after that we never once had a serious delay from weather. Nearly every morning the wind rose briskly with the sun, blew during the middle of the day, and moderated toward evening; so we pursued the ancient Indian custom of starting very early in the morning, before the wind came up; took a good rest in the middle of the day, and continued as late as we could in the evening. But not once on all our prosperous journey were we really wind-bound, though this is one of the most common of occurrences on these lakes, where the wind often piles the swells up so high that not even a birch-bark can weather them. The height of the wave which this marvellous little evolution of the ages can stand is not conceivable till you have witnessed it. Running with a heavy, fair wind, the swells rise behind you and seem about to engulf you. But in some way the canoe rises with the wave, and the boiling, foaming mass rushes harmlessly by, while you sit on the dry, clean bottom, and your pride increases with each successive triumph.



Beaver-house.

A very long lake next north of Sissaginega is Cacaskanan, not shown at all on the maps. On this lake, about eleven o'clock the second day out, while Joe was rowing, and merely casting an occasional perfunctory glance over his left shoulder, he suddenly hissed, "See de moose!" We were at least a mile from shore, and though I have seldom met any one, civilized or savage, who could beat me at seeing game, I took off my hat to Joe from then on. Sure enough, over Joe's left shoulder he had seen a cow moose in the edge of the timber on shore. A projecting point allowed us to get pretty close to the animal. The wind was partly off shore, and all the time we were approaching we could see her watching the shore, starting at every sound made by the wind among the dead tree-trunks, but paying no attention to the water side at all. This enabled us, considering the difficulty of navigating among fallen tree-trunks, to make one of the most remarkable photographs I have ever taken. We got to the very shore, and crept within thirty-five feet of that moose. I made my exposure of the negative before she saw us at all. This photograph will give a better idea than could ever be conveyed in words, of the tremendous difficulty of still-hunting the moose in thick, dry timber, where the crackling of a twig will spoil the best-made stalk.

That photograph was more satisfactory to me than the shooting of fifty moose would have been. The moose does not show to the best advantage in the picture, but that was her fault, and not ours. At

the click of the shutter she went to find the rest of her folks.

Late that afternoon we came to a place where Lake Cacaskanan narrows to about one hundred yards wide, and here there were many moose tracks. Just beyond, we met a family of the Indians who had killed two moose that very day, and had more than a hundred musquash freshly skinned. Billy was wonderfully impressed by the dirty, unkempt appearance of the little children, whose shocks of matted hair he unconsciously Kiplingized by referring to them afterward as "haystacks." The Indian who was the head of this family, on being told by Joe where we were going, said that we would walk on the ice before we got back. I fear he was a sluggard, who saw lions or bears in the path of every enterprise. He was burning logs twenty feet long, to save the trouble of cutting them in two, and so he had fire enough for four tents, instead of one.



A Beaver Dam.

Monday morning, October 18th, we had breakfast by starlight. Venus and Jupiter were two particularly bright morning stars. Billy looked long at the waning planets and remarked, in an awe-struck tone, "My, but they must be high up!"

That day we reached Ross Lake, where there is a lumberman's supply depot for operations over on the main Ottawa, in the direction of Lake Expanse. We had no occasion to stop there, and all the afternoon followed the directions we had received from Mr. Christopherson, pursuing the Hudson's Bay Company trail through some small beaver ponds, till we reached Trout Lake, a beautiful sheet of water about fifteen miles long, where we expected to find an Indian to guide us to the Grand Lake Victoria.



The Moose-bird.

We found the summer camp all right, where the Indians had a potato-patch, which they had not dug, so Joe said they had not left for the winter; but not a smoke or sign of life could we find. We explored the lake, finding abundant moose signs and trolled for salmon trout, which at this time were up near the surface. One we caught was the largest I ever saw. We had no means of determining its weight, but when placed in the centre of the canoe, crosswise, on the bottom, its nose protruded over one gunwale and its tail above the other.

On the morning of our third

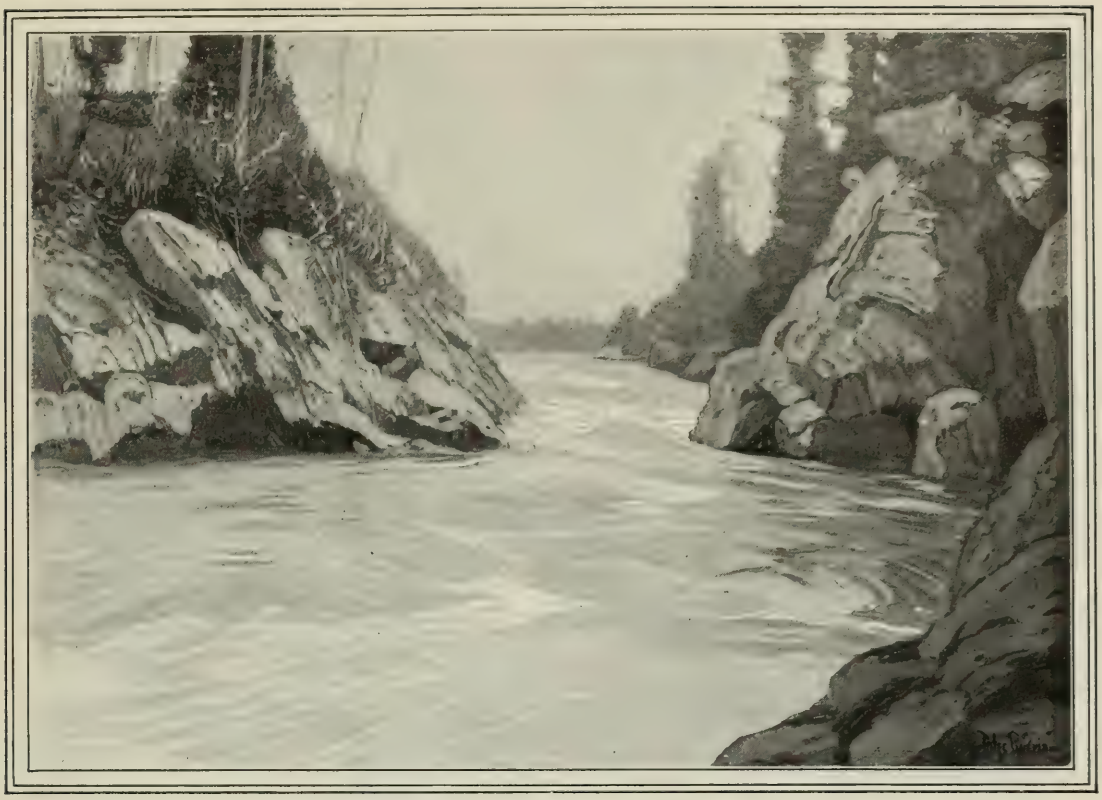
day on the lake we heard a dog bark, and found the Indians encamped on a secluded island. The wretches had seen us the first day, but, fearing we were game wardens or other evil-disposed persons, had kept out of our way. Joe said the Indians up there had a reputation for hiding from passers-by. After we had met them and given evidence of good intentions, they were sociable enough. While we were inviting the Indians to pass judgment on the contents of a certain jug, an extremely large domestic cat belonging to them ate much of the moose meat in our canoe. Nearly every Indian camp in these woods has at least one cat, to keep the moose-birds and wood-mice in subjugation, and the cats, being hard to get, are highly prized.

We soon made a bargain with Kakwanee, a young Indian just married and needing money, to show us the way to the Hudson's Bay post on the Grand Lake Victoria. Without knowing it, all the time we had been on Trout Lake we were quite near a crew of lumbermen who were building a dam at the outlet, to raise the water for a reserve supply, to be used, when needed, to drive logs down the Ottawa, the water running out through Lake Expanse. The intention was to raise the water six feet; and as there are at least seventy-five square miles of water in Trout Lake, it will be seen that a large reservoir would be produced by closing the outlet, perhaps fifty feet wide. The Indians were doing a good deal of laughing among themselves, as they said there was a marsh on the other side of the lake, where, unless another very long dam was built, the water would run off in the direction of Lake Kippewa as soon as it was raised a foot or so; and the lumbermen did not know this.

In the evening while we were camped, waiting for Kakwanee to bid farewell to his bride, Billy heard a trout splash the water. He at once got some birch-bark and placed it in the cleft of a split stick, warming it by the fire to make it curl up, and then lighting it on the edge. In this way he made a torch which burned brightly for a long time. Getting into the canoe he pushed silently out, standing up. Letting the light shine into the clear water, he soon located the big trout, which lay quietly on the bottom in the full blaze of light. Then he made the motions of spearing, though he had no spear; and there was no doubt, from the realism of the pantomime, that



On Lake Kakebonga.



The "Mountain Chute," Gatineau River.

Billy, child as he was, well knew a very unsportsmanlike way to kill fish. It was a beautiful sight to see Billy stand up in a very tottlish birch-bark canoe, as confident as a bare-back rider on a circus horse.

Joe had done some work as a "shanty-man," and the sight of the crew who were building the dam made him reminiscent. "One time," said he, "I do de chainin' for a gang; dat is, fasten de logs wid de chain, and bind em fas'. My chum, he was French, and he drive de sled. He was goin' for git marry so soon it was time for de camp to break up, an' he was sing an' smile to hisself de whole time. De ver' las' day, de las' load, he say, 'Now, Joe, dis load be de las' I ever drive fore I go home to my Julie.' So he start de sled, an' de sled hit a dead birch. When I come 'long behine him, dere he was dead. A limb break off de birch when de sled strike it. It was all rotten, an' de piece of de limb not so big as your arm. But de limb was freeze, an' it hit him on de head, an' he never move. He go home to Julie, sure, but not de way he expec'."

"My," said Billy, solemnly, "it must be awful for a man's peoples when he go 'way from home feelin' good, and laugh and sing, and, the next thing his peoples know, he come home dead!"

The next morning Kakwanee appeared and we resumed our interrupted journey, running all day through two lakes, neither of which has ever appeared on any map of Quebec. It seems wonderful that after white men have used watercourses for canoe routes for a century or two, and when lumbermen have investigated the country, there are stretches of many miles together which are not indicated on official maps except by white spots. But this is true of over half a million square miles of British-American territory. The two lakes we traversed are called by Indian names which mean "Crosswise Lake" and "Old Man Lake." Out of the latter runs a river which falls into the Grand Lake Victoria. This lake is really an expansion of the Ottawa. In many places its shores are covered with medium-sized pines, and in others bare rocks are the only things to be seen. The greatest enemy to these forests is fire, and in all parts of the country are vast tracts which have been so devastated.

It was a long day's paddle from the lower end of the Grand Lake Victoria to the old Hudson's Bay agency near its northern extremity. Here Mr. Christopherson received us with great hospitality. He said I was the fourth white man

who had visited the post that year. The Indians who came there to get their annual supplies, material and spiritual, had long since left their little summer cabins for winter hunting-grounds. Though the sun shone warm and bright, it might turn cold any night now, and so Mr. Christopherson sent Jocko to show us the portages as far as an Indian village, twenty-seven miles up the river. There we could get a guide to see us through to the place where the water runs the other way.



A "Chute" on the Gatineau.

Jocko, himself, wanted to go away hunting, so he only accompanied us as far as the Indian settlement.

This procuring of guides through an unknown country, on the instalment plan, was very fascinating to me, and it illustrated a characteristic of the northern forest Indian which is universal. The red man of the prairies was a nomad, but the son of the woods does not make very long pilgrimages, or know much about the world beyond his own hunting-ground. Before he is old enough to remember any thing he makes his first journey to the trading-post where his ancestors have for generations been regular customers and perpetual debtors. He does not remember how or when he learned the way. On his own stream and its tributaries he is an infallible guide, for he learned all the landmarks before he could pronounce their names. But every forest traveller has found the Indians in one locality reluctant to go far from home. When Alexander Mackenzie felt his way, by stream and portage, to the great river which bears his name, and thence down to the Frozen Ocean, he found that the Indians on one reach of the river always believed that below their own country there were impassable rapids and insurmountable rocks, ferocious beasts and hidden perils. If you will journey toward the head of the Ottawa, in the fall of this year, you will find precisely the same state of aboriginal mind. The Indians around the Grand Lake Victoria are within a few miles of the sources of rivers flowing toward the four quarters of the American continent. Ten days' steady canoeing in any direction would take them to Hudson's Bay or Lake Huron or Lake Ontario or Montreal. But they never travel for the sake of seeing the country, or get far from home.

It was on the last day Jocko was with us, October 26th, that I made the photograph of him which is one of the illustrations of this article. He was in his shirt-sleeves and wore an old straw hat. While we were eating our lunch at noon, the black flies were a little attentive and it was uncomfortably warm. That was the climate of the far Upper Ottawa in the last days of October. There was not yet a suggestion of snow. For all the atmospheric indications told us, we might have been in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia.

The Ottawa above Grand Lake House comes down out of the rocky hills, and is full of rapids. In many smooth places the current is very swift, and it was worth coming a long way to see Joe and Jocko paddle up places where Billy and I could not go. Fighting inch by inch against a rapid current is one of the most trying tests of endurance I know. It is unlike anything else in the world. You pull and pull, and realize that an instant's relaxation will cost you all you have gained. If the water only would stop for an instant! But it is so easy for the current to rush on and on. How futile are human energy and perseverance against a power which has never for one second faltered in uncounted years!

Jocko told Joe—he could not say it in English—that he enjoyed travelling with us more than he did with the Hudson's Bay Company people, because they travelled for dear life, making fifty or sixty miles a day, and nearly paralyzed his arms. When he had gone from Hunter's Point to Grand Lake House a few weeks before, he and Mr. Christopherson had made the trip in less than three days, but his arms were numb all the next night. He liked to find a white man who travelled "like an Indian," and said if I would come up this fall he would show me some moose and deer hunting around the head of the Coulonge and Dumoine, the like of which white men did not often see.

We reached the camp of the old chief, Jocko's objective point, just at purple twilight, when the smoke was rising straight toward the sky, and we witnessed one of the most peaceful and beautiful bits of wilderness comfort I have ever beheld. It seemed more like approaching a white man's farm than an Indian camp.

There were two or three log-houses, a few acres of cleared land, and two or three horses and cows. A tame horned owl scolded us from the roof of a barn. The Indian girls were singing and calling to each other across the wide river. A score of children and grandchildren of the fat old chief turned out to welcome us, and we slept in one of the log-barns, on the hay. Jocko sat up and visited with his Indian girl friends, and I heard them laughing and chatting until long after midnight.

As I lay looking out at the shining surface of the Ottawa, from my cosey nest in the sweet, wild hay, it was bewildering to remember that so much of Canada lay south of us. Only a rifle-shot away, at the end of a forest path, were the bubbling springs which form the sources of the Coulonge, that pine-embowered stream which, for two hundred miles, straight away to the south, traverses the centre of the great interior island whose borders we were encircling. I thought of the long reaches of moonlit river, where the timid deer were drinking, and the moose, in all the ardor of their courtship, roared hoarse contempt for impertinent rivals. And this was only one of the streams whose sources we were circumnavigating: the Maganasipi, the Bear, the swamp-fed Black, the Dumoine, the Tomasine, the Desert—all these rivers and a thousand lakes, gathered all at last in the generous arms of the twin rivers, and borne away to join the grand chorus, the voice of many waters.

In the morning there was a pow-wow, as the result of which a son and grandson of the chief agreed to see us out to the Gatineau, the boy going along to help his father if a freeze-up should make it necessary to carry their canoe back over the ice. For many miles through devious channels and short cuts, we ran past natural meadows where the unsown grass had grown high and dried up for the lack of something to feed upon it—ancient beaver meadows, from which all trace of the original forest had long ago disappeared. Joe and the Indian discussed the beaver question earnestly. It appears that the most interesting issue in Algonquin politics is what to do about the beavers. There are plenty of them all through

the back country, and the Indians regard them as their personal property. They only kill a certain proportion of the little animals, and carefully preserve the supply. The beaver's habit of building for himself and family a comfortable and conspicuous residence enables the hunters to take a pretty accurate census of the population, and to tell just where the animals are to be found. On our way we turned aside and photographed a beaver-dam and a house. The natural history books generally picture these constructions as quite symmetrical affairs, but all I have ever seen have been rough piles of sticks and mud, and the photographs show typical beaver construction.

A few years ago a sportsman's club in Quebec induced the legislature to pass a law entirely prohibiting the killing of beaver until the year 1900. Two hundred years ago, when the Iroquois made raids on the Ottawa country, and prevented the annual catch of beaver skins from coming down to Montreal and Quebec, hard times fell upon Canada. Precisely the same condition has confronted the Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company recently. It is almost as bad a situation as it would be in Illinois if the farmers were forbidden by law to kill hogs. The Hudson's Bay Company's agents at Grand Lake Victoria and the Barriere lake have not dared to buy the skins. The Indians have had no other reliable way to pay for their supplies. Ruin for the traders and starvation for the Indians would inevitably follow the continued enforcement of the law. Some relief has been afforded by the fact that the post at Abittibi ships all its furs by way of Hudson's Bay, so they cannot be seized by the Quebec authorities; and thousands of skins, worth $10 apiece, were diverted to that market last year. The Indians have been very much disturbed over the matter, for they find the law of necessity more urgent than a statute whose logic they cannot understand. "Some families up here starve to death last winter," interpreted Joe, after listening for awhile to Jonas, our new guide. "I t'ink I no starve, w'en de beaver build his house close by my water-hole."

Our newly acquired pilot had no idea of losing any business opportunities. His canoe was ahead of the one in which Joe, Billy, and I travelled, and he had his muzzle-loading, cylinder-bore double shot-gun, a handy little weapon, lying in front of him, both hammers at full cock, hour after hour as he paddled, the muzzle pointing squarely at the back of his boy in the bow. It was trying to unaccustomed nerves, but the boy seemed to be used to the idea of sudden death. Jonas had a curious habit of holding a bullet in his mouth, ready to drop it in an instant down the gun-barrel, on top of the shot. The utility of keeping his decks cleared for action appeared when, toward evening, he cleverly snapped up a reckless mink which darted along the bank, where the stream was narrow and crooked. The report startled a caribou, which crashed out of the alders, not fifty feet away. Jonas spat his bullet down the left barrel and fired again, neatly missing both his boy's head and the reindeer. Joe derided Jonas in choice Algonquin, and said to me, confidentially, "I t'ink we better go in front in de mornin'." All the same, the Indian's idea of a gun which will do for partridges one minute and moose the next is a sound one, in a country where ones breakfast flies or runs away.

At noon the next day, we reached the head of that branch of the Ottawa rising in the Barriere lake. Long ago forgotten Gatineau timber-cutters built a dam, to divert this water to the Jean de Terre, but now the dam has fallen into disuse, and the stream seeks its ancient bed. Just beyond the dam is the Hudson's Bay post, a branch of the one on the Grand Lake Victoria. Mr. Edwards, the agent, was delighted to see strangers, especially when I produced a letter which Mr. Christopherson had sent by me, enclosing his three months' salary. Mrs. Edwards soon discovered that our Billy was her nephew, and that much-related young person was at once honored with a seat at the family dinner-table with the twelve little Edwardses, fraternizing with them in the three-ply language which is the natural speech of these mixed races. Mr. Edwards told me he had that season refused hundreds of beaver-skins from Indians, every one of whom was on his books for a year's supplies, and now he did not quite see what the post was going to do, with beavers demonetized.

Jonas, our most recent guide, did not wish to linger, being haunted by the fear of coming frost which the warm air belied. So that same afternoon we hastened on, regretfully declining Mr. Edwards's invitation to go on a caribou hunt. These reindeer abound in the Barriere lake country.

We camped perhaps fifteen miles from the post that night, and the next morning, soon after starting up the lake, came to a narrow place where the water, instead of coming toward us as it had been doing all the time for days, formed a little rapid, running the same way we were going. The day before we had seen the water pouring into the Ottawa through the lumbermen's worn-out dam, and here, twenty-four hours afterward, continuing up the same lake, we found the current was with us instead of against us, down instead of up, and we were drifting out toward the Gatineau, in the other direction. If we had not known about the two outlets to the lake we should have thought the water was bewitched.

All that day we ran through Lake Kakebonga, which the Hudson's Bay people consider the most bewildering sheet of water in the Gatineau Valley. There are dozens of deep bays, which look about alike, and if you start into the wrong one, you get wholly astray. Once during the day it became a little foggy, and Jonas at once went ashore and waited for the veil to lift, as he said no one could find his way there in thick weather. These large lakes are all long and narrow, and very crooked. Like Kippewa and Victoria, Lake Kakebonga is nowhere wide, but its shore-line is very long, and the canoe route often cuts across a portage to save miles of travelling.

East of Lake Kakebonga there is a very rough bit of country which we crossed by what are locally known as the Sixteen Portages, or "the Sixteen," where we clambered into and out of the canoe on an average about once in half a mile. At last we came to a long, wide path over a level plain. "I know dis portage so well I know my own house," said Joe. "I was up here from de Gatineau fourteen year ago." And there our forest friends turned back, and left Joe and Billy and me to make our way by the smooth current of the Jean de Terre out to the Gatineau. I suppose we ran twenty miles after three o'clock that afternoon. Then, when it was so dark we could see no longer, we camped on a dry sand-bar, cooked our supper by a little fire, turned the canoe on edge, spread our blankets, threw the tent over all, and were lost in dreamless oblivion.

"De wolf was howl pretty good las' night, wasn't he?" commented Joe, as he waked Billy and me in the smoky dawn. "I tink I hear em close by one time." And in the sand, about one hundred feet from our resting-place, were plenty of tracks, where the deer-killing brutes had prowled around while we slept; perfectly harmless creatures, but unable to resist the temptation to come near the fat and juicy Billy.

Of all northern wilderness streams, the most interesting I have ever seen is the Gatineau, into which we were soon carried by the current of the Jean de Terre. The descent which the devious Ottawa makes in seven hundred miles or so, is accomplished by the Gatineau in its straight course of less than two hundred, and there are few places where you cannot hear the roar of the next rapid. In the spring every bend is a maelstrom. On the banks and overhanging cedars we could see the marks made by the spring freshets, fifteen feet above the fall level of the water. And even then, as we approached a rapid, it was necessary to know on which side the portage was, because generally the opposite bank was a vertical wall, and once in the sweep of the current, there could be no return.

"You see dat rapid?" said Joe, after an early camp on the portage, as we went down to look at the boiling cauldron below, "I tink I always remember him. One time I work in a shanty back on dat leetle stream we pass dis afternoon. De shanty was mos' ready to break up, and good many de men was go down on de drive. Dere was only one foreman for all de gangs, 'cause so many men been laid off. Dat mornin' de foreman tell dis man 'I want you for do dis,' an' dose men 'I want you for do dat,' sen' dis man here and dat man dere, an' he pick six men an' he say 'I want you for take de batteau'—dat's de big row-boat—'wid forty-five chains, to de gang for fix de boom in de pond down below,' and he say 'Dat rapid

dere, don' none you dam fools try for run him. I tell you dat batteau ain't like de canoe, an' de chains won't help you swim; so I want you for portage de whole t'ing.' So de men take de batteau, and de foreman say, 'You, Joe, you an' your chum an' Big Jule, you take de big canoe, an' you go down for help on de boom.'

"So we start an' follow de batteau, an' of course you can't see ver' far in de river, he is so crooked. I was in de bow, an' I see dem men in de batteau, 'bout two acres ahead, 'fore we get to de bend. Well, we come to de head dis portage and we see nobody dere. I take out my pack an' put de tump-line on my head, an' my chum say 'Dem fellers make de portage pretty quick.' I go down wid my pack, and start up de portage once more, for bring de canoe, me an' Big Jule. W'en I get to de head of de portage, my chum, he come run up all out of breat', an' he say 'I see a hat an' a oar in de water down by de foot de rapid!'

"Den I know w'at's de matter. Me an' Big Jule we have de canoe on our heads for carry it down de portage, but we don't say one word. We jus' turn de canoe down and I jump in de bow, an' my chum in the middle, an' Big Jule for steer, an' we run de rapid. We t'ink maybe somebody hang on de rock; but fore we know it we strike jus' where dey strike, on a side jam we're de logs pile up. I jump out, an' my chum he jump out, an' we catch de canoe an' let her swing, an we holler to Jule to jump, an he jump jus' in time I tell you, for the canoe go under de jam an' smash, cr-r-ack all to piece. I never so near de en' of my life till I die, sure. Well, we go back an' tell de foreman, and he sen' some men for shut down de dam, up in de lac, an' we look for dem feller four days. We look way down below, but we no fine 'em, an' de mornin' de fift' day, I was stan' up in de bow, an' I see black spot come up an' bob up an down in de eddy right down dere, an' in fifteen minute we have dem six feller out on dis san' bar. Dey was all in a bunch. It was hot, and dey look awful.

"Well, sir, after dat you not hear one word in de shanty at night. De mens come in, an' dey jus' sit an' say not one word, an' good many de young lads git fright, an' leave de drive an go home. O, I t'ink I remember dis rapid pretty sure."

Joe's boyhood experience of the Gatineau stood us in good stead all the way down. He remembered perfectly all the rapids, knew which could be run and which could not. "W'en you see de swells run black over de rock, don't you be fright' dat you strike," said he, "but if de water be white, den you look out." And he showed how, along the edge of the rough water, there is often a liquid path, not more than the width of the canoe, which may be followed with perfect safety.

Another half-day's run brought us to a lumber shanty, with its tell-tale smoke.

"Quay!" shouted the cook, which is good Algonquin for "Hello!" And then I realized that weeks of constant out-of-door existence had transformed me into a good enough imitation of an Indian to deceive a lumberman.

"Don't I know you?" asked Joe of the cook, not deigning to reply in the Algonquin tongue. And then the white man on shore and the half-red man in the stern of the canoe recognized each other as camp-mates on some by-gone excursion down the river in escort of a few thousand logs.

"What shanty you from?" asked the cook, turning to me inquiringly. "Didn't I see you with Gilmour's boss last year?"

Explanations followed, and the canoe which had come all the way around from Mattawa secured the undivided attention of the lumber crew when they came to supper that evening.

The next day brought us down to the Desert village, where we left my beloved canoe on the bank, and took a stage coach.

As we carried the luggage to the village hotel, at three o'clock on the afternoon of October 30th, the first flakes of snow began to float softly down, and the splendid Canadian summer was at an end.



On Lake Kippewa.

FRANCISCO AND FRANCISCA

By Grace Ellery Channing

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

"IT is not a place for everyone," said the priest, quietly, as he led the way under drooping peppers. "These children are orphans of good family. Their excellent mother died a year ago; but they are poor, and I have promised to find them a guest to fill their bedroom. A few dollars will be a blessing to them."

His glance, practised in such measurement, added—"And you are a gentleman—a man to be trusted.

"The house is plain but comfortable. Francisca, like her mother, is an admirable housekeeper," he remarked as he led his guest into the paradise of roses.

The Professor, noting the sweet unkemptness of it, had his New England doubts, but he had none when Francisco, bareheaded, warm, and beautiful, came up from irrigating the oranges, "kissed the hands" of the Professor, and turning his own supple palms outward made him a present of the house and all in it, which at that moment included Francisca, standing under the roses of the porch, and more beautiful even than Francisco.

The professional ears were pricked at the soft organ-tones of speech. If he should not decide to take the Chair, at least his time need not be lost, he argued. That, indeed, had been his motive for seeking a Spanish household.

When he packed his trunk in Boston a Spanish dictionary was included, as became a professor of languages; and now as he unpacked it in the little roof-bedroom with the red, round eyes of oranges staring levelly in, and a drifting cascade of perfume and green and white outside, he was well content.

Perhaps it was that foreign ancestress of his, to whom he was fond of ascribing his bent for languages, who made this foreign corner of his own country so instantly attractive to him.

When he went downstairs later he stepped into an open world. There were untold windows, all wide to the air, and through the green curtains of vines nodded the heads of many roses. Francisca, and the ancient relative to whom the orphans gave a home, and who served as a nominal duenna, were giving the last touches to a table laid in the corner of the broad veranda, which ran about three sides of the house. The grassy space it enclosed was of brave Bermuda, brown, but never-dying, and returning green thanks for a cupful of water. The Professor's foot came to love the touch of that thick carpet in after days.

Beyond, the orange-grove stretched to the lime-hedge, and over that the peppers drooped their ferny branches.

Nothing in all the place was trimmed. Where the long trailing arms of the Lady Banksia fell by their own weight, or clambered by their own daring, there they remained. The Professor stooped under the same trailing branch each time he passed around the veranda. A dozen times he took out his knife impatiently to cut it, but an involuntary compunction arrested his hand. It was so in keeping with the place—it was so in keeping with Francisco and Francisca.

And with an incredible ease and swiftness, the Professor found himself growing in keeping, too.

In another corner of the deep rose-covered veranda all his writing materials quickly congregated. An Indian basket of oranges stood on the little stand by the hammock's elbow, near the rocking-chair in which Francisca sat daily, converting fine linen into finer lace, and cultivating the Professor's Spanish at the same time.

Francisca "kept the house," not with semi-yearly upheavals and the terrible cleanliness of the Professor's ancestral memories, but in a leisurely, sweet fashion of her own, leaving much to the sun and air, ignoring brasses and other troublous matters, perhaps, but never failing—wise

Francisca!—to put a rose in her hair, and to set hot, savoury dishes with tropical names before her men-folk. Therefore no man ever found a flaw in Francisca's housekeeping.

Had there been twenty men beneath her roof, each would have been her peculiar care. Her manner to her young brother had a caressing sweetness which a New England girl would have kept for her lover or conscientiously forborne him—for his soul's sake.

As for Francisco, sixteen, brown, slender, wearing his peaked sombrero with consummate grace (a gift he shared in common with every wood-cutter and *ranchero* of the pure blood), he was the Professor's companion in every walk, every blood-stirring lope across the open *mesa*, every delicious climb up the chaparral-sided hills or the ferny cañons. The boy grew into his heart; and in return Francisco loved him as boys and Southerners can love, with adoration.

It was only a short time after he came among them that the Professor stopped one morning on his way out of the breakfast-room (in which they never breakfasted!) to examine a quaint inlaid guitar, hanging by faded ribbons against the wall.

"It is Francisco's," said Francisca. "He plays beautifully; but he has never played since our mother died—he hung it here then."

"That is not well," said the Professor. "You should win him to play again."

That evening, in the moonlight on the porch, Francisca laid a tender hand upon her brother's head as he sat on the step below. Her hands seemed made for such a purpose.

"Francisco, the Señor asks if you never mean to play your guitar again."

Francisco was silent a moment, looking at the stars.

"Perhaps," he replied. "Some day, when we are very happy again—not yet." Then turning his head, he touched the caressing hand lightly with his lips.

"At thy wedding—or mine—*querida*," he said, lightly, and rising abruptly, went into the house.

"He cannot bear yet to hear her spoken of," said Francisca, following him with moist eyes.

"I was—ahem!—very fond of my mother. She died when I was a boy," said the Professor.

"But ours was with us only a little year ago. She sat where you sit, and looked at us with her beautiful soft eyes.

"And you—you had not even a sister." Francisca looked at him as if she would like to make up that deficiency of tenderness—perhaps to stroke *his* head, as she did Francisco's.

There was abundant leisure for the Professor's studies, for the long, gorgeous wonderland of summer was upon them, and most people were at Santa Catalina, or in the high Sierras, taking an exchange of paradises.

The days rounded through their delicious sequence of perfumed dawns alive with birds, and middays of still air and shadowed lawns, to the infinite twilights and great moons.

In the evenings—the evenings of Southern California—they sat out under the vines, watching these enormous yellow and orange moons, and Francisca sang Californian songs.

Thus the days passed; punctuated by a talk with the Padre, a ride, a stroll, or some playful share in the labor of irrigating the oranges—the one form of labor Francisco ever seemed engaged in; but these he irrigated perpetually.

The Professor missed nothing; he desired nothing. The intoxication of living in close touch with the sun and air, and Earth in her summer mood, has never been half told. Every fibre of his being rejoiced in that long summer.

The little ranch of five acres—all that remained of five hundred—was large enough to hold his content. We do not know that the Garden of Eden was larger. He wrote hopefully to the Faculty concerning that Chair, and with laudable moderation to his principal correspondent in the East: "California has a charm impossible to analyze. I wish you were here." And then he paused, pondered, and carefully erased the last sentence, but not so perfectly but that Miss Dysart by dint of holding it up to the window-pane deciphered it, and sat biting her pencil gravely a space thereafter.

To wake in the morning and know the sun would shine all day; not to be with-

ered by the heat or chilled by the wind, but subtly flattered and caressed by a climate which was only another Francisca; to be wooed to large thoughts and visions by the landscape; not to feel the press and friction of a narrow life and arbitrary customs, and yet to be conscious through all this space and tranquillity of the forward impetus of a vigorous young life all about him—this sufficed. The opportunities for usefulness were great in a place destined to detain every soul who lingered a rash year within its borders—and to make of the next generation natives.

In lieu of caressing the land itself, he often caressed Francisco, its breathing type, drawing the lad to him with an arm about his slender shoulders.

And Francisca, the other breathing type, regarded them both with that smile of tenderness which has in it so much of the maternal. When all is said, the wisest man remains something of a child to any woman, though she is but an inexperienced girl, and he may have forgotten more out of books than she will ever know.

One day Francisco, running lightly up the path and steps to where Francisca sat filling a bowl with roses, and the Professor sat watching her, dropped an envelope upon the table.

"This is all your mail, Señor," said Francisco, gayly.

The Professor opened, glanced, and fell into a brown study, from which he woke to encounter Francisca's eyes over the bowl of roses.

"Is anything the matter?" asked those eyes anxiously.

"Nothing," the Professor replied to them. "An old friend of mine is coming out unexpectedly—is on her way to Santa Barbara."

"That is pleasant for you," said Francisca, sweetly. "And the days are cooler; she will be sure to like our country."

"She is coming to-morrow," said the Professor, rising abruptly. "I must go at once to the hotel."

"We will send many roses to her room; and Francisco shall pick the large Indian basket full of fruit—she will be so tired with the long journey."

"Thank you," murmured the Professor, vaguely.

He did not hear Francisca's caution to her brother: "Do not pick any of the heliotrope, Francisco, for the heavy scent may be disagreeable to an old lady—and only the very choicest peaches—old people must be careful what they eat." But this was not needed for his confusion.

"How well you are looking!" exclaimed Miss Dysart, as she stepped from the train the next morning, with a critical glance at the Professor.

"The only climate on earth," replied the Professor, laughing to hide a shade of embarrassment; "and you—you are looking well, too."

Distinctly well, in her immaculate shirt-waist and sailor-hat, without touch of travel or dust about her.

"Oh, all climates suit me—even our own," Miss Dysart answered, lightly.

"Only one trunk, thank you; I am a 'transient.' And so this is your earthly paradise. Is that ferny thing a pepper-tree?"

She was so much absorbed in the landscape all through the short drive that the Professor ended by feeling quite at his ease. At the hotel door she dismissed him graciously.

"You may come back after lunch, if you like, and show me something of your paradise."

"Of course," said the Professor with unnecessary alacrity.

As he walked back he had a sensation as if a cool breeze from the Back Bay, at once bracing and chilling, had suddenly begun to blow across the summer air. The same sensation recurred later in the day when he found himself strolling with her under the drooping peppers to the Mission and through the town. Had they not often planned it—ages ago?—or had not *he* planned it in his mind—at least it had been tacitly understood, and—here it was.

She was looking admirably, too. The little precision of her starched collar and cuffs, and severe hat and correct gown, were an echo of his native city. She was the best type of the things he liked and approved and believed in.

And her mood was the bright mood of comradeship he always enjoyed. She faced the semi-tropical world with fresh, appreciative eyes, and her sense of hu-

mor was like his native air re-breathed. So singly did the place occupy her that the Professor expanded gradually and his tongue lost its knot.

"And you regret nothing here?" said Miss Dysart at last, suddenly.

"Nothing," replied the Professor, emphatically—and stopped.

"That is what it is to have a foreign grandmother. You do not even miss the symphony concerts—the Greek play—the Sunday afternoons."

The Professor laughed rather drearily.

"It is the same thing, I suppose, which leads the scarlet geranium to be a climber here, and calla-lilies to grow wild, and heliotrope to run up to the house-eaves. What a poem of a place!" she exclaimed, stopping. "And what a beautiful creature!"

"This is—er—where I am staying," replied the Professor, all his impediments returned. "That is Francisco—he *is* a handsome lad; and that is his sister, Miss Francisca, on the veranda. Pray come in and see the roses."

Miss Dysart followed him with composure, and gave her gloved hand cordially to Francisca.

"I have heard so much of your paradise," she said, "but I did not know it could be so true."

A bewildered expression crossed Francisca's face as the two advanced, but it passed, and her manner was as perfect as Miss Dysart's own. So was Francisco's, who placed a chair, and drew a rose-branch to shield the visitor's eyes from the sun—his own reflecting the blankness of Francisca's. Francisca had to call him twice to pass the wine she poured in the quaint old glasses, and which they could never conceivably be too poor to offer a guest.

As Miss Dysart sat sipping her wine politely—she was not fond of wine—she felt, as she looked, like one in a foreign land. The Professor, seated discreetly behind, noted this with a smile. But Francisco and Francisca were as much a part of the landscape as any rose in it.

The conversation turned, as conversations infallibly will, to the transcontinental journey, with the "You remember this—you saw that" of travellers.

Francisco and Francisca listened silently, only when Miss Dysart turned to the latter, she said with a kind of proud humility: "Ah! I know nothing of these things. I only know—this," with a gesture about her.

Miss Dysart and the Professor looked at her, and the value of "these things" was differently visible in their eyes.

"How beautiful she is!" thought the Boston girl.

"How much she knows and has seen!" thought Francisca.

The Professor's thoughts are not recorded. What he said was playful, but with an undertone which was not lost on one of his hearers. "'These things' are not worth your rose-garden, Miss Francisca—saying nothing of the rest of the *rancho*."

"Ah! it is nice of you to say so," replied Francisca, "but I do not believe it—nor does Miss Dysart."

Miss Dysart kept her lids discreetly lowered.

"By the way," she said, "I have someone to thank for a portion of a rose-garden myself. I don't suppose the hotels furnish that."

"Miss Francisca—" began the enlightened Professor.

"The Señor," interposed Francisca, quickly, "naturally wished you to have a Californian welcome. Francisco and I carried them down for him."

This time Miss Dysart raised her lids and looked straight at the girl before her.

"Thank you," she said, quietly.

"But if you care for roses," said Francisca, rising, "you must look at ours in the garden. We are proud of our roses, though it is not the rose season," she added; "for that you must come in April and May."

"Thanks!" exclaimed Miss Dysart, "but when one is used to one's roses by the half-dozen, this will do!"

"You shall have as many as you like every day, of course," said Francisca. "Or, perhaps," she added, quietly, "you will like to come and gather them yourself. The garden is yours."

"'Gather ye roses while ye may!'—you are most kind. I will take this one now, if I may," replied Miss Dysart, bending above a great white Lyonnaise.

"Just the rose I should expect you to



And now as he unpacked it . . . he was well content.—Page 277.

choose," said the Professor, cutting it for her.

"Pray, why?" inquired Miss Dysart a little sharply.

"It is such a calm, vigorous, upright rose—a kind of apotheosis of our own New England roses. A well-bred rose; it does not straggle, nor shed its petals untidily. It would not look out of place in Boston; —and it has not too much color."

"You prefer these, I suppose," remarked the girl, coolly, glancing at his hand. The Professor looked down guiltily.

"I have been gleaming after you ladies. This is your Mermet."

"Thank you!" replied Miss Dysart dryly replacing the pink bud in her belt.

But the red rose remained in his hand.

Miss Dysart turned away abruptly. "What a place for a Flower Mission!"

Francisca looked puzzled. "Flower Mission—what is that?"

"The depth of your ignorance, Miss Francisca!" exclaimed the Professor. "You see, Mildred, Nature runs a Flower Mission on such a large scale that she deprives us of that—as well as many other legitimate philanthropies."

"Ah!" said Francisca, "now I do know what a Flower Mission is. It must be very helpful. And we do so little good with all these—only to dress the church."

"And welcome strangers," suggested Miss Dysart.

"My sister is always giving flowers away, and fruit," declared Francisco. "The Señor and the Padre know if that is true."

"But only for pleasure, thou foolish one," said Francisca, smiling at him.

Francisco did not smile back. He remained grave, and bowed their guest farewell, with his *caballero* air, without a word.

"What a beautiful, solemn boy!" exclaimed Miss Dysart as she walked down the street.

"Francisco? Oh, he can be merry enough; you must allow for the effect of a visitor from Boston."

"Pray let poor Boston alone! What an absolute partisan you have become!"

"Have I? Perhaps it is only my mean effort to hide our consciousness of inferiority. We have no Missions here—except Franciscan ones."

"We! our!" repeated Miss Dysart, emphatically. "Have you ceased to be a New Englander already? Is this the effect of this remarkable climate?"

"I am afraid—it is," replied the Professor, meekly.

And as he walked home that eastern breeze blew more keenly still. As one turns to the sun, he turned to the house hopefully. Only Francisco was still sitting on the top step gazing gloomily into space. The Professor laid an affectionate hand on the boy's shoulder.

"What is the matter, Francisco? Are you not well?"

"There is nothing, Señor," was the melancholy reply.

The Professor fidgetted restlessly about the veranda and lawn, feeling as if the whole place had been subtly changed. There was no Spanish that afternoon, either; Francisca was apparently too busy, for she did not come out at all.

In the evening, however, she was idle enough. Francisco and she sat on the steps and watched the moonlight make patterns on the walk below. The Professor had gone to call on Miss Dysart, inwardly reviling the social necessity which demanded starched linen and a black coat on such a night. It was still early when Francisca with some light word of excuse, and the little caress to her brother nothing could have made her forget, rose and went in.

It was not even late when the Professor with eager feet came up the path, all inlaid with the ferny tracery of shadows from the pepper-boughs. The veranda, apparently deserted, greeted him silently, and he stood a moment battling with an immense disappointment. It seemed to him that he had lost forever an evening out of his life.

Slowly he mounted the steps, and on the threshold he paused again. A long tendril of the Banksia swayed in the half-shadow, and surely his ears caught a suppressed sobbing breath. He made one step toward it.

"Francisca!"

"It is I, Señor," replied the melancholy voice of Francisco; and the boy

came forward into the moonlight. "Did you wish anything, Señor?"

"Nothing," replied the Professor, mendaciously, his cheeks warm in the darkness.

"Good-night, Francisco!"



Francisca "kept the house."—Page 277.

"Good-night, Señor!" returned the boy in the same melancholy tone.

Long after the Professor's light was extinguished, the lad lay watching the night away in the hammock.

The stamp of that vigil was on his face the next morning when he asked the Professor to advise him as to some orange-trees at the farther end of the ranch. The Professor, who had also passed a white night, gave a haggard consent. Francisca alone appeared fresh and smiling. The best artists do not adorn the stage.

There seemed nothing particular the matter with the grove, when they had reached it.

"Which are the trees in question?" asked the Professor, who at that moment wished all oranges in a climate much too tropical for them.

"Señor," replied Francisco, facing him

— and it struck the Professor the boy had grown tall overnight—"do you love my sister?"

"Francisco!" exclaimed the Professor, violently, and the blood began to pound in his ears.

"I must know, Señor. When you spoke of an old friend, we thought, Francisca and I, of an old woman—and now here has come this young lady from your home, one of your people—and she calls you by your name, and you call her by hers. She has come because she cares for you, and you spend your time with her, and yet, Señor, you gave her back her rose and kept my sister's!"

There was a guilty movement of the Professor's hand toward his breast-pocket, instantly checked.

"When you came home last night you called my sister by name. Señor, this cannot be! I am not jealous; you have a right to love this other, but I must know. I do not say for a moment," he added, proudly, "that Francisca has thought of you, but she is very young. She might come to care, and—I will not have it so!"

"Francisco!" exclaimed the Professor again.

"We are poor now," said Francisco, lifting his head, "but my people were great people when yours, Señor — the Americans—were nobody!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Professor, sharply, catching at a tangible point of remonstrance with relief. "My people were never 'nobody'—they were New Englanders."

Francisco bowed.

"Francisco," said the Professor, in a different tone, "I thought you loved me —I thought you trusted me."

"What has that to do with it, Señor?" inquired Francisco, sternly. "It is of my sister I think. If you do not love her you must go away at once."

"I will be answerable to your sister only," began the Professor.

"Pardon me, Señor, you will be answerable to *me*. I am the head of the family. Francisca is only a child," said this other child.

The Professor was silent. When he spoke, at last, he was answering himself rather than Francisco.

"I will go!"

Francisco winced, but did not flinch.

He made a gesture for the Professor to lead the way back, which the Professor did like a blind man. He could not have told whether his bitterness was toward the boy or himself. Half way he stopped.

"What am I to tell her?"

"You can have business—and she will understand."

The Professor ground his teeth, and going to his room, began grimly flinging things into his trunk. He was furious with Francisco, with himself, with the climate which could lead a man to this.

He ate his lunch in silence. So did Francisco. Men have these refuges. Francisca the woman, with a thread of speech, kept that silence from bursting. After lunch the Professor finished packing, wrote a brief note declining the Chair, and went down to buy his ticket. All the way down the landscape cried out to him.

As he left the station with his ticket in his hand he encountered Miss Dysart on the threshold with her purse in hers.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed, after one glance. "Where are you going?"

"Home," answered the Professor. "I was coming to tell you."

Miss Dysart opened her lips, then closed them again, and turning without a word they walked on until the bend of the road threw them from the town into the country lane. There she stopped.

"*Why* are you going? You must have reasons."

"I have reasons —" He stopped, smitten with the conscious absurdity that she who was his principal reason had scarcely crossed his mind all day.

"Business—it—it is impossible for me to stay," he wound up, lamely.

"*Why* is it impossible?"

The Professor looked at her and anathematised the climate again.

"I—really cannot explain, Mildred," he said. "But there are reasons why—I feel obliged to go."

Miss Dysart's cheeks flushed, and she looked a moment at the wide valley before them.

"I feel that you are making the mistake of your life," she said, in a low voice.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Francisco and Francisca listened silently.—Page 280.



He could not have told whether his bitterness was toward the boy or himself.—Page 284.

The Professor made a vague gesture.

"But you will not go," she said, quietly. "You will think better of it. You will not do yourself so much wrong."

"I shall go. I have bought my ticket."

"I will buy it of you. I was on the way to buy one myself."

"You were—!" He looked at her in his turn. "We shall travel together, then."

"We shall do nothing of the kind. What is the use? If you go back you will simply break down again. You have your work here. You love this country."

The Professor's eyes swept mutely over the valley and hills, and the girl watched him jealously.

"You love it more than New England," she said, with a touch of bitterness.

"Differently!" exclaimed the poor Professor; "differently!"

"You love it *more*," persisted the New England girl.

The Professor drew a long breath. "Can I help it? One is affection—fondness; the other—" He stopped abruptly.

Her lips were closed tightly.

"Oh, you will suffer intolerable homesickness—you are homesick *now*. And then it is *all* of no use—Everard, you must stay; you must think better of it. Stay and take that Chair! There cannot be any business so pressing. It will be no use—not the slightest use for you to go."

In her earnestness she put her hand on his, but instantly withdrew it. Her troubled eyes looked straight into his, and the Professor's looked straightly back. But he shook his head, and suddenly she looked away.

"And you?"

"Oh, I," she answered, lightly; "I am a thorough-going dyed-in-the-wool New-Englander. I was brought up to go to church on Sunday and clean house twice a year, and have a proper respect for calling cards. I shall go on and join aunty at Santa Barbara, and get home in time for all my clubs and classes. Besides, I have been meaning to tell you, I am going to take a year in the College Settlement."

"A year in the College Settlement!" echoed the Professor, vaguely.

"Yes; that will suit me better than—this. Don't forget to send Francisco with the ticket! Good-by!"

She gave him her hand frankly, and once more their eyes encountered.

"If I had had a French grandmother, you see—it might have been different with me," she said with a touch of mirthfulness. "And *that* at least is true," she concluded to herself, looking so straight ahead that she walked a space beyond the hotel without seeing.

The Professor, going in the opposite direction, went like a man under sentence.

That "intolerable homesickness" was already upon him; but he was determined to go. He, too, was a New Englander. It is a great thing to have inherited principles.

He was determined to go—all the way up under the hanging peppers—all the way beside the scented limes; nor did his determination falter as he turned into the accustomed path under the oranges, and the sight and perfume of a thousand roses stormed him all at once.

There in the wonted place Francisca sat, steadily drawing the threads with unsteady fingers. Her lips might be a little pale, but they smiled. Even the rose was not missing from her hair.

Francisco, perfectly miserable and perfectly proud, rose mutely from the steps to salute the Señor.

The Señor with two gentle hands lifted the boy from his path, and made two steps to the chair—one touch drew the lace from the brave fingers.

"Francisca," said the Professor. "Francisca—Francisca!"

This was the only explanation he ever made, but in fact it was a perfect statement of the case.

If it needed any elaboration it might be held to receive it when Francisca, stooping—long afterward—to recover the abused lace, picked up with it something else.

"What is this?" she said, a little puzzled.

"Oh, that," said the Professor, "that is Miss Dysart's ticket! She is going away to-morrow."

"Ah!" said Francisca only.

"Francisco is to take it to her, and by the way, where is the dear lad?" He made a movement to rise, but Francisca stopped him, raising his hand in hers.

Out on the twilight air already heavy with sweet odors, came floating the sound of a guitar, low, but inexpressibly joyous and tender.

Francisca's eyes filled with tears, but "*Caro* Francisco!" she only said.







Drawn by Henry Hutt.

"Where the musk-rat swims, and the cat-tails sway."—Page 289.

THE OLD HOME HAUNTS

By F. Colburn Clarke

There's a sound that rings in my ears to-day,
That echoes in vague refrain,
The ripple of water o'er smooth-washed clay,
Where the wall-eyed pike and the black bass play,
That makes me yearn, in a quiet way,
For my old fly-rod again.

Back to the old home haunts again,
Back where the clear lake lies;
Back through the woods
Where the blackbird broods,
Back to my rod and flies.

I'm longing to paddle the boat to-day,
Through water-logged grass and reeds;
Where the musk-rat swims, and the cat-tails sway;
Where the air is cool, and the mist is gray;
Where ripples dance in the same old way,
Under the tangled weeds.

Back on the old oak log again,
Back by the crystal brook;
Back to the bait,
And the silent wait,
Back to my line and hook.

I wish I could wade by the water's edge,
Where the fallen leaves drift by;
Just to see, in the shadow of the ledge,
How dark forms glide, like a woodman's wedge,
Through driftwood piles and the coarse marsh sedge,
And to hear the bittern cry.

Back where the tadpoles shift and sink,
Back where the bull-frogs sob;
Back just to float
In the leaky boat,
Back to my dripping bob.

Oh, it's just like this on each misty day,
It's always the same old pain
That struggles and pulls in the same old way
To carry me off for a little stay
By the water's edge, in sticky clay,
To fish in the falling rain.

Back to my long black rubber boots,
Back to my old patched coat;
Back to my rod
And the breath of God—
Home—and my leaky boat.

THE EDUCATION OF PRAED

By Albert White Vorse

Illustrations by Henry McCarter.

DANIEL WEBSTER cut from the seal a morsel of meal eight inches long by two inches square. He crowded out of sight as much of the delicacy as his mouth and part of his œsophagus would hold—about six inches—and sliced off the visible two inches with a blow of his knife.

"I never knew before," commented Praed, "why the Eskimo nose was so snubby. I now see it all. It is a beautiful example of the law of survival. If you touch an Eskimo anywhere, you draw blood. The long-nosed men of the Stone Age slashed their skins at meal-times and died of hemorrhage. Only the short-nosed men could live. Even Daniel carves perilously close to his lovely snub—and if Daniel's nose were a little shorter it would be a cavity."

"Just so," I replied, indifferently. Praed's jaunty talk jarred upon me, and his superior tone toward the Eskimos displeased me. He was attached to the Relief Party as botanist. I believe he was a Professor of Natural History in some Western college. He had climbed a mountain in the Canadian Rockies, a minor peak, no difficult ascent. I am told that a carriage road has recently been opened to the summit. But the mountain was a virgin peak and bore a living glacier, and Praed wrote for the papers about it and made a great achievement of his exploit. Upon the strength of his reputation he assumed to direct the policy of the Relief Expedition, and when the leader refused to fall in with his views, Praed grumbled, and once or twice approached open insubordination. The leader, a modest fellow, took his unruly botanist quietly, but several members of the party told me the man worried him.

However, when it suited his purpose, Praed could be humble enough. He discovered my irritation at once and evidently thought to soothe it.

"Oh, come now, old fellow," he said. "Don't take your Eskimos too seriously; I admire them as much as you do. Here, Daniel—Dahlgren, how do you say 'I like you' in Husky-tongue?"

"*Iblee pee-yook amishuwa*," answered I, in the pidgin-Eskimo we had learned to use during our year in the Far North.

"*Iblee kumook amistwa*," repeated Praed. Daniel received the communication with that heavy gravity which had won him his nick-name; his birth-name was Meeoo. Praed shrugged his shoulders.

"I never shall learn the lingo," he sighed. "Tell him I am going to give him this knife."

"*Ooma pilletay iblee savik*," I translated.

Daniel received the knife without comment. I caught a flash of pleasure in his eye, but it escaped Praed.

"He doesn't seem very grateful," he said. "I despair of the aborigine. He has no sense of humor, no gratitude, apparently no more affection than his dogs. He is pure selfishness. He is homely, he is fearfully unclean——"

"Professor Praed," I interrupted, "you

arrived in Greenland three days ago. After you have knocked about with these fellows for a month you will change your opinions. As for dirt, eight or nine months in every year that bay is skimmed over with a little matter of five or six feet of ice. Until your party came, there was not a hatchet in the tribe to cut baths. In winter all these little streams that you see disappear. The Husky has to melt ice for drinking-water, and that is no light affair for him. In summer, it's true, he might bathe; perhaps you would like to try it."

"Those are all very well as excuses," responded Praed; "but they don't remove facts. Your dear friends are disgustingly soiled. And I am going to accept your invitation to take a bath."

He did accept it. He said he was accustomed to cold water, every morning (implying in his tone, that he feared I wasn't); that he had been baptized in the Susquehanna River through a hole in the ice, and that he guessed he could stand a summer sea in Greenland. He took off his clothes, swam out to a berg, grounded some forty feet off the beach, climbed hurriedly upon the ice, and danced up and down and shouted until we put off in a boat and rescued him. For three days afterward he shivered under blankets and drank up the little store of whiskey that remained in our supplies.

I was not sorry that this object-lesson had occurred. Our expedition had lived for nineteen months among the Eskimos. Two or three of us, whose chief duty was hunting, had learned to know the Innuit as one knows brothers. In a savage land you choose your friends, not because they can judge a picture or say witty things about their neighbors, but because they will go through any emergency by your side. More than once Daniel or one and another of our Eskimo comrades had saved us from death; more than once we had interposed between a Husky and the Kokoia. It was not pleasant to hear the cock-a-whoop members of the Relief Party, with their amateur knowledge of Arctic conditions, classify our comrades among the Greenland fauna.

But the Relief Party got on well with the Eskimos. They had a cargo of knives, hatchets, saws, needles, scissors, wooden staves, and all things that represent wealth to the Innuit. These things they distributed freely among the settlements; it was but natural that they should win the hearts of the Husky-folk.

Praed reappeared after his chill with a triumphant air, bearing bead necklaces and mirrors—for trading, he said. The Eskimos, however, shook their heads at these gewgaws, and Praed had to fall back upon useful articles. He obtained for himself the office of chief distributor, and waxed popular in the tribe.

One day, a fortnight or so after the episode of the bath, Daniel's wife, Megipsu, came running up the beach.

"The man with gifts is at my tupik. He desires something. I do not understand him. Will you come?"

I found Praed holding out the skirt of his coat toward Megipsu's little daughter.

"Like this," he was repeating. "Make me a coat. Scion of a savage race, if I had you at home, I should chastise you. You are stupid."

The child stared blankly at him.

"What is it, Professor Praed?" I asked.

His face turned red, and his reply came hesitatingly.

"Well, you see," he said, "your Greenland climate is not what I expected. When the wind is quiet, everything is warm. When the gale comes up in the afternoon, it is cold. Now the—the fur clothes; their odor is as the odor of abattoirs. At first I didn't comprehend the evident joy you have in them. But, on the whole, you seem so comfortable in all weathers, that I thought I'd try a suit myself. You see, I don't like to be lumbered with a leather jacket all the time."

"Hm!" reflected I, "Praed is learning his Greenland." All I suggested, however, was that if he minded the smell he might carry his leather coat out with him and leave it upon a rock until he should need it.

"And have it stolen," he said, with a glance of pity.

I perceived that he had a great deal of Greenland yet to learn. The most northern Eskimos do not steal. I arranged with Megipsu for a sealskin suit, however, to cost two pairs of scissors, a packet of sail-needles, a hunting-knife, a cracker-box, and Praed's wooden signal-whistle, which Megipsu fancied. In a week the Profess-

or appeared in the silvery clothes. He was highly enthusiastic. I listened patiently while he explained the garments.

"You see, when it is warm," he said, "I can loosen the draw-string and throw back the hood, and a draught of air comes in from the bottom and goes out at the neck and carries off the perspiration. When the wind rises, snap! I haul in the draw-string, cover my head, and I am hermetically sealed. Not a chill can touch me."

"Precisely," I agreed. I had been wearing Eskimo clothes for a year and two months. "I understand," I added, "that you are going oogsook-hunting with Meeoo."

"Yes," he laughed. "I'm going to show the untutored savage the superiority of the rifle over the harpoon."

He learned more about Greenland upon that expedition. There was a floe, perhaps a mile wide, anchored near the mouth of the bay by half a dozen grounded bergs. To this floe the Eskimo and the white man set forth in kayaks. It was midnight when they left and we were asleep, but the Huskies at the village told us that the Professor couldn't manage his canoe, and finally had to permit Daniel to tow him.

Next night they returned with a seal. The Professor had many words of praise for a country where the sun never sets and there is no loss of working-time, but nothing to say about the hunting. At last he confessed that Daniel had killed the seal.

"The *phoca barbata* is a wary animal," he protested. "He will not permit a white face to approach. Two or three of the creatures were taking sun-baths upon the floe, but before I could creep within shooting distance they flopped into the water—a most ungraceful gait. All Arctic animals seem to be clumsy. I fired at one seal and I think I hit him, but he, too, dived. At last I resigned the rifle to Daniel. The savage squirmed over the ice like a worm. When the seals lifted their heads, Daniel lifted his. It is not surprising that he deceived them. His black muzzle looks precisely like that of the seal, and he wears a seal's fur. But his methods would never do in civilization. It took him half a day to crawl across that ice-floe."

"But he shot the seal," someone put in.

"No," replied the Professor. "That's just the point. He wormed himself along until he could almost reach the creature, and then sprang upon it and clubbed it to death with the butt."

I do not think Praed fully appreciated the marvellous adroitness of the hunter, nor the thoughtfulness of the man in saving a cartridge. He never seemed to comprehend that a charge of powder and bullet is worth more to an Eskimo than a diamond is to a bride at home. However, he began after that to treat the Huskies somewhat as if they were human beings.

His complete enlightenment as to the Eskimo character came all in a blaze at the end of our stay in Greenland. Our work there was done. Our explorations had been successful, our scientific collections were almost completed. There were only the loose ends to be gathered up.

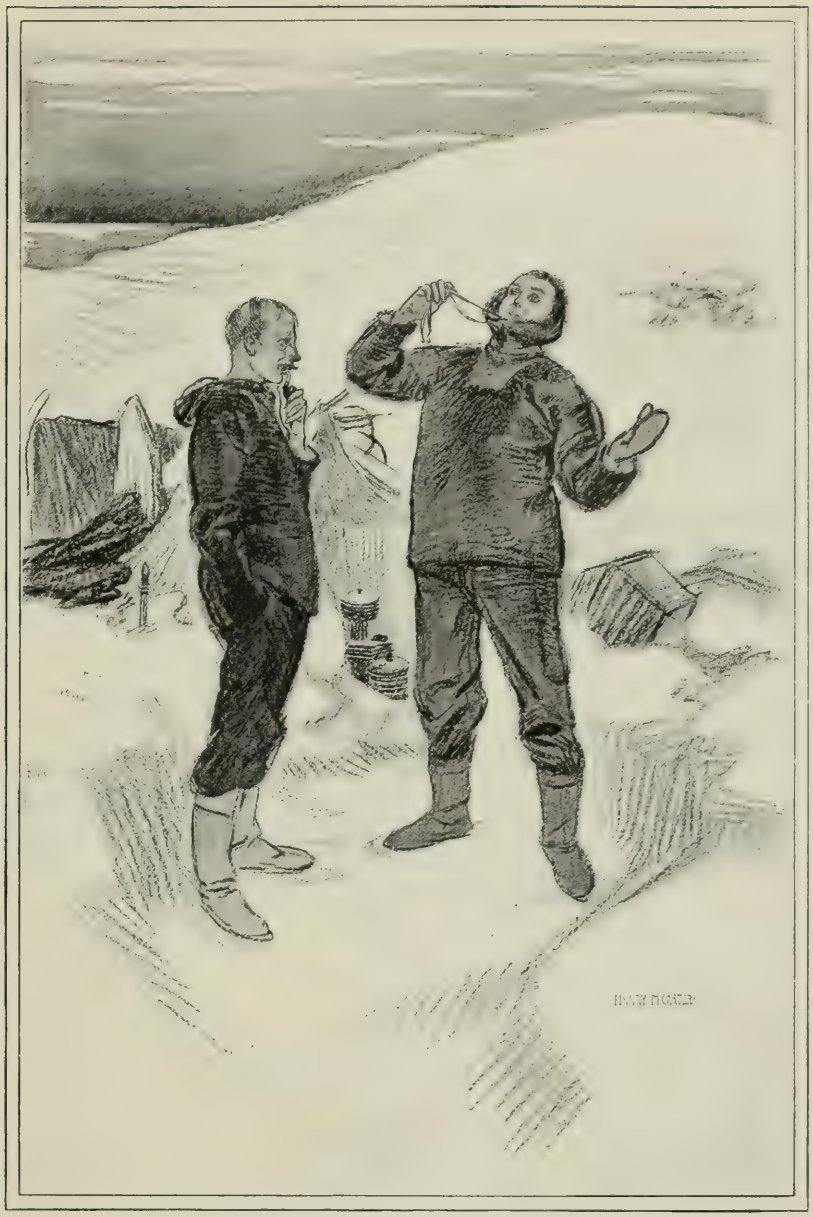
The Professor had seen some desirable flowers in a valley across a glacier. Near that same glacier, in the preceding summer, I, who was acting as mineralogist of the main party, had piled a few specimens in a cranny to be carried to camp later, and I thought I might as well have them. We started forth together. Daniel and one or two other Huskies went with us for comradeship.

At the edge of the glacier we halted. It was a stupendous thing, crawling through a gap in the hills down into the sea like a section of the Midgard serpent. Halfway up the flank, I remember, there was a round hole, and out of it spouted a waterfall, red with basaltic mud. One of the Æsir might have made such a wound with his spear.

The back of the monster was rugged with crevasses.

"You can't cross here," I counselled. "You'd better try farther up, where it's smoother. I'll climb the cliff and take an observation, while you wait here and eat your luncheon. It doesn't do to hurry too much in Greenland."

I was almost an hour making my way up the crags to a point where I could take a bird's-eye view of the mass of ice. It was not a wide glacier—the cliffs opposite were not more than four miles away—but the great number of icebergs it threw off bore witness to the rapidity of its motion.



While he explained the garments.—Page 292

Suddenly, almost below me upon the blue-white ice, appeared four or five black figures. They emerged out of a cleft near the edge and marched steadily toward the centre of the glacier. The surface beyond them and upon either hand was criss-crossed with blue crevasses. Glints from the shining icicles hanging down their sides darted up to me as I stood, a mile away. It was very picturesque, but I had no heart for enjoyment.

"The man is crazy!" I burst out and scrambled down the rough stones to overtake him.

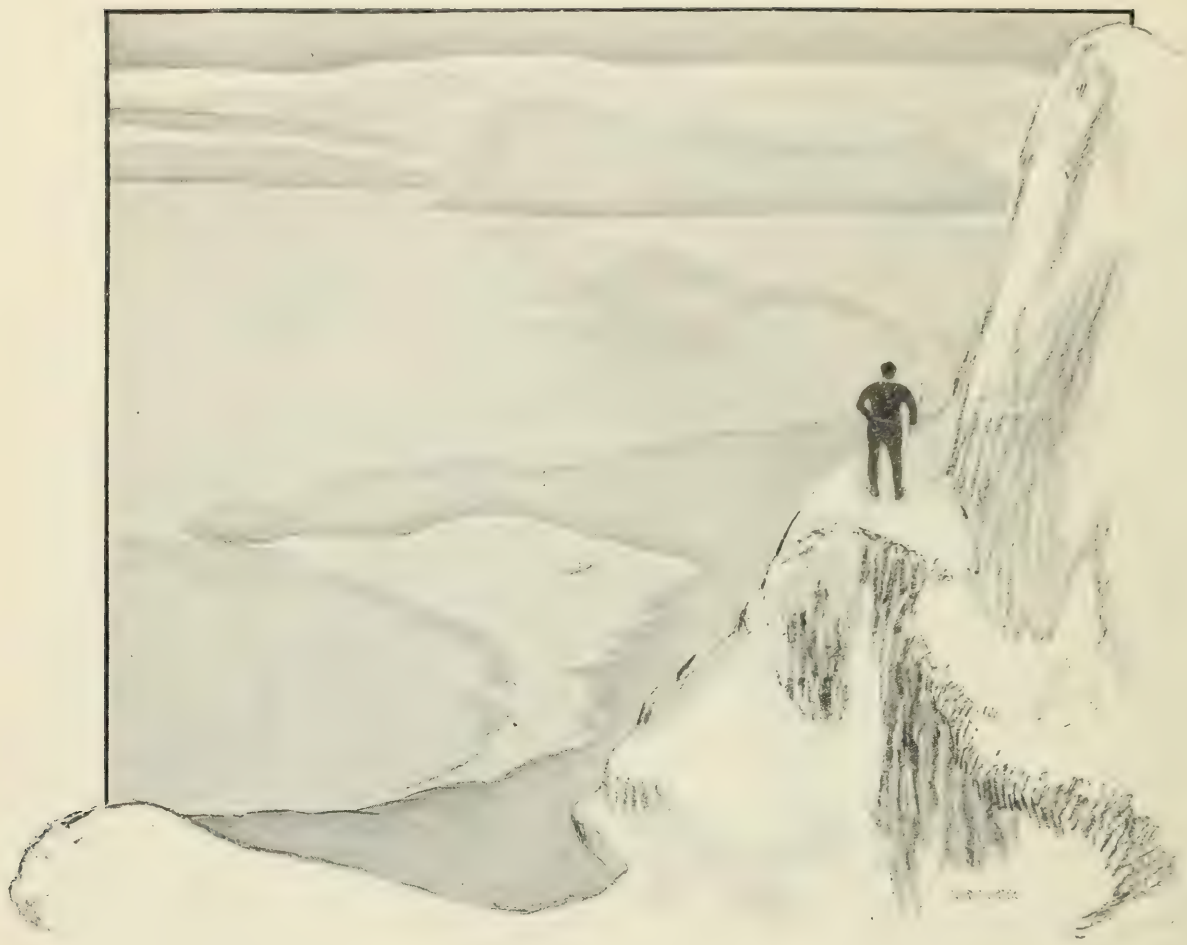
In a quarter of an hour I had reached the bottom of the gorge, between the glacier and the mountain. A furious torrent roared along the side of the ice, but a few pinnacles of rock protruding out of the stream gave foothold to cross. Opposite my landing-place a huge blue cleft in the ice, with a gradually rising peak, furnished easy ascent to the surface.

As soon as my head was clear of the cleft, I saw one of the Eskimos running toward me. I hastened to meet him.

"Pra' has fallen!" cried the man. "The ice has eaten him. He has gone to sleep forever."

"Damnation!" I shouted. "Run to the ship. Tell all the white men to come and bring a rope!"

He sped into the cleft and I moved on. Surmounting a mound in the ice, I could scan the whole surface. A quarter of a mile beyond me, the dark figures of the



I was . . . making my way up the crags.—Page 292.

party crouched beside a long narrow crevasse. As I drew near, the tall figure of the Professor rose and faced me. He made no move to meet me, and when I had approached within a few feet of him, I saw that his hands hung limp at his sides and that he was sobbing. He could not speak, but he pointed to the crevasse. I threw myself at full length upon the ice and peeped over the brink.

A hundred feet below me, on the edge of a block of ice that hung unsteadily upon a mass of *débris*, lay Daniel. His head was doubled unnaturally forward upon his chest. The trash about him was stained with red. He must have died in an instant.

One look was enough. I sprang to my feet and faced the Professor.

"How did that happen?" I exclaimed. "Good God, man, speak! Don't act like a baby!"

Praed burst out sobbing afresh. It was a moment before he could control his tongue. When he spoke he clinched his hands and gazed blankly up the glacier toward the sun.

"It was I," he said; "he saved me. I fell——"

"Well?" I demanded.

"Do you see that shoulder of ice on this side of the crevasse, and the shelf jutting out opposite?"

I peered over the edge once more. The wall hung slightly out at the top and I had a good view of everything beneath. The cleft was not more than five feet wide, but, except for the *débris* lodged below me, it sank away into darkness. It may have been a thousand feet deep.

Some twenty feet down the side a ledge, perhaps twelve inches broad, started from the wall. Upon the opposite wall, about six feet higher, as far as I could estimate, allowing for the foreshortening, there was another shelf, considerably broader. Upon

it sprang up the stumps of two or three heavy icicles that had grown down from an ice-bridge. Doubtless, anciently the *débris* caught below had been part of this bridge, and in its fall had carried the upper ends of the icicles with it. One end of the shelf slanted up almost to the surface.

I took this in at a glance.

"Yes," I said; "go on."

"I must confess from the beginning," he proceeded, in a curious monotone, as if his body, not his mind, were talking, "I doubted your judgment of the glacier. The access to the summit was evidently so easy that, I thought, some route across would surely open out before us. I desired to surprise you; I knew you could easily overtake us. Therefore, I set forth. The Eskimos hung back, but I promised them knives if they would follow.

"It was easy enough until we came to this crevasse. I attempted to leap across, but I slipped and fell. I do not know how it happened, but I struck several times and whirled over and over, and felt a blow upon the back of my head. It dazed me. When I came to myself I was seated upon that ledge, with my back against the wall. The wall slants in, as you see, and the outer edge of the ledge is raised, so I was secure.

"But I had only half recovered my senses and I began to cry out for help. I was so much disturbed that I didn't know what was going on until I saw someone upon the shelf opposite. Then I think I shouted louder. Suddenly there came another shock and I should have fallen, but someone held me up. It was Daniel. He must have leaped across."

He paused and I looked down again. The ledge, at its broadest barely a foot and a half wide, fell away into the wall, not two feet from the spot where Praed must have brought up. It was a brave leap.

"Go on," I commanded.

"Daniel laughed at me," resumed the Professor, like a child reading from a book, "and waited till I got back some of my self-possession. Then he made signs to me to spring across and catch the icicles with my arms. I was afraid. He laughed again and made another sign that he would lift me across. I let him take me by the knees and lift me until my head and waist rose above the shelf, and then I leaned forward and we both toppled over. I caught the icicles, and he held me firm and perhaps—I don't know—if I had kept still——"

I hastened to steady him.

"What did you do?" I asked. "Keep cool."

"I struggled. I squirmed with my feet in getting up—and kicked him free. When I was safe I tried to help him—I meant to help him. But the ledge was empty and he lay there."

"Good God!" was all I could say.

We passed the succeeding three hours in dead silence. Praed never moved, I think, and never took his eyes from the sky above the *névé* basin. The Eskimos sat quietly beside the grave of their friend. I sprang across the crevasse where it narrowed, descended to the shelf with the icicles, and mused upon the courage that had dared a leap to that narrow footing.

At last the party from the ship arrived with ropes. The leader of the Relief Party hastened in advance. His pale face turned red as he saw Praed, and he sprang forward with hand outstretched.

"Praed, old fellow!" he exclaimed. "By the Lord, I'm glad to see you alive. How did you get out?"

Praed turned toward him. I couldn't see his face, but the leader fell back.

"What's the matter?" he said. "What is it?"

"It's an accident," I put in. "Daniel has fallen and is dead."

Then Praed showed the first sign of manliness that I had ever seen in him.

"It is my fault," he proclaimed. "I am to blame for his death. I demand the right to fetch up his body."

In pity for his evident wretchedness, the leader consented. We lowered the Professor by a rope to the heap of trash. But as his weight bore upon the block where the body lay, the ice tilted and fell. Daniel fell with it. The ringing of icicles on either wall of the glacier lessened to a tinkling; the tinkling merged into a sustained harmonic, like the final note of some violin sonata. The tone died away. No final crash followed. The utmost depths were beyond our hearing.

During most of the voyage home, Praed behaved like a man in a dream. He rarely spoke, and when we addressed him



Drawn by Henry McCarter.

I should have fallen but someone held me up—it was Daniel.—Page 295.

he started before he replied. Only once did he show any trace of his ancient aggressive manner, and that was when someone said a slighting word of an Eskimo.

"The Eskimos," retorted Praed, "are heroes."

That was absurd. Perhaps there are three or four left in the tribe who would have done what Daniel did. The Professor was pitiful in his broken condition. We deemed him a chastened man.

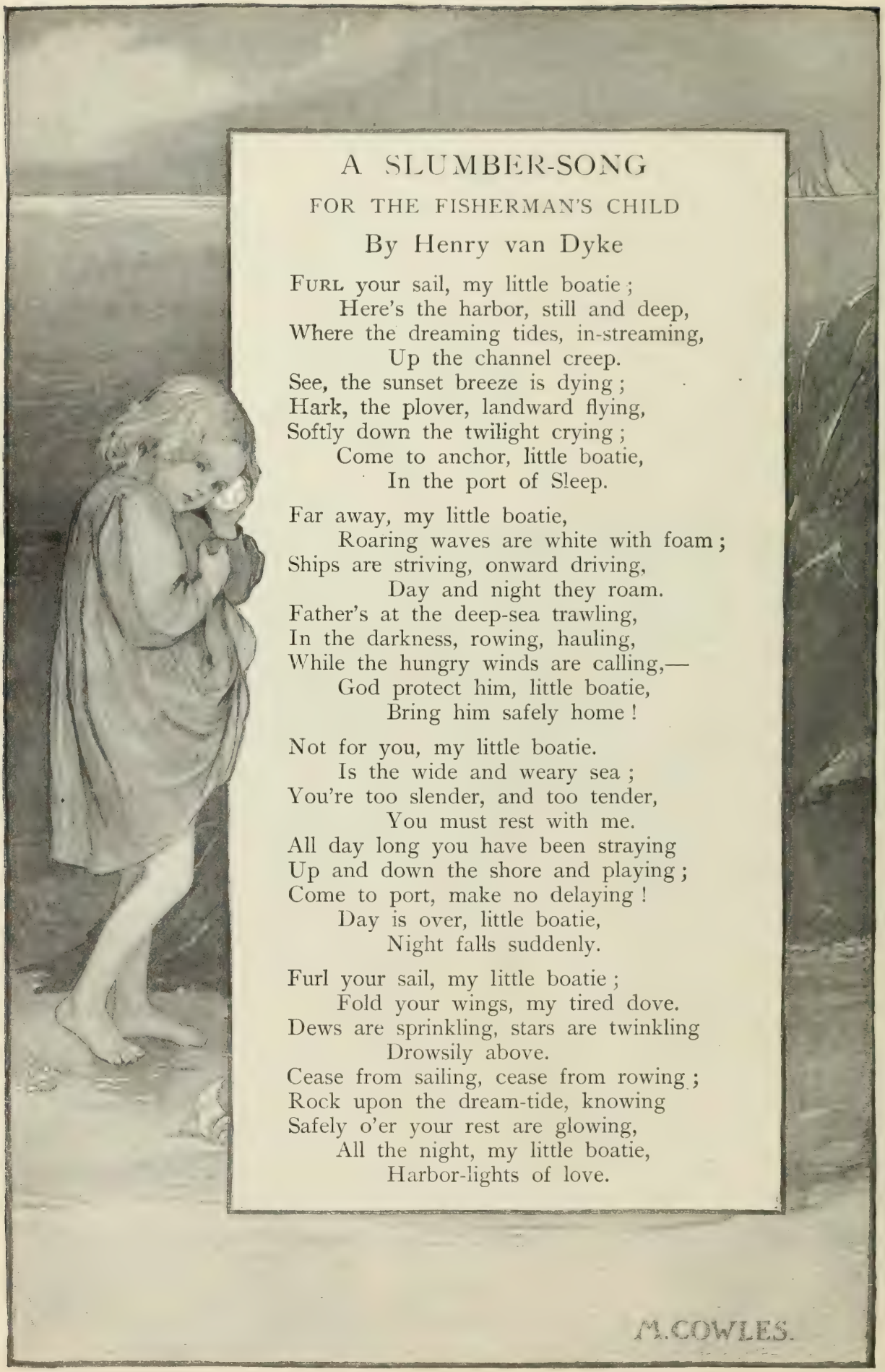
The other day, however, a member of our old party came to see me. There is only one topic of conversation among men who have journeyed to the Far North. In the course of our Arctic gossip I asked for news of Praed.

"Haven't you heard?" asked my friend. "He is lecturing through the West. He has won a great reputation for his courage in descending into the crevasse."

"Hm!" I said, and both of us were silent. We were thinking of a strain of ice-music as unearthly as the Theme of the Grail, and of a vast white tomb, now doubtless afloat upon some Arctic sea. It bears the body of a better man than Praed.



A hundred feet below . . . lay Daniel.—Page 294.



A SLUMBER-SONG

FOR THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD

By Henry van Dyke

FURL your sail, my little boatie;
Here's the harbor, still and deep,
Where the dreaming tides, in-streaming,
Up the channel creep.
See, the sunset breeze is dying;
Hark, the plover, landward flying,
Softly down the twilight crying;
Come to anchor, little boatie,
In the port of Sleep.

Far away, my little boatie,
Roaring waves are white with foam;
Ships are striving, onward driving,
Day and night they roam.
Father's at the deep-sea trawling,
In the darkness, rowing, hauling,
While the hungry winds are calling,—
God protect him, little boatie,
Bring him safely home!

Not for you, my little boatie.
Is the wide and weary sea;
You're too slender, and too tender,
You must rest with me.
All day long you have been straying
Up and down the shore and playing;
Come to port, make no delaying!
Day is over, little boatie,
Night falls suddenly.

Furl your sail, my little boatie;
Fold your wings, my tired dove.
Dews are sprinkling, stars are twinkling
Drowsily above.
Cease from sailing, cease from rowing;
Rock upon the dream-tide, knowing
Safely o'er your rest are glowing,
All the night, my little boatie,
Harbor-lights of love.

M. COWLES.



COME TO ANCHOR, LITTLE BOATIE,
IN THE PORT OF SLEEP.



Painted by George Butler.

Girl with Tambourine.

THE PAINTING OF GEORGE BUTLER

By W. C. Brownell

THE painting of George Butler has the interest of all art that is not manifestly the product of the influences of the moment, but owes its quality to the personality of the painter. Such is the interest of Whistler's, Winslow Homer's, the late Homer Martin's, LaFarge's, Vedder's. It is art that has a direct rather than an illustrative interest — a real rather than a historical value. It does not contribute much to the race, the moment, and the *milieu* theory. And, of course, it suffers some neglect at the present time, which apparently belongs to the theoreticians, and when, accordingly, the illustrative and historical interest of all data that can contribute to the construction of formulary is felt so universally and so nearly exclusively. But the play of those forces that are so highly differentiated as to escape classification —the forces that make up personality— rewards contemplation in quite a different way. It eludes the pursuit of philosophy, but it repays the æsthetic attention quite as much, quite as legitimately, as the study of that impersonal and rather mechanical result of current habits of mind and points of view, the art of the schools. Butler was a pupil—long ago—of Couture, and one may still see evidences of the fact in his portraits now and then. But compare his relation to Couture with that of Sargent to Carolus Duran, for example, in order to see how wholly personal his painting is and how little he owes to any mere source of acquisition, except in certain means of technical expression, early adopted and perhaps rather lazily adhered to. Power and distinction such as Sargent's, even when exhibited almost solely within the range of technical expression, have certainly an individuality of their own that is most striking and admirable. But it is an individuality of accomplishment rather than of quality, marked more by its eminence of excellence than by its native idiosyncrasy. Of course, any intimate association of the two painters would be more misleading than illuminating, and in contrasting them in this single but fundamental respect I only have in mind the radical difference thus illustrated between a painter who has achieved fame by distancing competition in following traditional lines and expressing current tendencies, and a painter who has a controlling personal bent and has followed that.

Butler has, at all events, always done just what he wanted to do, and in the strictest sense. His temperament has always dictated his expression, and in thoroughly imperious fashion. It may be said, indeed, to have dominated his intelligence to the extent, at least, of eliminating, as objects of curiosity, interest, or effort, everything not strictly in accord with itself. But the result has been the felicity of extreme concentration. If in doing what he wanted to do his wants have been few, he has, on the other hand, wanted them with an intensity proportionate to its singleness. Beauty exhibited in the human face and form has absorbed his artistic attention and activity. I remember not only no landscapes, but nothing really to be called a composition among his works. A few Barye-like animal fragments, of heroic mould—a tiger's head, a dog's head and shoulders, the foreparts of an extremely leonine lion, some very feline cats—are, I fancy, the only diversion of his devotion to the single figure and the portrait, and they are but examples of the instinctive exercise of his remarkable gift of representation, and show a fine faculty at play rather than at work. They do not illustrate the "discipline of genius" as some writer has defined art to be, but are merely "artistic" in the sense in which artists use the word, *i.e.*, born of the impulse to create or reproduce an "effect" of some kind. In the portrait and the

single figure, however, he has expressed himself with freedom, with zest, and with completeness.

Portraiture is a branch of art in which artistic aptitudes exhibit themselves in as individual a way as in any other perhaps, despite the preponderance usually assigned to the "likeness." And neither *à priori* nor historically can it be asserted that the imagination itself plays in portraiture an inferior part. The material is possibly less varied than that of landscape or decorative art; but that is nothing. A painter shows his quality quite as much within a limited as within a wider range. And the material of portraiture is at least as highly differentiated as it is limited. The interest of the "Lesson in Anatomy" resides in many of its various pictorial elements no doubt, but also and in the supreme degree in what Burger calls "the working of intellect," as seen in the countenances of the listening circle around the demonstrator. A painter who exhibits himself in portraying human intellect, emotions, character, personality, and with these highly complicated and maturely developed phenomena shows us his point of view and way of looking at things—which are what art and genius mainly are, according to Mr. Henry James—has an opportunity certainly of doing so on a very high plane. And on such a plane Butler is, I think, very much at home. The quality that all his portraits show in common is displayed with perfect freedom and the effect only to be attained by the easy exercise of a native gift.

In the first place they are extremely human. They are in no degree portraits *à la mode* and do not exploit the painter's virtuosity. They show, on the contrary, his respect for, and interest in, his model. One establishes relations through them with their originals. They have character in the moral and intellectual, as well as in the artistic sense. They acquire in this way a typical value. The Century Club's portrait of General Greene is also a portrait of the American soldier, as many another, easily mentioned, is that of the American lady. They are intellectually generalized, that is to say, endowed with a wider than merely individual interest. In the second place they are extremely pictorial. The most intractable subject is made agreeable by being handled with a touch directed by an instinctive preference for, and delight in, the beautiful. The sitter receives the benefit of a translation into a heightened and poetized medium without loss of anything essentially characteristic. In both these respects—their humanity and their pictorial quality—Butler's portraits are decidedly exceptional in current art.

Current art is certainly concentrated upon physical character rather than upon beauty, and current appreciation of it is in harmonious accord with its realistic effort and aim. One may refine speculation to the point of asserting that there is no opposition, essentially considered, between the two; that Rembrandt is as distinguished for his beauty as Raphael, and that on the other hand there is as much character in "The School of Athens" as in the "Lesson in Anatomy." But in matters of this kind terms are approximate only, and the fact that definition is a difficult matter does not obscure the plain truth that a marked difference exists between the work of a painter in whose mind an agreeable conception of an object mirrors itself, and that of one mainly anxious to be exact. Technic has spread prodigiously (quite as much perhaps as it has developed) in the present epoch, and has become rather arrogant in its aggrandizement. Criticism, too, in becoming largely technical has assisted the tendency, so far as it exerts an influence on practice. It has grown tired, no doubt, of its own commonplaces and generalities, its easy habit of estimating aims rather than accomplishment, its routine insensitiveness to aspect and perfunctory absorption in significance. But in assuming the painter's point of view—not a very esoteric one, certainly—it has not been quite self-respectfully discriminating enough to avoid the purely professional attitude. And it is perhaps time for the pendulum to swing back again a little, so that both in estimating and in enjoying the painter's art we may once more think of its intellectual rather than so wholly of its mechanical side, which latter we may also be sure, nowadays, will be quite carefully, and in many cases competently, attended to by the painters themselves.

In this way, at any rate, having in mind

Butler's portraits, we shall be able, whether or no they have the accent and relief requisite for a portrait of the striking or "stunning" order—in this way we shall be able to appreciate what a fine talent it predicates to say of a painter that he sees the finest side of his subject. This is often understood as lightly as it is said, and taken to indicate merely a preference for the agreeable to the more markedly characteristic. And this is no doubt especially true in the field of portraiture. But certainly, and especially in portraiture, very little reflection is needed to show one that the great peril to be avoided, and the most constant menace, is caricature of one sort or another. It may be the caricature that comes from imperfectly seizing and imperfectly rendering the traits of the subject, the caricature that inadequacy is. Or it may be that which comes from undue and disproportionate accentuation of what is perceived too exclusively. Success depends upon avoiding both by forming a correspondent conception of the subject — a conception that is clear and consistent and positive — and painting that. The painter then copies his conception, not his model, and the representative value of his portrait will have precisely the interest of his conception—in so far, of course, as he is able to convey it. In a sense, to be sure, it may be said that it is impossible to paint a portrait without proceeding in this way, without first forming a conception of the sitter plastically, if not morally; that the result is necessarily the product of some preliminary conception. But that is metaphysical fine-spinning. Empirically we all know that unconscious caricature—which is the caricature here referred to—is due to either a defective or a distorted conception, in other words, to a mental image either so faint or so little correspondent to the original as to be practically no conception at all. Of a very large number of portraits, assuredly, it may be asserted that they embody no more developed and complete an antecedent image in the mind of the painter than a mere mechanical impression, barely distinct enough to direct the muscular movements requisite to register it upon canvas.

Butler's conception is, as I have intimated, always very sympathetically formed. It seems to indicate that he likes the sitter. His own cordiality enters into it. It is a result of harmonious relations between his imagination and the sitter's nature —the qualities, as well as the appearance, of the subject. Landscape painting, says Eugène Véron, is "the painting of one's emotions in the presence of nature." Butler's portraits, similarly, seem the painting of his idea of the subject in its suggestive, stimulating, rectifying presence. His conception implies a certain slowness of formation—the time to become acquainted, at least. That of such a painter as Sargent is so rapid as to seem quite impersonal, in comparison. It is apparently formed so quickly as to be really an impression rather than a conception at all. Though occasionally plainly transitory, it is often wonderfully vivid and searching, but rarely does it attest that assimilation which is a necessary preliminary of synthesis of such complexity as the conception of an active personality is entitled to. Its qualities are fundamentally "artistic." Butler's is at the same time more mature and less objective. Sargent's *grandes dames*, for example, are always fine ladies, but Butler's portraits of women have, all of them, whatever the sitter's type, the patrician look. Yet they are noble rather than elegant, and simple in their refinement. Their graciousness is native, and there is something ample in the ease with which they carry themselves. Add to this a poetic strain that characterizes very intimately their unaffected naturalness and gives them a universal as well as a specific interest, making of them abiding works of art.

The Italian type, which almost all his single figures illustrate, has had a particular charm for Butler—as the accompanying illustrations attest. And to its interpretation he has brought a remarkable and an instinctive sympathy. Stendhal would have liked his Italian figures—Stendhal, who better than any other writer, perhaps, has understood the Italian national character in its nobility as well as its finesse. Its finesse has not interested Butler, as indeed it could hardly interest a painter of his frank nature, and it is not, of course, a particularly paintable quality, though it must be confessed that Velasquez made something of it in his Innocent X. of the

Doria Gallery. But its nobility, its largeness, its elemental and untormented quality, its freedom from pettiness and perplexities, its naturalness, its frank following of the dictates of will and passion, unsophisticated by the restraints and complications of vanity or self-consciousness in any of its myriad forms—can be read in Butler's Capri peasants as in a book. Health and vigor, an animation that is not feverish or hardly alert, the charm of pensiveness without sadness, of repose without revery, of work without strain, and existence without effort, they show in every expression of their large lines and simple, graceful attitudes. Now and then from the face shines a beautiful soul, its innocence untouched by experience and acquiring an almost pathetic quality from its unworldly, yet by no means spiritual serenity. They win your admiration and your heart. They have infinite capacities of feeling, of loving, of wilfulness, of self-sacrifice. They have been refined but not corrupted by their not too close or too reciprocal contact with civilization. They are all of a piece, and one comprehends the tragedy that excess would mean for them. In their way they are the acme of poetry and beauty expressed in character that has a wonderful correspondence to the envelope of its plastic manifestation. "I would rather," exclaimed once a friend of mine—a lady, naturally—"I would rather know one Jew than forty Gentiles, they have so much more *character*." Character in this sense the Italians possess in effusion, so to speak, and Butler's Capriotes and Venetians exhibit it with a native dignity and charm that one has only to think of such contrasts as Bastien-Lepage's, or even Millet's, peasants (far more interesting in many other respects, of course) to appreciate.

Some of them are beautifully painted, as all are sympathetically understood. The elder of the two boys here reproduced is an especially lovely bit of handling, of quality, of clarity in the gently gradated tones. A Capri woman seated in a straight-backed chair upon a homespun carpet making lace, is very nearly a marvel in the same way—a figure that painters themselves are particularly pleased with. The blue dress, the white bodice, the dark face and hands, the blue-black hair, the greenish background, and the gray and red carpet compose largely in masses of importance, and are painted with a liquid and *luisant* effect that is nevertheless as far as possible from a blended and effeminate one. The touch is firmer, perhaps, more positive and vigorous, certainly, in the Venetian water-carrier here engraved, though it is equally distant from anything brutal, and the brush is restrained by refinement within the lines of true distinction, with the result that the reader may discern even in black and white. Is she not a majestic creature—for pictorial purposes, at all events? Pictorially, at least, she is superb. This is what a painter of genuine temperament and an instinct for character can make out of a bare-headed girl lugging a jar of water. One perceives at once the vitality and completeness of Butler's purely plastic impressions.

So vital and complete indeed are his plastic impressions that they explain, I think, his fondness for the single figure, his carelessness for composition. It may be argued from this fondness that his talent is an impressionable rather than an imaginative one; that his plastic exceeds his architectonic faculty. But to argue this is to miss an important side of his art. He does not, it is true, see things in their relations so much as in their essence. The genius for image-making, for originating conceptions of complex and interdependent interest, for composition, in a word, he certainly does not possess in any marked degree, or we should have had from him at least some experimentation in this sort. But it is remarkable how little, in looking at one of his noble figures, one feels this as a limitation, how close an equivalent he gives us for it. He has comprehended his model so thoroughly, and realized it so perfectly; he has conveyed the character itself so essentially, so subtly, and so intimately, merely in presenting its plastic phenomena, that he has amply *suggested* its characteristic environment and everything related to it that, in an elaborate composition of which it should be the centre, might contribute to its completer expression and relief. It does not look in the least like the study for a figure in some picture or other. It is a picture in itself. We do not get the pleasure that the pictorial presentation of this contrib-



Portrait.

utory environment would give us; we forego the sensuous delight that composition is capable of affording; but the striking thing about Butler's single figures is that they themselves so impress the imagination as to make us forget that they are unaided by accessories. One may add, by the way, the not impertinent corollary that it would be difficult to find among contemporary painters one who could satisfactorily supply this omission on the same plane of conception and workmanship.

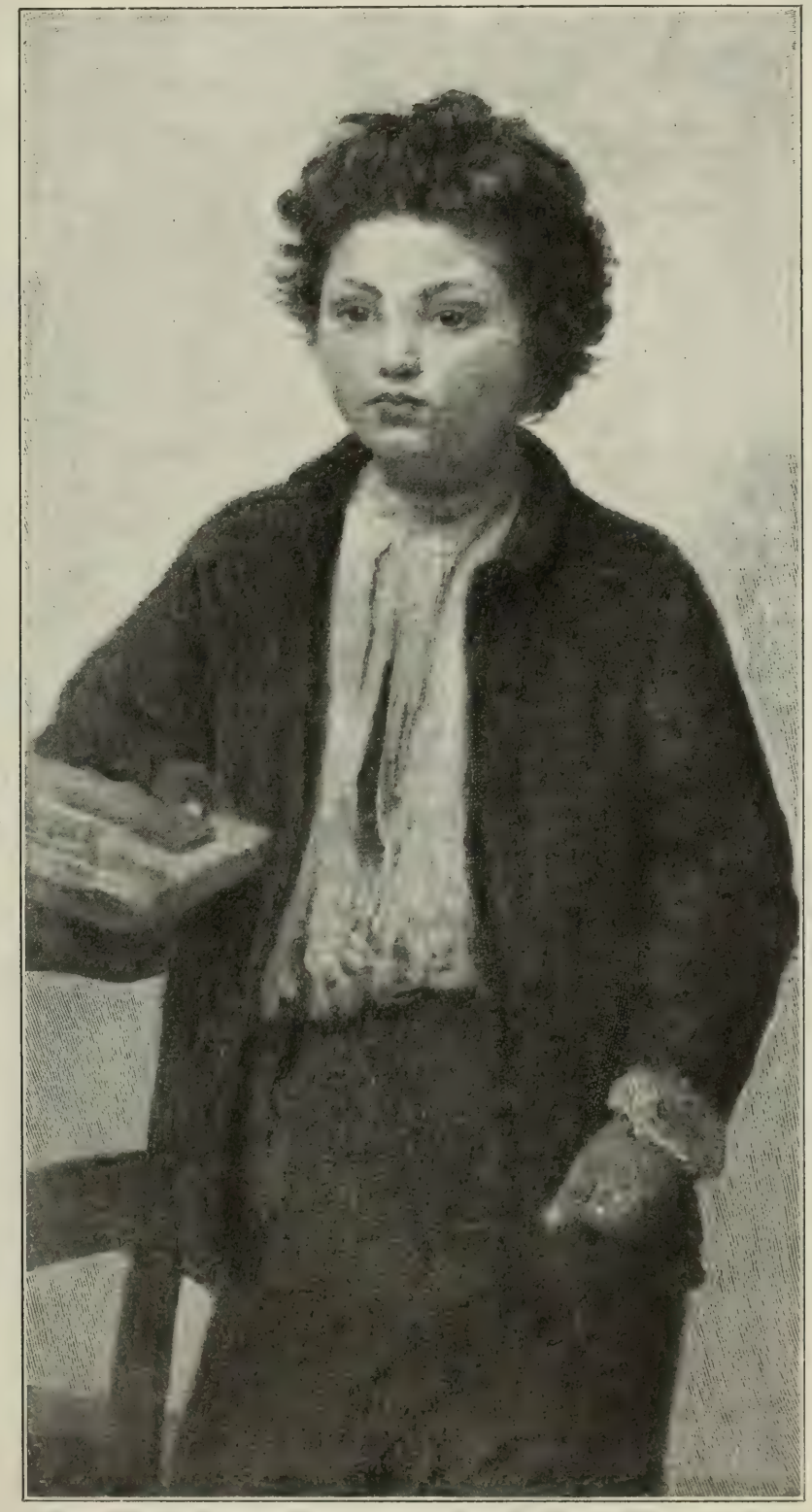
Butler's color is one of the prominent qualities of his painting. It is extremely full and rich, at the same time that it is quiet and grave. Color as color interests him, plainly, and he does not leave it to take care of itself, as is a frequent practice at the present time, when painters seem largely to have given over the illustration of its decorative possibilities and to be devoting themselves either to the value or the vibration, instead of the quality, of their color. On the one hand, the prevailing middle tint that is *obviously* middle tint, and, on the other, the high key of luminosity that is obviously mere pitch instead of melody, make such canvases as Butler's seem, perhaps, a trifle



Roman Boy.

old-fashioned. How long is it since Titian was mentioned in a modern studio except as a subject of interest to the antiquarian? The practitioner who, twenty-five years ago, was endeavoring to divine his "secret," perhaps abandoning the quest as hopeless, has exchanged his atmosphere for one more rarefied, where, if the prospect is considerably more arid, there is correspondingly less demand on the vital forces. The lack in Butler's work of the current display of machinery —which is what an exclusive devotion to values or vibration may not unfairly be called—the lack of this inversion of the normal relations between means and ends, is not felt particularly, I fancy, by anyone but the professional practitioner. His low key and his unconcern for illustrating the potentialities of pure technic *à propos de bottes*, enable him to exhibit, very charmingly, his feeling for color in and for itself.

This gives his work an agreeable element of contrast to that most in vogue. One of his canvases is a welcome sight in a contemporary exhibition for this reason alone. A disproportionate devotion to color means the loss of many admirable sources of pleasure in art, beyond any doubt. And in the main these are especially admirable, because they are intellectual sources rather than sensuous. But the content of art is beauty, and beauty implies sensuousness, and in painting there is no such source of sensuous impression as color. A feeling for it is shared alike by the savage and the civilized man, and no doubt there is something barbarous in the delight which certain of its manifestations inspire. But this fact in itself shows the elemental and universal quality of this feeling and exhibits it as a mark of temperament. An acute or profound sense of its intimate appeal



Painted by George Butler.

Match Seller.



Portrait.

has characterized all epochs of expansion in the history of art, and its neglect has been the invariable accompaniment of that petrifaction by system which has assailed art at its every apogee. It is so sensitive as well as so elemental that it has suffered neglect as well in the development as in the decay of art ; in the admirable evolution of Florentine line and mass following the lovely harmonies of Giottesque color, as well as in the sterilities succeeding the high Renaissance. It is the sign-manual of the spirit of invention, of imagination, of novelty, of free exercise of the faculties ; and it individualizes the painter more sharply, perhaps, than any other characteristic. Color is his short-cut to sentiment, his most eloquent expression, his readiest means of communicating emotion. More than his style one may say that his color is the man.

Butler's feeling for color is not feeling for its subtleties. It is a broad and tranquil delight in its simpler effects. He is not fond of hues and tints, of gradations and oppositions, of jewel-like harmonies and delicate flushes, of iridescence and sheen and sparkle. His color is the suave and sweet vibration of tone, now rich and deep, now clear and soft, but vibrating mainly near the primaries. Its distinction is that it is always *color;* that one of his canvases nowhere loses its music, so to say, and becomes mere sound. Locally, it is always treated in large masses, giving the eye repose rather than stimulus, and the general harmony is correspondingly large. He sees things in color, evidently, which is very different from seeing color in things, as also from not seeing color at all. It is through their color that his figures acquire their solidity and firmness—a greater relief than they would have, perhaps, if wholly dependent on justness of value. Their color is so pervasive and penetrating, it characterizes and expresses them so forcibly, it is so emphatically the instrument of their realization, that without it they would lose identity.

It is difficult, for instance, to judge of the "Girl with Tambourine" minus the rich glow that pervades the orange background, warms the olive of the soft, smiling countenance, the plump neck, the slender arm and hand, and mellows the brown and red of the *contadina* costume. Reduced to black and white, with its values as carefully preserved as has been essayed in the accompanying reproduction, it unfailingly loses, in some measure, its reality, its roundness, its "tactile values"—to employ Mr. Berenson's favorite term. Scientifically speaking, this perhaps involves a contradiction since, speaking thus, "tactile values" depend upon the light and dark relations of color, and not upon its kind or quality. But the kind and quality of color have such power over the emotions, and leave such a lively impress on the retina that, practically and concretely, they serve to increase wonderfully the sense of a picture's substantiality at the same time that, and in virtue of the fact that, they increase the vivacity of the beholder's interest. Is it not possible that this consideration has been somewhat lost sight of in the logic that dictates the practice of much current painting? The old masters are there to show what a loss in mere substantiality, in weight and force, the neglect of color involves. Indeed, the "valueless" coach-panel painting of the English pre-Raphaelites points a similar moral, and perhaps accounts for the revival of interest in it. As to color as a vehicle for the communication of poetry, there is, of course, nowhere any dispute. Poetry implies personal feeling, and in no way can feeling be expressed more personally than in color. And if Butler's color, as well as his sympathetic interpretation of character, makes his canvases contrast, in a way that may be stigmatized as "old-fashioned," with the colorlessness and the brutality that abound, one may properly retort that the limitedness of the *laudator temporis acti* is clairvoyance itself compared with the partisanship of the pedant of the present.

THE CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVY ANN

By Joel Chandler Harris

"WHEN JESS WENT A-FIDDLIN'"

SITTING on the veranda one summer day, ruminating over other people's troubles, and wondering how womankind can invent and discover so many things to fret and vex them, I was surprised to hear someone yelling at the gate, "You-all got any bitin' dogs here?" I was surprised, because the voice failed to match the serenity of the suburban scene. Its tone was unsuited to the surroundings, being pitched a trifle too high. Before I could make any reply the gate was flung open, and the owner of the voice, who was no other than Aunt Minervy Ann, flirted in and began to climb the terrace. My recognition of her was not immediate, for she wore her Sunday toggery, in which, following the oriental instincts of her race, the reds and yellows were emphasized with startling effect. She began to talk by the time she was half-way between the house and gate, and it was owing to this special and particular volubility that I was able to recognize her.

"Huh!" she exclaimed, "hit's des like clim'in' up sta'rs. Folks what live here bleeze ter b'long ter de Sons er Tempunce." There was a relish about this reference to the difficulties of three terraces that at once identified Aunt Minervy Ann. More than that, one of the most conspicuous features of the country town where she lived was a large brick building, covering half a block, across the top of which stretched a sign—"Temperance Hall"—in letters that could be read a quarter of a mile away.

Aunt Minervy Ann received a greeting that seemed to please her, whereupon she explained that an excursion had come to Atlanta from her town, and she had seized the opportunity to pay me a visit. "I tol' um," said she, "dat dey could stay up in town dar an' hang 'roun' de kyar-shed ef dey wanter, but here's what wuz gwine ter come out an' see whar you live at."

She was informed that, though she was welcome, she would get small pleasure from her visit. The cook had failed to make her appearance, and the lady of the house was at that moment in the kitchen and in a very fretful state of mind, not because she had to cook, but because she had about reached the point where she could place no dependence in the sisterhood of colored cooks.

"Is she in de kitchen now?" Aunt Minervy's tone was a curious mixture of amusement and indignation. "I started not ter come, but I had a call, I sho' did; sump'n tol' me dat you mought need me out here." With that, she went into the house, slamming the screen-door after her, and untying her bonnet as she went.

Now, the lady of the house had heard of Aunt Minervy Ann, but had never met her, and I was afraid that the characteristics of my old-time friend would be misunderstood, and misinterpreted. The lady in question knew nothing of the negro race until long after emancipation, and she had not been able to form a very favorable opinion of its representatives. Therefore, I hastened after Aunt Minervy Ann, hoping to tone down by explanation whatever bad impression she might create. She paused at the screen-door that barred the entrance to the kitchen, and, for an instant, surveyed the scene within. Then she cried out:

"You des ez well ter come out'n dat kitchen! You ain't got no mo' bizness in dar dan a new-born baby."

Aunt Minervy Ann's voice was so loud and absolute that the lady gazed at her in mute astonishment. "You des ez well ter come out!" she insisted.

"Are you crazy?" the lady asked in all seriousness.

"I'm des ez crazy now ez I ever been; an' I tell you you des ez well ter come out'n dar."

"Who are you anyhow?"

"I'm Minervy Ann Perdue, at home

an' abroad, an' in dish yer great town whar you can't git niggers ter cook fer you."

"Well, if you want me to come out of the kitchen, you will have to come in and do the cooking."

"Dat 'zackly what I'm gwine ter do!" exclaimed Aunt Minervy Ann. She went into the kitchen, demanded an apron, and took entire charge. "I'm mighty glad I come 'fo' you got started," she said, "'kaze you got 'nuff fier in dis stove fer ter barbecue a hoss; an' you got it so hot in here dat it's a wonder you ain't bust a blood-vessel."

She removed all the vessels from the range, and opened the door of the furnace so that the fire might die down. And when it was nearly out—as I was told afterward—she replaced the vessels and proceeded to cook a dinner which, in all its characteristics, marked a red letter day in the household.

"She's the best cook in the country," said the lady, "and she's not polite."

"Polite! Well, if she was polite, she'd be a hypocrite, and if she was a hypocrite, she wouldn't be Aunt Minervy Ann."

The cook failed to come in the afternoon, and so Aunt Minervy Ann felt it her duty to remain over night. "Hamp'll vow I done run away wid somebody," she said, laughing, "but I don't keer what he think."

After supper, which was as good as the dinner had been, Aunt Minervy Ann came out on the veranda and sat on the steps. After some conversation, she placed the lady of the house on the witness-stand.

"Mistiss, wharbouts in Georgy wuz you born at?"

"I wasn't born in Georgia; I was born in Lansingburgh, New York."

"I know'd it!" Aunt Minervy turned to me and nodded her head with energy. "I know'd it right pine blank!"

"You knew what?" the presiding genius of the household inquires with some curiosity.

"I know'd 'm dat you wuz a Northron lady."

"I don't see how you knew it," I remarked.

"Well, suh, she talk like we-all do, an' she got mighty much de same ways. But when I went out dar dis mornin' an' holler at 'er in de kitchen, I know'd by de way she turn 'roun' on me dat she ain't been brung up wid niggers. Ef she'd 'a' been a Southron lady, she'd 'a' laughed an' said, 'Come in here an' cook dis dinner yo'se'f, you ole vilyun,' er she'd 'a' come out an' crackt me over de head wid dat i'on spoon what she had in her han'."

I could perceive a vast amount of acuteness in the observation, but I said nothing, and, after a considerable pause, Aunt Minervy Ann remarked:

"Dey er lots er mighty good folks up dar"—indicating the North—"some I've seed wid my own eyes an' de yuthers I've heern talk un. Mighty fine folks, an' dey say dey mighty sorry fer de niggers. But I'll tell um all anywhar, any day, dat I'd lots druther dey'd be good ter me dan ter be sorry fer me. You know dat ar white lady what Marse Tom Chippendale married? Her pa come down here ter he'p de niggers, an' he done it de best he kin, but Marse Tom's wife can't b'ar de sight un um. She won't let um go in her kitchen, she won't let um go in her house, an' she don't want um nowhars 'roun'. I don't blame 'er much myse'f, bekaze it look like dat de niggers what been growin' up sence freedom is des tryin' der han' fer ter see how no 'count dey kin be. Dey'll git better—dey er bleeze ter git better, 'kaze dey can't git no wuss."

Here came another pause, which continued until Aunt Minervy Ann, turning her head toward me, asked if I knew the lady that Jesse Towers married; and before I had time to reply with certainty, she went on:

"No, suh, you des can't know 'er. She ain't come dar twel sev'nty, an' I mos' know you ain't see 'er dat time you went down home ter de fair, 'kaze she wa'n't gwine out dat year. Well, she wuz a Northron lady. I come mighty nigh tellin' you 'bout 'er whence you wuz at de fair, but fus' one thing an' den anudder jumped in de way; er maybe 'twuz too new ter be goshup'd 'roun' right den. But de way she come ter be dar an' de way it all turn out beats any er dem tales what de ol' folks use ter tell we childun. I may not know all de ins an' outs, but what I does know I knows mighty well, 'kaze de young 'oman tol' me herse'f right out 'er own mouf.

"Fus' an' fo'mus', dar wuz ol' Gabe Towers. He wuz dar whence you wuz dar, an' long time 'fo' dat. You know'd him, sho', 'kaze he wuz one er dem kinder men what sticks out fum de res' like a waggin' tongue. Not dat he wuz any better'n anybody else, but he had dem kinder ways what make folks talk 'bout 'im an' 'pen' on 'im. I dunner 'zackly what de ways wuz, but I knows dat whatsomever ol' Gabe Towers say an' do, folks 'd nod der head an' say an' do de same. An' me 'long er de res'. He had dem kinder ways 'bout 'im, an' 'twa'n't no use talkin'."

In these few words, Aunt Minervy conjured up in my mind the memory of one of the most remarkable men I had ever known. He was tall, with iron-gray hair. His eyes were black and brilliant, his nose slightly curved, and his chin firm without heaviness. To this day Gabriel Towers stands out in my admiration foremost among all the men I have ever known. He might have been a great statesman; he would have been great in anything to which he turned his hand. But he contented himself with instructing smaller men, who were merely politicians, and with sowing and reaping on his plantation. More than one senator went to him for ideas with which to make a reputation.

His will seemed to dominate everybody with whom he came in contact, not violently, but serenely and surely, and as a matter of course. Whether this was due to his age—he was sixty-eight when I knew him, having been born in the closing year of the eighteenth century—or to his moral power, or to his personal magnetism, it is hardly worth while to inquire. Major Perdue said that the secret of his influence was common-sense, and this is perhaps as good an explanation as any. The immortality of Socrates and Plato should be enough to convince us that common-sense is almost as inspiring as the gift of prophecy. To interpret Aunt Minervy Ann in this way is merely to give a correct report of what occurred on the veranda, for explanation of this kind was nccessary to give the lady of the house something like a familiar interest in the recital.

"Yes, suh," Aunt Minervy Ann went on, "he had dem kinder ways 'bout 'im, an' whatsomever he say you can't shoo it off like you would a hen on de gyarden fence. Dar 'twuz an' dar it stayed.

"Well, de time come when ol' Marse Gabe had a gran'son, an' he name 'im Jesse in 'cordance wid de Bible. Jesse grow'd an' grow'd twel he got ter be a right smart chunk uv a boy, but he wa'n't no mo' like de Towerses dan he wuz like de Chippendales, which he wa'n't no kin to. He tuck atter his ma, an' who his ma tuck atter I'll never tell you, 'kaze Bill Henry Towers married 'er way off yander somers. She wuz purty but puny, yit puny ez she wuz she could play de peanner by de hour, an' play it mo' samer dan de man what make it.

"Well, suh, Jesse tuck atter his ma in looks, but 'stidder playin' de peanner, he l'arnt how ter play de fiddle, an' by de time he wuz twelve year ol', he could make it talk. Hit's de fatal trufe, suh; he could make it talk. You hear folks playin' de fiddle, an' you know what dey doin'; you kin hear de strings a-plunkin' an' you kin hear de bow raspin' on um on 'count de rozzum, but when Jesse Towers swiped de bow cross his fiddle, 'twa'n't no fiddle—'twuz human; I ain't tellin' you no lie, suh, 'twuz human. Dat chile could make yo' heart ache; he could fetch yo' sins up befo' you. Don't tell me! many an' many a night when I hear Jesse Towers playin', I could shet my eyes an' hear my childun cryin', dem what been dead an' buried long time ago. Don't make no diffunce 'bout de chune, reel, jig, er promenade, de human cryin' wuz behime all un um.

"Bimeby, Jesse got so dat he didn't keer nothin' 'tall 'bout books. It uz fiddle, fiddle, all day long, an' half de night ef dey'd let 'im. Den folks 'gun ter talk. No need ter tell you what all dey say. De worl' over, fum what I kin hear, dey got de idee dat a fiddle is a free pass ter whar ole Scratch live at. Well, suh, Jesse got so he'd run away fum school an' go off in de woods an' play his fiddle. Hamp use ter come 'pon 'im when he haulin' wood, an' he say dat fiddle ain't soun' no mo' like de fiddles what you hear in common dan a flute soun' like a bass drum.

"Now you know yo'se'f, suh, dat dis kinder doin's ain't gwine ter suit Marse Gabe Towers. Time he hear un it, he put his foot down on fiddler, an' fiddle, an' fiddlin'. Ez you may say, he sot down

on de fiddle an' smash it. Dis happen when Jesse wuz sixteen year ol', an' by dat time he wuz mo' in love wid de fiddle dan what he wuz wid his gran'daddy. An' so dar 'twuz. He ain't look like it, but Jesse wuz in about ez high strung ez his fiddle wuz, an' when his gran'daddy laid de law down, he sol' out his pony an' buggy an' made his disappearance fum dem parts.

"Well, suh, 'twa'n't so mighty often you'd hear sassy talk 'bout Marse Gabe Towers, but you could hear it den. Folks is allers onreasonable wid dem dey like de bes'; you know dat yo'se'f, suh. Marse Gabe ain't make no 'lowance fer Jesse, an' folks ain't make none fer Marse Gabe. Marse Tumlin wuz dat riled wid de man dat dey come mighty nigh havin' a fallin' out. Dey had a splutter 'bout de time when sump'n n'er had happen, an' atter dey wrangle a little, Marse Tumlin sot de date by sayin' dat 'twuz 'a year 'fo' de day when Jess went a-fiddlin'.' Dat sayin' kindled de fier, suh, an it spread fur an' wide. Marse Tom Chippendale say dat folks what never is hear tell er de Towerses went 'roun' talkin' 'bout 'de time when Jess went a-fiddlin'.'"

Aunt Minervy Ann chuckled over this, probably because she regarded it as a sort of victory for Major Tumlin Perdue. She went on:

"Yes, suh, 'twuz a by-word wid de childun. No matter what happen, er when it happen, er ef 'tain't happen, 'twuz 'fo' er atter 'de day when Jess went a-fiddlin'.' Hit look like dat Marse Gabe sorter drapt a notch or two in folks' min's. Yit he helt his head dez ez high. He bleeze ter hol' it high, 'kaze he had in 'im de blood uv bofe de Tumlins an' de Perdues; I dunner how much, but 'nuff fer ter keep his head up.

"I ain't no almanac, suh, but I never is ter fergit de year when Jess went a-fiddlin'. 'Twuz sixty, 'kaze de nex' year de war 'gun ter bile, an' 'twa'n't long 'fo' it biled over. Yes, suh! dar wuz de war come on an' Jesse done gone. Dey banged aloose, dey did, dem on der side, an' we on our'n, an' dey kep' on a bangin' twel we-all can't bang no mo'. An' den de war hushed up, an' freedom come, an' still nobody ain't hear tell er Jesse. Den you come down dar, suh, an' stay what time you did; still nobody ain't hear tell er Jesse. He mought er writ ter his ma, but ef he did, she kep' it mighty close. Marse Gabe ain't los' no flesh 'bout it, an' ef he los' any sleep on account er Jess, he ain't never brag 'bout it.

"Well, suh, it went on dis away twel, ten year atter Jess went a-fiddlin', his wife come home. Yes, suh! His wife! Well! I wuz stan'in' right in de hall talkin' wid Miss Fanny—dat's Jesse's ma—when she come, an' when de news broke on me you could 'a' knockt me down wid a permeter fan. De house-gal show'd 'er in de parler, an' den come atter Miss Fanny. Miss Fanny she went in dar, an' I stayed outside talkin' wid de house-gal. De gal say, 'Aunt Minervy Ann, dey sho' is sump'n n'er de matter wid dat white lady. She white ez any er de dead, an' she can't git 'er breff good.' 'Bout dat time, I hear somebody cry out in de parler, an' den I hear sump'n fall. De house-gal cotch holt er me an' 'gun ter whimper. I shuck 'er off, I did, an' went right straight in de parler, an' dar wuz Miss Fanny layin' face fo'mus' on a sofy wid a letter in 'er han' an' de white lady sprawled out on de flo'.

"Well, suh, you can't skeer me wid trouble, 'kaze I done see too much; so I shuck Miss Fanny by de arm an' ax 'er what de matter, an' she cry out, 'Jesse's dead an' his wife come home.' She uz plum heart-broke, suh, an' I speck I wuz blubberin' some myse'f when Marse Gabe walkt in, but I wuz tryin' ter work wid de white lady on de flo'. 'Twix' Marse Gabe an' Miss Fanny, 'twuz sho'ly a tryin' time. When one er dem hard an' uppity men lose der grip on deyse'f, dey turn loose ever'thing, an' dat wuz de way wid Marse Gabe. When dat de case, sump'n n'er got ter be done, an' it got ter be done mighty quick."

Aunt Minervy Ann paused here and rubbed her hands together contemplatively, as if trying to restore the scene more completely to her memory.

"You know how loud I kin talk, suh, when I'm min' ter. Well, I talk loud den an' dar. I 'low, 'What you-all doin'? Is you gwine ter let Marse Jesse's wife lay here an' die des 'kaze he dead? Ef you is, I'll des go on whar I b'longs at!' Dis kinder fotch um 'roun', an' 'twa'n't

no time 'fo' we had de white lady in de bed whar Jesse use ter sleep at, an' soon's we got 'er cuddled down in it, she come 'roun'. But she wuz in a mighty bad fix. She wanter git up an' go off, an' 'twuz all I could do fer ter keep 'er in bed. She done like she wuz plum distracted. Dey wa'n't skacely a minit fer long hours, an' dey wuz mighty long uns, suh, dat she wa'n't moanin' an' sayin' dat she wa'n't gwine ter stay, an' she hope de Lord'd fergive 'er. I tell you, suh, 'twuz tarryfyin'. I shuck nex' day des like folks do when dey are honin' atter dram.

"You may ax me how come I ter stay dar," Aunt Minervy Ann suggested with a laugh. "Well, suh, 'twa'n't none er my doin's. I speck dey mus' be sump'n wrong 'bout me, 'kaze no matter how rough I talk ner how ugly I look, sick folks an' childun allers takes up wid me. When I go whar dey is, it's mighty hard fer ter git 'way fum um. So, when I say ter Jesse's wife, 'Keep still, honey, an' I'll go home an' not pester you,' she sot up in bed an' say ef I gwine she gwine too. I say, 'Nummine 'bout me, honey, you lay down dar an' don't talk too much.' She 'low, 'Le' me talk ter you an' tell you all 'bout it.' But I shuck my head an' say dat ef she don't hush up an' keep still I'm gwine right home.

"I had ter do 'er des like she wuz a baby, suh. She wa'n't so mighty purty, but she had purty ways, 'stracted ez she wuz, an' de biggest black eyes you mos' ever seed, an' black curly ha'r cut short kinder like our folks use ter w'ar der'n. Den de house-gal fotched some tea an' toas', an' dis holp 'er up mightly, an' atter dat I sont ter Marse Gabe fer some dram, an' de gal fotched de decanter fum de sidebode. Bein', ez you may say, de nurse, I tuck an' tas'e er de dram fer ter make sho' dat nobody ain't put nothin' in it. An', sho' 'nuff, dey ain't."

Aunt Minervy Ann paused and smacked her lips. "Atter she got de vittles an' de dram, she sorter drap off ter sleep, but 'twuz a mighty flighty kinder sleep. She'd wake wid a jump des 'zackly like babies does, an' den she'd moan an' worry twel she dozed off ag'in. I nodded, suh, bekaze you can't set me down in a cheer, night er day, but what I'll nod, but in betwix' an' betweens I kin hear Marse Gabe Towers walkin' up an' down in de liberry; walk, walk; walk, walk, up an' down. I speck ef I'd 'a' been one er de nervious an' flighty kin' dey'd 'a' had to tote me out er dat house de nex' day; but me! I des kep' on a-noddin'.

"Bimeby, I hear sump'n come swishin' 'long, an' in walkt Miss Fanny. I tell you now, suh, ef I'd a met 'er comin' down de road, I'd 'a' made a break fer de bushes, she look so much like you know sperrets oughter look—an' Marse Jesse's wife wuz layin' dar wid 'er eyes wide open. She sorter swunk back in de bed when she see Miss Fanny, an' cry out, 'Oh, I'm mighty sorry fer ter trouble you; I'm gwine 'way in de mornin'.' Miss Fanny went ter de bed an' knelt down 'side it, an' 'low, 'No, youer gwine no whar but right in dis house. Yo' place is here, wid his mudder an' his gran'fadder.' Wid dat, Marse Jesse's wife put her face in de piller an' moan an' cry, twel I hatter ax Miss Fanny fer ter please, ma'm, go git some res'.

"Well, suh, I stayed dar dat night an' part er de nex' day, an' by dat time all un um wuz kinder quieted down, but dey wuz mighty res'less in de min', speshually Marse Jesse's wife, which her name wuz Miss Sadie. It seem like dat Marse Jesse wuz livin' at a town up dar in de fur North whar dey wuz a big lake, an' he went out wid one er dem 'scursion parties, an' a storm come up an' shuck de boat ter pieces. Dat what make I say what I does. I don't min' gwine on 'scursions on de groun', but when it come ter water—well, suh, I ain't gwine ter trus' myse'f on water twel I kin walk on it an' not wet my foots. Marse Jesse wuz de Captain uv a music-ban' up dar, an' de papers fum dar had some long pieces 'bout 'im, an' de paper at home had a piece 'bout 'im. It say he wuz one er de mos' renounced music-makers what yever had been, an' dat when it come ter dat kinder doin's he wuz a puffick prodigal. I 'member de words, suh, bekaze I made Hamp read de piece out loud mo' dan once.

"Miss Sadie, she got mo' calmer atter while, an' 'twa'n't long 'fo' Marse Gabe an' Miss Fanny wuz bofe mighty tuck up wid 'er. Dey much'd 'er up an' made a heap un 'er, an' she fa'rly hung on dem. I done tol' you she ain't purty, but dey wuz sump'n 'bout er better dan purtiness. It

mought er been 'er eyes, en den ag'in mought er been de way er de gal; but whatsomever 'twuz, hit made you think 'bout 'er at odd times durin' de day, an' des 'fo' you go ter sleep at night.

"Eve'ything went swimmin' along des ez natchul ez a duck floatin' on de mill-pon'. Dey wa'n't skacely a day but what I seed Miss Sadie. Ef I ain't go ter Marse Gabe's house she'd be sho' ter come ter mine. Dat uz atter Hamp wuz 'lected ter de legislatur, suh. He 'low dat a member er de ingener'l ensembly ain't got no bizness livin' in a kitchen, but I say dat he ain't a whit better den dan he wuz befo'. So be, I done been cross 'im so much dat I tell 'im ter git de house an' I'd live in it ef 'twa'n't too fur fum Miss Vallie an' Marse Tumlin. Well, he had it built on de outskyirts, not a big jump fum Miss Vallie, an' betwix' de town an' Marse Gabe Towers's. Dat wuz atter you went 'way, suh. Nex' time you come down, you mus' come see me. Me an' Hamp'll treat you right, we sholy will.

"Well, suh, in dem days dey wa'n't so many niggers willin' ter do an' be done by, an' on account er dat, ef Miss Vallie wa'n't hollin' fer 'Nervy Ann, Miss Fanny er Sadie wuz, an' when I wa'n't at one place, you might know I'd be at de yuther one. It went on dis away, an' went on twel one day got so much like an'er dat you can't tell Monday fum Friday. An' it went on an' went on twel bimeby I wuz bleeze ter say sump'n ter Hamp. You take notice, suh, an' when you see de sun shinin' nice an' warm an' de win' blowin' so saft an' cool dat you wanter go in a-washin' in it—when you see dis an' feel dat away, *Watch out! Watch out,* I tell you! Dat des de time when de harrycane gwineter come up out'n de middle er de swamp an' t'ar things ter tatters. Same way when folks gitting on so nice dat dey don't know dey er gittin' on.

"De fus' news I know'd Miss Sadie wuz bringin' little bundles ter my house 'twix' sundown an' dark. She'd 'low, 'Aunt Minervy Ann, I'll des put dis in de cornder here; I may want it some time.' Nex' day it'd be de same doin's over ag'in. 'Aunt Minervy Ann, please take keer er dis; I may want it some time.' Well, it went on dis away fum day ter day, but I ain't pay no 'tention. Ef any 'spicion cross my min' it wuz dat maybe Miss Sadie puttin' dem things dar fer ter 'sprise me Chris'mus by tellin' me dey wuz fer me. But one day she come ter my house, an' sot down an' put her han's over her face like she got de headache er sump'n.

"Wellum"—Aunt Minervy Ann, with real tact, now began to address herself to the lady of the house—"Wellum, she sot dar so long dat bimeby I ax 'er what de matter is. She ain't say nothin'; she ain't make no motion. I 'low ter myse'f dat she don't wanter be pestered, so I let 'er 'lone an' went on 'bout my bizness. But, bless you! de nex' time I look at 'er she wuz settin' des dat away wid 'er han's over her face. She sot so still dat it sorter make me feel quare, an' I went, I did, an' cotch holt er her han's sorter playful-like. Wellum, de way dey felt made me flinch. All I could say wuz, 'Lord 'a' mercy!' She tuck her han's down, she did, an' look at me an' smile kinder faint-like. She 'low, 'Wuz my han's col', Aunt Minervy Ann?' I look at 'er an' grunt, 'Huh! dey won't be no colder when youer dead.' She ain't say nothin', an' terreckly I 'low, 'What de name er goodness is de matter wid you, Miss Sadie?' She say, 'Nothin' much. I'm gwine ter stay here ter-night, an' ter-morrer mornin' I'm gwine 'way.' I ax 'er, 'How come dat? What is dey done to you?' She say, 'Nothin' 'tall.' I 'low, 'Does Marse Gabe an' Miss Fanny know you gwine? She say, 'No; I can't tell um.'

"Wellum, I flopt down on a cheer; yessum, I sho' did. My min' wuz gwine like a whirligig an' my head wuz swimmin'. I des sot dar an' look at 'er. Bimeby she up an' say, pickin' all de time at her frock, 'I know'd sump'n wuz gwine ter happen. Dat de reason I been bringin' dem bundles here. In dem ar bundles you'll fin' all de things I fotch here. I ain't got nothin' dey give me 'cep'n, dish yer black dress I got on. I'd 'a' fotch my ol' trunk, but I dunner what dey done wid it. Hamp'll hatter buy me one an' pay fer it hisse'f, 'kaze I ain't got a cent er money.' Dem de ve'y words she say. I 'low, 'Sump'n must 'a' happen den.' She nodded, an' bimeby she say, 'Mr. Towers comin' home ter-night. Dey done got a telegraph fum 'im.'

"I stood up in de flo', I did, an' ax

'er, 'Which Mr. Towers?' She say, 'Mr. Jesse Towers.' I 'low, 'He done dead.' She say, 'No, he ain't; ef he wuz he done come ter life; dey done got a telegraph fum 'im, I tell you.' 'Is *dat* de reason you gwine 'way?' I des holla'd it at 'er. She draw'd a long breff an' say, 'Yes, dat's de reason.'

"I tell you right now, ma'm, I didn't know ef I wuz stannin' on my head er floatin' in de a'r. I wuz plum outdone. But dar she sot des es cool ez a curcumber wid de dew on it. I went out de do', I did, an' walk 'roun' de house once ter de right an' twice ter de lef' bekaze de ol' folks use ter tell me dat ef you wuz bewitched, dat 'ud take de spell away. I ain't tellin' you no lie, ma'm—fer de longes' kinder minnit I didn't no mo' b'lieve dat Miss Sadie wuz settin' dar in my house tellin' me dat kinder rigamarole, dan I b'lieve I'm flyin' right now. Dat bein' de case, I bleeze ter fall back on bewitchments, an' so I walk 'roun' de house. But when I went back in, dar she wuz, settin' in a cheer an' lookin' up at de rafters.

"Wellum, I went in an' drapt down in a cheer an' lookt at 'er. Bimeby, I say, 'Miss Sadie, does you mean ter set dar an' tell me youer gwine 'way 'kaze yo' husban' comin' home?' She flung her arms behime 'er head, she did, an' say, 'I ain't none er his wife; I des been playin' off!' De way she look an' de way she say it wuz 'nuff fer me. I wuz pairlized; yessum, I wuz dumfounder'd. Ef anybody had des but totch me wid de tip er der finger, I'd 'a' fell off'n dat cheer an' never stirred atter I hit de flo'. Ever'thing 'bout de house lookt quare. Miss Vallie had a lookin'-glass one time wid de pictur' uv a church at de bottom. When de glass got broke, she gimme de pictur', an' I sot it up on de mantel-shelf. I never know'd 'fo' dat night dat de steeple er der church wuz crooked. But dar 'twuz. Mo' dan dat I cotch myse'f feelin' er my fingers fer ter see ef 'twuz me an' ef I wuz dar.

"Talk 'bout *dreams!* dey wa'n't no dream could beat dat, I don't keer how twisted it mought be. An' den, ma'm, she sot back dar an' tol' me de whole tale 'bout how she come ter be dar. I'll never tell it like she did; dey ain't nobody in de wide worl' kin do dat. But it seem like she an' Marse Jesse wuz stayin' in de same neighborhoods, er stayin' at de same place, he a-fiddlin' an' she a-knockin' on de peanner er de harp, I fergit which. Anyhow, dey seed a heap er one an'er. Bofe un um had come dar fum way off yan', an' ain't got nobody but deyse'f fer ter 'pen' on, an' dat kinder flung um tergedder. I speck dey must er swapt talk 'bout love an' marryin'—you know yo'se'f, ma'm, dat dat's de way young folks is. Howsomever dat may be, Marse Jesse, des ter tease 'er, sot down one day an' writ a long letter ter his wife. Tooby sho' he ain't got no wife, but he des make out he got one, an' dat letter he lef' layin' 'roun' whar Miss Sadie kin see it. 'Twa'n't in no envelyup, ner nothin', an' you know mighty well, ma'm, dat when a 'oman, young er ol', see dat kinder letter layin' 'roun' she'd die ef she don't read it. Fum de way Miss Sadie talk, dat letter must 'a' stirred up a coolness 'twix' um, 'kaze de mornin' when he wuz gwine on dat 'scursion, Marse Jesse pass by de place whar she wuz settin' at an' flung de letter in her lap an' say, 'What's in dar wuz fer you.'

"Wellum, wid dat he wuz gone, an' de fus' news Miss Sadie know'd de papers wuz full er de names er dem what got drownded in de boat, an' Marse Jesse head de roll, 'kaze he wuz de mos' pop'lous music-maker in de whole settlement. Den dar wuz de gal an' de letter. I wish I could tell dis part like she tol' me settin' dar in my house. You'll never git it straight in yo' head less'n you'd 'a' been dar an' hear de way she tol' it. Nigger ez I is, I know mighty well dat a white 'oman ain't got no bizness parmin' 'erse'f off ez a man's wife. But de way she tol' it tuck all de rough aidges off'n it. She wuz dar in dat big town, wuss'n a wilderness, ez you may say, by 'erse'f, nobody 'pen' in on 'er an' nobody ter 'pen' on, tired down an' plum wo' out, an' wid all dem kinder longin's what you know yo'se'f, ma'm, all wimmen bleeze ter have, ef dey er white er ef dey er black.

"Yit she ain't never tol' nobody dat she wuz Marse Jesse's wife. She des han' de letter what she'd kep' ter Miss Fanny, an' fell down on de flo' in a dead faint, an' she say dat ef it hadn't but 'a' been fer me, she'd a got out er de bed dat fust night an' went 'way fum dar; an' I know dat's so, too, bekaze she wuz ranklin' fer ter git up fum dar. But at de time I put all dat

down ter de credit er de deleeriums, an' made 'er stay in bed.

"Wellum, ef I know'd all de books in de worl' by heart, I couldn't tell you how I felt atter she done tol' me dat tale. She sot back dar des ez calm ez a baby. Bimeby she say, 'I'm glad I tol' you; I feel better dan I felt in a mighty long time.' It look like, ma'm, dat a load'd been lift fum 'er min'. Now I know'd pine blank dat sump'n got ter be done, 'kaze de train'd be in at midnight, an' den when Marse Jesse come dey'd be a tarrifyin' time at Gabe Towers's. Atter while I up an' ax 'er, 'Miss Sadie, did you reely love Marse Jesse?' She say, 'Yes, I did'—des so. I ax 'er, 'Does you love 'im now?' She say, 'Yes, I does—an' I love dem ar people up dar at de house; dat de reason I'm gwine 'way.' She talk right out; she done come to de p'int whar she ain't got nothin' ter hide.

"I say, 'Well, Miss Sadie, dem folks up at de house, dey loves you.' She sorter flincht at dis. I 'low, 'Dey been mighty good ter you. What you done, you done done, an' dat can't be holp, but what you ain't gone an' done, dat kin be holp; an' what you oughter do, dat oughtn't ter be holp.' I see 'er clinch 'er han's an' den I riz fum de cheer. Suiting the action to the word, Aunt Minervy Ann rose from the step where she had been sitting, and moved toward the lady of the house.

"I riz, I did, an' tuck my stan' befo' 'er. I 'low, 'You say you love Marse Jesse, an' you say you love his folks. Well, den ef you got any blood in you, ef you got any heart in yo' body, ef you got any feelin' fer anybody in de roun' worl' 'cep'n' yo' naked se'f, you'll go up dar ter dat house an' tell Gabe Towers dat you want ter see 'im, an' you'll tell Fanny Towers dat you want ter see her, an' you'll stan' up befo' um an' tell um de tale you tol' ter me, word fer word. Ef you'll do dat, an' you hatter come back here, *come! come!* Bless God! *come!* an' me an' Hamp'll rake an' scrape up 'nuff money fer ter kyar you whar you gwine. An' don't you be a-skeer'd er Gabe Towers. Me an' Marse Tumlin ain't a-skeer'd un 'im. I'm gwine wid you, an' ef he say one word out de way, you des come ter de do' an' call me, an' ef I don't preach his funer'l, it'll be bekaze de Lord'll strike me dumb!' *An' she went!*"

Aunt Minervy paused. Once again she had wrought the miracle of summoning to life one of the crises through which she had passed with others. It was not the words she used. There was nothing in them to stir the heart or quicken the pulse. Her power lay in the tones of her voice, whereby she was able to recall the passion of a moment that had long spent itself; in the fluent and responsive attitudes; in gesticulation that told far more than her words did. The light from the vestibule lamp shone full upon her and upon the lady whom she unconsciously selected to play the part of the young woman whose story she was telling. The illusion was perfect. We were in Aunt Minervy Ann's house, Miss Sadie was sitting helpless and hopeless before her—the whole scene was vivid and complete. She paused; her arm, which had been outstretched and rigid for an instant, slowly fell to her side, and—the illusion was gone; but while it lasted, it was as real as any sudden and extraordinary experience can be.

Aunt Minervy Ann resumed her seat, with a chuckle, apparently ashamed that she had been betrayed into such a display of energy and emotion, saying, "Yessum, she sho' went."

"I don't wonder at it," remarked the lady of the house, with a long-drawn sigh of relief.

Aunt Minervy Ann laughed again, rather sheepishly, and then, after rubbing her hands together, took up the thread of the narrative, this time directing her words to me: "All de way ter de house, suh, she ain't say two words. She had holt er my han', but she ain't walk like she uz weak. She went along ez peart ez I did. When we got dar, some er de niggers wuz out in de flower-gyarden an' out in de big grove callin' 'er; an' dey call so loud dat I hatter put um down. 'Hush up!' I say, 'an' go on 'bout yo' bizness! Can't yo' Miss Sadie take a walk widout a whole passel er you niggers a-hollerin' yo' heads off?' One un um make answer, 'Miss Fanny huntin' fer 'er.' She sorter grip my han' at dat, but I say, 'She de one you wanter see—her an' Gabe Towers.'

"We went up on de po'ch, an' dar wuz Miss Fanny an' likewise Marse Gabe. I know'd what dey wanted; dey wanted ter talk wid 'er 'bout Marse Jesse. She clum

de steps fus' an' I clum atter her. She cotch er 'breff hard when she fus' hit de steps, an' den it come over me like a flash how deep an' big her trouble wuz, an' I tell you right now, ef dat had 'a' been Miss Vallie gwine up dar, I b'lieve I'd a-flew at ol' Gabe Towers an' to' 'im lim' fum lim' 'fo' anybody could 'a' pull me off. Hit's de trufe! You may laugh, but I sho' would 'a' done it. I had it in me. Miss Fanny seed sump'n wuz wrong, de minnit de light fell on de gal's face. She say, 'Why, Sadie, darlin', what de matter wid you?' —des so—an' made ez ef ter put 'er arms 'roun' 'er; but Miss Sadie swunk back. Miss Fanny sorter swell up. She say, 'Oh, ef I've hurt yo' feelin's ter-day—*ter-day* uv all de days—please, please fergi' me!'

"Well, suh, I dunner whar all dis gwine ter lead ter, an' I put in, 'She des wanter have a talk wid you an' Marse Gabe, Miss Fanny; an' ef ter-day is one er de days her feelin's oughtn'ter be hurted, take keer dat you don't do it. Kyar 'er in de parler dar, Miss Fanny.' I speck you'll think I wuz takin' a mighty heap on myse'f, fer a nigger 'oman," remarked Aunt Minervy Ann, smoothing the wrinkles out of her lap, "but I wuz des ez much at home in dat house ez I wuz in my own, an' des ez free wid um ez I wuz wid my own folks. Miss Fanny look skeer'd, an' Marse Gabe foller'd atter, rubbin' a little mole he had on de top er his head. When he wus worried er aggervated, he allers rub dat mole.

"Well, suh, dey went in, dey did, an' I shot de do' an' tuck up my stan' close by, ready fer to go in when Miss Sadie call me. I had myse'f keyed up ter de p'int whar I'd 'a' tol' Marse Gabe sump'n 'bout his own fambly connection; you know dey ain't nobody but what got i'on rust on some er der cloze. But dey stayed in dar an' stayed, twel I 'gun ter git oneasy. All kinder quare idees run th'oo my head. Atter while some un pull de do' open, an' hol' it dat away, an' I hear Marse Gabe say, wid a trimble an' ketch in his th'oat, 'Don't talk so, chil'. Ef you done wrong, you ain't hurt nobody but yo'se'f, an' it oughtn'ter hurt you. You been a mighty big blessin' ter me, an' ter Fanny here, an' I wouldn't 'a' missed knowin' you, not fer nothin'. Wid dat, he come out cle'rin' up his th'oat an' blowin' his nose twel it soun' like a dinner-horn. His eye fell on me, an' he 'low, 'Look like you er allers on han' when dey's trouble.' I made answer, 'Well, Marse Gabe, dey might be wusser ones 'roun' dan me.' He look at me right hard an' say, 'Dey ain't no better, Minnervy Ann.' 'Well, suh, little mo' an' I'd 'a' broke down, it come so sudden. I had ter gulp hard an' quick, I tell you. He say, 'Minervy Ann, go back dar an' tell de house-gal ter wake up de carriage-driver ef he's 'sleep, an' tell 'im to go meet Jesse at de train. An' he mus' tell Jesse dat we'd 'a' all come, but his ma ain't feelin' so well.' I say, 'I'll go wake 'im up myse'f, suh.' I look in de parler an' say, 'Miss Sadie, does you need me right now?' She 'low, 'No, not right now; I'll stay twel—twel Mr. Towers come.' Miss Fanny wuz settin' dar holdin' Miss Sadie's han'.

"I'll never tell you how dey patcht it up in dar, but I made a long guess. Fus' an' fo'mus', dey wuz right down fon' er Miss Sadie, an' den ef she run off time Marse Jesse put his foot in de town dey'd be a big scandal; an' so dey fix it up dat ef she wuz bleeze ter go, 'twuz better to go a mont' er two atter Marse Jesse come back. Folks may like you mighty well, but dey allers got one eye on der own consarns. Dat de way I put it down.

"Well, suh, de wuss job wuz lef' fer de las', 'kaze dar wuz Marse Jesse. Sump'n tol' me dat he oughter know what been gwine on 'fo' he got in de house, 'kaze den he won't be aggervated inter sayin' an doin' sump'n he oughtn'ter. So when de carriage wuz ready, I got in an' went down ter de depot; an' when Marse Jesse got off de train, I wuz de fus' one he laid eyes on. I'd 'a' never know'd 'im in de worl', but he know'd me. He holler out, 'Ef dar ain't Aunt Minervy Ann! Bless yo' ol' soul! how you come on anyhow?' He come mighty nigh huggin' me, he wuz so glad ter see me. He wuz big ez a skinned hoss an' strong ez a mule. He say, 'Ef I had you in my min' once, Aunt Minervy Ann, I had you in dar ten thousan' times.'

"Whiles de carriage rollin' 'long an' grindin' de san' I try ter gi' 'im a kinder inkling er what been gwine on, but 'twuz all a joke wid 'im. I wuz fear'd I mought go at 'im de wrong way, but I can't do no better. I say, 'Marse Jesse, yo' wife been waitin' here fer you a long time.' He laugh an' 'low, 'Oh, yes! did she

bring de childun? I say, 'Shucks, Marse Jesse! Dey's a lady in deep trouble at Marse Gabe's house, an' I don't want you ter go dar jokin'. She's a monst'us fine lady, too.' Dis kinder steady 'im, an' he say, 'All right, Aunt Minervy Ann; I'll behave myse'f des like a Sunday-school scholar. I won't say bad words an' I won't talk loud.' He had his fiddle-case in his lap, an' he drummed on it like he keepin' time ter some chune in his min'.

"Well, suh, we got dar in de due time, an' 'twuz a great meetin' 'twixt Marse Jesse an' his folks. Dey des swarmed on 'im, ez you may say, an' while dis gwine on, I went in de parler whar Miss Sadie wuz. She wuz pale, tooby sho', but she had done firm'd 'erse'f. She wuz standin' by de fier-place, lookin' down, but she lookt up when she hear de do' open, an' den she say, 'I'm mighty glad it's you, Aunt Minervy Ann; I want you ter stay in here.' I 'low, 'I'll stay, honey, ef you say stay.' Den she tuck 'er stand by me an' cotch holt er my arm wid bofe 'er han's an' kinder leant again me.

"Bimeby, here come Marse Jesse. Trouble wuz in his eye when he open de do', but when he saw de gal, his face lit up des like when you strike a match in a closet. He say, 'Why, Miss Sadie! You dunner how glad I is ter see you. I been huntin' all over de country fer you.' He make ez ef ter shake han's, but she draw'd back. Dis cut 'im. He say, 'What de matter? Who you in mournin' fer?' She 'low, 'Fer myse'f.' Wid dat she wuz gwine on ter tell 'im 'bout what she done, but he wouldn't have it dat away. He say, 'When I come back ter life, atter I wuz drownded, I 'gun ter hunt fer you des ez soon's I got out'n de hospittle. I wuz huntin' fer you ter tell you dat I love you. I'd 'a' tol' you dat den, an' I tell you dat now.' She grip my arm mighty hard at dat. Marse Jesse went on mightly. He tell 'er dat she ain't done nobody no harm, dat she wuz welcome ter his name ef he'd 'a' been dead, an' mo' welcome now dat he wuz livin'. She try ter put in a word here an' dar, but he won't have it. Stan'in' up dar he wuz ol' Gabe Towers over ag'in; 'twuz de fus' time I know'd he faver'd 'im.

"He tol' 'er 'bout how he wrenched a do' off'n one er de rooms in de boat, an' how he floated on dat twel he got so col' an' num' dat he can't hol' on no longer, an' how he turn loose an' don't know nothin' twel he wake up in some yuther town; an' how, atter he git well, he had de plooisy an' lay dar a mont' er two, an' den he 'gun ter hunt fer her. He went 'way up dar ter Hampsher whar she come fum, but she ain't dar, an' den he come home; an' won't she be good 'nuff ter set down an' listen at 'im?

"Well, suh, dey wuz mo' in Marse Jesse dan I had any idee. He wuz a rank talker, sho'. I see 'er face warmin' up, an' I say, 'Miss Sadie, I speck I better be gwine.' Marse Jesse say, 'You ain't in my way, Aunt Minervy Ann; I done foun' my sweetheart, an' I ain't gwine ter lose 'er no mo', you kin des bet on dat.' She ain't say nothin', an' I know'd purty well dat eve'ything wuz all skew vee."

"I hope they married," remarked the lady of the house, after waiting a moment for Aunt Minervy Ann to resume. There was just a shade of suspicion in her tone.

"Oh, dey married, all right 'nuff," said Aunt Minervy Ann, laughing.

"Didn't it create a good deal of talk?" the lady asked, suspicion still in her voice.

"Talk? No, ma'm! De man what dey git de license fum wuz Miss Fanny's br'er, Gus Featherstone, an' de man what married um wuz Marse Gabe's br'er, John Towers. Dey wa'n't nobody ter do no talkin'. De nex' mornin' me an' Miss Sadie an' Marse Jesse got in de carriage an' drove out ter John Towers's place whar he runnin' a church, an' 'twuz all done an' over wid mos' quick ez a nigger kin swaller a dram."

"What do you think of it?" I asked the lady of the house.

"Why, it is almost like a story in a book."

"Does dey put dat kinder doin's in books?" asked Aunt Minervy Ann, with some solicitude.

"Certainly," replied the lady.

"Wid all de turmile, an' trouble, an' tribulation—an' all de worry an' aggervation? Well, Hamp wanted me ter l'arn how ter read, but I thank my stars dat I can't read no books. Dey's 'nuff er all dat right whar we live at widout huntin' it up in books."

After this just observation, it was time to put out the lights.

AGUINALDO'S CAPITAL

WHY MALOLOS WAS CHOSEN

By Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. Miley

EARLY in May, 1898, Admiral Dewey brought from Hong Kong on the United States steamship McCulloch, Aguinaldo with seventeen of his colleagues and landed them at Cavité. Aguinaldo, in addition to prosecuting a vigorous campaign against the Spaniards, at once began organizing a government, dictatorial in form and in fact, of which Cavité remained the Capital until the arrival of General Anderson early in July. When the latter had established his head-quarters at Cavité and commenced active preparations for the coming attack on Manila, Aguinaldo changed his Capital to Bacoor, a little village a few miles from Cavité, and nearer to Manila. The Capital remained at Bacoor until it was seen that General Merritt would not permit armed Insurgents to enter Manila, when Malolos was proclaimed the Capital and Aguinaldo himself took up his residence there early in September, and the newly elected Filipino Congress met at the same place on the 20th of the same month.

From that time until its capture on March 31st Malolos was of the first importance to the Insurgents, but its fall was disappointing to many, for the cry of "On to Malolos" had been very popular, and it had been expected that the consequences of its occupation by American troops would be immediate and far-reaching. It simply furnished one more instance in history where the fall of an enemy's Capital failed to bring to a successful ending a campaign or a war. The only two instances that may be cited against this statement really tend to prove the proposition, for France was defeated before the entry of Paris, and the Confederacy was in its last extremity when Richmond fell. The immediate results would have been the same in either case if neither the one nor the other had been occupied.

Malolos is twenty-two miles from Manila, in the Province of Bulacan, on the railway connecting Manila with Dagupan, the only one in the Philippine Islands. This made it very accessible, but the real reason for the selection of Malolos as the Insurgent Capital was the fact that the present revolution had its first beginnings there; that the place persistently remained a hot-bed of revolution, and as a reward for the patriotism and loyalty of this picturesque little town, the legendary seat of the Bulacan kings, Aguinaldo fixed upon it as the site of his permanent Capital.

Aguinaldo now lays claim to descent from the Bulacan kings, but the best informed Filipinos say that this occurred to him after coming to Malolos, and was prompted by an effort to inspire among his followers a greater awe and respect. His followers ascribe to him supernatural powers that enable him to perform miracles and make him proof against the bullets of his enemies. Whether he encourages them in this belief cannot be verified. This peculiar power among the Filipinos is known as "*anting anting*" and is popularly supposed to be possessed by many. A wily Filipino goes through a battle or escapes some danger and then exhibits a



Dwelling-house in Malolos, Philippine Islands, Thatched with Nipa.

The inmates have just returned, satisfied that they are safe under American occupation.

curiously carved knife-handle or match-box or piece of jewelry or coin, and claims that his immunity is due to this trinket. He is at once regarded as an "*anting anting*" man, and his power and fame grow and spread at each subsequent lucky escape.

Malolos lies in the heart of a valley of marvellous fertility, extending north from Manila, and is surrounded by fields, large and small, fringed with rows of bamboo and cultivated principally to rice. As one rides through this valley, with the beautiful, glossy-leaved mango trees dotting it in all directions, he cannot fail to be reminded, if he has seen them both, of the beautiful Santa Clara Valley of California, so much are they alike.

The first mutterings of the revolution were heard in Malolos in 1888. In the same year Masonry was first introduced into the Philippine Islands by Don Centeno, the Civil Governor of Manila, who encouraged the diffusion of its teachings among the natives, and assisted in the formation of chapters in the city. He was influenced to do this through hostility to the Archbishop and to the Church.

Catholicism is radically opposed to secret societies of any kind, and the fight between the Archbishop, as representative of the Church, and the Masons grew so bitter that finally a determined attack was made upon the Archbishop's life. The leaders were promptly arrested and thrown into prison, and from there they sent a memorial to the Queen, remarkable for its eloquence, and for the fact that it revealed a widespread and deeply rooted devotion to the principles of freedom.

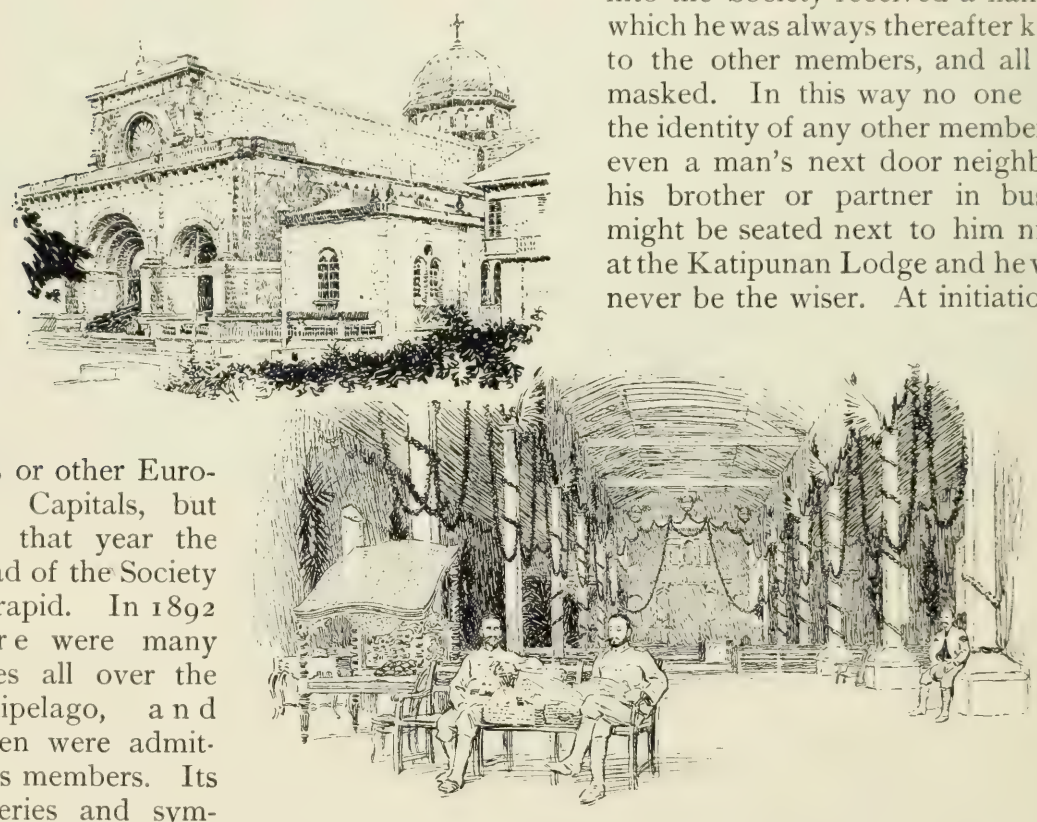
So strict was the surveillance over the meetings of the Masons in Manila, now that it was suspected they were merely a cloak for the revolutionary discussions, that Malolos soon became the Mecca for all revolutionists. It had always been a popular place for hunters and fishermen, and now many of the hunting lodges became Masonic rendezvous. The well-to-do and educated classes quickly and eagerly accepted the revolutionary teachings,

and Malolos, from 1888, was regarded as a strong revolutionary centre. It must be borne in mind that the Filipino never became a pure Mason, accepting and practising the teachings of that ancient Society. Only some of the outward forms of the Society were adopted and used, under cover of which the spread of revolutionary ideas was made easy. Before 1888 there were scarcely two dozen Filipinos who were Masons, and these were residents of Paris or other European Capitals, but from that year the spread of the Society was rapid. In 1892 there were many lodges all over the Archipelago, and women were admitted as members. Its mysteries and symbols appealed to the barbaric, half-civilized natives, and these they retained, while their meetings were centres of discussions of the abstract and theoretical principles of freedom and independence with which the Malay brain is always pregnant. Discussions soon led to plotting against the Spanish authorities and the preliminary steps toward revolution, and what was Masonry only in name soon gave way to the Filipino League, of which Rizal was the leader. This league was an association with a basic form of Masonry, but whose true designs were political and anti-Spanish.

The methods of the league were soon found to be not radical enough by a majority of the members, and the league, in 1894, was dissolved and the formidable and bloody Katipunan formed under the leadership of Marcelo Hilario del Pilar. Its object was to secure the freedom of the Philippines by putting to the sword all the Spaniards in the Archipelago. Manila, of course, was the seat of the supreme council of the Katipunan, and its branches or chapters were established in all the provinces and principal towns of the Islands.

Every member on being initiated into the Society received a name by which he was always thereafter known to the other members, and all were masked. In this way no one knew the identity of any other member, and even a man's next door neighbor or his brother or partner in business might be seated next to him nightly at the Katipunan Lodge and he would never be the wiser. At initiation the new member took a bloody oath and subscribed to it by dipping his pen in the blood drawn from an incision in his left arm. This idea is said to have been derived from a painting called "*Pacto de Sangre*," executed in Madrid by a famous Filipino painter, Juan Luna. After the revolution broke out in 1896, the members of the Katipunan could always be identified among the dead and prisoners by the scars.

A symbolic chart was in the possession of each member, and by that he could find the Katipunan Lodge in the provinces or towns wherever he might be and identify



Exterior and Interior of the Insurgent Capitol in Malolos while Occupied as Head-quarters of the Utah Light Battery.

In this old church the Filipino Revolutionary Congress formulated the Constitution which was proclaimed on January 21, 1899.



The Train which Makes Two Trips Daily from Manila to Malolos and Return.

It carries forage, rations, fresh bread and meat, and distilled water for the American troops, and brings back the sick and wounded to the hospitals.

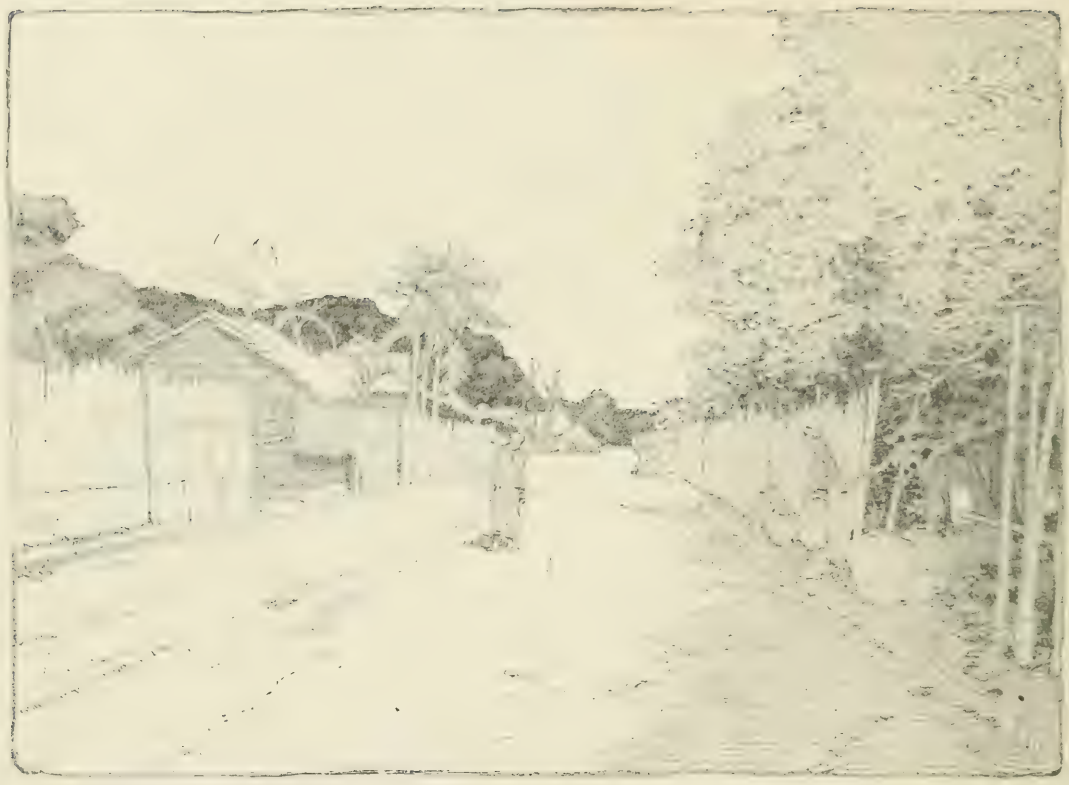
himself by means of it. As an example of the names borne by the members, General Ricarte, now in the Insurgents' army, was known under the name of "Vivora," meaning viper, poisonous snake. The present General Pilar, of whom so much is heard in the uprising against the Americans, is not the Pilar of Katipunan fame, though it is generally taken for granted that he is. The present Pilar assumed that name some years ago, but his characteristics are such as to easily lead one to believe that he and the Pilar who originated the Katipunan are one and the same.

From 1888 to 1892 Malolos seems to have been the most troublesome place in the Islands to the Colonial Government. There are slightly over five thousand towns distributed over the Archipelago, and out of these Malolos was the only one which rejected the parish priests that the Government selected. As Malolos was known to be much disaffected, great care was taken to select the most exemplary of priests to be sent there, but without avail. The first two sent were deported and the third assassinated.

El Katipunan del Norte (the northern branch of the Katipunan) was most active in the Province of Bulacan and especially around Malolos. Contributions poured into the revolutionary fund, and when open rebellion finally broke out in August, 1896, the Spaniards fought the rebels over very much the same ground as the Americans fought the Insurgents in the advance from Caloocan to Malolos and beyond. Peace was agreed upon in December, 1897, at Biac-na-bato, in the Province of Bulacan, and until May, 1898, there was a period of quiet in the Islands.

While the Insurgent Capital still remained at Cavité, Aguinaldo, on June 18th and 23d, respectively, issued the proclamations which gave his government a representative form. In the proclamation of the 18th he invites attention to the Providential circumstances that had placed him in the position in which he then found himself, and signifies his intention not to shrink from his responsibilities, but to make the redemption of his people, "from slavery and tyranny, regaining our liberty and entrance into the concert of civilized nations," the aspiration of his whole life, and the "final object of all my efforts and strength." In the same proclamation the methods were given by which the chiefs of towns and provinces and the representatives to the Revolutionary Congress were to be elected.

In the proclamation of the 23d it was



Street Scene in Malolos, Philippine Islands.

directed that the Dictatorial Government should thereafter be styled the Revolutionary Government and that the Dictator should thenceforth be known as the President of the Revolutionary Government. The executive, legislative, and judicial powers were defined and the manner of administering them was prescribed, and on the 27th of June the rules concerning the details of installing the government were published.

From Bacoor, on the 6th of August, was sent the letter to foreign governments, in which the "President of the Revolutionary Government of the Philippines, and in the name and representation of the Philippine people, asks the support of all the powers of the civilized world, and earnestly entreats them to proceed to the formal recognition of the belligerency of the revolution and the independence of the Philippines, since they are the means designated by Providence to maintain the equilibrium between peoples, sustaining the weak and restraining the strong, to the end that by these means shall shine forth and be realized the most complete justice in the indefinite progress of humanity."

The Augustinians had been assigned to the parish of Malolos, and in fact this body of friars held all the livings in the Province of Bulacan. In the convent forming part of a new church erected by them at Malolos, Aguinaldo established his head-quarters, surrounded by considerable barbaric splendor and ceremonial. This was known as the "White House" of the Insurgent Government. The State Department was also in the same building, and in a less pretentious structure a hundred yards away the Treasury Department was installed.

When the American troops occupied Malolos, General MacArthur made this building his head-quarters, and in it was found a small field-safe containing some drafts and a little money. The postage and telegraph stamps issued by the Insurgent Government were made here, but all had been removed. The convent with the church adjoining, and the Treasury Department, were on two sides of the plaza of Malolos, and on the third side the War Department was established in some buildings that the Third United States Artillery afterward occupied.

The old Augustinian church some distance from the plaza had been taken as the Insurgent Capitol. Here the Revolutionary Congress assembled on September 20, 1898, and sat in deliberation until, in January, 1899, the Political Con-

stitution of the Filipino State was given to the world. The constitution was proclaimed by Aguinaldo on the 21st of the month.

Malolos has a population variously estimated at from five to seven thousand, and as the Americans entered it, every man, woman, and child left with the retreating army.

With the exception of American troops moving about, the place was in a state of desolation. The refugees tried to take with them most of their valuable possessions, but the houses remained just as they left them. It was weeks before any of them dared to return, and then they came one or two at a time, carrying over their shoulders a bamboo rod to which was attached a white cloth as a flag of truce. They timidly approached their houses, and, finding them intact, and that there was really nothing to fear, hastened back into the country to bring their families and tell their neighbors.

IN A POPPY GARDEN

By Sara King Wiley

Beyond the gold-green lane the poppy garden
Flutters and flaunts, like sunset seas aglow.
The frosty, fuzzy stalks and blue leaf banners
Ranging in row on row.

Here are some multi-petaled, ruby crimson,
Into a crumpled purple withering,
Like tattered velvet old and dim and dusty
Of a neglected king.

Whiter are these than are the moon-white lilies;
Censers that dainty fragrances exhale;
Each, when the early sun fills with his ardor,
Beams like a Holy Grail.

Pure, pure and shining gold these silk-smooth goblets,
Brimming with drowsy, heady scents to steep
The bold inbreathing spirit in gold visions,
Bright mysteries of sleep.

And here, O, here, are they the best belovèd,
Scarlet and splendid as the soul's desire,
With smouldered hearts hot from the glorious, daring
Welcome of the sun's fire.

"O, happy dreamer in the poppy garden,
Under the soft, sweet sky of summer blue,
O, happy dreamer in the poppy garden,
When will your dreams come true?"

"For every dream in this my poppy garden
A springing hope within my heart began;
Hopes are quick seeds of the world's wide garden,
Lord of whose life is man."

A COPLEY BOY

By Charles Warren

"BELLINGHAM was intoxicated; there's no doubt about that at all," said Dawson of the *Standard*. "All the men on the press noticed it, and the chairman of his own party city committee admitted it to us."

"Well, that makes no difference except that it's all the better for us," said Blakely. "It was a rascally, indecent attack, and I guess the Governor won't hesitate any longer about using that matter you and I worked up for him."

Jim Blakely was the editor of a small newspaper with a very limited circulation but having an immense political influence. More keen than the shrewdest of the political managers, more powerful than the chairman of the State committee, more resourceful than all the party candidates, Jim Blakely sat in his little office and suggested the most successful political movements throughout the State. No candidate for Governor even thought of conducting a campaign without the aid and supervision of Jim Blakely.

But Governor Clinton in this campaign had been somewhat restive under his management, and had declined to follow absolutely the lines laid out for him by Blakely and his other party associates. Clinton's opponent, Alfred P. Bellingham, the rival candidate for Governor, was a man of fifty years or thereabout—a political nonentity, having no opinion on any question which he could not readily change the next day with the greatest facility. Bellingham had evaded every honest political issue which Clinton had tried to force him to meet, and had conducted a campaign of the lowest and meanest personalities. But, in opposition to the advice of his party managers, Governor Clinton had steadfastly declined to meet Bellingham with his own weapons; and to indulge in attacks upon his private career.

Then one day the reporter Dawson had brought to Blakely's attention certain important discoveries which he had made in raking over Bellingham's past life. The first was the record of an indictment found twenty-three years ago against Bellingham for altering ballots cast at a representative election, with intent to defraud, but which had been nol prossed by the District Attorney owing to political pressure. The other was the record of an arrest of Bellingham some ten years ago for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, and his conviction and fine.

Clinton's party managers had received the news with great enthusiasm. They had recognized the splendid ammunition which these records would furnish; and they earnestly urged the Governor to make use of them upon the stump.

"No," he had said, "I won't descend to that depth. If I can't be elected without the aid of those things, then let the people defeat me." And he had persisted in this refusal, despite the entreaties of his political friends and the disgust of his managers.

It was a quarter before nine; and at nine o'clock it was the custom for Governor Clinton to meet his party managers every morning, to discuss the speeches of his opponent made the night before and to plan out the trend for the evening's speeches.

"This vile abuse of last night of Bellingham's I guess will settle it," said Blakely again; and he went to his safe and brought

out the certified copies of the legal proceedings. As he did so Governor Clinton came into the office. He looked flushed and angry.

"Have you read that scoundrel's attack on me, Jim?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Yes," said Blakely in a casual manner, as if it was of no importance. He knew enough now not to try to force the Governor's hand.

"Well?" said the Governor.

"Well," answered Blakely, "it's only what you've got to expect all the rest of the campaign." Clinton hesitated.

"No," he said; "Jim, I've got enough. He's pushed me too far. I can't keep silent any longer. Have you got those documents you were telling me about?" Blakely pointed silently to the papers on his desk and lit his pipe. Clinton examined them with curiosity.

"How do you account for last night's speech?" he asked.

"Drunk again," replied Blakely. "Tell him, Bill." Dawson repeated to the Governor what he had just told Blakely.

"I'm going up to Stanfield at half-past nine," the Governor said, still red with wrath, "to my old school, Copley School. They've asked me to make the speech on the awarding of the prize cups. It's Founder's Day. I'm billed for a rally to-night, I believe, at Dunster. Well, give me those papers and I'll make a speech there at Dunster to-night that will make that fool Bellingham wish he'd never been born."

Blakely, metaphorically speaking, inwardly hugged himself; but he did not allow Clinton to see his joy at the Governor's conversion. Placing the papers carefully in his pocket, Clinton, after a few minutes' further talk, left the room, rode down to the station, and boarded the Southwestern Limited. Blakely waited until the door closed behind him and then slapped Dawson on the back. "I thought we'd land him finally. The Governor's a mighty good fellow, but he's got some high-toned views about politics that have to be gradually knocked out of him. His political ideas are very crude. He thinks you catch an election just as you catch cold. He expects a grateful people to present him with the election on a silver salver."

"Whereas," replied Dawson, "the usual way is for the candidate to present the silver salver, or, rather, the silver salve to the people."

On the way to Stanfield in the train the Governor dictated his speech to his private secretary. He realized that he was reversing entirely his former course of action by entering now into a personal conflict. But the attack made upon him by Bellingham had been so gross, so violent, and so savagely uncalled for in every way, that Clinton felt that the people of the State should now be told the plain facts regarding the manner of man held out to them to be accepted as their Governor.

He began his speech in a vein of cool, keen sarcasm, taking up, point by point, the portions of Bellingham's career that had protruded into the public gaze. He showed how he had started as the smallest and lowest kind of a political hanger-on, and how he had then become a ward boss. He then charged him with the indictment for altering ballots. He pointed out how, although this was twenty-three years ago, Bellingham had done nothing since which showed that he was any more fit for election now than then. To be sure, the mark of the criminal law had appeared in his life but once since then. But a negative life, a life lacking in results, was no qualification for the high office of Governor. He took up the conviction for intoxication and disorderly conduct and the payment of the fine of ten years ago. With high scorn, he asked the people how they would be pleased to have a man with that record at the State House. Then coming down to last night's assault, he declared in positive language that he could not believe that any man in his normal condition would make such statements as Bellingham had done; that there was but one explanation; and that one, an explanation which he disliked to consider, but which it was his duty to state. The Governor then repeated the account of the meeting as given by the reporters, and he asked the people to draw their own inferences. In reference to the infamous personal charges made against him, he would condescend to reply but to three. He then showed how utterly groundless they were, and demanded that Bellingham instantly furnish proof or retract them in public. Having finished with a tremen-

dous avalanche of scorn and contempt for his opponent's personal character and accusations, the Governor turned his attention to the political issues. He showed how Bellingham had been unwilling, or else too cowardly, to declare his position on any of the great questions; how he had evaded them on every stump, and had refused to reply to the direct and pertinent questions put to him every night by the Governor, vainly seeking to find out where he stood.

The Governor grew more and more rapid in his dictation as his feelings mastered him, and the private secretary had hard work in keeping up with him. The speech, however, was wholly finished in thirty-five minutes; and the secretary drew in his breath in relief and said, "Well, Governor, if there is anything left of old Bellingham after you've made that speech, they'll have to take a microscope to find it with."

"You think I'm right in making it, don't you?" asked the Governor. "I hate to resort to this style of warfare; but I am not obliged to sit still in silence forever under such a plan of campaign as they've been carrying on, am I?"

"Not at all," said the secretary; "I consider it your duty to the people of the State to show him up."

Vivid had been the excitement for the last two weeks at Copley, after it was definitely known that Governor Clinton was to visit his old school on Founder's Day and make the speech awarding the cups. Founder's Day was the great day of the year at Copley. The athletic games came in the afternoon, and in the evening the prize speaking, and later a dance. Two cups were always awarded for excellence in the field sports: one, the Master's Cup, which was awarded to the House, or dormitory, whose inmates won the greatest number of points in the games; the other—vastly prized by the boy who won it, and whose name was inscribed upon it for future generations of boys to admire—was the Founder's Cup, and was given to the boy who singly won the most points, showing the greatest all-around general excellence in the sports.

Every year there was the most vigorous rivalry between the boys of the Master's House and those of Prescott House, the other dormitory, for the possession of the Master's Cup; but this year there was still keener rivalry for the possession of the person of the Governor. When it became known that the Master of Prescott House was a class-mate in college of Governor Clinton, the Prescott House boys were certain that he would lunch with Mr. Toppan and with them. The Master's House boys were equally positive that only the Head Master, "Popper" Stoughton, was high enough to do honor to the head of the State. On the Governor's decision as to lunch, therefore, depended large transfers of property; and it was said that "Goggles" Livingston had even risked a whole week's allowance upon the less favored Prescott House side.

Application to studies at the recitation building that morning had been very desultory. Although the school was not to be dismissed until one o'clock, the delightful impending event of the Governor's arrival proved a distraction disastrous to continued efforts of learning. And the subdued excitement was so pervasive that when "Stump" Taylor translated "*Gubernator navem navigat*," as "the Governor sails a boat," little Mr. Saunders, the Latin tutor, forgot to correct him.

At about a quarter before twelve, steps were heard in the outer corridor, and every boy who had sufficient ingenuity immediately discovered that it was necessary for him to ask permission to leave the room and to consult the Master about something.

The Governor crossed the threshold of the old building with an interest that was solemn, and even almost painful, for this was the first time that he had been back to his old school for eighteen years.

After a few minutes' talk with the Head Master in his room, the Governor asked that the whole school might be called together. At the first sound of the bell a race began from all over the building toward the Master's room. And as Clinton stepped forward to speak, a continuous chorus of shrill cheers split the air. "Boys," he said, when a semblance of quiet began, "boys, I'm going to make a very short speech." Again the cheers broke out. "I see you appreciate that remark as well as your elders," he said. "You will be glad of its shortness, because

you'll have to listen to a longer one this afternoon. All that I've got to say is that I've asked Mr. Stoughton to dismiss you now instead of at one o'clock. He has thought best to submit to my request before I order out the State troops to enforce it. I hope you'll get lots of fresh air and sport now before we meet on the field this afternoon. This session is now adjourned *sine die*. Those of the Latin class who can't translate that will have to stay after school." Tumultuous laughter followed these remarks, as if the restricted air of the school-room made a laugh easier there than elsewhere, when it was allowed at all. Many of the boys filed out at once; but a large number clustered in the doorway and vigorously discussed the Governor in low tones.

Clinton looked round the room. How natural it seemed, and how little changed! Certainly the school must have been very conservative.

"Why, you've even got the same old desks still," he said to Mr. Stoughton. Then he stepped down from the platform and went to a very much battered and inked-up desk which stood in front of all the others, and directly under the eyes of the master as he sat at his desk. "Who sits here now?" he asked, turning to a group of boys beside him.

"That's 'Kid' Nelson's," one said.

"Where is he?" asked Clinton. Amidst a great scuffling and pulling, and with many muttered jests flung at him, a handsome boy, old in face but small in stature, with a light of deviltry in his eye, came shambling forward and gently grinned in a somewhat shame-faced fashion. The Governor paused a moment, smiling. "I rather think I know why you sit here, Nelson," he said. "I guess my old master had as much trouble with me, 'Kid,' as Mr. Stoughton has now with you. That used to be my seat most of the time when I was here." Saying this, the Governor sat down at the low desk and squeezed his long legs in under the bottom of the desk, almost prying it from its iron feet.

Meanwhile "Kid" Nelson straightened up with a proud look, and when he went back to the group he was evidently being congratulated as a hero.

As he started to leave the room, Clinton suddenly stopped before a full-length portrait of a noble-looking, pleasant-faced man apparently about sixty years old. It was his old master—"Old Winthrop," as the boys used to call him. He had died ten years ago, and Clinton had hardly seen him more than once or twice since he left the school; but the picture almost brought the tears to his eyes as he stood there and thought how much he owed to that man. Winthrop had been a stern, almost relentless, master; but he had had a complete and true understanding of a boy's feelings and motives, and his boys had respected him as they had respected no one else, then or since. They had, every one of them, placed the most absolute confidence and reliance in him. No boy ever thought of questioning "Old Winthrop's" decision, whether the decision was on a point of school discipline, or athletics, or local etiquette, or morals, or base-ball, or religion. He had taught his boys, and they had learned the lesson well, that "honor" and "loyalty" were the two great things in life; that to do what was not honorable was to commit the greatest crime; that to be disloyal to one's friends, to one's school, to one's trust, to one's self, was to render one unfit to associate with gentlemen. "He made me all that I am now," murmured Clinton to himself, and his voice was a little husky. "If I've ever done anything well, it was due to him."

The Governor walked out across the fields with the Master and Mr. Toppan in the direction of Prescott House; and when it became noised about that, after all, he was to lunch there, and not at the Master's, the Prescott boys yelled with joy and jeered at their crestfallen rivals across the way.

On the way, Clinton stopped to look in at the Chapel, where the prize speaking was to take place that evening. He laughed as he saw the well-remembered platform with its faded red carpet, and as he thought of his woeful failure the last time he had engaged in a speaking competition there. How he had vainly and weakly struggled with "Webster's Reply to Hayne," and lost his memory in the middle of it, and had sat down ignominiously, and how Old Winthrop had said,

"Well, Clinton, whatever else you may do when you grow up, you will never make a speaker. Your effort was the worst I ever heard here." That was the only point that Clinton could remember on which Winthrop had ever been wrong. Certainly the audiences that were nightly cheering the keen, eloquent speeches which the Governor had been making for the past four campaigns would vigorously question the fulfilment of Mr. Winthrop's prophecy.

"Well, boys, who is going to win the Founder's Cup to-day?" Clinton asked as he sat down in the lounging-room of the Prescott House and a crowd of boys stood round the doorway, while the bolder sat uneasily on the edge of a table in the middle of the room.

"'Scotty,' I mean Bruce Campbell," replied one, rather grudgingly. "He's a Master's House fellow; but we're afraid he'll get it; although 'Skipper' Cunningham—he's one of us"—he said, pointing to a tall, stalwart, nice-looking boy outside in the hall, "will give him a hard push for it. You see, 'Scotty's' bound to get three firsts at any rate, and it's a close thing in the two-twenty-yard dash. 'Skipper's' good for a lot of seconds and one first, anyway," he said, enthusiastically.

"Oh, no, two!" shouted another boy. And thereupon so lively a discussion arose that the overawing presence of the Governor was quite forgotten.

"Prescott House is sure of the Master's Cup, anyway," said "Kid" Nelson, confidentially, to the Governor; "you can bet on that." Since his interview in the school-room, "Kid" had quite taken Clinton under his personal care.

Meanwhile, the Governor arose, and examined the pictures of the old athletic teams on the wall, and to the delight of the boys pointed out his own picture, a disreputable-looking member of one of the old foot-ball teams, absolutely unrecognizable now as the portrayal of the tall, determined, grave-looking man who stood towering up above his devoted Copley School mates for the time being.

And he still further won their undying devotion when, after asking to be taken to a certain bedroom upstairs, he very knowingly walked to the window, leaned far out, then jerked himself back with a satisfied air; and then showed them how a boy, by hanging far out of the window while two other boys grasped his legs from within, could reach round the corner of the House, get hold of a portico-railing, and escape from the room and down to the earth in that fashion. It was undoubtedly an immoral thing for the Governor to do, but he could not resist the temptation, so delightful was it to find how the memory of all the most minute old misdeeds came back.

The Masters of Prescott House, indeed, were very sure that Governor Clinton's influence had been very far from good on their charges, when during the next week they found that five boys made use of this highly reprehensible method of exit from the House during evening study-hour.

And at dinner what could more delight the boys than that Clinton should decline to sit at the head of the table, next to the Master and the other teachers, but should sit opposite, with a boy on either side, where he could learn all the details of the present school life, its rivalries, revelries, hardships, and zests!

Time passed quickly, until at three o'clock all assembled on the field for the great expected sports. The day was glorious for them; a crisp, cold, sunny October day, with the air intensely clear and full of life. What a day and what splendid games, thought Clinton. And he cheered and shouted like a small boy, and was far less stately than the grave First Class fellows who called themselves "Sub-Freshmen" in a manner anticipatory of future dignities.

Firsts, Clinton found, counted ten; seconds, six; thirds, three, and fourths, one; and the contest between the two houses was as close as the greatest lover of sports could desire. And so it happened that when the two-hundred-and-twenty yard dash came off, the Master's House had won 78 points and Prescott House 80 points; and of the two favorites, "Skipper" Cunningham had won 44 and Bruce Campbell 41. It was admitted that this race would practically decide the day; for the few remaining points, it was fairly well settled in advance, would be equally divided between the various champions from the two houses.

"It's a good deal more exciting than a political campaign," said the Governor to his friend Toppan.

There was a half hush as the two rivals lined up for the famous event in the final heat—all the other competitors having fallen before them in the preliminary heats. Both Cunningham and Campbell were shapely formed youths, lithe and muscular, as each leaned far forward with his arms stretched out in the starting posture, waiting for the signal.

The pistol cracked and the two boys were off. By the time they had gone half the distance Campbell was leading by about eight feet. Suddenly he was seen to stagger and something appeared to fly off from his legs. He fell down upon the track and Cunningham darted by him with the race well in hand. As he went by, he looked to see what the matter was, and then suddenly stopped and turned around. His Prescott House followers held their breath in amazement, dismay, and confusion. Then the spectators saw what had happened. Campbell's running-shoe had become loose and the spikes had stuck in a clayey bit of soil, pulling the shoe off the foot, and causing Campbell's ankle to turn and throw him. Cunningham, panting for breath, walked up to Campbell as he rose slowly, and said, "Too bad, Bruce, old man; are you hurt?"

"No," said Campbell, "I got my wind a little knocked out. What did you stop for?"

"Oh, all right," said Cunningham; "then we'll start the race over again." And he walked down to the starting-line in a simple, unconcerned way.

And how the boys were cheering him,—even the Prescott House boys, though it was a great disappointment to them! The failure to win then might cost them both cups; and if Cunningham had won that race, both cups would have surely been theirs. But they cheered just the same.

The Governor turned to the Head Master. "By George!" he exclaimed, "that's a splendid piece of work. That boy is a boy to be proud of. Did you see, he had that race cold? It was a sure thing and he didn't choose to win it in that way."

Mr. Stoughton was looking proud and happy. "That's the kind of a boy he is," he answered; "and I believe," he added, with enthusiasm, "they all are, here."

The Governor was about to say that the credit was due to Stoughton when he noticed that preparations were being made to start the race over again. Again the pistol sounded and the two were off, this time Cunningham doing a little better than before, but still a few feet behind Campbell. Toward the end he began to gain, and the Prescott House boys plucked up courage again and yelled themselves hoarse; but Campbell was still in the lead and finally won by about three feet. The rest of the games came out just as expected; and, as prophesied, the two-twenty-yard dash was the decisive match, giving the Master's cup to the Master's House with 98 points, as against Prescott House with 96 points, and the Founder's Cup going to Campbell, with 51 points as opposed to Cunningham's 50 points. And so the Master's House boys celebrated their victory, and the Prescott House boys celebrated their defeated hero's, "Skipper" Cunningham's, deeds with almost as much vigor as if they owned the cups. And really it was not much of a defeat after all.

After the games, before going back to the school to award the cups formally, the Governor went up to where Cunningham stood. "Cunningham," he said, holding out his hand, "I want to shake hands with you. I'm proud of my school and that you're in it, and I'm proud of you. I want to ask you what made you stop and offer to run the race over again."

"Why," said the "Skipper," blushing and confused and very much surprised, "what else could I have done?"

"I know," said Clinton, "but it was only one of the fortunes of war that is likely to happen in any contest. The race was yours, legally, even if Campbell did have an accident. Why shouldn't you have run it out and won the cup for your House and for yourself?"

"Oh," replied the "Skipper," simply, "but that wouldn't have been honorable. It wouldn't have been fair and square. No Copley boy would do that."

It was all said in so matter of course a way that the Governor saw that the idea

that elsewhere such a thing was often done had never entered the boy's head. As he walked away, the boy's words rang in the Governor's ears: "Not fair and square." "Not honorable." "No Copley boy would do that."

How the Governor made a splendid speech, and how he called them all "old fellows," and how he spoke of the fine traditions of honor which Mr. Winthrop began and Mr. Stoughton was continuing, and how he told them interesting stories of political fights—where they would be tempted to forget some of the Copley standard of conduct—and how he praised old "Skipper" Cunningham and said he was as good as the victor, and how he said that he was going to present a cup to the school to be fought for every year, to be called the "Winthrop Cup," and to be given to the second best athlete, and how he said he wanted the "Skipper's" name to be placed first upon it, and how he proposed three cheers for "Popper" Stoughton—all these things are part of the school history, and are handed down from one class to another as they tell of that memorable "Governor's Day."

And then all the boys escorted him down to the station, and gave their school, class, and House yells, and nearly jerked his arm off in their anxiety to shake hands with him. And at six o'clock the Governor and his private secretary boarded the limited express, which was due to arrive at the great manufacturing city of Dunster at half-past seven, just in time for the rally.

"Well, Mr. Porter, I'm sorry you were busy writing out that dictation, for you missed a good time. I haven't had as much fun for years. But now comes the serious part of life again. Have you got my speech all written out?"

Porter produced it; and the Governor read it through, while the lines in his face deepened and his look became again severe and judicial. "I guess that is sufficiently strong," he said, when he had finished reading—"but no more so than the man deserves; isn't that so?" he burst out heartily.

"No," said Porter.

"You don't think that I'm taking any unfair advantage of him?" Clinton asked, in a thoughtful manner. "Of course, his getting drunk may have been more in the nature of an accident than anything else and doesn't necessarily mean that a man is unfit," he said half to himself. "It's a rather small issue, isn't it, to make against a man?"

"*You* didn't make it; he did," answered Porter.

"You're right," said the Governor, suddenly, and he began to study the speech carefully in order to get it clearly in his head. "Let me have those copies of the court record," he said. Porter handed them over. "I don't want to use these against a man if it wouldn't be a square thing to do," again argued the Governor, "I don't want to take unfair advantage of a weakness on his part."

"As I said before," replied the private secretary, "I consider it your duty to the party."

"Of course," said the Governor, "that makes the difference; if only I personally were the gainer, I might hesitate, but the party welfare demands it."

At half-past seven the train drew into the station in Dunster; and a delegation of the city committee met the Governor with a barouche and four horses and a band playing "Hail to the Chief," to the Governor's great weariness. At the city hall, where the rally was to be held, a large crowd of representative men of the party were assembled in one of the ante-rooms behind the stage. As the party leaders filed up, Clinton addressed a few happy words to each, calling most of them by name, for he had spoken in Dunster before.

Then the signal was given and the chairman of the meeting, looking worried and overweighted by the responsibilities of the occasion, marched up on the stage with the Governor, the rest shambling on behind in a shamefaced manner and with a certain want of confidence, like a flock of sheep. While the chairman was making his speech of introduction, which occupied thirty-five minutes, and during which he carefully anticipated every point which the real speakers of the evening might make, the Governor took out the pages of his speech, together with the court documents, and again carefully read them through. At last the chairman finished and the Governor walked slowly forward



Clinton examined them with curiosity.—Page 327.

on the platform. The audience cheered wildly and the band hurriedly played "Hail to the Chief." The Governor took his manuscript and the other papers out of his breast-pocket, laid them on the reading-desk, opened them, gave a last glance at them, and then stood waiting for the uproar to subside.

As he stood there looking at the excited audience, a man's face in the row next to the front caught his eye, and he looked hard at him. It seemed familiar. He gazed still harder; and then saw that it was no one whom he knew, but that the face was the very image of "Skipper" Cunningham's. Like a flash Clinton's mind reverted to the scene at Copley School. He heard the frank, manly, ringing tones of Cunningham as he replied to the Governor's remarks. . . . Then Clinton perceived that the audience was waiting for him, and he began,

"My friends of Dunster, not alone my party mates, I thank you for this warm welcome. I have tried my best while your Governor to earn it. . . ."

Those who were there said that Governor Clinton had never before in his life made so strong and so ringing a speech. The argument was searching, filled with sarcasm, and unanswerable. It stirred his audience from the bottom of their souls, for the Governor's words seemed instinct with truth and sincerity. As he sat patiently waiting for the local candidate for the Legislature, who was speaking on painfully uninteresting local issues, to finish, Clinton felt, himself, that his speech had distinctly been a success. He also felt that he had done right.

After the Governor and his private secretary, Mr. Porter, rode back to the hotel, he said, "Porter, I wish you'd take down a note which I want to dictate to-night to Bellingham. Enclose with it the manuscript of my speech and the copies of those

court records. Take a copy of it and send it to-night."

On reaching the hotel the note was written and mailed with the enclosures that night; and the Bellingham episode in the campaign appeared to be closed so far as Clinton was concerned.

The Governor reached the State House the next day about noon; and at three o'clock it was announced to him that Mr. Bellingham was outside and desired to see him.

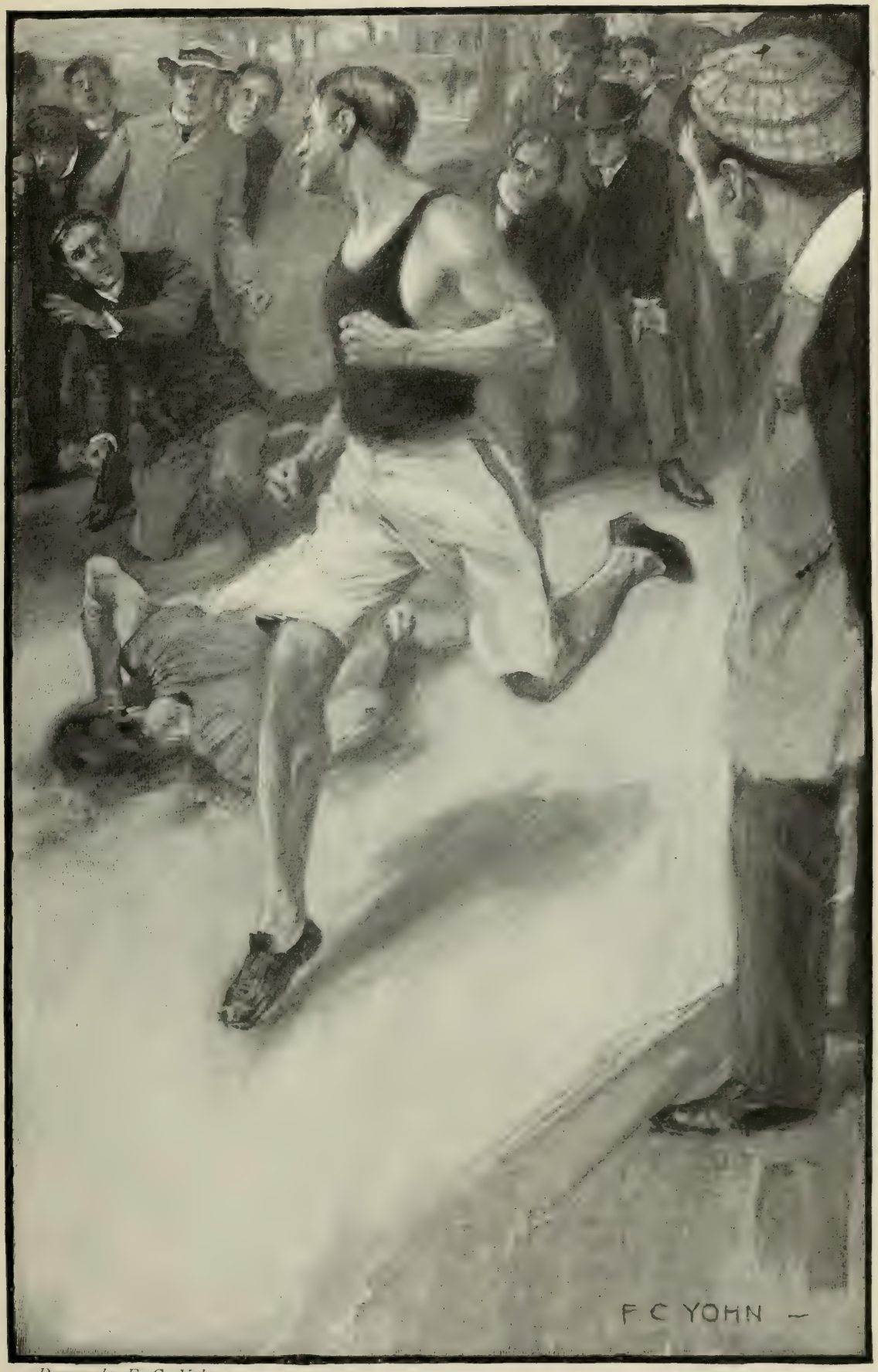
"This is a nuisance," muttered the Governor as Bellingham entered. The latter walked up to the Governor and held out his hand.

"Governor," he said, "I am here to apologize to you most sincerely for what I said in my speech the other night. I want to tell you that I will make full explanation of it in the newspapers and to my audience to-night. I cannot tell you how much I appreciate and how much I thank you for your note and for your forbearance in not delivering that speech which you sent me. For I admit you had the greatest provocation to return the attack."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Clinton. "It's all over with now. Sit down."



"I'm proud of my school and that you're in it, and I'm proud of you."—Page 331.



Drawn by F C. Yohn.

He fell down upon the track and Cunningham darted by him with the race well in hand.—Page 331.

Just at that moment Jim Blakely and Dawson, the *Standard* reporter, were waiting outside in the private secretary's office for a chance to see Clinton, and conversing excitedly with Mr. Porter.

"What in Heaven's name made the Governor give up his idea of attacking Bellingham in his speech last night?" asked Blakely. "I thought we had it all decided on that he was to produce those convictions and make a rousing assault on that blackguardly politician," he continued; "and now he goes up to Dunster and makes a speech with not a word in it on Bellingham's personal record, and confines himself to political issues. He's a damned fool, that's what he is. He's throwing away his election."

"I don't know," said Porter, "how it happened. All I know is, that he had his speech all prepared and was studying it all the way to Dunster. He had it on his desk before him, and I was never so surprised in all my life as I was when I heard him go on without a word regarding Bellingham's career or in reply to his disreputable assaults. And you could have knocked me down with a feather when the Governor told me last night to write to Bellingham and enclose the legal papers. Wait a minute and I'll show you what he wrote. I know I can rely on you two not to make it public."

Both men nodded, and Porter took up some paper on his desk and read:

"ALFRED P. BELLINGHAM, Esq.,

"Dear Sir:—I have read your remarks of last night and I enclose you the speech which I intended to deliver in reply to them. It will never be delivered, however. I also enclose you certain documents which may be of interest to you. Upon careful consideration of these and of your recent course in this campaign, I feel sure that you will be of the opinion, as a gentleman, that the way to your election or to mine in this State does not lie along such a road.

"Yours truly,

"ROBERT CLINTON."

"Well, I call the Governor, with all due respect, a tenderfoot," said the reporter, whistling loudly as he heard the letter. "Did the Governor give you any explanation of his change of heart?"

"Nothing very intelligible," answered Porter. "He said something about Copley School that I couldn't make out."



The Governor's words seemed instinct with truth and sincerity.—Page 333.

"And now," said Bellingham, inside the Executive Chamber, to Clinton, "I want to explain to you the other night's speech. I admit that I was drunk. I admit also that many years ago I was indicted for fraud at an election, and I was convicted and fined for drunkenness; but, God help me, I believe that during the past twenty years I have lived down these things. I hadn't touched a drop of liquor for five years up to the other night. It was, you remember, a very biting cold night, and I had driven six miles from the railroad station and was thoroughly chilled through. I felt it in my lungs, and my host over-persuaded me to take some whiskey. It went straight to my head, and you unfortunately know the result. But as I said before, Governor, I cannot sufficiently apologize to you and thank you for your forbearance."

The Governor paused a moment. "You needn't thank me," he said. "You should thank 'Skipper' Cunningham."

Bellingham looked confused and waited



"Governor," he said, "I am here to apologize to you."—Page 334.

for the Governor to explain his remark. The Governor, however, offered no explanation. Instead, he said, abruptly, "Bellingham, I'm going to tell you, as man to man, that I think you've done a very square thing by coming here to me to-day and saying what you've said. I think it was a mighty frank and honorable thing in you to do. I'm proud to be fighting you as my opponent."

He paused again, and then suddenly asked, "You never were a Copley School boy, were you?"

"No," said Bellingham.

"You ought to have been," answered the Governor.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

SARANAC LAKE:—WINTER, 1887–1888

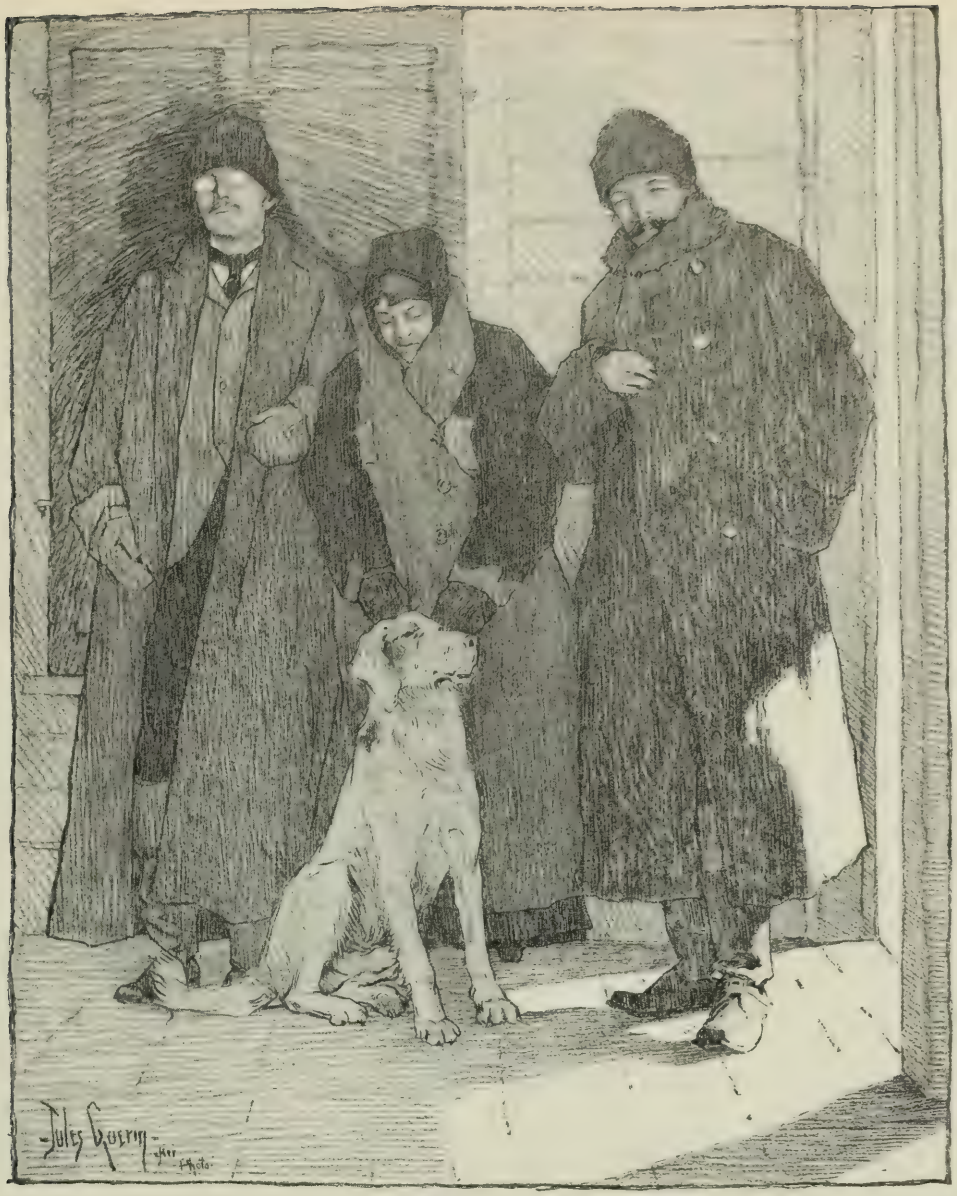
DURING the two years and nine months of Stevenson's residence at Bournemouth preceding the date of his father's death, he had made no apparent progress toward recovery. Every period of respite had been quickly followed by a relapse, and all his work, brilliant and varied as it was, had been done under conditions which would have reduced almost any other man to inactivity. The close and frequently recurring struggles against the danger of death from hemorrhage and exhaustion, which he had been used, when they first occurred, to find exciting, grew in the long run merely irksome, and even his persistent high courage and gayety, sustained as they were by the devoted affection of his family and many friends, began occasionally, for the first time, to fail him. Accordingly when in May, 1887, the death of his father severed the strongest of the ties which bound him to the old country, he was very ready to listen to the advice of his physicians, who were unanimous in thinking his case not hopeless, but urged him to try some complete change of climate, surroundings, and mode of life. His wife's connections pointing to the West, he thought of the mountain health-resorts of Colorado, and of their growing reputation for the cure of lung patients. Having let his house at Bournemouth, he accordingly took passage on board the steamship Ludgate Hill, sailing for New York from London on August 17, 1887, with his whole party, consisting of his wife, his widowed mother, whom they had persuaded to join them, his young stepson, and a trusted servant, Valentine.

It was the moment when his reputation had first reached its height in the United States, owing especially to the immense impression made by the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. He experienced consequently—for the first time—the pleasures, such as they were, of celebrity, and also its inconveniences; found the most hospitable of refuges in the house of his kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, of Newport; and quickly made many other friends, including the owner and the editor of this Magazine, from whom he immediately received and accepted very advantageous offers of work. Having been dissuaded from braving, for the present, the fatigue of the long journey to Colorado and the extreme rigors of its winter climate, he determined to try instead a season at the mountain station of Saranac Lake, in the Adirondack Mountains, New York State, which had lately been coming into reputation as a place of cure. There, under the care of the well-known resident physician, Dr. Trudeau, he spent nearly seven months, from the end of September, 1887, to the end of April, 1888, with results on the whole favorable to his own health, though not to that of his wife, who at these high altitudes was never well. His work during the winter consisted of the twelve papers published in the course of 1888 in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, including, perhaps, the most striking of all his essays, *A Chapter on Dreams*, *Pulvis et Umbra*, *Beggars*, *The Lantern Bearers*, *Random Memories*, etc.; as well as the greater part of the *Master of Ballantrae* and *The Wrong Box*—the last originally conceived and drafted by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne—and the ballad of *Ticonderoga*.

The following letters are extracted from those which tell of his voyage to New York and his reception there at this date, and of his winter's life and work at Saranac:

NEWPORT, R. I., U. S. A. [September, 1887].

MY DEAR COLVIN,—So long it went excellent well, and I had a time I am glad to have had; really enjoying my life. There is nothing like being at sea, after all. And O why have I allowed myself

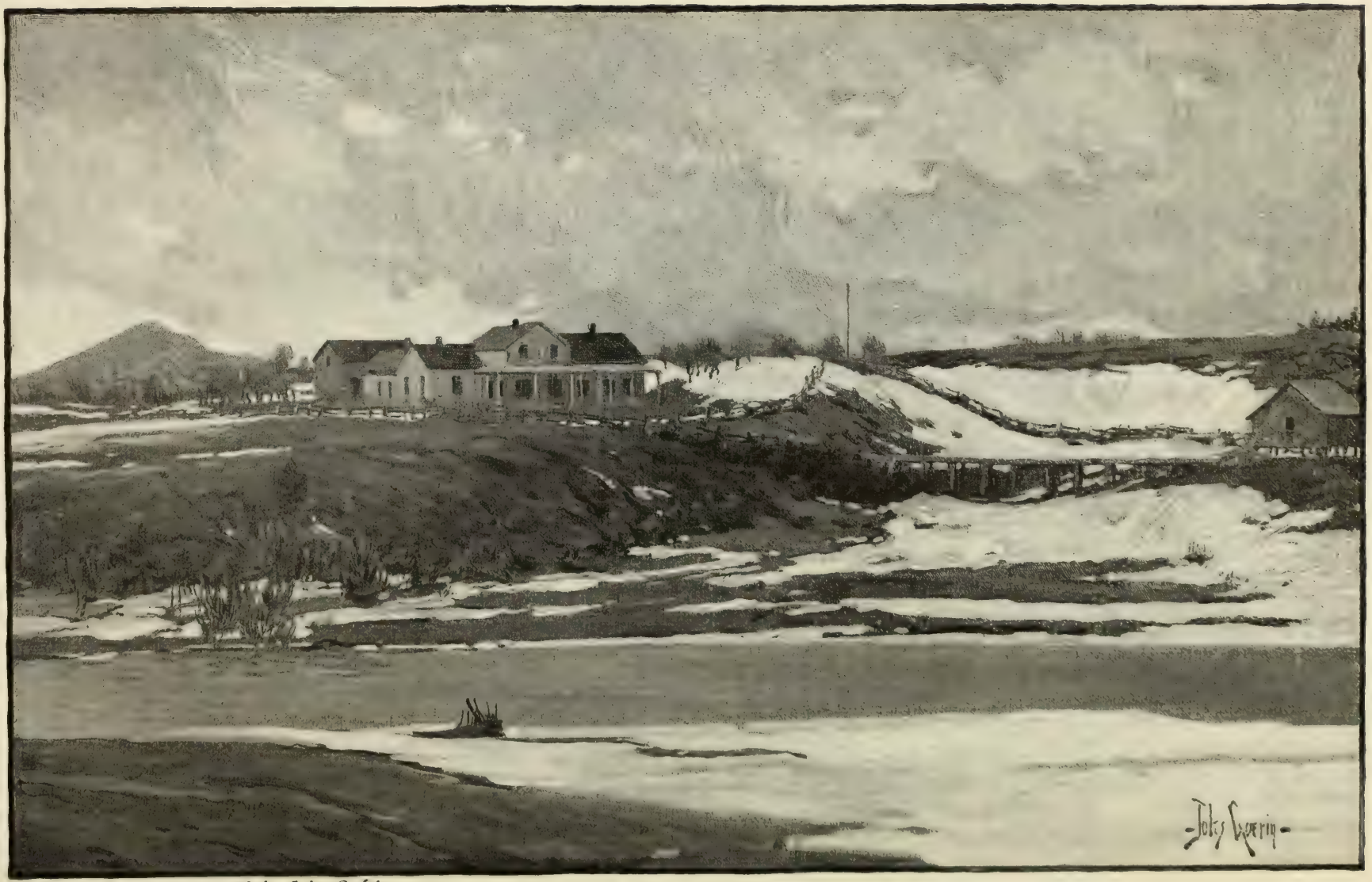


Lloyd Osbourne. Mrs. Stevenson. R. L. Stevenson.

On the Porch of the Cottage at Saranac, in the Adirondacks, U. S. A.
(From a Photograph.)

to rot so long on land? But on the Banks I caught a cold, and I have not yet got over it. My reception here was idiotic to the last degree. . . . It is very silly, and not pleasant, except where humor enters; and I confess the poor interviewer lads pleased me. They are too good for their trade; avoided anything I asked them to avoid, and were no more vulgar in their reports than they could help. I liked the lads.

O, it was lovely on our stable-ship, chock full of stallions. She rolled heartily, rolled some of the fittings out of our state-room, and I think a more dangerous cruise (except that it was summer) it would be hard to imagine. But we enjoyed it to the masthead, all but Fanny; and even she perhaps a little. When we got in, we had run out of beer, stout, cocoa, soda-water, water, fresh meat, and (almost) of biscuit. But it was a thousandfold pleasanter than a great big Birmingham liner like a new hotel; and we liked the officers, and made friends with the quartermasters, and I (at least) made a friend of a baboon (for we carried a cargo of apes), whose embraces have pretty near cost me a coat. The passengers improved, and were a very good specimen lot, with no drunkard, no gambling that I saw, and less grumbling and backbiting than one would have asked of poor human nature. Apes, stallions, cows, matches, hay, and poor men-folk all or almost all came successfully to land—Yours ever, R. L. S.



Drawn from a photograph by Jules Gubrin.

The Cottage at Saranac Occupied by Robert Louis Stevenson.

[Newport, U. S. A., September, 1887.]

My dear James,—Here we are at Newport in the house of the good Fairchilds; and a sad burthen we have laid upon their shoulders. I have been in bed practically ever since I came. I caught a cold on the Banks after having had the finest time conceivable, and enjoyed myself more than I could have hoped on board our strange floating menagerie; stallions and monkeys and matches made our cargo; and the vast continent of these incongruities rolled the while like a haystack; and the stallions stood hypnotised by the motion, looking through the ports at our dinner-table, and winked when the crockery was broken; and the little monkeys stared at each other in their cages, and were thrown overboard like little bluish babies; and the big monkey, Jacko, scoured about the ship and rested willingly in my arms, to the ruin of my clothing; and the man of the stallions made a bower of the black tarpaulin, and sat therein at the feet of a raddled divinity, like a picture on a box of chocolates; and the other passengers, when they were not sick, looked on and laughed. Take all this picture, and make it roll till the bell shall sound unexpected notes and the fittings shall break loose in our stateroom, and you have the voyage of the *Ludgate Hill*. She arrived in the port of New York, without beer, porter, soda-water, curaçoa, fresh meat, or fresh water; and yet we lived, and we regret her.

My wife is a good deal run down, and I am no great shakes.

America is, as I remarked, a fine place to eat in, and a great place for kindness; but, Lord, what a silly thing is popularity; I envy the cool obscurity of Skerryvore. If it even paid, said Meanness! and was abashed at himself.—Yours most sincerely,

R. L. S.

[New York; end of September, 1887.]

My dear S. C.,—Your delightful letter has just come, and finds me in a New York Hotel, waiting the arrival of a sculptor (St. Gaudens) who is making a medallion of yours truly and who is (to boot) one of the handsomest and nicest fellows I have often seen. I caught a cold on the Banks; fog is not for me; nearly died of interviewers and visitors, during twenty-four hours in New York; cut for Newport with Lloyd and Valentine, a journey like a fairy-land for the most engaging beauties, one little rocky and pine-shaded cove after another, each with a house and a boat at anchor, so that I left my heart in each and marvelled why American authors had been so unjust to their country; caught another cold on the train; arrived at Newport to go to bed and grow worse, and to stay in bed until I left again; the Fairchilds proving during this time kindness itself; Mr. Fairchild simply one of the most engaging men in the world, and one of the children, Blair, *aet.* ten, a great joy and amusement in his solemn adoring attitude to the author of *Treasure Island*.

Here I was interrupted by the arrival of my sculptor. I have begged him to make a medallion of himself and give me a copy. I will not take up the sentence in which I was wandering so long, but begin fresh. I was ten or twelve days at Newport; then came back convalescent to New York. Fanny and Lloyd are off to the Adirondacks to see if that will suit; and the rest of us leave Monday (this is Saturday) to follow them up. I hope we may manage to stay there all winter. I have a splendid appetite and have on the whole recovered well after a mighty sharp attack. I am now on a salary of £500 a year for twelve articles in *Scribner's Magazine* on what I like; it is more than £500 but I cannot calculate more precisely [it was £700]. You have no idea how much is made of me here; I was offered £2000 for a weekly article—eh heh! how is that? but I refused that lucrative job. They would drive even an honest man into being a mere lucre-hunter in three weeks; to make *me gober* is I think more difficult: I have my own views on that point and stick to them. The success of *Under-woods* is gratifying. You see, the verses are sane, that is their strong point, and it seems is strong enough to carry them.

A thousand thanks for your grand letter, ever yours, R. L. S.

Saranac Lake, Adirondacks,
New York, U. S. A.
[October, 1887.]

My dear Bob,

The cold [of Colorado] was too rigorous for me; I could not risk the long rail-

way voyage, and the season was too late to risk the Eastern, Cape Hatteras side of the steamer one; so here we stuck and stick. We have a wooden house on a hill top, overlooking a river, and a village about a quarter of a mile away, and very wooded hills; the whole scene is very Highland, bar want of heather and wooden houses.

I have got one good thing of my sea voyage; it is proved the sea agrees heartily with me, and my mother likes it; so if I get any better, or no worse, my mother will likely hire a yacht for a month or so in summer. Good Lord! what fun! Wealth is only useful for two things; a yacht and a string quartette. For these two I will sell my soul. Except for these I hold that £700 a year is as much as anybody can possibly want; and I have had more, so I know, for the extry coins were of no use excepting for illness, which damns everything.

I was so happy on board that ship, I could not have believed it possible; we had the beastliest weather, and many discomforts; but the mere fact of its being a tramp-ship gave us many comforts; we could cut about with the men and officers, stay in the wheel-house, discuss all manner of things, and really be a little at sea. And truly there is nothing else. I had literally forgotten what happiness was, and the full mind—full of external and physical things, not full of cares and labours and rot about a fellow's behaviour. My heart literally sang; I truly care for nothing so much as for that. We took so North a course that we saw Newfoundland; noone in the ship had ever seen it before.

It was beyond belief to me how she rolled; in seemingly smooth water, the bell striking, the fittings bounding out of our stateroom. It is worth having lived these last years, partly because I have written some better books, which is always pleasant, but chiefly to have had the joy of this voyage. I have been made a lot of here, and it is sometimes pleasant, sometimes the reverse; but I could give it all up, and agree that —— was the author of my works, for a good seventy ton schooner and the coins to keep her on. And to think there are parties with yachts who would make the exchange! I know a little about fame now; it is no good compared to a yacht; and anyway there is more fame in a yacht, more genuine fame; to cross the Atlantic and come to anchor in Newport (say) with the Union Jack, and go ashore for your letters and hang about the pier, among the holiday yachtsmen—that's fame, that's glory—and nobody can take it away; they can't say your book is bad; you *have* crossed the Atlantic. I should do it South by the West Indies, to avoid the damned banks; and probably come home by steamer, and leave the skipper to bring the yacht home.

Well, if all goes well, we shall maybe sail out of Southampton water some of these days and take a run to Havre, and try the Baltic, or somewhere.

Love to you all
Ever your afft.
Robert Louis Stevenson.

Low was delightful as always. St. Gaudens, a very nice fellow too, has done a medallion of me.

[The following refers to a review by Mr. Gosse of Stevenson's volume of verse called "Underwoods." The book had been published a few weeks previously, and is dedicated, as readers will remember, to a number of physicians who had attended him at sundry times and places.]

Saranac Lake, Oct. 8th, 1887.

My dear Gosse,—I have just read your article twice, with cheers of approving laughter; I do not believe you ever wrote anything so funny; Tyndall's 'shell,' the passage on the Davos press and its invaluable issues, and that on V. Hugo and Swinburne, are exquisite; so, I say it more ruefully, is the touch about the doctors. For the rest, I am very glad you like my verses so well; and the qualities you ascribe to them seem to me well found and well named. I own to that kind of candour you attribute to me; when I am frankly interested, I suppose I fancy the public will be so too—and when I am moved, I am sure of it. It has been my luck hitherto to meet with no staggering disillusion. 'Before' and 'After' may be two; and yet I believe the habit is now too thoroughly ingrained to be altered. About the doctors, you were right, that dedication has been the subject of some pleas-

antries that made me grind, and of your happily touched reproof which made me blush. And to miscarry in a dedication is an abominable form of book-wreck ; I am a good captain, I would rather lose the tent and save my dedication.

I am at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, I suppose for the winter ; it seems a first-rate place ; we have a house in the eye of many winds, with a view of a piece of running water—Highland, all but the dear hue of peat—and of many hills—Highland also, but for the lack of heather. Soon the snow will close on us ; we are here some twenty miles—twenty-seven they say, but this I profoundly disbelieve —in the woods ; communication by letter is slow and (let me be consistent) aleatory ; by telegram is as near as may be impossible.

I had some experience of American appreciation ; I liked a little of it, but there is too much ; a little of that would go a long way to spoil a man ; and I like myself better in the woods. I am so damned candid and ingenuous (for a cynic), and so much of a 'cweatu' of impulse—aw' (if you remember that admirable Leech), that I begin to shirk any more taffy ; I think I begin to like it too well. But let us trust the Gods ; they have a rod in pickle ; reverently I doff my trousers, and with screwed eyes await the *amari aliquid* of the great God Busby.

I thank you for the article in all ways, and remain yours affectionately,

R. L. S.

SARANAC, October, 1887.

[To W. H. Low.]

SIR,—I have to trouble you with the following *paroles bien senties*. We are here at a first-rate place. 'Baker's' is the name of our house ; but we don't address there, we prefer the tender care of the Post-Office, as more aristocratic (it is no use to telegraph even to the care of the Post-Office, who does not give a single damn). Baker's has a prophet's chamber, which the hypercritical might describe as a garret with a hole in the floor ; in that garret, sir, I have to trouble you and your wife to come and slumber. Not now, however : with manly hospitality, I choke off any sudden impulse. Because first, my wife and my mother are gone (a note for the latter, strongly suspected to be in the hand of your talented wife, now sits silent on the mantel shelf), one to Niagara and t' other to Indianapolis. Because, second, we are not yet installed. And because, third, I won't have you till I have a buffalo robe and leggings, lest you should want to paint me as a plain man, which I am not, but a rank Saranacker and wild man of the woods.

Yours, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I am well.

[The Wondrous Tale referred to in the following is Stevenson's *Black Arrow*, which had been through Mr. Archer's hands in proof.]

SARANAC LAKE, October, 1887.

DEAR ARCHER,—Many thanks for the Wondrous Tale. It is scarcely a work of genius, as I believe you felt. Thanks also for your pencillings ; though I defend 'shrew,' or at least many of the shrews.

We are here (I suppose) for the winter in the Adirondacks, a hill and forest country on the Canadian border of New York State, very unsettled and primitive and cold, and healthful, or we are the more bitterly deceived. I believe it will do well for me ; but must not boast.

My wife is away to Indiana to see her family ; my mother, Lloyd, and I remain here in the cold, which has been exceeding sharp, and the hill air, which is inimitably fine. We all eat bravely, and sleep well, and make great fires, and get along like one o'clock.

I am now a salaried party ; I am a *bourgeois* now ; I am to write a monthly paper for Scribner's, at a scale of payment which makes my teeth ache for shame and diffidence. The editor is, I believe, to apply to you ; for we were talking over likely men, and when I instanced you, he said he had had his eye upon you from the first. It is worth while, perhaps, to get in tow with the Scribners ; they are such thorough gentle-folk in all ways that it is always a pleasure to deal with them. I am like to be a millionaire if this goes on, and be publicly hanged at the social revolution ; well, I would prefer that to dying in my bed ; and it would be a godsend to my biographer, if ever I have one. What are you about ? I hope you are all well and

in good case and spirits, as I am now, after a most nefast experience of despondency before I left; but indeed I was quite run down. Remember me to Mrs. Archer, and give my respects to Tom—Yours very truly, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[The lady to whom the following letter is addressed, as well as a good many others to come, had been a close friend of the Stevenson family at Bournemouth, and on their departure had been trusted to keep an eye on their interests in connection with their house (which had been let) and other matters, and to report thereon from time to time. In their correspondence Stevenson is generally referred to as the Squire and the lady as the Gamekeeper.]

[SARANAC LAKE, December, 1887.]

MY DEAR MISS BOODLE,—I am so much afraid, our gamekeeper may weary of unacknowledged reports! Hence, in the midst of a perfect horror of detestable weathers of a quite incongruous strain, and with less desire for correspondence than—well, than—well, with no desire for correspondence, behold me dash into the breach. Do keep up your letters. They are most delightful to this exiled backwoods family; and in your next, we shall hope somehow or other to hear better news of you and yours—that, in the first place—and to hear more news of our beasts and birds and kindly fruits of the earth and those human tenants who are (truly) too much with us.

I am very well; better than for years: that is for good. But then my wife is no great shakes; the place does not suit her—it is my private opinion that no place does—and she is now away down to New York for a change, which (as Lloyd is in Boston) leaves my mother and me and Valentine alone in our wind-beleaguered hilltop hatbox of a house. You should hear the cows butt against the walls in the early morning while they feed; you should also see our back log when the thermometer goes (as it does go) away—away below zero, till it can be seen no more by the eye of man—not the thermometer, which is still perfectly visible, but the mercury, which curls up into the bulb like a hibernating bear; you should also see the lad who "does chores" for us, with his red stockings and his thirteen year old face, and his highly manly tramp into the room; and his two alternative answers to all questions about the weather; either "Cold," or with a really lyrical movement of the voice, "*Lovely*—raining!"

Will you take this miserable scrap for what it is worth? Will you also understand that I am the man to blame, and my wife is really almost too much out of health to write—or at least doesn't write?—And believe me, with kind remembrances to Mrs. Boodle and your sister, very sincerely yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SARANAC LAKE, Winter, 1887–8.

MY DEAR HENRY JAMES,—It may please you to know how our family has been employed. In the silence of the snow the afternoon lamp has lighted an eager fireside group; my mother reading, Fanny, Lloyd, and I devoted listeners; and the work was really one of the best works I ever heard; and its author is to be praised and honoured; and what do you suppose is the name of it? and have you ever read it yourself? and (I am bound I will get to the bottom of the page before I blow the gaff, if I have to fight it out on this line all summer; for if you have not to turn a leaf, there can be no suspense, the conspectory eye being swift to pick out proper names; and without suspense, there can be little pleasure in this world, to my mind at least), and, in short, the name of it is *Roderick Hudson*, if you please. My dear James, it is very spirited, and very sound, and very noble too. Hudson, Mrs. Hudson, Rowland, O, all first-rate: Rowland a very fine fellow; Hudson as good as he can stick (did you know Hudson? I suspect you did), Mrs. H. his real born mother, a thing rarely managed in fiction.

We are all keeping pretty fit and pretty hearty; but this letter is not from me to you, it is from a reader of R. H. to the author of the same, and it says nothing, and has nothing to say but thank you.

We are going to re-read *Casamassima* as a proper pendant. Sir, I think these two are your best, and care not who knows it.

May I beg you, the next time *Roderick* is printed off, to go over the sheets of the

last few chapters, and strike out 'immense' and 'tremendous'? You have simply dropped them there like your pocket-handkerchief; all you have to do is to pick them up and pouch them, and your room—what do I say?—your cathedral! will be swept and garnished.—I am, dear sir, your delighted reader,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P.S.—Perhaps it is a pang of causeless honesty, perhaps I hope it will set a value on my praise of *Roderick*, perhaps it's a burst of the diabolic, but I must break out with the news that I can't bear the *Portrait of a Lady*. I read it all, and I wept too; but I can't stand your having written it; and I beg you will write no more of the like. *Infra*, sir; Below you: I can't help it—it may be your favourite work, but in my eyes it's BELOW YOU to write and me to read. I thought *Roderick* was going to be another such at the beginning; and I cannot describe my pleasure as I found it taking bones and blood, and looking out at me with a moved and human countenance, whose lineaments are written in my memory until my last of days. R. L. S.

My wife begs your forgiveness; I believe for her silence.

[The following narrates the beginning of the author's labours on the *Master of Ballantrae*. An unfinished paper written some years later in Samoa, and intended for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, tells how the story first took in his mind. *See* Ed. ed. Miscellanies, vol. iv., p. 297.]

[SARANAC, December 24, 1887–8.]

MY DEAR COLVIN,—Thank you for your explanations. I have done no more Virgil since I finished the seventh book, for I have first been eaten up with Taine, and next have fallen head over heels into a new tale, *The Master of Ballantrae*. No thought have I now apart from it, and I have got along up to page ninety-two of the draught with great interest. It is to me a most seizing tale: there are some fantastic elements, the most is a dead genuine human problem—human tragedy, I should say rather. It will be about as long, I imagine, as *Kidnapped*.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

(1) My old Lord Durrisdeer.
(2) The Master of Ballantrae, *and*
(3) Henry Durie, *his sons.*
(4) Clementina, *engaged to the first, married to the second.*
(5) Ephraim Mackellar, *land steward at Durrisdeer and narrator of the most of the book.*
(6) Francis Burke, Chevalier de St. Louis, *one of the Prince Charlie's Irishmen and narrator of the rest.*

Besides these many instant figures, most of them dumb or nearly so: Jessie Brown, the whore, Captain Crail, Captain McCombie, our old friend Alan Breck, our old friend Riach (both only for an instant), Teach the pirate (vulgarly Blackbeard), John Paul and Macconochie, servants at Durrisdeer. The date is from 1745 to '65 (about). The scene near Kirkcudbright, in the States, and for a little moment in the French East Indies. I have done most of the big work, the quarrel, duel between the brothers, and announcement of the death to Clementina and my Lord—Clementina, Henry, and Mackellar (nicknamed Squaretoes) are really very fine fellows; the Master is all I know of the devil; I have known hints of him, in the world, but always cowards: he is as bold as a lion, but with the same deadly, causeless duplicity I have watched with so much surprise in my two cowards. 'Tis true, I saw a hint of the same nature in another man who was not a coward; but he had other things to attend to; the Master has nothing else but his devilry. Here come my visitors . . . and have now gone, or the first relay of them; and I hope no more may come. For mark you, sir, this is our 'day'—Saturday, as ever was; and here we sit, my mother and I, before a large wood fire and await the enemy with the most steadfast courage; and without snow and greyness: and the woman Fanny in New York, for her health which is far from good; and the lad Lloyd at the inn in the village because he has a cold; and the handmaid Valentine abroad in a sleigh upon her messages; and to-morrow Christmas and no mistake. Such is human life: *la carrière humaine*. I will enclose, if I remember, the required autograph.

I will do better, put it on the back of this page. Love to all, and mostly, my very dear Colvin, to yourself. For whatever I say or do, or don't say or do, you may be very sure I am,—Yours always affectionately,

R. L. S.

SARANAC, February, 1888.

Raw Haste Half Sister to Delay.

DEAR MR. BURLINGAME,—1. Enclosed please find another paper.

2. There will be another severe engagement over the *Master;* a large part will have to be rehandled. I am very sorry; but you see what comes of my trying to hurry. As soon as I have got a bit ahead again with the papers I shall tackle this job. I am better; my wife also.—Yours sincerely, R. L. S.

P. S., and a *P. S.* with a vengeance.—Pray send me the tale of the proof if already printed—if not, then the tale of the MS.—and—throw the type down. I will of course bear the expense. I am going to recast the whole thing in the third person; this version is one large error. Keep standing, however, the Chevalier's narration, as I *may* leave that in the first person. R. L. S.

Monday.

To yesterday's two barrels I add two requests. 1st. Will you let the cost of the printing stand over against the *Master*, as otherwise I may be involved in 'pecuniary embarrassments? And that, sir, is no joke. 2nd. Will you send me (from the library) some of the works of my dear old G. P. R. James. With the following specially I desire to make or to renew acquaintance: *The Songster*, *The Gypsy*, *The Convict*, *The Stepmother*, *The Gentleman of the Old School*, *The Robber*.

Excusez du peu.

This sudden return to an ancient favorite hangs upon an accident. The 'Franklin County Library' contains two works of his, *The Cavalier* and *Morley Einstein*. I read the first with indescribable amusement — it was worse than I feared, and yet somehow engaging; the second (to my surprise) was better than I dared to hope: a good, honest, dull, interesting tale, with a genuine old-fashioned talent in the invention when not strained; and a genuine old-fashioned feeling for the English language. This experience awoke appetite, and you see I have taken steps to stay it. R. L. S.

SARANAC, February, 1888.

DEAR MR. BURLINGAME,—1. Of course then don't use it. Dear Man, I write these to please you, not myself, and you know a main sight better than I do what is good. In that case, however, I enclose another paper, and return the corrected proof of *Pulvis et Umbra*, so that we may be afloat.

2. I want to say a word as to the *Master*. (The *Master of Ballantrae* shall be the name by all means.) If you like and want it, I leave it to you to make an offer. You may remember I thought the offer you made when I was still in England too small; by which I did not at all mean, I thought it less than it was worth, but too little to tempt me to undergo the disagreeables of serial publication. This tale (if you want it) you are to have; for it is the least I can do for you; and you are to observe that the sum you pay me for my articles going far to meet my wants, I am quite open to be satisfied with less than formerly. I tell you I do dislike this battle of the dollars. I feel sure you all pay too much here in America; and I beg you not to spoil me any more. For I am getting spoiled; I do not want wealth, and I feel these big sums demoralize me.

My wife came here pretty ill, she had a dreadful bad night; to-day she is better. But now Valentine is ill; and Lloyd and I have got breakfast, and my hand somewhat shakes after washing dishes.—Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P.S.—Please order me the *Evening Post* for two months. My subscription is run out. The *Mutiny* and *Edwardes* to hand.

SARANAC, March, 1888.

MY DEAR COLVIN,—Fanny has been very unwell. She is not long home, has been ill again since her return, but is now better again to a degree. You must not blame her for not writing, as she is not allowed to write at all, not even a letter. To

add to our misfortunes, Valentine is quite ill and in bed. Lloyd and I get breakfast; I have now, 10.15, just got the dishes washed and the kitchen all clear, and sit down to give you as much news as I have spirit for, after such an engagement. Glass is a thing that really breaks my spirit: I do not like to fail, and with glass I cannot reach the work of my high calling—the artist's.

I am, as you may gather from this, wonderfully better: this harsh, grey, glum, doleful climate has done me good. You cannot fancy how sad a climate it is. When the thermometer stays all day below 10°, it is really cold; and when the wind blows, O commend me to the result. Pleasure in life is all delete; there is no red spot left, fires do not radiate, you burn your hands all the time on what seem to be cold stones. It is odd, zero is like summer heat to us now; and we like, when the thermometer outside is really low, a room at about 48°: 60° we find oppressive. Yet the natives keep their holes at 90° or even 100°.

This was interrupted days ago by household labors. Since then I have had and (I tremble to write it, but it does seem as if I had) beaten off an influenza. The cold is exquisite. Valentine still in bed. The proofs of the first part of the *Master of Ballantrae* begin to come in; soon you shall have it in the pamphlet form; and I hope you will like it. The second part will not be near so good; but there—we can but do as it'll do with us. I have every reason to believe this winter has done me real good, so far as it has gone; and if I carry out my scheme for next winter, and succeeding years, I should end by being a tower of strength. I want you to save a good holiday for next winter; I hope we shall be able to help you to some larks. Is there any Greek isle you would like to explore? or any creek in Asia Minor?—Yours ever affectionately, R. L. S.

Saranac Lake, March, 1888.

My dear, delightful James,—To quote your heading to my wife, I think no man writes so elegant a letter, I am sure none so kind, unless it be Colvin, and there is more of the stern parent about him. I was vexed at your account of my admired Meredith; I wish I could go and see him, as it is I will try to write. I read with indescribable admiration your *Emerson*. I begin to long for the day when these portraits of yours shall be collected; do put me in. But Emerson is a higher flight. Have you a *Tourgueneff?* You have told me many interesting things of him, and I seem to see them written, and forming a graceful and *bildend* sketch. My novel is a tragedy, four parts out of six or seven are written, and gone to Burlingame. Five parts of it are sound, human tragedy; the last one or two, I regret to say, are not so soundly designed; I almost hesitate to write them; they are very picturesque, but they are fantastic; they shame, perhaps degrade, the beginning. I wish I knew; that was how the tale came to me however. I got the situation; it was an old taste of mine: The older brother goes out in the '45, the younger stays; the younger, of course, gets title and estate and marries the bride designate of the elder—a family match, but he (the younger) had always loved her, and she had really loved the elder. Do you see the situation? Then the devil and Saranac suggested this *dénouement*, and I joined the two ends in a day or two of constant feverish thought, and began to write. And now—I wonder if I have not gone too far with the fantastic. The elder brother is an *Incubus;* supposed to be killed at Culloden, he turns up again and bleeds the family of money; on that stopping he comes and lives with them, whence flows the real tragedy, the nocturnal duel of the brothers (very naturally, and indeed, I think, inevitably arising), and second supposed death of the elder. Husband and wife now really make up, and then the cloven hoof appears. For the third supposed death and the manner of the third reappearance is steep; steep, sir. It is even very steep, and I fear it shames the honest stuff so far; but then it is highly pictorial, and it leads up to death of the elder brother at the hands of the younger in a perfectly cold-blooded murder, of which I wish (and mean) the reader to approve. You see how daring is the design. There are really but six characters, and one of these episodic, and yet it covers eighteen years, and will be, I imagine, the longest of my works.—Yours ever, R. L. S.

Read Gosse's Raleigh.

First rate,—Yours ever, R. L. S.

To S. R. Crockett

[Saranac Lake, Spring, 1888.]

Dear Minister of the Free Kirk at Penicuik,—For O, man, I cannae read your name!—That I have been so long in answering your delightful letter sits on my conscience badly. The fact is I let my correspondence accumulate until I am going to leave a place; and then I pitch in, overhaul the pile, and my cries of penitence might be heard a mile about. Yesterday I despatched thirty-five belated letters; conceive the state of my conscience, above all the Sins of Omission (see boyhood's guide, the Shorter Catechism) are in my view the only serious ones; I call it my view, but it cannot have escaped you that it was also Christ's. However, all that is not to the purpose, which is to thank you for the sincere pleasure afforded by your charming letter. I get a good few such; how few that please me at all, you would be surprised to learn—or have a singularly just idea of the dulness of our race; how few that please me as yours did, I can tell you in one word—*None*. I am no great kirkgoer, for many reasons—and the sermon's one of them, and the first prayer another, but the chief and effectual reason is the stuffiness. I am no great kirkgoer, says I, but when I read yon letter of yours, I thought I would like to sit under ye. And then I saw ye were to send me a bit buik, and says I, I'll wait for the bit buik, and then I'll mebbe can read the man's name, and anyway I'll can kill twa birds wi' ae stane. And, man! the buik was ne'er heard tell o'!

That fact is an adminicle of excuse for my delay.

And now, dear minister of the illegible name, thanks to you, and greeting to your wife, and may you have good guidance in your difficult labors, and a blessing on your life.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

(No just so young sae young's he was, though—I'm awfae near forty, man).
Address c/o Charles Scribner's Sons,
743 Broadway, New York.

Don't put "N.B." in your paper, put *Scotland*, and be done with it. Alas, that I should be thus stabbed in the home of my friends! The name of my native land is not *North Britain*, whatever may be the name of yours. R. L. S.

[Saranac], April 9th!! 1888.

My dear Colvin,—I have been long without writing to you, but am not to blame. I had some little annoyances quite for a private eye, but they ran me so hard that I could not write without lugging them in, which (for several reasons) I did not choose to do. Fanny is off to San Francisco, and next week I myself flit to New York: address Scribners. Where we shall go I know not, nor (I was going to say) care; so bald and bad is my frame of mind. Do you know our—ahem!—fellow clubman, Colonel Majendie? I had such an interesting letter from him. Did you see my sermon? [*Pulvis et Umbra*] It has evoked the worst feeling: I fear people don't care for the truth, or else I don't tell it. Suffer me to wander without purpose. I have sent off twenty letters to-day, and begun and stuck over a twenty-first, and taken a copy of one which was on business, and corrected several galleys of proof, and sorted about a bushel of old letters; so if any one has a right to be romantically stupid it is I—and I am. Really deeply stupid, and at that stage when in old days I used to pour out words without any meaning whatever and with my mind taking no part in the performance. I suspect that is now the case. I am reading with extraordinary pleasure the life of Lord Lawrence: Lloyd and I have a mutiny novel—

(Next morning, after twelve other letters)—mutiny novel on hand—*The White Nigger*—a tremendous work—so we are all at Indian books. The idea of the novel is Lloyd's: I call it a novel. 'Tis a tragic romance, of the most tragic sort: I believe the end will be almost too much for human endurance—when the White Nigger was thrown to the ground with one of his own (Sepoy) soldier's knees upon his chest, and the cries begin in the Beebeeghar. Oh, truly, you know it is a howler! The whole last part is—well the difficulty is that, short of resuscitating Shakespeare, I don't know who is to write it.

I still keep wonderful. I am a great performer before the Lord on a penny whistle. Dear sir, sincerely yours,

ANDREW JACKSON.

[SARANAC LAKE, April, 1888.]

MY DEAR GAMEKEEPER,—Your p. c. (proving you a good student of Micawber) has just arrived, and it paves the way to something I am anxious to say. I wrote a paper the other day—Pulvis et Umbra; —I wrote it with great feeling and conviction; to me it seemed bracing and healthful; it is in such a world (so seen by me), that I am very glad to fight out my battle, and see some fine sunsets, and hear some excellent jests between whiles round the camp fire. But I find that to some people this vision of mine is a nightmare, and extinguishes all ground of faith in God or pleasure in man. Truth I think not so much of; for I do not know it. And I could wish in my heart that I had not published this paper, if it troubles folks too much: all have not the same digestion, nor the same sight of things. And it came over to me with special pain that perhaps this article (which I was at the pains to send to her) might give dismalness to my *Gamekeeper at Home*. Well, I cannot take back what I have said; but yet I may add this. If my view be everything but the nonsense that it may be—to me it seems self-evident and blinding truth—surely of all things it makes this world holier. There is nothing in it but the moral side—but the great battle and the breathing-times with their refreshments. I see no more and no less. And if you look again, it is not ugly, and it is filled with promise.

Pray excuse a desponding author for this apology. My wife is away off to the uttermost parts of the States, all by herself. I shall be off, I hope, in a week; but where? Ah! that I know not. I keep wonderful, and my wife a little better, and the lad flourishing. We now perform duets on two D tin whistles; it is no joke to make the bass; I think I must really send you one, which I wish you would correct. . . .

I may be said to live for these instrumental labours now; but I have always some childishness on hand.—I am, dear Gamekeeper, your indulgent, but intemperate Squire,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[On the 16th of April Stevenson and his party left Saranac. After spending a fortnight in New York, where, as always in cities, his health quickly flagged again, he went for the month of May into seaside quarters at Union House, Manasquan, on the New Jersey coast, for the sake of fresh air and boating. Here he enjoyed the society of some of his New York friends, including Mr. St. Gaudens and Mr. W. H. Low, and was initiated in the congenial craft of cat-boat sailing. In the meantime Mrs. Stevenson had gone to San Francisco, to see whether a sailing yacht was to be found available for a few months' cruise in the Pacific. The *Casco*, Captain Otis, was found accordingly; Stevenson signified by telegraph his assent to the arrangement; determined to risk in the adventure the sum of £2,000, of which his father's death had put him in possession, hoping to recoup himself by a book of Letters recounting his experiences; and on the 2d of June started with his mother and stepson for San Francisco, and thence for that island cruise from which he was never to return.]

UNION HOUSE, MANASQUAN, N. J., but address to Scribner's.

May 11, 1888.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have found a yacht, and we are going the full pitch for seven months. If I cannot get my health back (more or less), 'tis madness; but, of course, there is the hope, and I will play big. . . . If this business fails to set me up, well, £2,000 is gone, and I know I can't get better. We sail from San Francisco, June 15th, for the South Seas in the yacht *Casco*.—With a million thanks for all your dear friendliness, ever yours affectionately,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[The following is addressed from Manasquan to a boy, the son of the writer's friend, the sculptor St. Gaudens; for the rest, it explains itself.]

MANASQUAN, NEW JERSEY,
27th May, 1888.

DEAR HOMER ST. GAUDENS,—Your father has brought you this day to see me,

and he tells me it is his hope he may remember the occasion. I am going to do what I can to carry out his wish; and it may amuse you, years after, to see this little scrap of paper and to read what I write. I must begin by testifying that you yourself took no interest whatever in the introduction, and in the most proper spirit displayed a single-minded ambition to get back to play, and this I thought an excellent and admirable point in your character. You were also (I use the past tense, with a view to the time when you shall read, rather than to that when I am writing) a very pretty boy, and (to my European views) startlingly self-possessed. My time of observation was so limited that you must pardon me if I can say no more: what else I marked, what restlessness of foot and hand, what graceful clumsiness, what experimental designs upon the furniture, was but the common inheritance of human youth. But you may perhaps like to know that the lean flushed man in bed, who interested you so little, was in a state of mind extremely mingled and unpleasant: harassed with work which he thought he was not doing well, troubled with difficulties to which you will in time succeed, and yet looking forward to no less a matter than a voyage to the South Seas and the visitation of savage and of desert islands.—Your father's friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE VEERY-THRUSH

By J. Russell Taylor

BLOW softly, thrush, upon the hush
That makes the least leaf loud,
Blow, wild of heart, remote, apart
From all the vocal crowd,
Apart, remote, a spirit note
That dances meltingly afloat,
Blow faintly, thrush!
And build the green-hill waterfall
I hated for its beauty, and all
The unloved vernal rapture and flush,
The old forgotten lonely time,
Delicate thrush!
Spring's at the prime, the world's in chime,
And my love is listening nearly,
O lightly blow the ancient woe,
Flute of the wood, blow clearly!
Blow, she is here, and the world all dear,
Melting flute of the hush,
Old sorrow estranged, enriched, sea-changed,
Breathe it, veery-thrush!

THE SHIP OF STARS

By A. T. Quiller-Couch

(Q.)

XXI

HONORIA'S LETTERS

1

CARWITHIEL, October 25, 18—

MY DEAR TAFFY:

Your letter was full of news, and I read it over twice—once to myself, and again after dinner to George and Sir Harry. We pictured you dining in the college hall. Thanks to your description, it was not very difficult: the long tables, the silver tankards, the dark panels and the dark pictures above, and the dons on the dais, aloof and very sedate. It reminded me of Ivanhoe—I don't know why; and no doubt if ever I see Magdalen, it will not be like my fancy in the least. But that's how I see it; and you at a table near the bottom of the hall, like the youthful squire in the story-books—the one, you know, who sits at the feast below the salt until he is recognized and forced to step up and take his seat with honor at the high table. I began to explain all this to George, but found that he had dropped asleep in his chair. He was tired out after a long day with the pheasants.

I shall stay here for a week or two yet, perhaps. You know how I hate Tredinnis. On my way over, I called at the Parsonage and saw your mother. She was writing that very day, she said, and promised to send my remembrances, which I hope duly reached you. The Vicar was away at the church, of course. There is great talk of the Bishop coming in February, when all will be ready. George sends his love; I saw him for a few minutes at breakfast this morning, before he started for another day with the pheasants.

Your friend,

HONORIA.

2

CARWITHIEL, November 19, 18—.

MY DEAR TAFFY:

Still here, you see! I am slipping this into a parcel containing a fire-screen which I have worked with my very own hands; and I trust you will be able to recognize the shield upon it and the Magdalen lilies. I send it, first, as a birthday present; and I chose a shield—well, I daresay that going in for a demy-ship is a matter-of-fact affair to you, who have grown so exceedingly matter-of-fact; but to me it seems a tremendous adventure; and so I chose a shield—for I suppose the dons would frown if you wore a cockade in your college cap. I return to Tredinnis to-morrow; so your news, whatever it is, must be addressed to me there. But it is safe to be good news.

Your friend,

HONORIA.

3

TREDINNIS, November 27, 18—.

MOST HONORED SCHOLAR:

Behold me, an hour ago, a great lady, seated in lonely grandeur at the head of my own ancestral table. This is the first time I have used the dining-room; usually I take all my meals in the morning-room, at a small table beside the fire. But to-night I had the great table spread, and the plate set out, and wore my best gown, and solemnly took my grandfather's chair and glowered at the ghost of a small girl shivering at the far end of the long white cloth. When I had enough of this (which was pretty soon) I ordered up some champagne and drank the health of Theophilus John Raymond, Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford. I graciously poured out a second glass for the small ghost at the other end of the table; and it gave her the courage to confess that she, too, in a timid way, had taken an interest in you for years,

and hoped you were going to be a great man. Having thus discovered a bond between us, we grew very friendly; and we talked a great deal about you afterward, in the drawing-room, where I lost her for a few minutes and found her hiding in the great mirror over the fire-place—a habit of hers.

It is time for me to practise ceremony, for it seems that George and I are to be married some time in the spring. For my part, I think my lord would be content to wait longer; for so long as he is happy and sees others cheerful, he is not one to hurry or worry. But Sir Harry is the impatient one, and has begun to talk of his decease. He doesn't believe in it a bit, and at times when he composes his features and attempts to be lugubrious I have to take up a book and hide my smiles. But he is clever enough to see that it bothers George.

I saw both your father and mother this morning. Mr. Raymond has been kept to the house by a chill; nothing serious; but he is fretting to be out again and at work in that draughty church. He will accept no help; and the mistress of Tredinnis has no right to press it on him. I shall never understand men and how they fight. I supposed that the war lay between him and my grandfather. But it seems he was fighting an idea all the while; for here is my grandfather beaten and dead and gone; and still the Vicar will give no quarter. If you had not assured me that your demy-ship means eighty pounds a year, I could believe that men fight for shadows only. Your mother and grandmother are both well. . . .

It was a raw December afternoon—within a week of the end of term—and Taffy had returned from skating in Christ Church meadow, when he found a telegram lying on his table. There was just time to see the Dean, to pack, and to snatch a meal in hall, before rattling off to his train. At Didcot he had the best part of an hour to wait for the night-mail westward.

"*Your father dangerously ill. Come at once.*"

There was no signature. Yet Taffy knew who had ridden to the office with that telegram. The flying darkness held visions of her, and the express throbbed westward to the beat of Aide-de-camp's gallop. Nor was he surprised at all to find her on the platform at Truro station. The Tredinnis phaeton was waiting outside.

He seemed to her but a boy after all, as he stepped out of the train in the chill dawn; a wan-faced boy and sorely in need of comfort.

"You must be brave," said she, gathering up the reins as he climbed to the seat beside her.

Surely yes; he had been telling himself this very thing all night. The groom hoisted in his portmanteau, and with a slam of the door they were off. The cold air sang past Taffy's ears. It put vigor into him, and his courage rose as he faced his shattered prospects, shattered dreams. He must be strong now, for his mother's sake; a man to work and be leant upon.

And so it was that whereas Honoria had found him a boy, Humility found him a man. As her arms went about him in her grief, she felt his body, that it was taller, broader; and knew, in the midst of her tears, that this was not the child she had parted from seven short weeks ago, but a man to act and give orders and be relied upon.

"He called for you . . . many times," was all she could say.

For Taffy had come too late. Mr. Raymond was dead. He had aggravated a slight chill by going back to his work too soon, and the bitter draughts of the church had cut him down within sight of his goal. A year before, he might have been less impatient. The chill struck into his lungs. On December 1st he had taken to his bed, and he never rallied.

"He called for me?"

"Many times."

They went up the stairs together and stood beside the bed. The thought uppermost in Taffy's mind was—"He called for me. He wanted me. He was my father, and I never knew him."

But Humility in her sorrow groped amid such questions as these: "What has happened? Who am I? Am I she who yesterday had a husband, and a child? To-day my husband is gone, and my child is no longer the same child."

In her room old Mrs. Venning remembered the first days of her own widowhood ; and life seemed to her a very short affair, after all.

Honoria saw Taffy beside the grave. It was no season for out-of-door flowers and she had rifled her hot-houses for a wreath. The exotics shivered in the north-westerly wind ; they looked meaningless, impertinent, in the gusty churchyard. Humility, before the coffin left the house, had brought the dead man's old blue working-blouse and spread it for a pall. No flowers grew in the parsonage garden ; but pressed in her Bible lay a very little bunch gathered, years ago, in the meadows by Honiton. This she divided and, unseen by anyone, pinned the half upon the breast of the patched garment.

On the evening after the funeral and for the next day or two she was strangely quiet, and seemed to be waiting for Taffy to make some sign. Dearly as mother and son loved one another, they had to find their new positions, each toward each. Now Taffy had known nothing of his parents' income. He assumed that it was little enough, and that he must now leave Oxford and work to support the household. He knew some Latin and Greek ; but without a degree he had little chance of teaching what he knew. He was a fair carpenter, and a more than passable smith. . . . He revolved many schemes, but chiefly found himself wondering what it would cost to enter an architect's office.

" I suppose," said he, " father left no will? "

" Oh, yes, he did," said Humility, and produced it—a single sheet of foolscap signed on her wedding-day. It gave her all her husband's property absolutely—whatever it might be.

" Well," said Taffy, " I'm glad. I suppose there's enough for you to rent a small cottage, while I look about for work? "

" Who talks about your finding work? You will go back to Oxford, of course."

" Oh, shall I? " said Taffy, taken aback.

" Certainly ; it was your father's wish."

" But the money? "

" With your scholarship there's enough to keep you there for the four years. After that, no doubt, you will be earning a good income."

" But——" He remembered what had been said about the lace-money, and could not help wondering.

" Taffy," said his mother, touching his hand, " leave all this to me until your degree is taken. You have a race to run and must not start unprepared. If you could have seen *his* joy when the news came of the demy-ship ! "

Taffy kissed her and went up to his room. He found his books laid out on the little table there.

4

TREDINNIS, February 13, 18—.

MY DEAR TAFFY :

I have a valentine for you, if you care to accept it ; but I don't suppose you will, and indeed I hope in my heart that you will not. But I must offer it. Your father's living is vacant, and my trustees (that is to say, Sir Harry ; for the other, a second cousin of mine, who lives in London, never interferes) can put in someone as a stop-gap, thus allowing me to present you to it, when the time comes, if you have any thought of Holy Orders. You will understand exactly why I offer it ; and also, I hope, you will know that I think it wholly unworthy of you. But turn it over in your mind and give me your answer.

George and I are to be married at the end of April. May is an unlucky month. It shall be a week—even a fortnight—earlier, if that fits in with your vacation, and you care to come. See how obliging I am ! I yield to you what I have refused to Sir Harry. We shall try to persuade the Bishop to come and open the church on the same day.

Always your friend,

HONORIA.

5

TREDINNIS, February 21st.

MY DEAR TAFFY :

No, I am not offended in the least ; but very glad. I do not think you are fitted for the priesthood ; but my doubts have nothing to do with your doubts, which I don't understand, though you tried to explain them so carefully. You will come through *them*, I expect. I don't know

that I have any reasons that could be put on paper; only, somehow, I cannot *see* you in a black coat and clerical hat.

You complain that I never write about George. You don't deserve to hear, since you refuse to come to our wedding. But would *you* talk, if you happened to be in love? There, I have told you more than ever I've told George, whose quiet conceit has to be kept down. Let this console you.

Our new Parson, when he comes, is to lodge down in Innis Village. Your mother—but no doubt she has told you—stays in the Parsonage while she pleases. She and your grandmother are both well. I see her every day. I have so much to learn and she is so wise. Her beautiful eyes—but oh, Taffy, it must be terrible to be a widow! She smiles and is always cheerful; but the *look* in them! How can I describe it? When I find her alone, with her lace-work, or sometimes (but it is not often) with her hands in her lap, she seems to come out of her silence with an effort, as others withdraw themselves from talk. I wonder if she does talk, in those silences of hers. Another thing—it is only a few weeks now since she put on a widow's cap, and yet I cannot remember her—can scarcely picture her—without it. I am sure that if I happened to call one day when she had laid it aside, I should begin to talk quite as if we were strangers.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

HONORIA.

But the wedding, after all, did not take place until the beginning of October, a week before the close of the Long Vacation; and Taffy, after all, was present. The postponement had been enforced by many delays in building and furnishing the new wing at Carwithiel; for Sir Harry insisted that the young couple must live under one roof with him, and Honoria (as we know) hated the very stones of Tredinnis.

The Bishop came to spend a week in the neighborhood, the first three days as Honoria's guest. On the Saturday he consecrated the work of restoration in the Church and, in the afternoon, held a confirmation service. Taffy and Honoria knelt together to receive his blessing. It was the girl's wish. The shadow of her responsibility to God and man lay heavy on her during the few months before her marriage, and Taffy, already weary and dispirited with his early doubtings, suffered her mood of exaltation to overcome him like a wave and sweep him back to rest for a while on the still waters of faith. Together they listened while the Bishop discoursed on the dead Vicar's labors with fluency and feeling; with so much feeling, indeed, that Taffy could not help wondering why his father had been left to fight the battle alone.

On the Sunday and Monday two near parishes claimed the Bishop. On the Tuesday he sent his luggage over to Carwithiel, whither he was to follow after the wedding service, to spend a day or two with Sir Harry. It had been Honoria's wish that George should choose Taffy for his best man; but George had already invited one of his sporting friends, a young Squire Philpotts from the eastern side of the Duchy; and as the date fell at the beginning of the hunting season, he insisted on a "pink" wedding. Honoria consulted the Bishop by letter. "Did he approve of a 'pink' wedding so soon after the bride's confirmation?" The Bishop saw no harm in it.

So a "pink" wedding it was, and the scarlet coats made a lively patch of color in the gray churchyard; but it gave Taffy a feeling that he was left out in the cold. He escorted his mother to the church, and left her for a few minutes in the Vicarage pew. The bridegroom and his friends were gathered in a showy cluster by the chancel step, but the bride had not arrived, and he stepped out to help in marshalling the crowd of miners and mine-girls, fishermen, and mothers with unruly children—a hundred or so in all, lining the path or straggling among the graves.

Close by the gate he came on a girl who stood alone.

"Hullo, Lizzie—you here?"

"Why not?" she asked, looking at him sullenly.

"Oh, no reason at all."

"There might ha' been a reason," said she, speaking low and hurriedly. "You might ha' saved me from this, Mr. Raymond; and her too; one time, you might."

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" He looked up. The Tredinnis carriage and pair of grays came over the knoll at a smart trot and drew up before the gate.

"Matter?" Lizzie echoed with a short laugh. "Oh, nuthin'. I'm goin' to lay the curse on her, that's all."

"You shall not!" There was no time to lose. Honoria's trustee—the second cousin from London—a tall, clean-shaven man with a shiny, bald head, and a shiny hat in his hand—had stepped out and was helping the bride to alight. What Lizzie meant Taffy could not tell; but there must be no scene. He caught her hand. "Mind—I say you shall not!" he whispered.

"Lemme go—you're creamin' my fingers."

"Be quiet, then."

At that moment Honoria passed up the path. Her wedding gown almost brushed him as he stood wringing Lizzie's hand. She did not appear to see him; but he saw her face beneath the bridal veil, and it was hard and white.

"The proud toad!" said Lizzie. "I'm no better'n dirt, I suppose, though from the start she wasn' above robbin' me. Aw, she's sly. . . . Mr. Raymond, I'll curse her as she comes out, see if I don't!"

"And I swear you shall not," said Taffy. The scent of Honoria's orange-blossom seemed to cling about them as they stood.

Lizzie looked at him vindictively. "You wanted her yourself, *I* know. You weren't good enough, neither. Let go my fingers!"

"Go home, now. See, the people have all gone in."

"Go'st way in, too, then, and leave me here to wait for her."

Taffy shut his teeth, let go her hand, and taking her by the shoulders swung her round, face toward the gate.

"March!" he commanded, and she moved off whimpering. Once she looked back. "March!" he repeated, and followed her down the road as one follows and threatens a mutinous dog.

The scene by the church gate had puzzled Honoria, and in her first letter (written from Italy) she came straight to the point, as her custom was. "I hope there is nothing between you and that girl who used to be at Joll's. I say nothing about our hopes for you, but you have your own career to look to; and as I know you are too honorable to flatter an ignorant girl when you mean nothing, so I trust you are too wise to be caught by a foolish fancy. Forgive a staid matron (of one week's standing) for writing so plainly; but what I saw made me uneasy; without cause, no doubt. Your future, remember, is not yours only. And now I shall trust you, and never come back to this subject.

"We are like children abroad," she went on. "George's French is wonderful, but not so wonderful as his Italian. When he goes to take a ticket, he first of all shouts the name of the station he wishes to arrive at (for some reason he believes all foreigners to be deaf); then he begins counting down francs one by one, very slowly, watching the clerk's face. When the clerk's face tells him he has doled out enough, he shouts 'Hold hard!' and clutches the ticket. It takes time; but all the people here are friends with him at once—especially the children, whom he punches in the ribs and tells to 'buck up.' Their mothers nod and smile and openly admire him; and I—well, I am happy, and want everyone else to be happy!"

XXII

MEN AS TOWERS

IT was May morning, and Taffy made one of the group gathered on the roof of Magdalen Tower. In the groves below and across the river-meadows all the birds were singing together. Beyond the glimmering suburbs, St. Clement's and Cowley St. John, over the dark rise by Bullingdon Green, the waning moon seemed to stand still and wait poised on her nether horn. Below her the morning sky waited, clean and virginal, letting her veil of mist slip lower and lower until it rested in folds upon the high woodlands and pastures. While it dropped, a shaft of light tore through it and smote flashing on the vane high above Taffy's head, turning the dark side of the turrets to purple and casting lilac shadows on the surplices of the choir.

For a moment the whole dewy shadow of the tower trembled on the western sky, and melted and was gone as a flood of gold broke on the eastward-turned faces. The clock below struck five, and ceased. There was a sudden baring of heads; a hush; and gently, borne aloft on boys' voices, clear and strong, rose the first notes of the hymn—

Te Deum Patrem colimus,
Te laudibus prosequimur,
Qui corpus cibo reficis,
Coelesti mentem gratia.

In the pauses Taffy heard, faint and far below, the noise of cowhorns blown by the street boys gathered at the foot of the tower and beyond the bridge. Close beside him a small urchin of a chorister was singing away with the face of an ecstatic seraph; whence that ecstasy arose the urchin would have been puzzled to tell. There flashed into Taffy's brain the vision of the whole earth lauding and adoring—sun-worshippers and Christians, priests and small children; nation after nation prostrating itself and arising to join the chant—"the differing world's agreeing sacrifice." Yes; it was Praise that made men brothers; praise, the creature's first and last act of homage to his Creator; praise that made him kin with the angels. Praise had lifted this tower; had expressed itself in its soaring pinnacles; and he for the moment was incorporate with the tower and part of its builder's purpose. "Lord, make men as towers!"—he remembered his father's prayer in the field by Tewkesbury; and at last he understood. "All towers carry a lamp of some kind"—why, of course they did. He looked about him. The small chorister's face was glowing—

Triune Deus, hominum
Salutis auctor optime,
Immensum hoc mysterium
Ovante lingua canimus!

Silence—and then with a shout the tunable bells broke forth, rocking the tower. Someone seized Taffy's college-cap and sent it spinning over the battlements. Caps? For a second or two they darkened the sky like a flock of birds. A few gowns followed, expanding as they dropped, like clumsy parachutes. The company—all but a few severe dons and their friends—tumbled laughing down the ladder, down the winding stair, and out into sunshine. The world was pagan after all.

At breakfast Taffy found a letter on his table, addressed in his mother's hand. As a rule she wrote twice a week, and this was not one of the usual days for hearing from her. But nothing was too good to happen that morning. He snatched up the letter and broke the seal.

"My dearest boy," it ran, "I want you home at once to consult with me. Something has happened (forgive me, dear, for not preparing you; but the blow fell on me yesterday so suddenly)—something which makes it doubtful, and more than doubtful, that you can continue at Oxford. And something else *they say* has happened which I will never believe in unless I hear it from my boy's lips. I have this comfort, at any rate, that he will never tell me a falsehood. This is a matter which cannot be explained by letter, and cannot wait until the end of term. Come home quickly, dear; for until you are here I can have no peace of mind."

So once again Taffy travelled homeward by the night mail.

"Mother, it's a lie!"

Taffy's face was hot, but he looked straight into his mother's eyes. She, too, was rosy-red, being ever a shamefast woman. And to speak of these things to her own boy——

"Thank God!" she murmured, and her fingers gripped the arms of her chair.

"It's a lie! Where is the girl?"

"She is in the workhouse. I don't know who spread it, or how many have heard. But Honoria believes it."

"Honoria! She cannot—" He came to a sudden halt. "But, mother, even supposing Honoria believes it, I don't see——"

He was looking straight at her. Her eyes sank. Light began to break in on him.

"Mother!"

Humility did not look up.

"Mother! Don't tell me that she—that Honoria——"

"She made us promise—your father and me. . . . God knows it did no

more than repay what your father had suffered. . . . Your future was everything to us. . . ."

"And I have been maintained at Oxford by her money," he said, pausing in his bitterness on every word.

"Not by that only, Taffy! There was your scholarship . . . and it was true about my savings on the lace-work. . . ."

But he brushed her feeble explanations away with a little gesture of impatience. "Oh, why, mother? Oh, why?"

She heard him groan and stretched out her arms.

"Taffy, forgive me—forgive us! We did wrongly, I see—I see it as plain now as you. But we did it for your sake."

"You should have told me. I was not a child. Yes, yes, you should have told me."

Yes; there lay the truth. They had treated him as a child when he was no longer a child. They had swathed him round with love, forgetting that boys grow and demand to see with their own eyes and walk on their own feet. To every mother of sons there comes sooner or later the sharp lesson which came to Humility that morning; and few can find any defence but that which Humility stammered, sitting in her chair and gazing piteously up at the tall youth confronting her: "I did it for your sake." Be pitiful, O accusing sons, in that hour! For, terrible as your case may be against them, your mothers are speaking the simple truth.

Taffy took her hand. "The money must be paid back, every penny of it."

"Yes, dear."

"How much?"

Humility kept a small account-book in the work-box beside her. She opened the pages, but, seeing his outstretched hand, gave it obediently to Taffy, who took it to the window.

"Almost two hundred pounds." He knit his brows and began to drum with his fingers on the window-pane. "And we must put the interest at five per cent. . . . With my first in moderations I might find some post as an usher in a small school. . . . There's an agency which puts you in the way of such things; I must look up the address. . . . We will leave this house, of course."

"Must we?"

"Why, of course, we must. We are living here by *her* favor. A cottage will do—only it must have four rooms, because of grandmother. . . . I will step over and talk with Mendarva. He may be able to give me a job. It will keep me going, at any rate, until I hear from the agency."

"You forget that I have over forty pounds a year—or, rather, mother has. The capital came from the sale of her farm, years ago."

"Did it?" said Taffy, grimly. "You forget that I have never been told. Well, that's good, so far as it goes. But now I'll step over and see Mendarva. If only I could catch this cowardly lie somewhere, on my way!"

He kissed his mother, caught up his cap, and flung out of the house. The sea-breeze came humming across the sand-hills. He opened his lungs to it, and it was wine to his blood; he felt fit and strong enough to slay dragons. "But who could the liar be? Not Lizzie herself, surely? Not——"

He pulled up short, in a hollow of the towans.

"Not—George?"

Treachery is a hideous thing, and to youth so incomprehensibly hideous that it darkens the sun. Yet every trusting man must be betrayed. That was one of the lessons of Christ's life on earth. It is the last and severest test; it kills many, morally, and no man who has once met and looked it in the face departs the same man, though he may be a stronger one.

"Not *George?*"

Taffy stood there so still that the rabbits crept out and, catching sight of him, paused in the mouths of their burrows. When at length he moved on, it was to take, not the path which wound inland to Mendarva's, but the one which led straight over the higher moors to Carwithiel.

It was between one and two o'clock when he reached the house and asked to see Mr. or Mrs. George Vyell. They were not at home, the footman said; had left for Falmouth, the evening before, to join some friends on a yachting cruise. Sir Harry was at home; was, indeed, lunching at that moment; but would no doubt be pleased to see Mr. Raymond.

Sir Harry had finished his lunch and sat sipping his claret and tossing scraps of biscuit to the dogs.

"Hullo, Raymond!—thought you were in Oxford. Sit down, my boy; delighted to see you. Thomas, a knife and fork for Mr. Raymond. The cutlets are cold, I'm afraid, but I can recommend the cold saddle, and the ham—it's a York ham. Go to the sideboard and forage for yourself. I wanted company. My boy and Honoria are at Falmouth, yachting, and have left me alone. What, you won't eat? A glass of claret then, at any rate."

"To tell the truth, Sir Harry," Taffy began, awkwardly, "I've come on a disagreeable business."

Sir Harry's face fell. He hated disagreeable business. He flipped a piece of biscuit at his spaniel's nose and sat back, crossing his legs.

"Won't it keep?"

"To me it's important."

"Oh, fire away then; only help yourself to the claret first."

"A girl—Lizzie Pezzack, living over at Langona—has had a child born——"

"Stop a moment. Do I know her?—Ah, to be sure—daughter of old Pezzack, the light-keeper—a brown-colored girl with her hair over her eyes. Well, I'm not surprised. Wants money, I suppose? Who's the father?"

"I don't know."

"Well, but—damn it all!—somebody knows." Sir Harry reached for the bottle and refilled his glass.

"The one thing I know is that Honoria—Mrs. George, I mean—has heard about it, and suspects me."

Sir Harry lifted his glass and glanced at him over the rim. "That's the devil. Does she, now?" He sipped. "She hasn't been herself for a day or two—this explains it. I thought it was change of air she wanted. She's in the deuce of a rage, you bet."

"She is," said Taffy, grimly.

"There's no prude like your young married woman. But it'll blow over, my boy. My advice to you is to keep out of the way for a while."

"But—but it's a lie!" broke in the indignant Taffy. "As far as I am concerned there's not a grain of truth in it!"

"Oh—I beg your pardon, I'm sure." Here Honoria's terrier (the one which George had bought for her at Plymouth) interrupted by begging for a biscuit, and Sir Harry balanced one carefully on its nose. "On trust—good dog! What does the girl say herself?"

"I don't know. I've not seen her."

"Then, my dear fellow—it's awkward, I admit—but I'm dashed if I see what you expect me to do." The baronet pulled out a handkerchief and began flicking the crumbs off his knees.

Taffy watched him for a minute in silence. He was asking himself why he had come. Well, he had come in a hot fit of indignation, meaning to face Honoria and force her to take back the insult of her suspicion. But after all—suppose George were at the bottom of it? Clearly Sir Harry knew nothing, and in any case could not be asked to expose his own son. And Honoria? Let be that she would never believe—that he had no proof, no evidence even—this were a pretty way of beginning to discharge his debt to her! The terrier thrust a cold muzzle against his hand. The room was very still. Sir Harry poured out another glassful and held out the decanter. "Come, you must drink; I insist!"

Taffy looked up. "Thank you, I will."

He could now and with a clear conscience. In those quiet moments he had taken the great resolution. The debt should be paid back, and with interest; not at five per cent., but at a rate beyond the creditor's power of reckoning. For the interest to be guarded for her should be her continued belief in the man she loved. Yes, *but if George were innocent?* Why, then, the sacrifice would be idle; that was all.

He swallowed the wine, and stood up.

"Must you be going? I wanted a chat with you about Oxford," grumbled Sir Harry; but noting the lad's face, how white and drawn it was, he relented and put a hand on his shoulder. "Don't take it too seriously, my boy. It'll blow over—it'll blow over. Honoria likes you, I know. We'll see what the trollop says; and if I get a chance of putting in a good word, you may depend on me."

He walked with Taffy to the door—good, easy man—and waved a hand from

the porch. On the whole he was rather glad than not to see his young friend's back.

From his smithy window Mendarva spied Taffy coming along the road, and stepped out on the green to shake hands with him.

"Pleased to see your face, my son! You'll excuse my not askin' 'ee inside; but the fact is"—he jerked his thumb toward the smithy—"we've a-got our troubles in there."

It came on our youth with something of a shock, that the world had room for any trouble beside his own.

"'Tis the Dane. He went over to Truro yesterday to the wrastlin', an' got thrawed. I tell'n there's no need to be shamed. 'Twas Luke the Wendron fella did it—in the treble play—inside lock backward, and as pretty a chip as ever I see." Mendarva began to illustrate it with foot and ankle, but checked himself and glanced nervously over his shoulder. "Isn' lookin', I hope? He's in a terrible pore about it. Won't trust hissel' to spake and don't want to see nobody. But, as I tell'n, there's no need to be shamed; the fella took the belt in the las' round and turned his man over like a tab. He's a proper angletwitch, that Wendron fella. Stank 'pon en both ends, and he'll rise up in the middle and look at 'ee. There was no one a patch on en but the Dane; and I'll back the Dane next time they clinch. 'Tis a nuisance, though, to have'n like this—with a big job coming on, too, over to the light-house."

Taffy looked steadily at the smith. "What's doing at the light-house?"

"Ha'n't 'ee heerd?" Mendarva began a long tale, the sum of which was that the light-house had begun of late to show signs of age, to rock at times in an ominous manner. The Trinity House surveyor had been down, and reported, and Mendarva had the contract for some immediate repairs. "But 'tis patching an old kettle, my son. The foundations be clamped down to the rock, and the clamps have worked loose. The whole thing'll have to come down in the end; you mark my words."

"But, these repairs?" Taffy interrupted. "You'll be wanting hands."

"Why, o' course."

"And a foreman—a clerk of the works——"

While Mendarva was telling his tale, over a hill two miles to the westward a small donkey-cart crawled for a minute against the skyline and disappeared beyond the ridge which hid the towans. An old man trudged at the donkey's head; and a young woman sat in the cart with a bundle in her arms.

The old man trudged along so deep in thought that when the donkey without rhyme or reason came to a halt, half-way down the hill, he, too, halted, and stood pulling a wisp of gray side-whiskers.

"Look here," he said. "You ent goin' to tell? That's your las' word, is it?"

The young woman looked down on the bundle and nodded her head.

"There, that'll do. If you weant, you weant; I've tek'n 'ee back, an' us must fit and make the best o't. The cheeld'll never be fit for much—born lame like that. But 'twas to be, I s'pose."

Lizzie sat dumb, but hugged the bundle closer.

"'Tis like a judgment. If your mother'd been spared, 'twudn' have happened. But 'twas to be, I s'pose. The Lord's ways be past findin' out."

He woke up and struck the donkey across the rump.

"Gwan you! Gee up! What d'ee mean by stoppin' like that?"

XXIII

THE SERVICE OF THE LAMP

THE Chief Engineer of the Trinity House was a man of few words. He and Taffy had spent the afternoon clambering about the rocks below the light-house, peering into its foundations. Here and there, where weed coated the rocks and made foothold slippery, he took the hand which Taffy held out. Now and then he paused for a pinch of snuff. The round of inspection finished, he took an extraordinarily long pinch.

"What's *your* opinion?" he asked,

cocking his head on one side and examining the young man much as he had examined the light-house. "You have one, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; but of course it doesn't count for much."

"I asked for it."

"Well, then, I think, sir, we have wasted a year's work; and if we go on tinkering, we shall waste more."

"Pull it down and rebuild, you say?"

"Yes, sir; but not on the same rock."

"Why?"

"This rock was ill-chosen. You see, sir, just here a ridge of elvan crops up through the slate; the rock, out yonder, is good elvan, and that is why the sea has made an island of it, wearing away the softer stuff inshore. The mischief here lies in the rock, not in the light-house."

"The sea has weakened our base?"

"Partly; but the light-house has done more. In a strong gale the foundations begin to work, and in the chafing the bed of rock gets the worst of it."

"What about concrete?"

"You might fill up the sockets with concrete; but I doubt, sir, if the case would hold for any time. The rock is a mere shell in places, especially on the northwestern side."

"H'm. You were at Oxford for a time, were you not?"

"Yes, sir," Taffy answered, wondering.

"I've heard about you. Where do you live?"

Taffy pointed to the last of a line of three whitewashed cottages behind the light-house.

"Alone?"

"No, sir; with my mother and my grandmother. She is an invalid."

"I wonder if your mother would be kind enough to offer me a cup of tea?"

In the small kitchen, on the walls of which, and even on the dresser, Taffy's books fought for room with Humility's plates and tin-ware, the Chief Engineer proved to be a most courteous old gentleman. Toward Humility he bore himself with an antique politeness which flattered her considerably. And when he praised her tea, she almost forgave him for his detestable habit of snuff-taking.

He had heard something (it appeared) from the President of Taffy's college, and also from —— (he named Taffy's old friend in the velvet college-cap). In later days Taffy maintained not only that every man must try to stand alone, but that he ought to try the harder because of its impossibility; for in fact it was impossible to escape from men's helpfulness. And though his work lay in lonely places where in the end fame came out to seek him, he remained the same boy who, waking in the dark, had heard the bugles speaking comfort.

As a matter of fact his college had generously offered him a chance, which would have cost him nothing or next to nothing, of continuing to read for his degree. But he had chosen his line, and against Humility's entreaties he stuck to it. The Chief Engineer took a ceremonious leave. He had to drive back to his hotel, and Taffy escorted him to his carriage.

"I shall run over again to-morrow," he said at parting; "and we'll have a look at that island rock." He was driven off, secretly a little puzzled.

Well, it puzzled Taffy at times why he should be working here with Mendarva's men for twenty shillings a week (it had been eighteen to begin with) when he might be reading for his degree and a fellowship. Yet in his heart he knew the reason. *That* would be building, after all, on the foundations which Honoria had laid.

Pride had helped chance to bring him here, to the very spot where Lizzie Pezzack lived. He met her daily, and several times a day. She, and his mother and grandmother, were all the womanfolk in the hamlet—if three cottages deserve that name. In the first cottage Lizzie lived with her father, who was chief lighthouse-man, and her crippled child; two under-keepers, unmarried men, managed together in the second; and this accident allowed Taffy to rent the third from the Brethren of the Trinity House and live close to his daily work. Unless brought by business, no one visited that windy peninusla; no one passed within sight of it; no tree grew upon it or could be seen from it. At daybreak Taffy's workmen came trudging along the track where the short turf and gentians grew between the wheel-ruts; and in the evening went trudging back, the level sun flashing on their empty dinner-

cans. The eight souls left behind had one common gospel—Cleanliness. Very little dust found its way thither; but the salt, spray-laden air kept them constantly polishing window-panes and brass-work. To wash, to scour, to polish, grew into the one absorbing business of life. They had no gossip; even in their own dwellings they spoke but little; their speech shrank and dwindled away in the continuous roar of the sea. But from morning to night, mechanically, they washed and scoured and polished. Paper was not whiter than the deal table and dresser which Humility scrubbed daily with soap and water, and once a week with lemon-juice as well. Never was cleaner linen to sight and smell than that which she pegged out by the furze-brake on the ridge. All the life of the small colony, though lonely, grew wholesome as it was simple of purpose in cottages thus sweetened and kept sweet by lime-wash and the salt wind.

And through it moved the forlorn figure of Lizzie Pezzack's child. Somehow Lizzie had taught the boy to walk, with the help of a crutch, as early as most children; but the wind made cruel sport with his first efforts in the open, knocking the crutch from under him at every third step, and laying him flat. The child had pluck, however, and when autumn came round again, could face a fairly stiff breeze.

It was about this time that word came of the Trinity Board's intention to replace the old light-house with one upon the outer rock. For the Chief Engineer had visited it and decided that Taffy was right. To be sure no mention was made of Taffy in his report; but the great man took the first opportunity to offer him the post of foreman of the works, so there was certainly nothing to be grumbled at. The work did not actually start until the following spring; for the rock, to receive the foundations, had to be bored some feet below high-water level, and this could only be attempted on calm days or when a southerly wind blew from the high land well over the workmen's heads, leaving the inshore water smooth. On such days Taffy, looking up from his work, would catch sight of a small figure on the cliff-top leaning aslant to the wind and watching.

For the child was adventurous and took no account of his lameness. Perhaps if he thought of it at all, having no chance to compare himself with other children, he accepted his lameness as a condition of childhood—something he would grow out of. His mother could not keep him indoors; he fidgetted continually. But he would sit or stand quiet by the hour on the cliff-top, watching the men as they drilled and fixed the dynamite, and waiting for the bang of it. Best of all, however, were the days when his grandfather allowed him inside the light-house, to clamber about the staircase and ladders, to watch the oiling and trimming of the great lantern and the ships moving slowly on the horizon. He asked a thousand questions about them.

"I think," said he, one day before he was three years old, "that my father is in one of those ships."

"Bless the child!" exclaimed old Pezzack. "Who says you have a father?"

"*Everybody* has a father. Dicky Tregenza has one; they both work down at the rock. I asked Dicky and he told me."

"Told 'ee what?"

"That everybody has a father. I asked him if mine was out in one of those ships, and he said very likely. I asked mother, too, but she was washing-up and wouldn't listen."

Old Pezzack regarded the child grimly. "'Twas to be, I s'pose," he muttered.

Lizzie Pezzack had never set foot inside the Raymonds' cottage. Humility, gentle soul as she was, could on some points be as unchristian as other women. As time went on, it seemed that not a soul beside herself and Taffy knew of Honoria's suspicion. She even doubted, and Taffy doubted, too, if Lizzie herself knew such an accusation had been made. Certainly never by word or look had Lizzie hinted at it. Yet Humility could not find it in her heart to forgive her. "She may be innocent," was the thought; "but through her came the injury to my son." Taffy by this time had no doubt at all. It was George who poisoned Honoria's ear; George's shame and Honoria's pride would explain why the whisper had never gone further; and nothing else would explain.

Did his mother guess this? He be-

lieved so at times; but they never spoke of it.

The lame child was often in the Raymonds' kitchen. Lizzie did not forbid or resent this. And he liked Humility and would talk to her at length while he nibbled one of her dripping-cakes. "People don't tell the truth," he observed, sagely, on one of these occasions. (He pronounced it "troof," by the way.) "*I* know why we live here. It's because we're near the sea. My father's on the sea somewhere, looking for us; and grandfather lights the lamp every night to tell him where we are. One night he'll see it and bring his ship in and take us all off together."

"Who told you all this?"

"Nobody. People won't tell me nothing (nofing). I has to make it out in my head."

At times, when his small limbs grew weary (though he never acknowledged this), he would stretch himself on the short turf of the headland and lie staring up at the white gulls. No one ever came near enough to surprise the look which then crept over the child's face. But Taffy, passing him at a distance, remembered another small boy, and shivered to remember and compare—

> A boy's will is the wind's will
> And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

—but how, when the boy is a cripple?

One afternoon he was stooping to inspect an obstinate piece of boring when the man at his elbow said:

"Hullo! edn' that young Joey Pezzack in difficulties up there? Blest if the cheeld won't break his neck wan of these days!"

Taffy caught up a coil of rope, sprang into a boat, and pushed across to land. "Don't move!" he shouted. At the foot of the cliff he picked up Joey's crutch, and ran at full speed up the path worn by the workmen. This led him round to the verge, ten feet above the ledge where the child clung white and silent. He looped the rope in a running noose and lowered it.

"Slip this under your arms. Can you manage, or shall I come down? I'll come if you're hurt."

"I've twisted my foot. It's all right, now you're come," said the little man, bravely; and slid the rope round himself in the most businesslike way.

"The grass was slipper—" he began, as soon as his feet touched firm earth; and with that he broke down and fell to sobbing in Taffy's arms.

Taffy carried him—a featherweight—to the cottage where Lizzie stood by her table washing up. She saw them at the gate and came running out.

"It's all right. He slipped—out on the cliff. Nothing more than a scratch or two and perhaps a sprained ankle."

He watched while she set Joey in a chair and began to pull off his stockings. He had never seen the child's foot naked. She turned suddenly, caught him looking, and pulled the stocking back over the deformity.

"Have you heard?" she asked.

"What?"

"*She* has a boy! Ah!" she laughed, harshly, "I thought that would hurt you. Well, you *have* been a silly!"

"I don't think I understand."

"You don't think you understand!" she mimicked. "And you're not fond of her, eh? Never were fond of her, eh? You silly—to let him take her, and never tell!"

"Tell?"

She faced him, hardening her gaze. "Yes, tell—" She nodded slowly; while Joey, unobserved by either, looked up with wide, round eyes.

"Men don't fight like that." The words were out before it struck him that one man had, almost certainly, fought like that. Her face, however, told him nothing. She could not know. "*You* have never told," he added.

"Because—" she began, but could not tell him the whole truth. And yet what she said was true. "Because you would not let me," she muttered.

"In the churchyard, you mean—on her wedding-day?"

"Before that."

"But before that I never guessed."

"All the same, I knew what you were. You wouldn't have let me. It came to the same thing. And if I had told—Oh, you make it hard for me!" she wailed.

He stared at her, understanding this only—that somehow he could control her will.

"I will never let you tell," he said, gravely.

"I hate her!"

"You shall not tell."

"Listen"—she drew close and touched his arm. "He never cared for her; it's not his way to care. She cares for him now, I dessay—not as she might have cared for you—but she's his wife, and some women are like that. There's her pride, anyway. Suppose — suppose he came back to me?"

"If I caught him—" Taffy began; but the poor child, who for two minutes had been twisting his face heroically, interrupted with a wail:

"Oh, mother! my foot — it hurts so!"

(To be continued.)

ROMANCE

Say that the days of the dark are dawning,
Say that we come to the middle years,
The workday week that hath no bright morning,
The life that is dulled of its hopes and fears—
But, the cooled blood still and the tired heart scorning,
The soul is in eyes that are dry of tears.

Quiet thy heart, since others are loving;
Still thy soul, for the sky is vast;
Rest thy limbs from the stale earth roving,
Plow in the furrow thy lot is cast:
So, when the Spring all the earth is moving,
A flower may fall to thy feet at last.

Charles the King at the block stood biding
The blow that set him at peace with man,
Weary of life, of the crowd deriding,
Worn at his lips his smile so wan—
Under the floor of the block lay hiding
Athos and Porthos and d'Artagnan!

Perhaps;—and so, while the hand still turneth,
As one's who serves, to his daily chore;
While she who once walked beside, returneth
To walk with her hand in thine no more—
Under thy heart's work-wear there burneth
The love that is hers for evermore.

SEARCH-LIGHT LETTERS

LETTER TO A POLITICAL OPTIMIST

By Robert Grant

I

I APPROVE of you, for I am an optimist myself in regard to human affairs, and can conscientiously agree with many of the patriotic statements concerning the greatness of the American people contained in your letter. Your letter interested me because it differed so signally in its point of view from the others which I received at the same time—the time when I ran for Congress as a Democrat in a hopelessly Republican district and was defeated. The other letters were gloomy in tone. They deplored the degeneracy of our political institutions, and argued from the circumstance that the voters of my district preferred "a hack politician" and "blatant demagogue" to "an educated philosopher" (the epithets are not mine); that we were going to the dogs as a nation. The prophecy was flattering to me in my individual capacity, but it has not served to soil the limpid, sunny flow of my philosophy. I was gratified, but not convinced. I behold the flag of my country still with moistened eyes—the eyes of pride, and I continue to bow affably to my successful rival.

Your suggestion was much nearer the truth. You indicated with pardonable levity that I was not elected because the other man received more votes. I smiled at that as an apt statement. You went on to take me to task for having given the impression in my published account of the political canvass not merely that I ought to have been elected, but that the failure to elect me was the sign of a lack of moral and intellectual fibre in the American people. If I mistake not, you referred to me farther on in the style of airy persiflage as a "holier than thou," a journalistic, scriptural phrase in current use among so called patriotic Americans. And then you began to argue: You requested me to give us time, and called attention to the fact that the English system of rotten boroughs in vogue fifty years ago was worse than anything we have to-day. "We are a young and impetuous people," you wrote, "but there is noble blood in our veins—the blood which inspired the greatness of Washington and Hamilton and Franklin and Jefferson and Webster and Abraham Lincoln. Water does not run up hill. Neither do the American people move backward. Its destiny is to progress and to grow mightier and mightier. And those who seek to retard our national march by cynical insinuations and sneers, by scholastic sophistries and philosophical wimwams, will find themselves inevitably under the wheels of Juggernaut, the car of republican institutions."

Philosophical wimwams! You sought to wound me in a tender spot. I forgive you for that, and I like your fervor. Those rotten boroughs have done yeoman service. They are on the tongue of every American citizen seeking for excuses for our national shortcomings. But for my dread of a mixed metaphor I would add that they are moth-eaten and threadbare.

Your letter becomes then a miscellaneous catalogue of our national prowess. You instance the cotton-gin, the telegraph, the sewing-machine, and the telephone, and ask me to bear witness that they are the inventions of free-born Americans. You refer to the heroism and vigor of the nation during the Civil War, and its mighty growth in prosperity and population since; to the colleges and academies of learning, to the hospitals and other monuments of intelligent philanthropy, to the huge railroad systems, public works, and private plants which have come into being with mushroom-like growth over the country. You recall the energy, independence, and conscientious desire for Christian progress among our citizens, young and old, and, as a new proof of their disinterested readiness to sacrifice comfort for the sake

of principle, you cite the recent emancipation of Cuba. Your letter closes with a Fourth of July panegyric on the heroes on land and sea of the war with Spain, followed by an exclamation point which seems to say, "Mr. Philosopher, put that in your pipe and smoke it."

I have done so, and admit that there is a great deal to be proud of in the Olla Podrida of exploits and virtues which you have set before me. Far be it from me to question the greatness and capacity of your and my countrymen. But while my heart throbs agreeably from the thrill of sincere patriotism, I venture to remind you that cotton-gins, academies of learning, and first-class battle-ships have little to do with the matter in question. Your mode of procedure reminds me of the plea I have heard used to obtain partners for a homely girl—that she is good to her mother. I notice that you include our political sanctity by a few sonorous phrases in the dazzling compendium of national success, but I also notice that you do not condescend to details. That is what I intend to do, philosophically yet firmly.

To begin with, I am not willing to admit that I was piqued by my failure to be elected to Congress. I did not expect to succeed, and my tone was, it seems to me, blandly resigned and even rather grateful than otherwise that such a serious honor had been thrust upon me. Success would have postponed indefinitely the trip to Japan on which my wife, Josephine, had set her heart. In short, I supposed that I had concealed alike grief and jubilation, and taken the result in a purely philosophic spirit. It seems though that you were able to read between the lines—that is what you state—and to discern my condescending tone and lack of faith in the desire and intention of the plain people of these United States to select competent political representatives. I can assure you that I have arrived at no such dire state of mind, and I should be sorry to come to that conclusion ; but, though a philosopher, and hence, politically speaking, a worm, I have a proper spirit of my own and beg to inform you that the desire and intention of our fellow-countrymen, whether plain or otherwise, so to do is, judging by their behavior, open to grave question. So you see I stand at bay almost where you supposed, and there is a definite issue between us. Judging by their behavior, remember. Judging by their words, butter would not melt in their mouths. I merely wish to call your attention to a few notorious facts in defence of my attitude of suspicion.

(*Note.*—"Josephine," said I to my wife at this point, "please enumerate the prominent elective offices in the gift of the American people."

My wife rose and after a courtesy, which was mock deferential, proceeded to recite, with the glib fluency of a school-girl, the following list : "Please, sir,

President.
Senators of the United States (elected by the State legislatures).
Representatives of the United States.
State Senators.
State Assemblymen or Representatives.
Aldermen.
Members of the City Council.
Members of the School Committee."

"Correct, Josephine. I pride myself that, thanks to my prodding, you are beginning to acquire some rudimentary knowledge concerning the institutions of your country. Thanks to me and Professor Bryce. Before Professor Bryce wrote 'The American Commonwealth,' American women seemed to care little to know anything about our political system. They studied more or less about the systems of other countries, but displayed a profound ignorance concerning our own form of government. But after an Englishman had published a book on the subject, and made manifest to them that our institutions were reasonably worthy of attention, considerable improvement has been noticeable. But I will say that few women are as well posted as you, Josephine."

She made another mock deferential courtesy. "Thank you, my lord and master ; and lest you have not made it sufficiently clear that my superiority in this respect is due to your—your nagging, I mention again that you are chiefly responsible for it. It bores me, but I submit to it."

"Continue then your docility so far as to write the names which you have just recited on separate slips of paper and put them in a proper receptacle. Then I will

draw one as a preliminary step in the political drama which I intend to present for the edification of our correspondent."

Josephine did as she was bid, and in the process, by way of showing that she was not such a martyr as she would have the world believe, remarked, "If you had really been elected, Fred, I think I might have made a valuable political ally. What I find tedious about politics is that they're not practical—that is for me. If you were in Congress now, I should make a point of having everything political at the tip of my tongue."

"Curiously enough, my dear, I am just going to give an object-lesson in practical politics, and you as well as our young friend may be able to learn wisdom from it. Now for a blind choice!" I added, putting my hand into the work-bag which she held out.

"Aldermen!" I announced after scrutinizing the slip, which I had drawn. Josephine's nose went up a trifle.

"A very fortunate and comprehensive selection," I asserted. "The Alderman and the influences which operate upon and around him lie at the root of American practical politics. And from a careful study of the root you will be able to decide how genuinely healthy and free from taint must be the tree—the tree which bears such ornamental flowers as Presidents and United States Senators, gorgeous blooms of apparent dignity and perfume.")

This being a drama, my young patriot, I wish to introduce you to the stage and the principal characters. The stage is any city in the United States of three hundred thousand or more inhabitants. It would be invidious for me to mention names where anyone would answer to the requirements. Some may be worse than others, but all are bad enough. A bold and pessimistic beginning, is it not, my optimistic friend?

And now for the company. This drama differs from most dramatic productions in that it makes demands upon a large number of actors. To produce it properly on the theatrical stage would bankrupt any manager unless he were subsidized heavily from the revenues of the twenty leading villains. The cast includes besides twenty leading villains, twelve low comedians, no hero, no heroine (except, incidentally, Josephine); eight newspaper editors; ten thousand easy-going second-class villains; ten thousand patriotic, conscientious, and enlightened citizens, including a sprinkling of ardent reformers; twenty-five thousand zealous, hide-bound partisans; fifty thousand respectable, well-intentioned, tolerably ignorant citizens who vote, but are too busy with their own affairs to pay attention to politics, and as a consequence generally vote the party ticket, or vote to please a "friend;" ten thousand superior, self-centred souls who neglect to vote and despise politics anyway, among them poets, artists, scientists, some men of leisure, and travellers; ten thousand enemies of social order such as gamblers, thieves, keepers of dives, drunkards, and toughs; and your philosopher.

A very large stock company. I will leave the precise arithmetic to you. I wish merely to indicate the variegated composition of the average political constituency, and to let you perceive that the piece which is being performed is no parlor comedy. It is written in dead earnest, and it seems to me that the twenty leading villains, though smooth and in some instances aristocratic appearing individuals, are among the most dangerous characters in the history of this or any other stage. But before I refer to them more particularly I will make you acquainted with our twelve low comedians—the Board of Aldermen.

It is probably a surprise to you and to Josephine that the Aldermen are not the villains. Everything is comparative in this world, and, though I might have made them villains without injustice to such virtues as they possess, I should have been at a loss how to stigmatize the real promoters of the villainy. And after all there is an element of grotesque comedy about the character of Aldermen in a large American city. The indecency of the situation is so unblushing, and the public is so helpless, that the performers remind one in their good-natured antics of the thieves in "Fra Diavolo;" they get bolder and bolder and now barely take the trouble to wear the mask of respectability.

Have I written "thieves?" Patriotic Americans look askance at such full-

blooded expressions. They prefer ambiguity, and a less harsh phraseology—"slight irregularities," "business misfortunes," "commercial usages," "professional services," "campaign expenses," "lack of fine sensibilities," "unauthenticated rumors." There are fifty ways of letting one's fellow-citizens down easily in the public prints and in private conversation. This is a charitable age, and the word thief has become unfamiliar, except as applied to rogues who enter houses as a trade. The community and the newspapers are chary of applying it to folk who steal covertly but steadily and largely as an increment of municipal office. It is inconvenient to hurt the feelings of public servants, especially when one may have voted for them from carelessness or ignorance.

Here is a list of the twelve low comedians for your inspection :

Peter Lynch, no occupation,
James Griffin, stevedore,
William H. Bird, real estate,
John S. Maloney, saloon-keeper,
David H. Barker, carpenter,
Jeremiah Dolan, no occupation,
Patrick K. Higgins, junk dealer,
Joseph Heffernan, liquors,
William T. Moore, apothecary,
James O. Frost, paints and oils,
Michael O'Rourke, tailor,
John P. Driscoll, lawyer.

You will be surprised by my first statement regarding them, I dare say. Four of them, Peter Lynch, James Griffin, Jeremiah Dolan, and Michael O'Rourke neither drink nor smoke. Jeremiah Dolan chews, but the three others do not use tobacco in any form. They are patterns of Sunday-school virtue in these respects. This was a very surprising discovery to one of the minor characters in our drama —to two of them in fact—Mr. Arthur Langdon Waterhouse and his father, James Langdon Waterhouse, Esq. The young man, who had just returned from Europe with the idea of becoming United States Senator and who expressed a willingness to serve as a Reform Alderman while waiting, announced the discovery to his parent shortly before election with a mystified air.

"Do you know," said he to the old gentleman, who, by the way, though he has denounced every person and every measure in connection with our politics for forty years, was secretly pleased at his son's senatorial aspirations, "do you know that someone told me to-day that four of the very worst of those fellows have never drunk a drop of liquor, nor smoked a pipe of tobacco in their lives. Isn't it a curious circumstance ? I supposed they were intoxicated most of the time."

You will notice also that Peter Lynch and Jeremiah Dolan have no occupation. Each of them has been connected in some capacity with the City Government for nearly twenty years, and they are persons of great experience. They have more than once near election time been amiably referred to in the press as "valuable public servants," and it must be admitted that they are efficient in their way. Certainly, they know the red tape of City Hall from A to Z, and understand how to block or forward any measure. The salary of Alderman is not large—certainly not large enough to satisfy indefinitely such capable men as they, and yet they continue to appear year after year at the same old stand. Moreover, they resist vigorously every effort to dislodge them, whether proceeding from political opponents or envious rivals of their own party. A philosopher like myself, who is, politically speaking, a worm, is expected to believe that valuable public servants retain office for the honor of the thing ; but even a philosopher becomes suspicious of a patriot who has no occupation.

Next in importance are Hon. William H. Bird and Hon. John P. Driscoll. It is a well-known axiom of popular government that citizens are called from the plough or counting-room to public office by the urgent request of their friends and neighbors. As a fact, this takes place two or three times in a century. Most aspirants for office go through the form of having a letter from their friends and neighbors published in the newspapers, but only the very guileless portion of the public do not understand that the candidates in these cases suggest themselves. It is sometimes done, delicately, as, for instance, in the case of young Arthur Langdon Waterhouse, of whom I was writing just now. He let a close friend intimate to the ward committee that he would like to

run for Alderman, and that in consideration thereof his father would be willing to subscribe $2,000 to the party campaign fund. It seems to a philosopher that a patriotic people should either re-edit its political axioms or live up to them.

Now Hon. William H. Bird and Hon. John P. Driscoll never go through the ceremony of being called from the plough —in their case the ward bar-room. They announce six months in advance that they wish something, and they state clearly what. They are perpetual candidates for, or incumbents of, office, and to be elected or defeated annually costs each of them from two to four thousand dollars, according to circumstances. One of them has been in the Assembly, the Governor's Council, and in both branches of the City Government; the other a member of the Assembly, a State Senator, and an Alderman, and both of them are now glad to be Aldermen once more after a desperate Kilkenny contest for the nomination. They are called Honorable by the reporters; and philosophers and other students of newspapers are constantly informed that Hon. William H. Bird has done this, and Hon. John P. Driscoll said that.

These four are the big men of the Board. The others are smaller fry; ambitious and imitative, but less experienced and smooth and audacious. Yet the four have their virtues, too. It is safe to state that no one of them would take anything beyond his reach. Moreover, if you, a patriot, or I, a philosopher, were to find himself alone in a room with one of them and had five thousand dollars in bills in his pocket and the fact were known to him, he would make no effort to possess himself of the money. We should be absolutely safe from assault or sleight of hand. Whoever would maintain the opposite does not appreciate the honesty of the American people. If, on the other hand, under similar circumstances, the right man were to place an envelope containing one thousand dollars in bills on the table and saunter to the window to admire the view, the packet would disappear before he returned to his seat and neither party would be able to remember that it ever was there. I do not intend to intimate that this is the precise method of procedure; I am merely explaining that our comedians have not the harsh habits of old-fashioned highwaymen.

Then again, there are people so fatuous as to believe that Aldermen are accustomed to help themselves out of the city treasury. That is a foolish fiction, for no Alderman could. The City Hall is too bulky to remove, and all appropriations of the public money are made by draft and have to be accounted for. If any member of the Board were to make a descent on the funds in the safe, he would be arrested as a lunatic and sent to an insane asylum.

As for the other eight low comedians, it happens in this particular drama that I would be unwilling to make an affidavit as to the absolute integrity of any one of them. But there are apt to be two or even three completely honest members of these august bodies, and two or three more who are pretty honest. A pretty honest Alderman is like a pretty good egg. A pretty honest Alderman would be incapable of touching an envelope containing $1,000, or charging one hundred in return for his support to a petition for a bay-window; but if he were in the paint and oil business or the lumber trade, or interested in hay and oats, it would be safe to assume that any department of the City Government which did not give his firm directly or indirectly a part of its trade would receive no aldermanic favors at his hands. Then again, a pretty honest Alderman would allow a friend to sell a spavined horse to the city.

II

Having hinted gently at the leading characteristics of the twelve low comedians, I am ready now to make you acquainted with the twenty leading villains. There is something grimly humorous in the spectacle of a dozen genial, able-bodied, non-alcoholic ruffians levying tribute on a community too self-absorbed or too easy-going or too indifferent to rid itself of them. I find, on the other hand, something somewhat pathetic in the spectacle of twenty otherwise reputable citizens and capitalists driven to villainy by the force of circumstances. To be a villain against one's will is an unnatural and pitiable situation.

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain!

Here is the list :

Thomas Barnstable, President of the People's Heat and Power Company.

William B. Wilcox, General Manager of the North Circuit Traction Company.

David J. Prendergast, Treasurer of the Underground Steam Company.

Porter King, President of the South Valley Railroad Company.

James Plugh, Treasurer of the Star Brewing Concern.

Ex-State Treasurer George Delaney Johnson, Manager of the United Gas Company.

Willis O. Golightly, Treasurer of the Consolidated Electric Works.

Hon. Samuel Phipps, President of the Sparkling Reservoir Company.

P. Ashton Hall, President of the Rapid Despatch Company.

Ex-Congressman Henry B. Pullen, Manager of the Maguinnis Engine Works. And so on. I will not weary you with a complete category. It would contain the names of twelve other gentlemen no less prominent in connection with quasi-public and large private business corporations. With them should be associated one thousand easy-going second-class villains, whose names are not requisite to my argument, but who from one year to another are obliged, by the exigencies of business or enterprise, to ask for licenses from the non-alcoholic, genial comedians, for permission to build a stable, to erect a bay-window, to peddle goods in the streets, to maintain a coal-hole, to drain into a sewer, to lay wires underground ; in short, to do one or another of the many everyday things which can be done only by permission of the City Government. And the pity of it is that they all would rather not be villains.

(*Note.*—At the suggestion of Josephine I here enter a caveat for my and her protection. While I was enumerating the list of low comedians she interrupted me to ask if I did not fear lest one of them might sand-bag me some dark night on account of wounded sensibilities. She laughed, but I saw she was a little nervous.

"I have mentioned no real names," said I.

"That is true," she said, "but somehow I feel that the real ones might be suspicious that they were meant."

I told her that this was their lookout, and that, besides, they were much too secure in the successful performance of their comedy to go out of their way to assassinate a philosopher. "They would say, Josephine, that a philosopher cuts no ice, which is true, and is moreover a serious stigma to fasten on any patriotic man or woman." But now again she has brought me to book on the score of the feelings of the leading villains. She appreciates that we are on terms of considerable friendliness with some Presidents of corporations, and that though my list contains no real names, I may give offence. Perhaps she fears a sort of social boycott. Let me satisfy her scruples and do justice at the same time by admitting that not every President of a quasi-public corporation is a leading villain. Nor every Alderman a low comedian. That will let out all my friends. But, on the other hand, I ask the attention even of my friends to the predicament of Thomas Barnstable, President of the People's Heat and Power Company.)

Thomas Barnstable, the leading villain whose case I select for detailed presentation, has none of the coarser proclivities of David J. Prendergast, Treasurer of the Underground Steam Company. As regards David J. Prendergast, I could almost retract my allegation of pity and assert that he is a villain by premeditation and without compunction. That is, his method of dealing with the twelve low comedians is, I am told, conducted on a cold utilitarian basis without struggle of conscience or effort at self-justification. He says to the modern highwaymen, " Fix your price and let my bill pass. My time is valuable and so is yours, and the quicker we come to terms, the better for us both." What he says behind their backs is not fit for publication ; but he recognizes the existence of the tax just as he recognizes the existence of the tariff, and he has no time to waste in considering the effect of either on the higher destinies of the nation.

Thomas Barnstable belongs to another school. He is a successful business man. In the ordinary meaning of the phrase, he is also a gentleman and a scholar. His

word in private and in business life is as good as his bond; he respects the rights of the fatherless and the widow, and he is known favorably in philanthropic and religious circles. Having recognized the value of certain patents, he has become a large owner of the stock of the People's Heat and Power Company, and is the President of the corporation. Hitherto he has had plain sailing, municipally speaking. That is, the original franchise of the company was obtained from the city before he became President, and only this year for the first time has the necessity of asking for further privileges arisen. Moreover, he finds his corporation confronted by a rival, the Underground Steam Company.

Now here is a portion of the dialogue which took place five weeks before election between this highly respectable gentleman and his right-hand man, Mr. John Dowling, the efficient practical manager of the People's Company.

"Peter Lynch was here to-day," said Mr. Dowling.

"And who may Peter Lynch be?" was the dignified but unconcerned answer.

"Peter Lynch is Peter Lynch. Don't you know Peter? He's the Alderman from the fifth district. He has been Alderman for ten years, and so far as I can see, he is likely to continue to be Alderman for ten more."

"Ah."

"Peter was in good-humor. He was smiling all over."

Mr. Dowling paused, so his superior said, "Oh!" Then realizing that the manager was still silent, as though expecting a question, he said, "What did he come for?"

"He wishes us to help him mend his fences. Some of them need repairing. The wear and tear of political life is severe."

"I see—I see," responded Mr. Barnstable, reflectively, putting his finger-tips together. "What sort of a man is Peter?"

Mr. Dowling hesitated a moment, merely because he was uncertain how to deal with such innocence. Having concluded that frankness was the most business-like course, he answered, bluffly, "He's an infernal thief. He's out for the stuff."

"The stuff? I see—I see. Very bad, very bad. It's an outrage that under our free form of government such men should get a foothold in our cities. I hope, Dowling, you gave him the cold shoulder, and let him understand that under no consideration whatever would we contribute one dollar to his support."

"On the contrary, I gave him a cigar and pumped him."

"Pumped him?"

"I wanted to find out what he knows."

"Dear me. And—er—what does he know?"

"He knows all about our bill, and he says he'd like to support it."

This was a shock, for the bill was supposed to be a secret.

"How did he find out about it?"

"Dreamt it in his sleep, I guess."

"I don't care for his support, I won't have it," said Mr. Barnstable, bringing his hand down forcibly on his desk to show his earnestness and indignation. "I wish very much, Mr. Dowling, that you had told him to leave the office and never show his impudent face here again."

There was a brief silence, during which Mr. Dowling fingered his watch-chain; then he said, in a quiet tone, "He says that the Underground Steam Company is going to move heaven and earth to elect men who will vote to give them a location."

"I trust you let him know that the Underground Steam Company is a stock jobbing, disreputable concern with no financial status."

"It wasn't necessary for me to tell him that. He knows it. He said he would prefer to side with us and keep them out of the streets, which meant of course that he knew we were able to pay the most if we chose. It seems Prendergast has been at him already."

"Disgusting! They both ought to be in jail."

"Amen. He says he gave Prendergast an evasive answer, and is to see him again next Tuesday. There's the situation, Mr. Barnstable. I tell you frankly that Lynch is an important man to keep friendly to our interests. He is very smart and well posted, and if we allow him to oppose us, we shall have no end of trouble. He is ready to take the ground that the streets ought not be dug up, and that a respectable corporation like ours should not be

interfered with. Only he expects to be looked after in return. I deplore the condition of affairs as much as you do, but I tell you frankly that he is certain to go over to the other side and oppose us tooth and nail unless we show ourselves what he calls friendly to his 'interests.'"

"Then we'll prevent his election. I would subscribe money toward that myself."

The Manager coughed, by way perhaps of concealing a smile. "That would not be easy," he said. "And if it could be done, how should we be better off? Peter Lynch is only one of fifteen or twenty, many of whom are worse than he. By worse I mean equally unscrupulous and less efficient. Here, Mr. Barnstable, is a list of the candidates for Aldermen on both sides. I have been carefully over it and checked off the names of those most likely to be chosen, and I find that it comprises twelve out-and-out thieves, five sneak-thieves, as I call them, because they pilfer only in a small way and pass as pretty honest; four easy-going, broken-winded incapables, and three perfectly honest men, one of them thoroughly stupid. Now, if we have to deal with thieves, it is desirable to deal with those most likely to be of real service. There are four men on this list who can, if they choose, help us or hurt us materially. If we get them, they will be able to swing enough votes to control the situation; if they're against us, our bill will be side-tracked or defeated, and the Underground Steam Company will get its franchise. That means, as you know, serious injury to our stockholders. There's the case in a nut-shell."

"What are their names?" asked Mr. Barnstable, faintly.

"Peter Lynch, Jeremiah Dolan, William H. Bird, and John P. Driscoll, popularly known in the inner circles of City Hall politics as 'the big four.' And they are—four of the biggest thieves in the community."

"Dear me," said Mr. Barnstable. "And what is it you advise doing?"

"Like the coon in the tree, I should say, 'Don't shoot and I'll come down.' It's best to have a clear understanding from the start."

"What I meant to ask was—er—what is it that this Peter Lynch wishes?"

"He uttered nothing but glittering generalities; that he desired to know who his friends were, and whether, in case he were elected, he could be of any service to our corporation. The English of that is, he expects in the first place a liberal subscription for campaign expenses—and after that retaining fees from time to time as our attorney or agent, which will vary in size according to the value of the services rendered."

A faint gleam of cunning hope appeared in Mr. Barnstable's eyes.

"Then anything we—er—contributed could properly be charged to attorney's fees?" he said by way of thinking aloud.

"Certainly—attorney's fees, services as agent, profit and loss, extraordinary expenses, machinery account, bad debts—there are a dozen ways of explaining the outlay. And no outlay may be necessary. A tip on the stock will do just as well."

"Dear, dear," reiterated Mr. Barnstable. "It's a deplorable situation; deplorable and very awkward."

"And the awkward part is, that we're a dead cock in the pit if we incline to virtue's side."

Mr. Barnstable sighed deeply and drummed on his desk. Then he began to walk up and down. After a few moments he stopped short and said:

"I shall have to lay it before my directors, Dowling."

"Certainly, sir. But in general terms, I hope. A single—er—impractical man might block the situation until it was too late. Then the expense of remedying the blunder might be much greater."

Mr. Barnstable inclined his head gravely. "I shall consult some of the wisest heads on the Board, and if in their opinion it is advisable to conciliate these blackmailers, a formal expression of approval will scarcely be necessary."

A few days later the President sent for the Manager and waved him to a chair. His expression was grave—almost sad, yet resolute. His manner was dignified and cold.

"We have considered," said he, "the matter of which we were speaking recently, and under the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed, and in view of the fact that the success of our bill and the defeat of the Underground Steam Company

is necessary for the protection of the best interests of the public and the facilitation of honest corporate business enterprise, I am empowered to authorize you to take such steps, Mr. Dowling, as seem to you desirable and requisite for the proper protection of our interests."

"Very good, sir. That is all that is necessary."

There was a brief silence, during which Mr. Barnstable joined his finger-tips together and looked at the fire. Then he rose augustly, and putting out his hand with a repellant gesture said, "There is one thing I insist on, which is that I shall know nothing of the details of this disagreeable business. I leave the matter wholly in your hands, Dowling."

"Oh, certainly, sir. And you may rely on my giving the cold shoulder to the rascals wherever it is possible for me to do so."

That is a pitiful story, isn't it? Virtue assaulted almost in its very temple, and given a black eye by sheer force of cruel, overwhelming circumstances. Yet a true story, and the prototype in its general features of a host of similar episodes occurring in the different cities of this land of the free and the home of the brave. Each case, of course, has its peculiar atmosphere. Not every leading villain has the sensitive and combative conscience of Thomas Barnstable; nor every general manager the bold, frank style of Mr. Dowling. There is every phase of soul-struggle and method from unblushing, business-like bargain and sale to sphinx-like and purposely unenlightened and ostrich-like submission. In the piteous language of a defender of Thomas Barnstable (not Josephine), what can one do but submit? If one meets a highwayman on the road, is one to be turned back if a purse will secure a passage? Surely not if the journey be of moment. Then is a corporate body (a corporation has no soul) to be starved to death by delay and hostile legislation if peace and plenty are to be had for an attorney's fee? If so, only the rascals would thrive and honest corporations would bite the dust. And so it happened that Mr. Dowling before election cast his moral influence in favor of the big four, and a little bird flew from head-quarters with a secret message, couched in sufficiently vague language, to the effect that the management would be pleased if the employees of the People's Heat and Power Company were to mark crosses on their Australian ballots against the names of Peter Lynch, Jeremiah Dolan, Hon. William H. Bird, and the Hon. John P. Driscoll.

Let us allow the curtain to descend to slow music, and after a brief pause rise on some of our other characters. Behold now the fifty thousand respectable, well-intentioned, tolerably ignorant citizens who vote but are too busy with their own affairs to pay attention to politics, and as a consequence generally vote the party ticket or vote to please a friend. As a sample take Mr. John Baker, amiable and well-meaning physician, a practical philanthropist and an intelligent student of science by virtue of his active daily professional labors. For a week before election he is apt to have a distressing, soul-haunting consciousness that a City Government is shortly to be chosen and that he must, as a free-born and virtue-loving citizen, vote for somebody. He remembers that during the year there has been more or less agitation in the newspapers concerning this or that individual connected with the aldermanic office, but he has forgotten names and is all at sea as to who is who or what is what. Two days before election he receives and puts aside a circular containing a list of the most desirable candidates, as indicated by the Reform Society, intending to peruse it, but he is called from home on one evening by professional demands, and on the other by tickets for the theatre, so election morning arrives without his having looked at it. He forgets that it is election day, and is reminded of the fact while on his way to visit his patients by noticing that many of his acquaintances seem to be walking in the wrong direction. He turns also, at the spur of memory, and mournfully realizes that he has left the list at home. To return would spoil his professional day, so he proceeds to the polls, and, in the hope of wise enlightenment, joins the first sagacious friend he encounters. It happens, perhaps, to be Dowling.

"Ah," says Dr. Baker, genially, "you're just the man to tell me whom to vote for. One vote doesn't count for much, but I

like to do my duty as an American citizen."

"It's a pretty poor list," says Dowling, pathetically, drawing a paper from his pocket. "I believe, however, in accomplishing the best possible results under existing circumstances. If I thought the Reform candidates could be elected, I would vote for them and for them only; but it's equally important that the very worst men should be kept out. I am going to vote for the Reform candidates and for Lynch, Dolan, Bird, and Driscoll. They're capable and they have had experience. If they steal, they'll steal judiciously, and that is something. Some of those other fellows would steal the lamp-posts and hydrants if they got the chance."

"All right," says Dr. Baker. "I'll take your word for it. Let me write those names down. I suppose that some day or other we shall get a decent City Government. I admit that I don't give as much consideration to such matters as I ought, but the days are only twenty-four hours long."

Then from the same company there is Mr. David Jones, hay and grain dealer, honest and a diligent, reputable business man. He harbors the amiable delusion that the free-born American citizen in the exercise of the suffrage has intuitive knowledge as to whom to vote for, and that in the long run the choice of the sovereign people is wise and satisfactory. He is ready to admit that political considerations should not control selection for municipal office, but he has a latent distrust of reformers as aristocratic self-seekers or enemies of popular government. For instance, the idea that he or any other American citizen of ordinary education and good moral character is not fit to serve on the school committee offends his patriotism.

"What's the matter with Lynch, anyway?" he asks on his way to the polls. "I see some of his political enemies are attacking him in the press. If he were crooked, someone would have found it out in ten years. I met him once and he talked well. He has no frills round his neck."

"Nor wheels in his head," answers a fellow-patriot, who wishes to get a street developed and has put his case in Lynch's hands.

"He shall have my vote," says the hay and grain dealer.

As for the twenty-five thousand hide-bound partisans, I will state to begin with, my optimistic correspondent, that if this drama were concerned with any election but a city election, their number would be larger. But these make up in unswerving fixity of purpose for any diminution of their forces due to municipal considerations. They are content to have their thinking done for them in advance by a packed caucus, and they go to the polls snorting like war-horses and eager to vindicate by their ballots the party choice of candidates, or meekly and reverently prepared to make a criss-cross after every R or D, according to their faith, with the fatuous fealty of sheep. Bigotry and suspicions, ignorance and easy-going willingness to be led, keep their phalanx steady and a constant old guard for the protection of comedians and villains.

In another corner of the stage stand the ten thousand superior, self-centred souls who neglect to vote and despise politics—the mixed corps of pessimists, impractical dreamers, careless idlers, and hyper-cultured world-disdainers, who hold aloof, from one motive or another, from contact with common life and a share in its responsibilities—some on the plea that universal suffrage is a folly or a failure, some that earth is but a vale of travail which concerns little the wise or righteous thinker, some from sheer butterfly or stupid idleness. Were they to vote they would help to offset that no less large body of suffragists—the active enemies of order, the hoodlum, tobacco-spitting, woman-insulting, rum-drinking ruffian brigade. There are only left the ten thousand conscientious citizens, real patriots—a corporal's guard, amid the general optimistic sweep toward the polls. These mark their crosses with care against the names of the honest men and perhaps some of the pretty honest, only to read in the newspapers next morning that the big four have been returned to power and that the confidence of the plain and sovereign people in the disinterested conduct of their public servants has again been demonstrated.

"Ho, ho, ho," laugh the low comedians. "Mum's the word." The faces of the big four are wreathed in self-congratulatory smiles. At the homes of Peter Lynch and Jeremiah Dolan, those experienced individuals without occupation, there are cakes and ale. It is a mistake to assume that because a citizen is an Alderman he is not human and amiably domestic in his tastes. Jeremiah loves the little Dolans and is no less fond of riding his children on his leg than Thomas Barnstable, or any of the leading villains. When their father looks happy in the late autumn, the children know that their Christmas stockings will be full. Jeremiah is at peace with all the world and is ready to sit with slicked hair for his photograph, from which a steel (or is it steal?) engraving will shortly be prepared for the new City Government year-book, superscribed: "Jeremiah Dolan, Chairman of the Board of Aldermen." A framed enlargement of this will hang on one side of the fire-place, and an embroidered motto, "God Bless Our Home," on the other, and all will be well with the Dolans for another twelve months. In his own home Jeremiah is a man of few words on public matters. Not unnaturally his children believe him to be of the salt of the earth, and he lets it go at that, attending strictly to business without seeking to defend himself in the bosom of his family from the diatribes of reformers. Still, it is reasonable to assume that, under the fillip of the large majority rolled up in his favor, he would be liable to give vent to his sense of humor so far as to refer, in the presence of his wife and children, to the young man who was willing to become an Alderman while waiting to be Senator, as a T. Willy.

If you have read "The Hon. Peter Stirling," you will remember that the hero rose to political stature largely by means of attending to the needs of the district, befriending the poor and the helpless, and having a friendly, encouraging word for his constituents, high or low. The American public welcomed the book because it was glad to see the boss vindicated by these human qualities, and to think that there was a saving grace of unselfish service in the composition of the average successful politician. It would be unjust to the big four were I not to acknowledge that they have been shrewd or human enough to pursue in some measure this affable policy, and that the neighborhood and the district in which they live recognize them as hustlers to obtain office, privileges, and jobs for the humble citizen wishing to be employed by or to sell something to the City Government. To this constituency the comparative small tax levied seems all in the day's work, a natural incident of the principle that when a man does something, he ought to be paid for it. To them the distinction that public service is a trust which has no right to pecuniary profit beyond the salary attached, and a reasonable amount of stationery, seems to savor of the millennium and to suggest a lack of practical intelligence on the part of its advocates. They pay the lawyer and the doctor; why not the Alderman?

III

I AM reminded by Josephine that I seem to be getting into the dumps, which does not befit one who claims to be an optimistic philosopher. The drama just set before you is not, I admit, encouraging as a national exhibit, and I can imagine that you are already impatient to retort that the municipal stage is no fair criterion of public life in this country. I can hear you assert, with that confident air of national righteousness peculiar to the class of blind patriots to which you belong, that the leading politicians of the nation disdain to soil their hands by contact with city politics. Yet there I take issue with you squarely, not as to the fact but as to the truth of the lofty postulate seething in your mind that the higher planes of political activity are free from the venal and debasing characteristics of municipal public service—from the influence of the money power operating on a low public standard of honesty.

Most of us—even philosophers like myself—try to cling to the fine theory that the legislators of the country represent the best morals and brains of the community, and that the men elected to public office in the Councils of the land have been put forward as being peculiarly fitted to interpret and provide for our needs, by force of their predominant individual virt-

ues and abilities. Most of us appreciate in our secret souls that this theory is not lived up to, and is available only for Fourth of July or other rhetorical purposes. Yet we dislike to dismiss the ideal as unattainable, even though we know that actual practice is remote from it ; and patriots still, we go on asserting that this is our method of choice, vaguely hoping, like the well-intentioned but careless voter, that some day we shall get a decent government, municipal, state, national — that is decent from the stand-point of our democratic ideal. And there is another theory, part and parcel of the other, which we try to cling to at the same time, that our public representatives, though the obviously ornamental and fine specimens of their several constituencies, are after all only every-day Americans with whom a host of citizens could change places without disparagement to either. In other words, our theory of government is government by the average, and that the average is remarkably high. This comfortable view induces many like yourself to wrap themselves round with the American flag and smile at destiny, sure that everything will result well with us sooner or later, and impatient of criticism or doubts. As a people we delight in patting ourselves on the back and dismissing our worries as mere flea-bites. The hard cider of our patriotism gets readily into the brain and causes us to deny fiercely or serenely, according to our dispositions, that anything serious is the matter.

Yet whatever Fourth of July orators may say to the contrary, the fact remains that the sorry taint of bargain and sale, of holding up on the political highway and pacification by bribery in one form or another, permeates to-day the whole of our political system from the lowest stratum of municipal public life to the Councils which make Presidents and United States Senators. To be sure, the Alderman in his capacity of low comedian dictating terms to corporations seeking civic privileges is the most unblushing, and hence the most obviously flagrant case ; but it is well recognized by all who are brought in contact with legislative bodies of any sort in the country that either directly or indirectly the machinery of public life is controlled by aggregations of capital working on the hungry, easy-going, or readily flattered susceptibilities of a considerable percentage of the members. Certainly our national and State assemblies contain many high-minded, honest, intellectually capable men, but they contain as many more who are either dishonest or are so ignorant and easily cajoled that they permit themselves to be the tools of leading villains. Those cognizant of what goes on behind the scenes on the political stage would perhaps deny that such men as our friend Thomas Barnstable or his agent, Dowling, attempt to dictate nominations to either branch of the legislature on the tacit understanding that a member thus supported is to advocate or vote for their measures, and by their denial they might deceive a real simon-pure philosopher. But this philosopher knows better, and so do you, my optimistic friend. It is the fashion, I am aware, among conservative people, lawyers looking for employment, bankers and solid men of affairs, to put the finger on the lips when this evil is broached and whisper, " Hush !" They admit confidentially the truth of it, but they say, " Hush ! What's the use of stirring things up ? It can't do any good and it makes the public discontented. It excites the populists." So there is perpetual mystery and the game goes on. Men who wish things good or bad come reluctantly or willingly to the conclusion that the only way to get them is by paying for them. Not all pay cash. Some obtain that which they desire by working on the weaknesses of legislators ; following them into banks where they borrow money, getting people who hold them in their employ or give them business to interfere, asking influential friends to press them. Every railroad corporation in the country has agents to look after its affairs before the legislature of the State through which it operates, and what some of those agents have said and done in order to avert molestation would, if published, be among the most interesting memoirs ever written. Who doubts that elections to the United States Senate and House of Representatives are constantly secured by the use of money among those who have the power to bestow nominations and influence votes? It is notorious, yet to prove it would be no less difficult than to prove that Peter Lynch, Alderman for ten years without occupation,

has received bribes from his fellow-citizens. How are the vast sums of money levied on rich men to secure the success of a political party in a Presidential campaign expended? For stationery, postage stamps, and campaign documents? For torch-light processions, rallies, and buttons? Some of it, certainly. The unwritten inside history of the political progress of many of the favorite sons of the nation during the last forty years would make the scale of public honor kick the beam though it were weighted with the cherry-tree and hatchet of George Washington. In one of our cities where a deputation of city officials attended the funeral of a hero of the late war with Spain, there is a record of $400 spent for ice-cream. Presumably this was a transcript of petty thievery inartistically audited. But there are no auditings of the real use of the thousands of dollars contributed to keep a party in power or to secure the triumph of a politically ambitious millionnaire.

(*Note.*—Josephine, who had been sitting lost in thought since the conclusion of the drama, and who is fond of problem plays, inquired at this point whether I consider the low comedians or the leading villains the most to blame for the existing state of things.

"It is a pertinent question, Josephine, and one not easily answered. What is your view of the matter?"

"I suppose," she answered, "as you have termed the bribers the leading villains, they are the worst. And I do think that the temptation must be very great among the class of men who are without fine sensibilities to let themselves become the tools of rich and powerful people, who, as you have indicated, can help them immensely in return for a vote. It is astonishing that those in the community who are educated, well-to-do citizens, should commit such sins against decency and patriotism."

"Yes, it seems astonishing, but their plea is pathetic, as I have already stated, and somewhat plausible. Suppose for a minute that I am Thomas Barnstable defending himself and see how eloquent I can be. 'What would you have me do, Madam? I am an honest man and my directors are honest men; the bills we ask for are always just and reasonable. I have never in my life approached a legislator with an improper offer, nor have I used direct or indirect bribery so long as it was absolutely impossible to avoid doing so. But when a gang of cheap and cunning tricksters block the passage of my corporation's measures, and will not let them become law until we have been bled, I yield as a last resort. We are at their mercy. It is a detestable thing to do, I admit, but it is necessary if we are to remain in business. There is no alternative. The responsibility is on the dishonest and incapable men whom the American public elects to office, and who under the specious plea of protecting the rights of the plain people levy blackmail on corporate interests. Corporations do not wish to bribe, but they are forced to do so in self-defence.' There! Is not that a tear-compelling statement?"

"I can see your side," said Josephine.

"Pardon me," I interrupted. "It is Mr. Barnstable's side, not mine. I am not a capitalist, only a philosopher."

"Well, his side then; and I feel sorry for him in spite of the weakness of his case. Only his argument does not explain the others. I should not suppose that men like Mr. Prendergast could truthfully declare that all the legislation they ask for is just and reasonable."

"Precisely. Yet they buy their desires in the open market from the free-born representatives of the people. If anyone states so at the time he is hushed up, if possible; if not, there is an investigation, nothing is proved, and the integrity of the legislative body is vindicated. I can shed a tear on behalf of men like Mr. Barnstable, a crocodile tear, yet still a tear. But there is the larger army of hard-headed, dollar-hunting, practical capitalists, who are not forming corporations for their health, so to speak, to be reckoned with. My eloquence is palsied by them. They would tell you that they were obliged to bribe, but they do not waste much time in resistance or remorse. They seem to regard the evil as a national custom, unfortunate and expensive, but not altogether inconvenient. Confidentially over a cigar they will assure you that the French, the Spanish, the Turks, and the Chinese are infinitely worse, and that this is merely a passing phase of democracy, whatever that may mean."

"Dreadful," said Josephine. "And then there are the people with money who aid and abet their own nominations for Congress. I think I could mention some of them."

"Well, you mustn't. It might hurt their feelings, for they may not know exactly what was done except in a general way. After all is over they ask 'how much?' draw a check and make few inquiries. That is the genteel way. But in some states it is not necessary or politic to be genteel. The principle is the same, but the process is less subtle and aristocratic. But haven't you a word of extenuation to offer on behalf of the low comedians? Think of Jeremiah Dolan and the little Dolans."

"I suppose he also would say it wasn't true," said Josephine.

"Oh, yes. 'Lady, there isn't a word of truth in the whole story. Someone's been stuffing you.'"

"They must be dreadfully tempted, poor wretches."

"'Lady, it's all make-believe. But it's one thing to talk and another to sit still and have a fellow whisper in your ear that you have only to vote his way to get five thousand in clean bills and no questions asked. When a man has a mortgage on his house to pay, five thousand would come in handy. I'm only supposing, lady, and no one can prove I took a cent.'"

"Fred," said Josephine, after a solemn pause, "the dreadful thought has just occurred to me that the American people may not be—are not strictly honest."

"Sh!" I shouted eagerly, and seizing a tea table-cloth I threw it over her head and stayed her speech.

"My dear, do you realize what you are saying?"

"Do you realize that you are tumbling my hair?"

I paid no heed to this unimportant interjection, but said, "If any true patriot were to hear you make such an accusation you would subject yourself and me to some dreadful punishment, such as happened to Dreyfus, or 'The Man Without a Country.' Not honest? By the shades of George Washington, what are you thinking of? Why, one of the chief reasons of our superiority to all the other nations of the world is because of our honesty—our immunity from the low moral standards of effete, frivolous despotisms and unenlightened masses who are without the blessings of freedom. Not strictly honest? Josephine, your lack of tact, if nothing else, is positively audacious. Do you expect me to break this cruel piece of news to the optimistic patriot to whom this letter is addressed?"

"I think you are silly," said my wife, freeing herself from the tea table-cloth and trying to compose her slightly discomposed tresses. "I only thought aloud, and I said merely what you would have said sooner or later in more philosophical terms. I saw that you were tempted by the fear of not seeming a patriot to dilly-dally with the situation and avoid expressing yourself in perspicuous language. T-h-i-e-f spells thief; B-r-i-b-e-r-y spells bribery. I don't know much about politics, and I'm not a philosopher, but I understand the meaning of every-day English, and I should say that we were not even pretty honest. There! Those are my opinions, and I think you will save time if you send them in your letter instead of beating about the bush for extenuating circumstances. If you don't, I shall—for really, Fred, it's too simple a proposition. And as for the blame, it's six of one and half a dozen of the other."

"Josephine, Josephine," I murmured, "there goes my last chance of being sent to the Philippines, in my capacity as a philosopher, to study whether the people of those islands are fit for representative government.")

You have read what Josephine says, my optimistic friend. She has stated that she would write to you her summing up of the whole matter if I did not, so I have inserted her deduction in all its crudity. She declares the trouble to be that the American people are dishonest. Of course, I cannot expect you to agree with any such conclusion, and I must admit that the boldness of the accusation is a shock to my own sensibilities as a patriot. Of course, Josephine is a woman and does not understand much about politics and ways and means, and it is notorious that women jump at conclusions instead of approaching them logically and in a dignified manner. But it is also said that their sudden conclusions are apt to be right. Dishonest? Dear me, what a dreadful

suggestion. I really think that she went a little too far. And yet I am forced to agree that appearances are very much against us, and that if we hope to lead the world in righteousness and progress we must, to recur to political phraseology, mend our moral fences. I do not indulge in meteoric flights, like Josephine. Let us argue the matter out soberly.

You and I, as men of the world, will agree that if the American people prefer or find it more serviceable to cherish bribery as a federal institution, no one will interfere. The fact that it is ethically wrong is interesting to real philosophers and to the clergy, but bribery will continue to flourish like a bay-tree if it is the sort of thing which the American people like. Now, to all outward appearances they find it, if not grateful and comforting, at least endurable and convenient. Certainly, except among the class of people whom you would be apt to stigmatize as "holier than thous," there is comparatively little interest taken in the question. The mass of the community seek refuge behind the agreeable fiction that the abuse doesn't exist or exists only in such degree as to be unimportant. Many of these people know that this is false, but they will not admit that they think so in order not to make such doings familiar, just as their custom is to speak of legs as lower limbs in order not to bring a blush to the cheek of the young person. For thorough-going hypocrisy—often unconscious, but still hypocrisy—no one can equal a certain kind of American. It is so much easier in this world, where patting on the back is the touch-stone of preferment and popularity, to think that everything is as serene as the surface indicates, though you are secretly sure that it is not. How much more convenient to be able to say truthfully, "I have no knowledge of the facts, so don't bother me," than to be constantly wagging the head and entertaining doubts concerning the purity of one's fellow-citizens, and so making enemies.

As I have indicated earlier in this letter, the ideal is dear to our patriotic sensibilities that we are governed by average opinion, and that the average is peculiarly high. The fastidious citizen in this country has been and still is fond of the taunt that men of upright character and fine instincts—what he calls gentlemen—will not enter public life, for the reason that they will not eat dirt. The reply has been that the real bugaboo of the fastidious citizen is one of manners, and that in the essentials of character, in strong moral purpose and solid worth, the average American voter is the peer of any aristocracy. The issue becomes really one of fact, and mere solemn assertion will not serve as evidence beyond a certain point. If the majority prefer dishonesty, the power is in their hands to perpetuate the system, but believing as you and I do that the majority at heart is honest, how are we to explain the continued existence of the evil? How as patriots shall we reconcile the perpetuation in power of the low comedians, Peter Lynch and Jeremiah Dolan, except on the theory that it is the will of the majority that they should continue to serve the people? This is not a question of kid gloves, swallow-tailed coats, and manners, but an indictment reflecting on the moral character and solid worth of the nation. How are we to explain it? What are we to say? Can we continue to declare that we are the most honest and aspiring people in the world and expect that portion of the world which has any sense of humor not to smile? Are we, who have been accustomed to boast of our spotless integrity as a people, ready to fall back on and console ourselves with the boast, which does duty nowadays on lenient lips, that we are as honest as any of the nations of Europe except, possibly, England? That is an indirect form of patriotic negation under the shadow of which low comedians and leading villains could ply their trade comparatively unmolested.

As a philosopher, who is not a real philosopher, I find this charge of Josephine's a difficult nut to crack, and I commend it respectfully to your attention to mull over at your leisure, trusting that it may temper the effulgence of your thoughts on Independence Day. Yet having had my say as a philosopher, let me as an optimist, willing to succor a fellow-optimist, add a few considerations indicating that the situation may not be so ultimately evil as the existing state of affairs and Josephine would have us believe. I write "may not be," because I am not altogether confident

that my intelligence is not being cajoled by the natural cheeriness and buoyancy of my disposition. The sole question at issue is whether the majority of the American people are really content to have the money power of the country prey upon and be the prey of the lowest moral sense of the community.

We have before us an every-day spectacle of eager aggregations of capital putting aside scruples as visionary and impractical, and hence "un-American," in order to compass success, and at the other side of the counter the so-called representatives of the people, solemn in their verbiage but susceptible to occult and disgraceful influences. The two parties to the intercourse are discreet and business-like, and there is little risk of tangible disclosure. Practically aloof from them, except for a few moments on election day, stands the mass of American citizens busy with their own money-getting or problem-solving, and only too ready to believe that their representatives are admirable. They pause to vote as they pause to snatch a sandwich at a railroad station. "Five minutes for refreshments!" Five minutes for political obligations! Individually there are thousands of strictly honest and noble-hearted men in the United States. Who doubts it? The originality and strength of the American character is being constantly manifested in every field of life. But there we speak of individuals; here we are concerned with majorities and the question of average morality and choice. For though we have an aspiring and enlightened van of citizens to point the way, you must remember that emigration and natural growth has given us tens of thousands of ignorant, prejudiced, and sometimes unscrupulous citizens, each of whose votes counts one. Perhaps it is true—and here is my grain of consolation or hope—that the average voter is so easy-going, so long-suffering, so indisposed to find fault, so selfishly busy with his own affairs, so proud of our institutions and himself, so afraid of hurting other people's feelings, and so generally indifferent as to public matters, provided his own are serene, that he chooses to wink at bribery if it be not in plain view, and likes to deceive himself into believing that there is nothing wrong. The long and short of it seems to be that the average American citizen is a good fellow, and in his capacity of good fellow cannot afford to be too critical and particular. He leaves that to the reformer, the literary man, the dude, the college professor, the mugwump, the philosopher, and other impractical and un-American people. If so, what has become of that heritage of his forefathers, the stern Puritan conscience? Swept away in the great wave of material progress which has centred all his energies on what he calls success, and given to the power of money a luring importance which is apt to make the scruples of the spirit seem unsubstantial and bothersome. An easy-going, trouble-detesting, self-absorbed democracy between the buffers of rapacity and rascality.

A disagreeable conclusion for an optimist, yet less gloomy than the other alternative. This condition admits of cure, for it suggests a torpid conscience rather than deliberate acquiescence. It indicates that the representatives are betraying the people, and that there is room for hope that the people eventually may rise in their might and call them to account. If they do, I beg as a philosopher with humorous proclivities, to caution them against seizing the wrong pig by the ear. Let them fix the blame where it belongs, and not hold the corporations and the money power wholly responsible. It may be possible in time to abolish trusts and cause rich men sleepless nights in the crusading name of populism, but that will avail little unless at the same time they go to the real root of the matter, and quicken the average conscience and strengthen the moral purpose of the plain people of the United States. There will be leading villains and low comedians so long as society permits, and so long as the conscience of democracy is torpid. The players in the drama are, after all, only the people themselves. Charles the First was beheaded because he betrayed the liberties of the people. Alas! there is no such remedy for a corrupt democracy, for its heads are like those of Hydra, and it would be itself both the victim and the executioner.

THE POINT OF VIEW

A Question of Accent.

I SUPPOSE there is no gainsaying the authority of "general usage" in the matter of English pronunciation — even when that usage is etymologically wrong. If there is one instinct in the Anglo-Saxon race which is at once widespread and admirable, it is surely our instinct to avoid even the semblance of preciosity; the Prig is justly our pet abhorrence. Maybe some of us incline to carry this instinct a thought too far; as, for instance, the educated English lady who, when taken to task by an American for saying *sónorous*, replied: "We always say *sónorous;* of course we know well enough that it really is *sonórous*, but it would sound awfully priggish to say so in every-day talk!" But she was an extreme example, and, though I still persist in saying *sonórous*, I am far from wishing to undo the long-done work of that "general usage" which has given us *bálcony* (for *balcóny*) and *anémone* (for *anemóne*). About *paresis* I may be in some doubt, for the word is so young in general use that there may still be time to check the spread of the illiterate *parésis*. The latter pronunciation does not seem to me to have been consecrated by sufficiently long usage to have won indisputable authority; there may be a chance for *páresis* yet!

There are, however, many words in our language, derived from the Latin, on the accentuation of which both authority and usage are still divided; and I cannot think the time past for etymology fairly having something to say about these. Yet it seems to me that the etymological rule for accenting such words, as it is commonly set down, leaves a good deal to be desired in point of logic. It is that syllables which are long by derivation should be accented, that those which are short should not; and by it we get *compénsate*, *contémplate*, etc.; but a large number of recognizedly educated people say *cómpensate* and *cóntemplate*, and also have the authority of some excellent lexicographers therefor. What authority there may be for throwing the accent upon the penult in these words cannot yet be considered as final.

A word which leads me to an explanation of my idea is *elegiac*—which the Standard Dictionary now gives as *elégiac* only, but which used to be pronounced *elegíac* by most cultivated English speakers. It is rather a scholarly word, and I fancy most scholars to-day still pronounce it *elegíac;* it seems to me that there still hangs about *elégiac*, as Walker said in his day, a "suspicion of illiteracy." But, if *elegíac* is right, why is it right? The rule for accenting syllables that are long by etymology does not hold good here, for the *i* in *elegiācus* is short, as it is also in the Greek *elegiakós*. It seems to me so highly probable as to amount almost to a certainty, that scholarly Englishmen fell into the habit of saying *elegíac* simply because they had already formed the habit of saying *elegiācus*. They accented the *i* in English because it was accented in Latin; and in Latin it is accented, not because it is long (which it is not), but because the *a* which follows it is short. And, if English scholars said *elegíac* from habit, may not the results of a similar Latin habit be found in our pronunciation of hosts of other English words of Latin origin?

The rule for accentuation I would propose is this: "If the syllable which is penultimate in the English word is accented in the Latin, it should be accented in the English word also; if, however, this syllable is unaccented in Latin, the accent in the English word should fall back upon the antepenult." Thus the penultimate *i* in *elegiac* is accented because the corresponding *i* is accented in *elegíacus*. An old school-master of mine used to insist upon our saying *Quirínal*, because the *i* was long; I maintain that *Quírinal* is right, because the second *i* in *Quirinālis* is unaccented. This rule would give us *cóntemplate* and *cómpensate* because the syllables *tem* and *pen* are unaccented in *contemplātus* and *compensātus* respectively. (It is of no avail to argue in favor of *contémplate* that the *tem* is long, and accented in *contémplo;* our English word is derived from the Latin participle, not from the first person singular of the present indicative.) *Désiccate* would be right on the same principle, and *desíccate*, wrong.

By this rule of mine we can preserve an English pronunciation as nearly like the original Latin as it is in the spirit of our language to do; and, where authority and usage are wellnigh equally divided, this seems to me worth while.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE USE AND ABUSE OF DECORATIVE CONVENTIONS IN ARCHITECTURE

IT is always more or less futile to quarrel with the vernacular. Otherwise we should take exception to the word *design* in the sense of invention. The latter is the more expressive term. In the language of those nations from which modern art is derived, *dessiner, disegnare* mean to draw. Italian authors of the Renaissance, in estimating an artist's achievement, invariably weighed his inventive faculties. Thus Vasari, in summarizing Raphael's qualities, extols his "*disegno, colorito ed invenzione*"—his drawing, color, and invention. An illustrator "invents" and "draws;" for instance, "Giovanni Albertelli *inv. e dis.*" Emphasis is here laid on the word invention, and on its vogue in other lands, both because it is very forceful, and because it seems to imply something more than "design." A plagiarist might venture to risk the term "design" when he would balk at "invention."

If we enter one of our patrician homes—palaces, palazzi, or private hotels, they would be called elsewhere—what do we find to exalt the decorative artist, where the work has been the sole product of the architect, and it may be added of the patrician himself? Much splendor there is, assuredly, and gold, and rich carving, and sumptuous marble, and opulent stuffs; even expatriated mantles and whole rooms, kidnapped from the harmonious surroundings where they were a perpetual joy—imported to discord with our modern alien habitats. Sometimes we happen on an Italian Renaissance room without a spark of the easy invention and graceful free-hand work that was the charm of the original; but more frequently we meet with debased Louis XV. and Louis XVI., debased in the inspirationless copy. The originals of these things are very beautiful indeed, and will ever be the immortal models for decorative artists. But it must not for a moment be supposed by the laity that in mechanically reproducing these things we are inventing or adding an iota to the art product of the world. Perhaps this lack of invention can better be appreciated when the bald statement is made that a well-equipped decorator would not think it worth his while to enter our buildings for the purpose of studying fresh ideas; always excepting those instances where the services of a capable artist have been engaged, and the few exceptions to every rule.

Archæology has taught its lesson of accuracy in the arts. As we have already observed, the tendency is to copy rather than to assimilate. The reproductive processes have overwhelmed the practitioner with an excess of material, far more than can be digested. We have acquired the photograph habit. Could half the time be devoted to invention that is given to the excavation from portfolios of the desired prototypes, and to the formation of collections, it would be better for art. We have repeatedly anathematized the vast aggregation of photographs so cheaply and easily obtained. Were they to perish from the earth, design would take a great leap forward—for their abuse is almost inevitable. The mere power of limning is compromised by an over-reliance on them. Constant reference, even to an original study from nature, clogs the creative faculty, and hampers the impatient hand, much more so, an alien reproduction. Once a distinguished artist lost all his preliminary studies for a picture when his house was ransacked by the Prussians. "I am glad of it," he said, "for now I feel emancipated and can work with greater freedom." It must always be borne in mind that the best designs were made before the invention of the reproductive processes, and the exactions of precise archæology. It is safe here to use the word "best," because the constant copying of them is an admission of their primacy. It must not be supposed that the Renaissance man was more virtuous than we are. Probably he was less so. He stole things wherever he could lay his hands on them. Fortunately, there was less to steal in quality and quantity. Nor had he acquired the lesson of accuracy. Even the engraver, when he tried to counterfeit, let us say an "Albert Dürer," did it rather clumsily. If

an artist wished to reproduce another's work for self-instruction, he rendered it very freely, infusing a good deal of his own personality into the copy, unconsciously, without doubt. From our point of view this copy was pitiable as an imitation. For his purpose, it was just as good as the closer reproduction, even better. Giuliano Sangallo's drawing from the antique would make schoolboys merry, while both they and their preceptors admire the creations which these somewhat clumsy sketches evoked. One of the fragments of the lost "Battle of Anghiari," by Leonardo, comes to us through the exuberant handling of Rubens, the freest sort of a translation, as were all his Italian notes. Raphael, painter-architect, makes a pen and ink from the "Three Graces at Sienna," after graduating from the school of Perugino (we follow Müntz). From the photographic standpoint the humblest in a well-conducted antique class could do better. But these men, and hosts of others, *invented*—some painters, some sculptors, some architects, perhaps the two or three in one. Take, for instance, that much used and very popular member, the capital, a magnificent vehicle for decorative expression. Observe Sangallo's in the Palazzo Gondi, Stagio-Stagi's at Pisa, or those in the Palazzo dei Pazzi. But why specify these, when beautiful examples swarm in Bologna, Ferrara, Urbino, and all over northern Italy, full of lovely ideas and graceful in contour, capitals evolved from the antique in a general way, and quite equal to them for pure beauty, and surpassing them in fancy? We are prone to denounce the "barocco" work. Eliminating for the nonce the question of taste, let us glance at it from the inventive point of view. We have seen compositions by the much abused painter-architect, Vasari, evidently turned out with perfect facility, that would tax the creative faculty of a modern almost to despair. The Zuccari Brothers, Poccetti, and men of that generation, at times did things in shocking taste, but at times they composed very beautifully and were always interesting, flinging broadcast fresh ideas. We may not like a frame, or an arm-chair by a barocco Brustolon, yet we must admire his fluent design. Thanks to passionless imitations, the uninitiated are prone to associate nothing but dry formality with such names as Vignola or Palladio. Let them see the villas by these architects in the neighborhood of Rome or Vicenza, and they will soon be disabused of any such impressions.

It is high time that the architect should declare himself an artist by a display of the artistic qualities, an important one being the invention of ornamental motives. He should differentiate himself from the engineer. But as matters now stand, finding himself unable to evolve fresh decorative forms either from lack of time or faculty, he has recourse to his library, and cribs or re-distributes decorative conventions, more or less trite, according to the date of the print or photograph, with the well known result. These aids are also within the reach of the engineer, or even the "builder," pure and simple. With a very little study, either might learn to handle them adroitly. So that if the architect wishes to occupy an impregnable position, he must fortify it with artistic accomplishments.

That somewhat negative quality, jejune good taste, a sparse use of the very well known and approved decorative forms, has its charm. It is a perfectly safe policy for an architect to pursue. In the face of much tawdry stuff, one craves it—the mere hungry surface, relieved here and there by the authorized classic motives. But this cold chasteness is as much a moral as an artistic idea. It means æsthetic sterility, petrified decoration. A living art connotes invention. The same is true of the dictum that a good copy is better than a bad original. Perhaps it is; but no artistic progress can be made under such a tenet, and the beautiful prototype deteriorates in reproduction, and loses the inspiration in its frequency.

Be it understood that the question of decorative instruction is not under discussion. More tenaciously, perhaps, than others, we hold that the student must know the historical conventions, his grammar of ornament, just as a writer must know his alphabet, not in order to use them subsequently, but to profit by their lessons. What concerns us now is the golden mean between the use and abuse of accredited conventions. Certain simple decorative motives, such as dentils, egg and darts, pearls, frets, etc., have become part and parcel of our decorative conceptions. They are valuable accessories, almost as essential to artistic syntax as the unimportant, yet necessary, conjunction is to rhetorical syntax. In literary composition no objection can be made to a timely quotation as an auxiliary to the subject-matter, but very serious

objection would be made were citations forced to do the author's work vicariously. It is only when architects make their conventions bear the sole brunt of ornamentation and call it "art" that complaint is made. Did we not constitutionally object to the thoughtless use of the superlative so much in vogue, especially when æsthetic themes are under discussion, we should say that in the use of classic conventions, the discretion and taste of the della Robbia were very nearly supreme. The founder of the clan, Andrea, was, perhaps, less influenced by the antique than any decorative artist of his time; still he was influenced by it, as every Italian of his date must have been. Take one of his famous *tondi* as an example. The expressional picture is in the centre, architecturally framed as it should be by a fillet or two, or an egg and dart, perhaps, confining a decorative border of great beauty, inspired by the fruits of the earth, largely treated. Here we have a composition firmly framed, well suited to structural needs, sufficiently architectural, yet immensely interesting. This is the very acme of decorative excellence.

Archæology and chance have recently conferred one benefit, not to mention others, for which we must be truly grateful. They have clearly demonstrated the inventive faculties of the ancients. They have proved to us that the architects and decorators of classic times were always doing what artists will ever do—the unexpected. Familiar with the reproductions of certain consecrated monuments, students have been too prone to believe that the art of the Greeks and Romans was highly conventionalized; that it moved in very narrow and prescribed channels. The rendering of these monuments in the authoritative works has aggravated the belief. Actually, the ancients worked with great freedom, doing what we should never look for. Suppose it had been required to "restore" a Livia's villa, not knowing the original, would it ever have entered the restorer's head to paint a freehand landscape on its walls? Suppose the task was to make a patera *à l'antique*, would it ever have occurred to the designer to plant a portrait head in its centre with a meagre line or two about it? Yet just such a patera was found at Bosco Reale a few years since. The problem being to build a Roman arch, who would ever have dreamed of constructing such an one as we find at Timgad, dedicated to Trajan, with its lateral bays crowned by curved pediments? It is very well known in these days that the ancient Greeks and Romans were creative artists, whether they diademed an Acropolis, or carved the throne of a Zeus, or "hit off" a Tanagra figurine, or colored a Palatine wall, or a Pompeiian villino—not to mention the myriad household utensils, some the most humble, exquisitely designed. In plain English—they invented.

The failure of the architect as a decorative designer is a logical sequence of commercialism. It is not to be expected that the bread-winner should make superfluous sacrifices—that would be "bad business." While in every profession there are philanthropic enthusiasts capable of high and costly flights of altruism, the rank and file cannot be called upon to immolate themselves to an unremunerative idea. One must live, and live well, too, in these days. Taking his long and expensive training into consideration, and his multifarious requirements, it may be boldly asserted that few, if any, of the professions are so poorly paid as that of the architect. He is not bedecked with the trappings of wealth. His range of theoretical knowledge must be wide, and his practical experience very considerable. Probably no class of men is more roundly abused for its pains. The client has usually a pack of complaints against his architect, and makes it a point to air them. On several occasions we have heard men, high in their respective callings, irritably denounce, on the flimsiest grounds, all architects as "frauds." It is needless to say that our sympathies have invariably been with the latter, for, as a profession, we believe them to be high-minded, cultivated, conscientious, and efficient. The reason that they are not decorative designers is because they are not paid for original design. Yet, with all their diversified requirements in these days of novel and necessarily tentative construction, they would quickly acquire the lost habit, if it were worth their while. Yes, the habit is lost, has perished of inanition, temporarily, at least. The client does not want original design at the price exacted. He is not a Mæcenas; he prefers the mechanical reproduction of stale forms at a lower figure, *i.e.*, the shopworn conventional. Moreover, he is rather inclined to the habitual as being safer. Under these conditions, fresh thoughts cannot be looked for. Even those men whose lives are de-

voted to architectural decoration alone, the decorative painters and sculptors, are frequently forced by the client to use the wearisome ornaments of the past, much to their chagrin, because fresh thought is too expensive. Not much objection seems to be made to a lavish outlay on mere barbaric material, but a vigorous stand is taken against an outlay on artistic invention. What is the result? Unable to evolve fresh motives, the architect, perforce, turns to his portfolios and copies. He must have ornament, for ornament is part and parcel of his profession as well as solid construction and harmonious proportion. Therefore, he purloins it. There is no sin in it, for it is done overtly and no one is deceived. Any man in the other professions would do likewise under similar conditions. It would be reprehensible if he did not. Only this road does not lead to new ideas—to a new style. Artistic invention cannot thrive under such conditions. F. C.

IT is not many years since a wealthy New Yorker, a man who employs builders a good deal, and architects somewhat, objected to arguments and appeals similar to those printed above, by demonstrating that a good old building was certainly fine, whereas a proposed new building only ran small chance of being fine, and that it followed (for so it seemed to him)—it followed that it was wiser for an architect to copy the old building rather than to try to design a fresh one. This was a *fin-de-siècle* idea, indeed! Surely, the decadence can hardly go farther than to embody itself in a declaration that it was less troublesome and more satisfactory to take your designs ready-made from fine old things of the past! The rich New Yorker in question was, undoubtedly, quoting his favorite architectural practitioner; but that same practitioner would hardly have been willing to have said as much among artists. Assuredly he would never have stood up at a meeting of artists and have declared his gospel in any such terms.

The difficulty in the way of expense may be thought by some not so great as Mr. Crowninshield has made it. When the present writer was a pupil in an architect's office, the head man, the designer, the real maker of the drawings, a workman prolific and able in his way, allowed this confidence to escape him—"Yes, I used to think I would get a mountain of tracing-paper and trace everything [photographs were not so cheap in those days]—and then I would never be out of material! But I found by and by that it was too much trouble to find what I wanted; it is really much easier to design it; what you want, is a knowledge of the style, and what may be done, and what cannot be done; and there you are! Besides the time lost in finding your 'material' you lose another infinite lot of time in fitting the material together—and *then* it does not fit!" That is as true now as it was a good many years ago. The only reason why a modern designer finds it easier to copy than to invent is that he is not really familiar with the style, nor really in the habit of designing in it. He is not really familiar with the style, because he has accustomed himself to go straight to books where all his details are to be found complete, and with their relative dimensions figured, and to copy them. He is not in the habit of designing in the style (whatever it may be), because, again, he has done nothing for years but patch together copied details. He is not in the habit of inventing, because, as Mr. Crowninshield has shown, he has too much else to do and too much else to think of; and because invention is not required of him by his clients, nor even delicate, choice, and careful treating of what he has chosen, nor even seemly combination of what he has chosen into new resulting wholes. If he really knew his style so that he felt at home in it—so that he felt it to be plastic in his hands; so that he dared play with it and alter its details in absolute conviction that he would not abandon its essential characteristics in so doing—then he would find it easier to invent than to copy, provided always he had the habit of freehand drawing and of simple modelling, and the habit of using either or both of those familiar arts for the ornamentation of objects large and small. R. S.

Legislative Library
Ontario



See "The Water Front of New York." *Drawn by Jules Guérin.*

On the Harlem River—University Heights from Fort George.



See "The Water Front of New York." *Drawn by Jules Guérin.*

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Grant's Tomb and Riverside Drive (from the New Jersey Shore).

THE WATER-FRONT OF NEW YORK

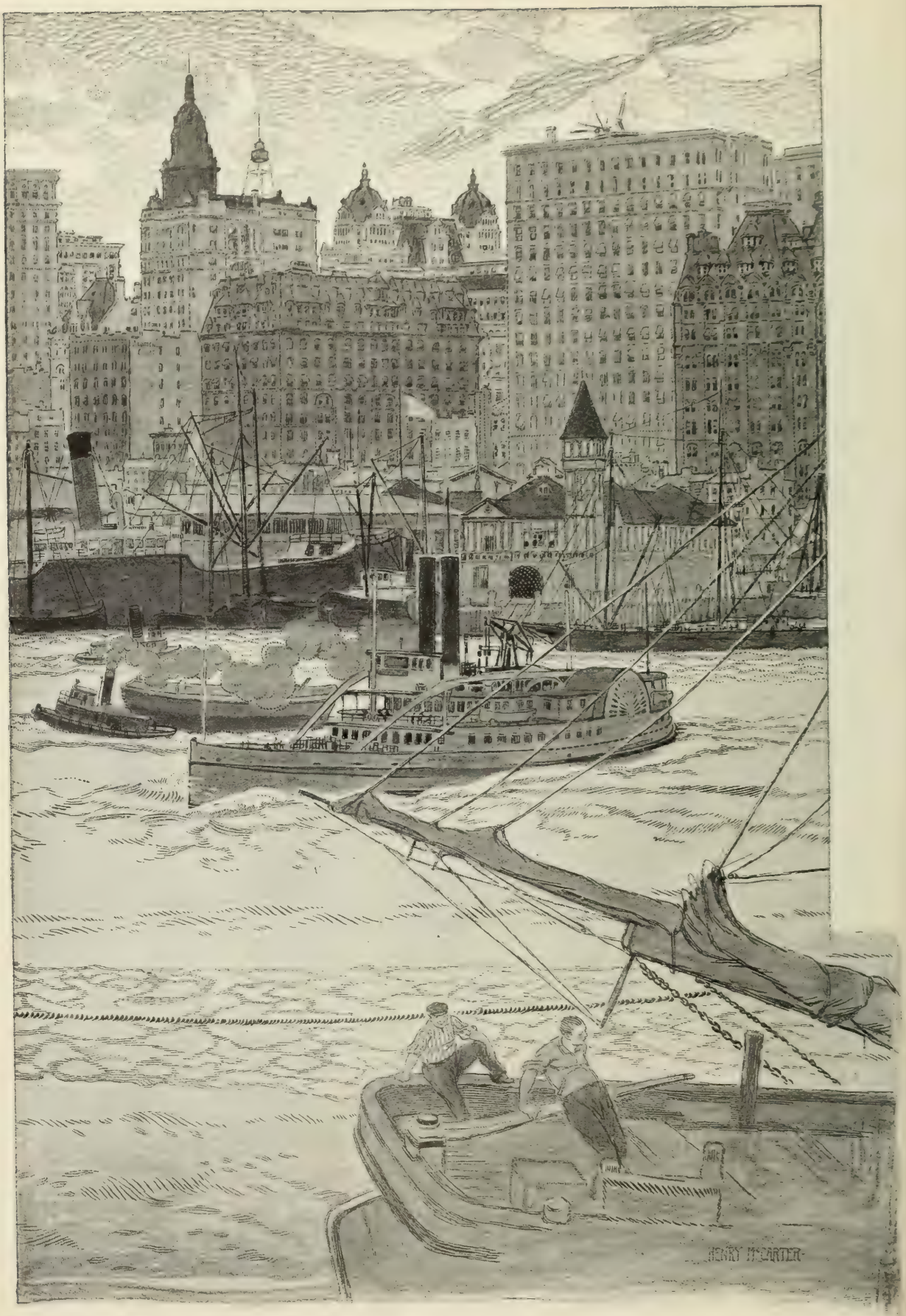
By Jesse Lynch Williams

DOWN along the Battery sea-wall is the place to watch the ships go by.

Coastwise schooners, lumber-laden, which can get far up the river under their own sail; big, full-rigged clipper ships that have to be towed from the lower bay, their top masts down in order to scrape under the Brooklyn Bridge; barques, brigs, brigantines—all sorts of sailing craft, with cargoes from all seas, and flying the flags of all nations.

White-painted river steamers that seem all the more flimsy and riverish if they happen to churn out past the dark, compactly built ocean liners, who come so deliberately and arrogantly, up past the Statue of Liberty, to dock after the long, hard job of crossing, the home-comers on the decks already waving handkerchiefs. Plucky little tugs (that whistle on the slightest provocation), pushing queer, bulky floats, which bear with ease whole trains of freight cars, dirty cars looking frightened and out of place, which the choppy seas try to reach up and wash. And still queerer, old sloop scows, with soiled, awkward canvas and no shape to speak of, bound for no one seems to know where and carrying you seldom see what. And always, everywhere, all day and night, whistling and pushing in and out between everybody, the ubiquitous, faithful, narrow-minded old ferry-

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Down along the Battery sea-wall is the place to watch the ships go by.—Page 385.



The old town does not change so fast about its edges.—Page 394.
(Along the upper East River front looking north toward Blackwell's Island.)

boats, with their wonderful helmsman in the pilot-house, turning the wheel and looking unexcitable. . . .

That is the way it is down around Pier A, where the Tammany Dock Commission meets and the Police Patrol boat lies, and by Castle Garden, where the river craft pass so close you can almost reach out and touch them with your hand.

The "water-front" means something different when you think of Riverside and its greenness, a few miles to the north, with Grant's tomb, white and glaring in the sun, and Columbia Library back on Cathedral Heights.

Here the "lordly" Hudson is not yet obliged to become busy North River, and there is plenty of water between a white-sailed schooner yacht and a dirty tug slowly towing in silence—for there is no utter excuse for whistling — a cargo of brick for a new country house up at Garrisons; while on the shore itself instead of wharves and warehouses and ferry-slips there are yacht and rowing club houses and an occasional bathing pavilion; and above the water edge, in place of the broken ridge of stone buildings with countless windows, there is the real bluff of good green earth with the well-kept drive on top and the sun glinting on harness and handle-bars.

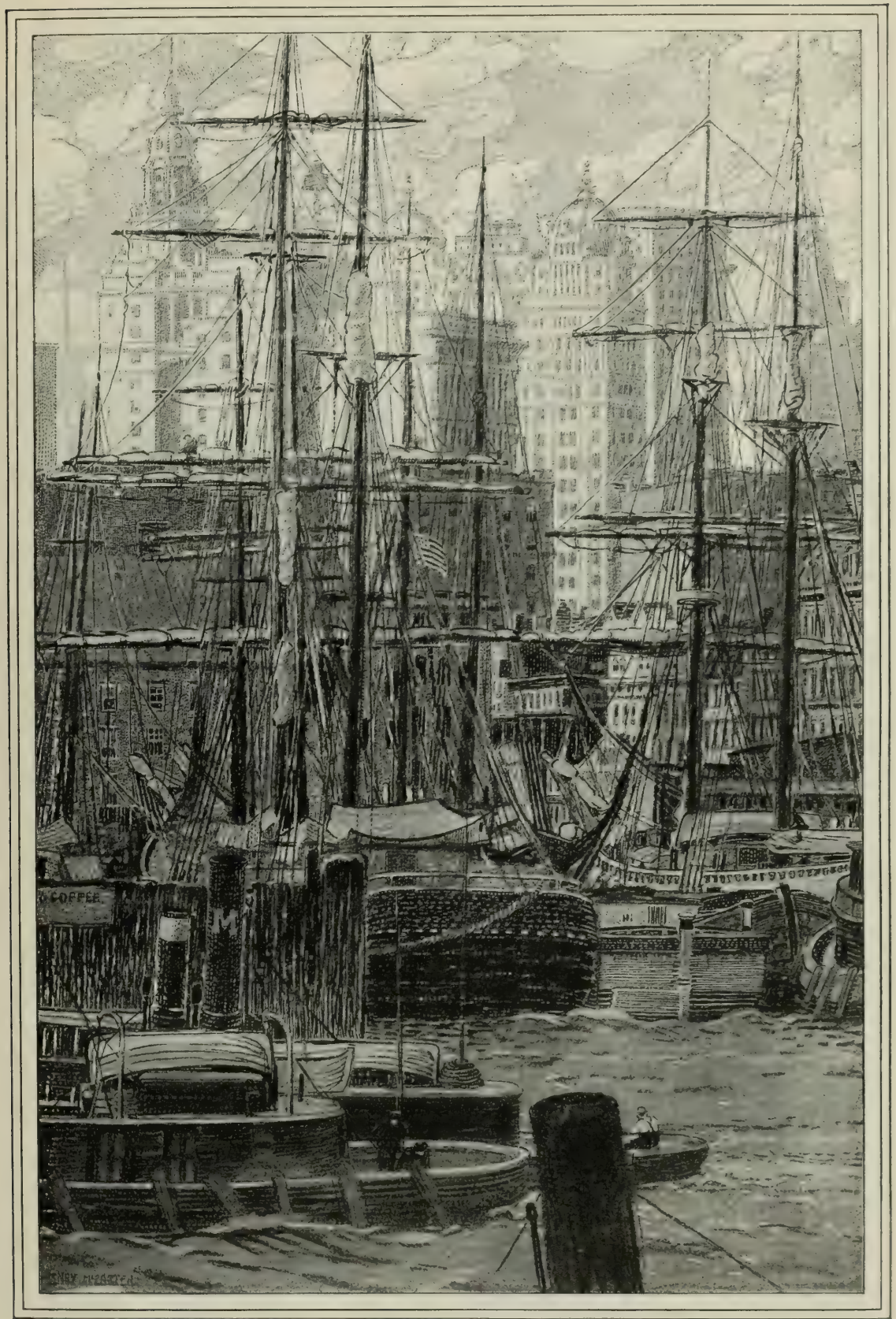
Now, between these two contrasts you will find—you *may* find, I mean, for most of you prefer to exhaust Europe and the Orient before you begin to look at New York—as many different sorts of interests



Old New Amsterdam.
Just as it has been for years.—Page 388.
(Between South Ferry and the Bridge.)

and kinds of picturesqueness as there are miles, as there are blocks almost.

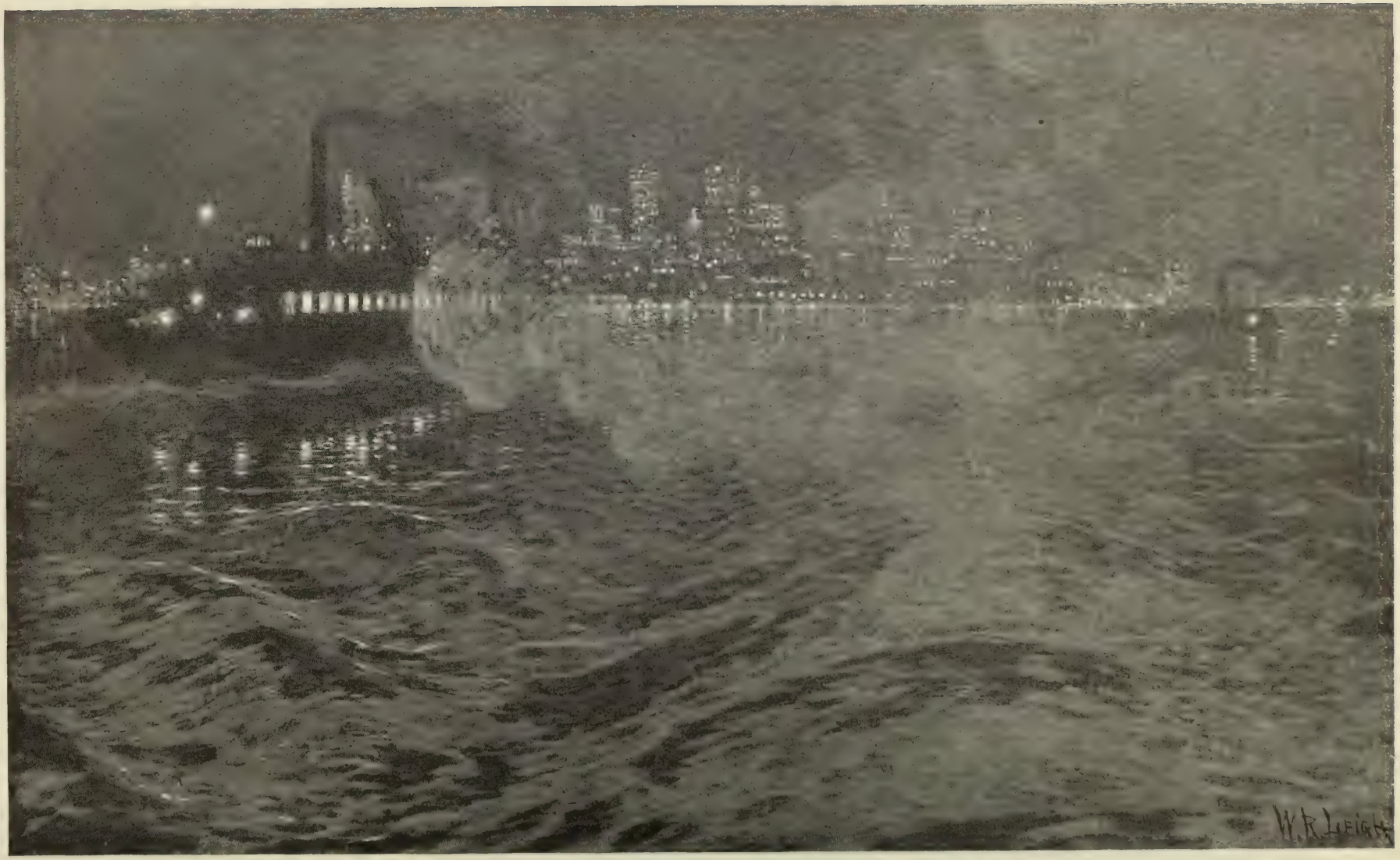
For instance, down there by the starting-point. If you go up toward the bridge from South Ferry a block or so and pull down your hat-brim far enough to hide the tower of the Produce Exchange, you have a bit of old New Amsterdam, just as it has been for years, so old and so Amsterdamish, with its long, sloping roofs, gable windows, and even wooden-shoe-like canal-boats, that you may easily feel that you are in Holland, if you like. As a matter of fact, it is more like Hamburg, I am told, but either will do if you get an added enjoyment out of things by noting their similarity to something else and appreciate mountains and sunsets more by quoting some other person's sensations about other sunsets and mountains.



New New York.

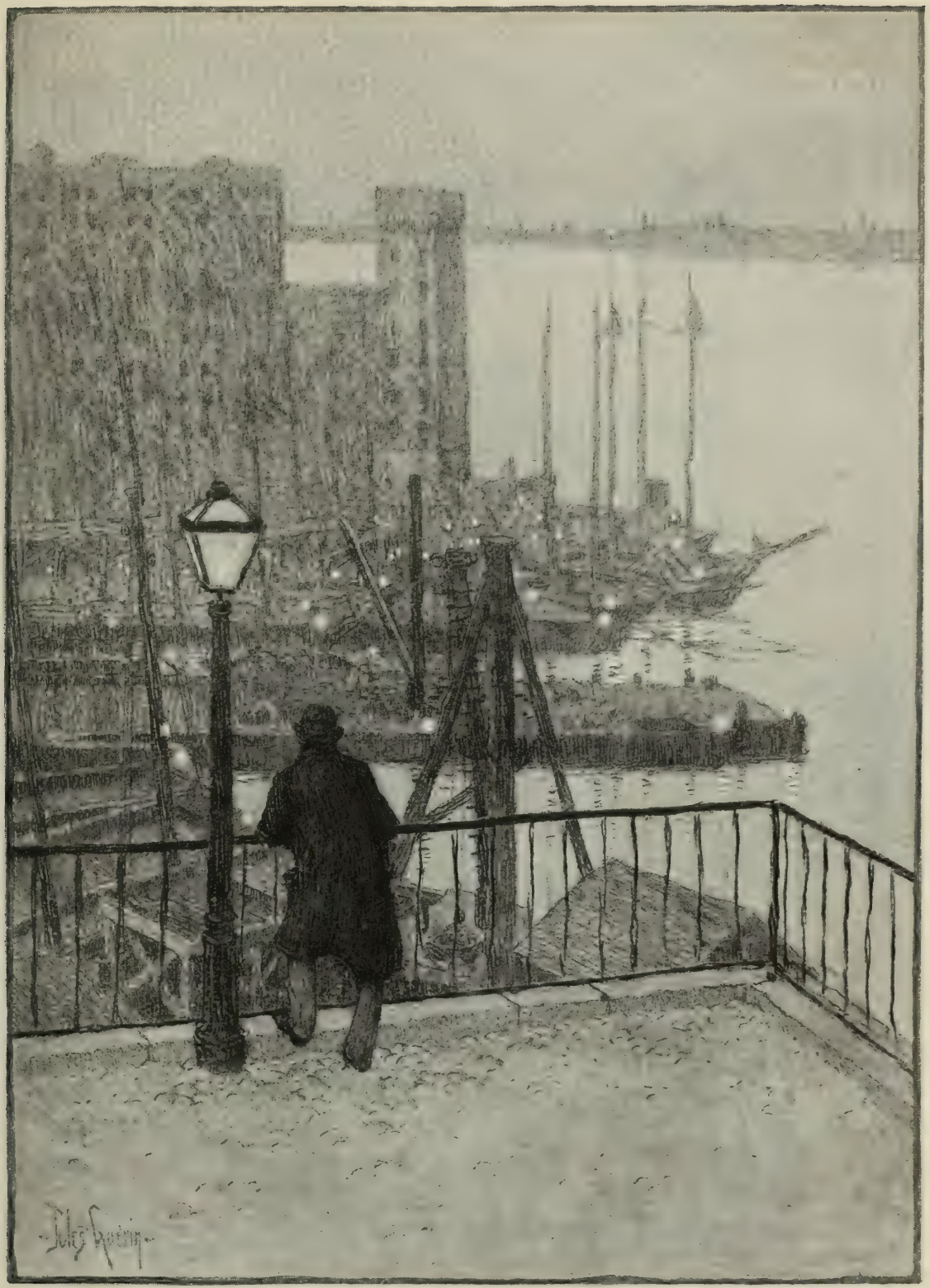
Not a stone's throw further up . . . the towering white city of 1900.—Page 391.

(Between South Ferry and the Bridge.)



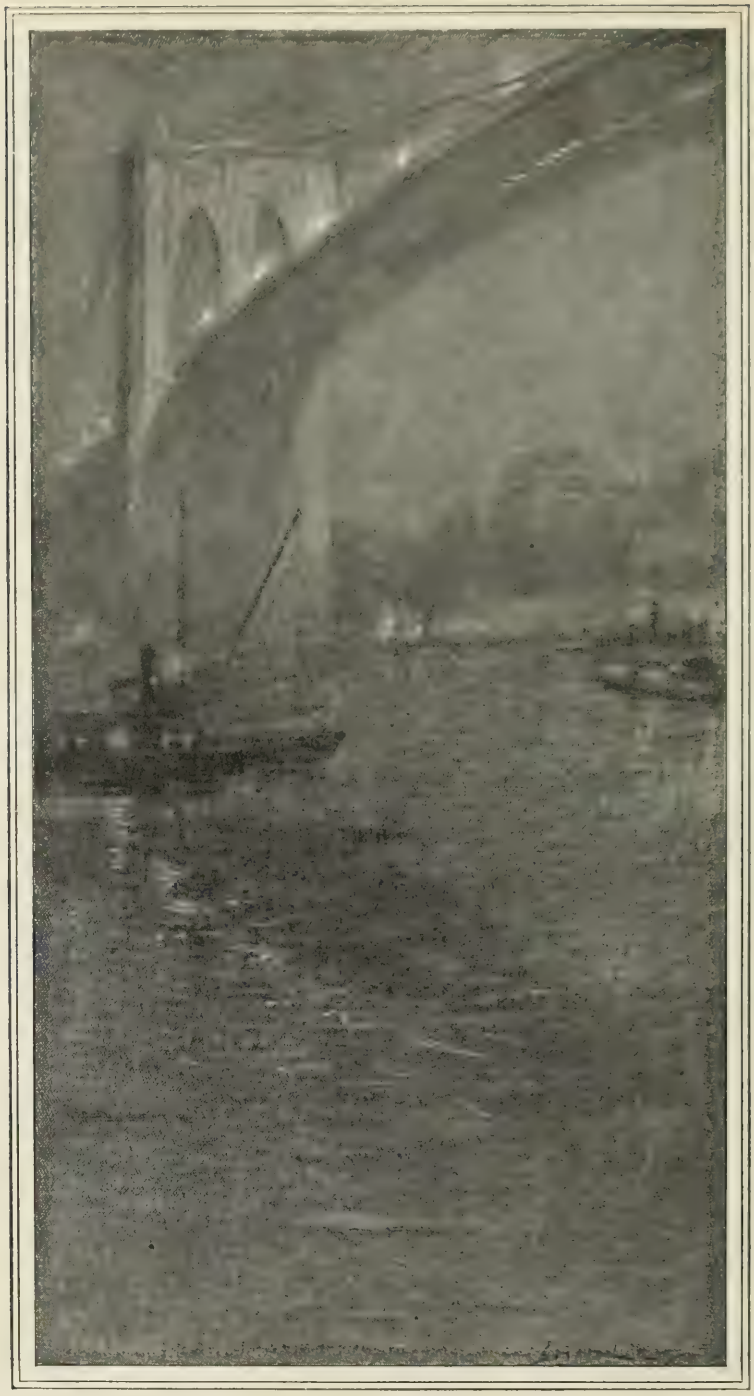
From the point of view of the Jersey commuter . . . some uncommon, weird effects.—Page 394.

(Looking back at Manhattan from a North River ferry-boat.)



Looking up the East River from the Foot of Fifty-ninth Street.

But if you believe that there is also an inherent, characteristic beauty in the material manifestations of the spirit of our own new, vigorous, fearless republic—and whether you do or not, if you care to look at one of these sudden contrasts referred to—not a stone's throw farther up the water-front there is a notable sight of newest New York. This, too, is good to look at. Behind a foreground of tall masts with their square rigging and mystery (symbols of the world's commerce, if you wish), looms up a wondrous bit of the towering white city of 1900, a cluster of modern high buildings which, notwithstanding the perspective of a dozen blocks,



Swooping silently, confidently across from one city to the other. . . . Page 394.

(East River and Brooklyn Bridge.)

are still high, enormously, alarmingly high —symbols of modern capital, perhaps, and its far-reaching possibilities, or they may remind you, in their massive grouping, of a cluster of mountains, with their bright peaks glistening in the sun far above the dark shadows of the valleys in which the streams of business flow, down to the wharves and so out over the world.

Now, separately they may be impossible, these high buildings of ours—these vulgar, impertinent "sky-scrapers;" but, as a group, and in perspective, they are fine, with a strong, manly beauty all their own. It is the same as with the young nation; we have grown up so fast and so far that some of our traits, when considered alone, may not be pleasing, but they appear in a different light when viewed as a whole and from the right point of view.

Or, on the other hand, for scenes not representatively commercial, nor residential



For the little scenes . . . quaint and lovable, one goes down along the South Street water-front.—Page 397.

Smacks and oyster-floats near Fulton Market (At the foot of Beekman Street, East River.)

either in the sense that Riverside is, but more of the sort that the word "picturesque" suggests to most people: There are all those odd nooks and corners, here and there up one river and down the other, popping out upon you with unexpected vistas full of life and color. Somehow the old town does not change so fast about its edges as back from the water. It seems to take a longer time to slough off the old landmarks.

The comfortable country houses along the shore, half-way up the island, first become uncomfortable city houses; then tenements, warehouses, sometimes hospitals, even police stations, before they are finally hustled out of existence to make room for a foul-smelling gas-house or another big brewery. Many of them are still standing, or tumbling down; pathetic old things they are, with incongruous cupolas and dusty fanlights and, on the river side, an occasional bit of old-fashioned garden, with a bunker which was formerly a terrace, and the dirty remains of a summer-house where children once had a good time—and still do have, different-looking children, who love the nearby water just as much and are drowned in it more numerously. It is not only by way of the recreation piers that these children and their parents enjoy the water. It is a deep-rooted instinct in human nature to walk out to the end of a dock and sit down and gaze; and hundreds of them do so every day in summer, up along here. Now and then, through these vistas you get a good view of beautiful Blackwell's Island and its prison and hospital and poorhouse buildings. Those who see it oftenest do not consider it beautiful. They always speak of it as "The Island."

For those who do not care to prowl about for the scattered bits of interest or who prefer what Baedeker would call "a magnificent panorama," there are plenty of good points of vantage from which to see whole sections at once, such as the Statue of Liberty or the tops of high buildings, or, obviously, Brooklyn Bridge, which is so very obvious that many Manhattanese would never make use of this opportunity were it not for an occasional out-of-town visitor on their hands. No one ought to be allowed to live in New York City—he ought to be made to live in Brooklyn—who does not go out there and look back at his town once a year. He could look at it every day and get new effects of light and color. Even in sky-line he could find something new almost every week or two. In a few years there will be a more or less even line—at least a gentle undulation—instead of these raw, jagged breaks that give a disquieting sense of incompletion, or else look as if a great conflagration had eaten out the rest of the buildings.

The sky-line and its constant change can be watched to best advantage from the point of view of the Jersey commuter on the ferry; he also has some wonderful coloring to look at and some uncommon, weird effects, such as that of a late autumn afternoon (when he has missed the 5.16 and has to go out on the 6.26) and it is already quite dark, but the city is still at work and the towering office-buildings are lighted—are brilliant indeed with many perfectly even rows of light dots. The dark plays tricks with the distance, and the water is black and snaky and smells of the night. All sorts of strange flares of light and puffs of shadow come from somewhere, and altogether the commuter, if he were not so accustomed to the scene, ought not to mind being late for dinner. However, the commuter is used to this, too.

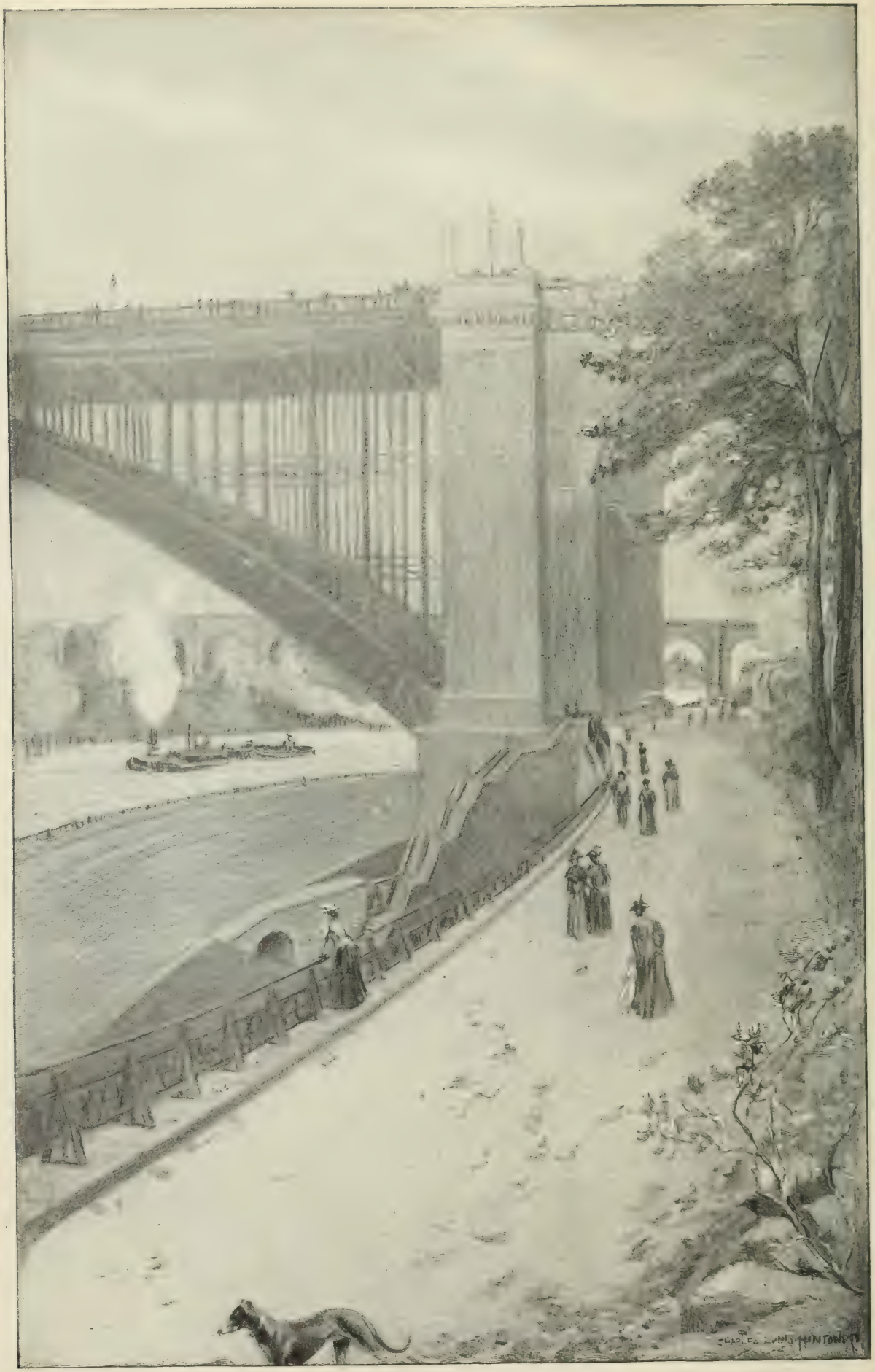
That scene is spectacular. There is another from the water that is dramatic. Possibly the pilots on the Fall River steamers become hardened, but to most of us there is an exciting delight in creeping up under that great bridge of ours and dramatically slipping through without having it fall down this time; and then looking rather boastfully back at it, swooping silently, confidently across from one city to the other, as graceful and lean and characteristically American in its line as our cup defenders, and as overwhelmingly powerful and fearless as Niagara Falls. However, much like the Thames embankment is the bit of East Fifty-ninth Street in a yellow fog, and however skilful you may be in making an occasional acre of the Bronx resemble the upper Seine, this big bridge of ours cannot very well remind anyone of anything abroad, because there aren't any others.

For the little scenes that are not inspiring or awful, but simply quaint and lov-



Even in sky-line he could find something new almost every week or two.—Page 394.

The end of the day—looking back at Manhattan from the Brooklyn Bridge.



This is the tired city's playground.—Page 399.

Washington Bridge and the Speedway—Harlem River looking south.

able, one goes down along the South Street water-front. Fulton Market with its memorable smells and the marketeers and 'longshoremen; and behind it the slip where clean-cut American-model smacks put in, and sway excitedly to the wash from the Brooklyn ferry-boats, which is not noticed by the sturdy New Haven line steamers nearby. On the edge of the street and the water are the oyster-floats, half house and half boat, which look like solid shops, with front doors, from the street side until the seas hitting them they, too, begin to sway awkwardly and startle the unaccustomed passer-by.

It is down around here that you find slouching idly in front of ship-stores, loafing on cables and anchors, the jolly jack tar of modern days. From all parts of the world he comes, any number of him if you can tell him when you see him, for he is seldom tarry and less often jolly, unless drunk on the very poor stuff he gets in the variously evil-looking dives thickly strewn along the water-fronts. Some of these are modern plate-glass saloons, but here and there is a cosy old-time tavern (with a step-down at the entrance instead of a step-up), low ceiling, dark interior, and in the window a thickly painted ship's model with flies on the rigging.

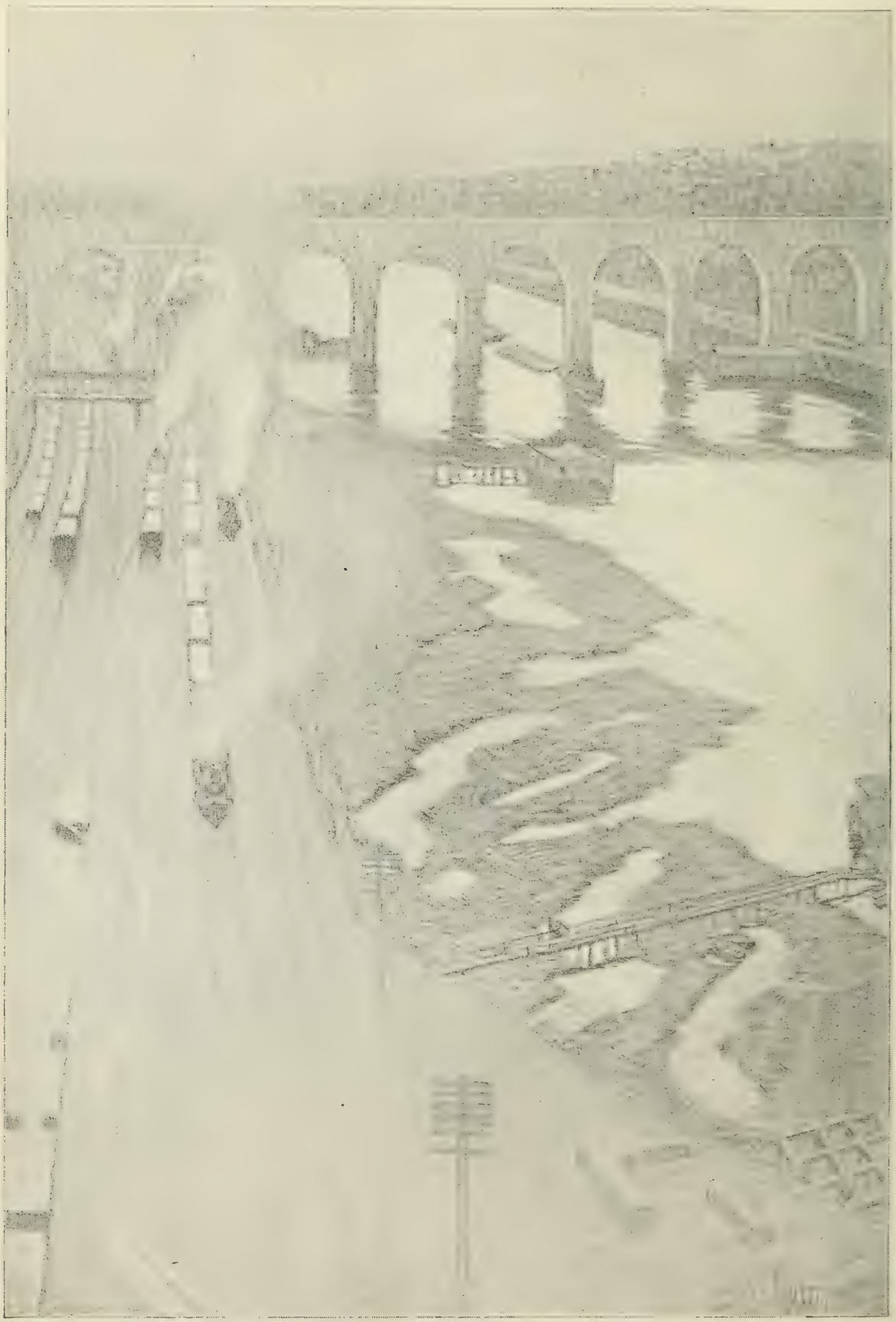
Farther down, near Wall Street ferry, where the smells of the world are gathered, you may see the stevedores unloading liqueurs and spices from tropical ports, and coffees and teas; nearby are the places where certain men make their livings tasting these teas all day long, while the horse-cars jangle by.

Old Slip and other odd-named streets are along here, where once the water came before the city outgrew its clothes, before Water Street, now two or three blocks back, had lost all right to its name. Here the big slanting bowsprits hunch away in over South Street as if trying to be quits with the land for its encroachment, and the plain old brick buildings huddled together across the way have no cornices for fear of their being poked off. Queer old buildings they are, sail lofts with their peculiar roofs, and sailors' lodging-houses, and the shops where the seaman can buy everything he needs from suspenders to anchor cables, so that after a ten-thousand mile cruise he can spend all his several months' pay within two blocks of where he first puts foot on shore and within one night from when he does so. Very often he has not energy enough to go farther or money to buy anything, thanks to the slavery system which conducts the sailors' lodging-houses across the way. There is nothing very picturesque about our modern merchant marine and its ill-used and overworked sailors; it is only pathetic.

Those are some of the reasons, I think, why East River is more interesting to most of us than North River. Another reason, perhaps, is that East River is not a river at all, but an arm of the ocean which makes Long Island, and true to its nature in spite of man's error it holds the charm of the sea. The North River side of the town in the old days had less to do with the business of those who go down to the sea in ships; was more rural and residential and now its water-front is so jammed with railway ferry-houses and ocean steamship docks that there is little room for anything else.

However, these long, roofed docks of famous Cunarders and American and White Star Liners, and of the French steamers (which have a round roof dock of a sort all their own) are interesting in their way, too, and the names of the foreign ports at the open entrance cause a strange fret to be up and going; especially on certain days of the week when thick smoke begins to pour from the great funnels which stick out so enormously above the top story of the now noisy piers. Cabs and carriages with coachmen almost hidden by trunks and steamer-rugs crowd in through the dock-gates, while, within, the hold baggage-derricks are rattling and there is an excited chatter of good-by talk. . . .

By the time you get up to Gansevoort Market, with its broad expanse of cobble-stones, the steamship lines begin to thin out and the ferries are now sprinkled more sparsely. Where the avenues grow out into their teens, there are coal-yards and lumber-yards. On the warehouses and factories are great twenty-foot letters advertising soap and cereals, all of which are the best. . . . Farther up is the region of slaughter-houses and smells, gas-houses and their smells. . . . And so



Here is where the town ends, and the country begins.—Page 399.

(High Bridge as seen Looking South from Washington Bridge.)

on up to Riverside, and beyond that the unknown wildness of Manhattan's farthest north, and Fort Washington with its breastworks, which it is pleasing to see, are being visited and picnicked upon more often than formerly.

But over on the east edge of the town there is more to look at and more of a variety. All the way from the Bridge and the big white battle-ships squatting in the Navy Yard across the river; up past Kip's Bay with its dapper steam-yachts waiting to take their owners home from business; past Bellevue Hospital and its Morgue, and the antediluvian-looking United States Frigate New Hampshire moored nearby, (now used by the Naval Reserve), past Thirty-fourth Street ferry with its streams of funerals and fishing-parties; Blackwell's Island with its green grass and the young doctors and officials upon it, playing tennis obliviously; Hell Gate with its boiling tide, where so many are drowned every year; East River Park with its bit of green turf (it is too bad there are not more of these parks on our water-fronts); past Ward's Island with its public institutions; Randall's Island with more public institutions—and so up into the Harlem where soon around the bend the occasional tall mast looks very incongruous as seen across a stretch of real estate.

And now you have a totally different feel in the air and a totally different sort of "scenery." It is as different as the use it is put to. Below McComb's Dam Bridge, clear to the Battery, it was nearly all work; up here it is nearly all play.

On the banks of the river, rowing clubs, yacht clubs, bathing pavilions—they bump into each other they are so thick; on the water itself their members and their contents bump into each other on holidays—launches, barges, racing-shells and all sorts of small pleasure craft.

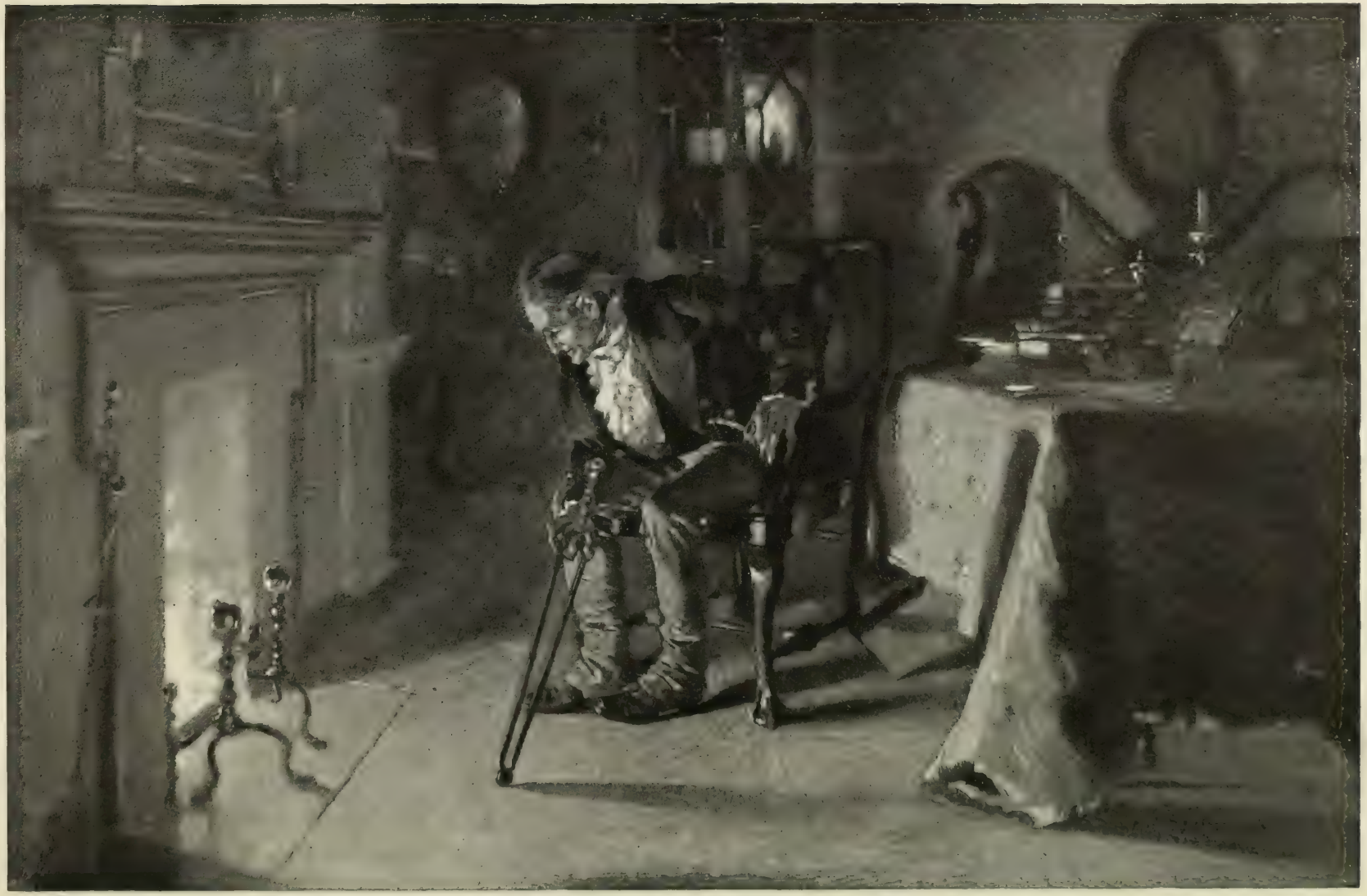
Near the Manhattan end of McComb's Dam Bridge are the famous fields of famous football victories, baseball championships, track games, open-air horse shows; across the bridge go the bicyclers, hordes of them, brazen braided bicyclists who use chewing gum and lean far over, and all the other varieties.

Up the river are college and school ovals and athletic fields; on the ridges upon either side are walks and paths for lovers. For the lonely pedestrian and antiquarians, two old revolutionary forts and some good colonial architecture. Whirly go-rounds and big wheels for children, groves and beer-gardens for picnickers; while down on one bank of the stream upon the broad speedway go the full-blooded trotters with their red-faced masters behind in light-colored driving coats, eyes goggled, arms extended.

On the opposite banks are the two railroads taking people to Ardsley Casino, St. Andrew's Golf Club, and the other country clubs and the pretty links at Van Cortlandt Park, and taking picnickers and family parties to Mosholu Park, and regiments and squadrons to drill and play battle in the inspection grounds nearby, and botanists and naturalists and sportsmen for their fun farther up in the good green country.

No wonder there is a different feeling in the air up along this best known end of the city's water-front. The small, unimportant looking winding river, long distance views, wooded hills, green terraces, and even the great solid masonry of High Bridge, and the asphalt and stone resting-places on Washington Bridge somehow help to make you feel the spirit of freedom and outdoors and relaxation. This is the tired city's playground.

Here is where the town ends, and the country begins.



Drawn by Orson Lowell.

Visions will come at times.

THE HERB O' GRACE

By Arthur Colton

ALL men who fain would pass their days
Amid old books and quiet ways,
Quaint thoughts and autumn's mellow haze,
  The uses of tranquillity—
The peace you love be with your souls!
Come, fill we up our brown pipe-bowls,
And discourse to the bickering coals
  Of kindness and civility.

Sirs, you remember Omar's choice—
Wine, verses, and his lady's voice
Making the wilderness rejoice?
  It lacks one more ingredient.
A boon the Persian knew not of
Had made to mellower music move
The lips, to wine, perhaps to love,
  A trifle too obedient.

This weed I call the herb o' grace.
My reasons are—as someone says—
Between me and the fireplace.
  Ophelia spoke of rue, you know.
There's rue for you, and some for me,
But you must wear it differently.
Quite true, of course. This pipe, I see,
  Draws hard. They sometimes do, you know.

Alas, if we in fancy's train
To drowse beside our fires are fain,
Letting the world slip by amain,
  Uneager of its verities,
Our neighbors will not let us be
At peace with inutility.
They quote us maxims, two or three,
  Or similar asperities.

I question not, a man may bear
His still soul walled from noisy care,
And walk serene in places where
  An ancient wrath is denizen.
The pilgrim's feet may know no ease,
And yet his heart's delight increase,
For all ways that are trod in peace
  Lead upward to God's benison.

Poor ethics, these of mine, I fear;
And yet when our green leaves and sere
Have dropped away, perhaps we'll hear
  Some questions answered curiously.
This battered book here on my knees?
Is Herrick, his Hesperides.
Gold apples from the guarded trees
  Are stored here not penuriously.

Lyrist of mellow, gurgling phrase,
And quaint thought o' the elder days,
Loved holiness and primrose ways
  About in equal quantities.
Wassail and yule-tide, feast and fair,
Blown petticoats, a child's low prayer,
And fine old pagan joy is there.
  A wild-rose muse's haunt it is.

Dear herb o' grace, that kindred art
To all who choose the better part,
Grant us the Old World's childlike heart,
  Now grown an antique rarity!
With Mayflowers on our swords and shields
We'll learn to babble o' green fields,
Like Falstaff, whom good humor yields
  A place still in its charity.

Visions will come at times—I note
One with a cool white delicate throat—
Of names that shine on men remote,
  And dreams of high endeavoring.
Care not for these, nor care to roam
Ulysses o'er the beckoning foam.
"Here rest and call content our home,"
  Beside our fire's soft wavering.

THE SHIP OF STARS

By A. T. Quiller-Couch

(Q.)

XXIV

FACE TO FACE

THE first winter had interrupted all work upon the rock; but Taffy and his men had used the calm days of the following spring and summer to such purpose that before the end of July the foundations began to show above high-water neaps, and in September he was able to report that the building could go forward in any ordinary weather. The workmen were carried to and from the mainland by a wire hawser and cradle, and the rising breastwork of masonry protected them from the beat of the sea. Progress was slow, for each separate stone had to be dovetailed above, below, and on all sides with the blocks adjoining it, besides being cemented; and care to be taken that no salt mingled with the fresh water, or found its way into the joints of the building. Taffy studied the barometer hour by hour, and kept a constant lookout to windward against sudden gales.

On November 16th the men had finished their dinner and sat smoking under the lee of the wall and were expecting the call of the whistle when Taffy, with his pocket-aneroid in his hand, gave the order to snug down and man the cradle for shore. They stared. The morning had been a halcyon one; and the northerly breeze, which had sprung up with the turn of the tide and was freshing, carried no cloud across the sky. Two vessels, a brigantine and a three-masted schooner, were merrily reaching down-channel before it, the brigantine leading; at two miles' distance they could see distinctly the white foam running from her bluff bows, and her forward deck from bulwark to bulwark as she heeled to it.

One or two grumbled. Half a day's work meant half a day's pay to them. It was all very well for the Cap'n, who drew his by the week.

"Come, look alive!" Taffy called sharply. He pinned his faith to the barometer, and as he shut it in its case he glanced at the brigantine and saw that her crew were busy with the braces, flattening the forward canvas. "See there, boys. There'll be a gale from the west'ard before night."

For a minute the brigantine seemed to have run into a calm. The schooner, half a mile behind her, came reaching along steadily.

"That there two-master's got a fool for skipper," grumbled a voice. But almost at the moment the wind took her right aback—or would have done so had the crew not been preparing for it. Her stern swung slowly around into view, and within two minutes she was fetching away from them on the port tack, her sails hauled closer and closer as she went. Already the schooner was preparing to follow suit.

"Snug down, boys! We must be out of this in half an hour."

And sure enough, by the time Taffy gained the cliff by the old light-house the sky had darkened and a stiff breeze from the northwest, crossing the tide, was beginning to work up a nasty sea around the rock and top it from time to time over the masonry and the platforms where, half an hour before, his men had been standing. The two vessels had disappeared in the weather; and as Taffy stared in the direction a spit of rain—the first—took him viciously in the face.

He turned his back to it and hurried homeward. As he passed the light-house door old Pezzack called out to him:

"Hi! wait a bit! Would 'ee mind seein' Joey home? I dunna what his mother sent him over here for, not I. He'll get hisself leakin'."

Joey came hobbling out and put his right hand in Taffy's with the fist doubled.

"What's that in your hand?"

Joey looked up shyly. "You won't tell?"

"Not if it's a secret."

The child opened his palm and disclosed a bright half-crown piece.

"Where on earth did you get that?"

"The soldier gave it to me."

"The soldier? nonsense! What tale are you making up?"

"Well, he had a red coat, so he *must* be a soldier. He gave it to me and told me to be a good boy and run off and play."

Taffy came to a halt. "Is he here—up at the cottages?"

"How funnily you say that! No, he's just rode away. I watched him from the light-house windows. He can't be gone far yet."

"Look here, Joey—can you run?"

"Yes, if you hold my hand; only you mustn't go too fast. Oh, you're hurting!"

Taffy took the child in his arms, and with the wind at his back, went up the hill with long stride. "There he is!" cried Joey as they gained the ridge; and he pointed; and Taffy, looking along the ridge, saw a speck of scarlet moving against the lead-colored moors—half a mile away perhaps, or a little more. He sat the child down, for the cottages were close by. "Run home, sonny. I'm going to have a look at the soldier, too."

The first bad squall broke on the headland just as Taffy started to run. It was as if a bag of water had burst right overhead, and within quarter of a minute he was drenched to the skin. So fiercely it went howling inland along the ridge that he half-expected to see the horse urged into a gallop before it. But the rider, now standing high for a moment against the sky-line, went plodding on. For a while horse and rider disappeared over the rise; but Taffy guessed that on hitting the cross-path beyond, they would strike away to the left and descend toward Langona Creek; and he began to slant his course to the left in anticipation. The tide, he knew, would be running in strong; and with this wind behind it he hoped—and caught himself praying — that it would be high enough to cover the wooden footbridge and make the ford impassable; and if so, the horseman would be delayed and forced to head back and fetch a circuit farther up the valley.

By this time the squalls were coming fast on each other's heels and the strength of them flung him forward at each stride. He had lost his hat, and the rain poured down his back and squished in his boots. But all he felt was the hate in his heart. It had gathered there little by little for three years and a half, pent up, fed by his silent thoughts as a reservoir by small mountain-streams; and with so tranquil a surface that at times—poor youth!—he had honestly believed it reflected God's calm, had been proud of his magnanimity, and said "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." Now as he ran he prayed to the same God to delay the traitor at the ford.

Dusk was falling when George, yet unaware of pursuit, turned down the sunken lane which ended beside the ford. And by the shore, when the small waves lapped against his mare's fore-feet, he heard Taffy's shout for the first time and turned in his saddle. Even so it was a second or two before he recognized the figure which came plunging down the low cliff on his left, avoiding a fall only by wild clutches at the swaying alder boughs.

"Hello!" he shouted, cheerfully. "Looks nasty, doesn't it?"

Taffy came down the beach, near enough to see that the mare's legs were plastered with mud, and to look up into his enemy's face.

"Get down," he panted.

"Hey?"

"Get down, I tell you. Come off your horse, and put up your fists."

"What the devil is the matter? Hello! . . . Keep off, I tell you! Are you mad?"

"Come off and fight."

"By God, I'll break your head in if you don't let go. . . . You idiot!"—as the mare plunged and tore the stirrup-leather from Taffy's grip—"She'll brain you, if you fool round her heels like that!"

"Come off, then."

"Very well." George backed a little, swung himself out of the saddle and faced him on the beach. "Now perhaps you'll explain."

"You've come from the headland?"

"Well?"

"From Lizzie Pezzack's."

"Well, and what then?"

"Only this, that so sure as you've a wife at home, if you come to the headland again, I'll kill you; and if you're a man, you'll put up your fists now."

"Oh, that's it? May I ask what you have to do with my wife, or with Lizzie Pezzack?"

"Whose child is Lizzie's?"

"Not yours, is it?"

"You said so once; you told your wife so; liar that you were."

"Very good, my gentleman. You shall have what you want. Woa, mare!" He led her up the beach and sought for a branch to tie his reins to. The mare hung back, terrified by the swishing of the whipped boughs and the roar of the gale overhead; her hoofs, as George dragged her forward, scuffled with the loose-lying stones on the beach. After a minute he desisted and turned on Taffy again.

"Look here; before we have this out there's one thing I'd like to know. When you were at Oxford, was Honoria maintaining you there?"

"If you must know—yes."

"And when—when this happened, she stopped the supplies."

"Yes."

"Well, then, I didn't know it. She never told me."

"She never told *me*."

"You don't say——"

"I do. I never knew it until too late."

"Well, now, I'm going to fight you. I don't swallow being called a liar. But I tell you this first, that I'm damned sorry. I never guessed that it injured your prospects."

At another time, in another mood, Taffy might have remembered that George was George, and heir to Sir Harry's nature. As it was, the apology threw oil on the flame.

"You cur! Do you think it was *that?* And *you* are Honoria's husband!" He advanced with an ugly laugh. "For the last time, put up your fists."

They had been standing within two yards of each other; and even so, shouted at the pitch of their voices to make themselves heard above the gale. As Taffy took a step forward George lifted his whip. His left hand held the bridle on which the reluctant mare was dragging, and the action was merely instinctive, to guard against sudden attack.

But as he did so his face and uplifted arm were suddenly painted clear against the darkness. The mare plunged more wildly than ever. Taffy dropped his hands and swung round. Behind him, behind the black contour of the hill, the whole sky welled up a pale blue light which gathered brightness while he stared.

The very stones on the beach at his feet shone separate and distinct.

"What is it?" George gasped.

"A ship on the rocks! Quick, man! Will the mare reach to Innis?"

"She'll have to." George wheeled her round. She was fagged out with two long gallops after hounds that day, but for the moment sheer terror made her lively enough.

"Ride, then! Call up the coast-guard. By the flare she must be somewhere off the creek here. Ride!"

A clatter of hoofs answered him as the mare pounded up the lane.

XXV

THE WRECK OF THE SAMARITAN

TAFFY stood for a moment listening. He judged the wreck to be somewhere on the near side of the lighthouse, between it and the mouth of the creek; that was, if she had already struck. If not, the gale and the set of the tide together would be sweeping her eastward, perhaps right across the mouth of the creek. And if he could discover this, his course would be to run back, intercept the coast-guard and send them around by the upper bridge.

He waited for a second signal to guide him—a flare or a rocket; but none came. The beach lay in the lew of the weather, deep in the hills' hollow and trebly landlocked by the windings of the creek; but above him the sky kept its screaming as though the bare ridges of the headland were being shelled by artillery.

He resolved to keep along the lower slopes and search his way down to the creek's mouth, when he would have sight of any signal shown along the coast for a

mile or two to the east and northeast. The night was now as black as a wolf's throat; but he knew every path and fence. So he scrambled up the low cliff and began to run, following the line of stunted oaks and tamarisks which fenced it; and on the ridges—where the blown hail took him in the face—crouching and scuttling like a crab, sideways, moving his legs only from the knees down.

In this way he had covered half a mile and more when his right foot plunged in a rabbit hole and he was pitched headlong into the tamarisks below. Their boughs bent under his weight; but they were tough, and he caught at them and just saved himself from rolling over into the black water. He picked himself up and began to rub his twisted ankle. And at that instant, in a lull between two gusts, his ear caught the sound of splashing—yet a sound so unlike the lapping of the driven tide that he peered over and down between the tamarisk boughs.

"Hullo there!"

"Hullo!" a voice answered. "Is that someone alive? Here, mate—for Christ's sake!"

"Hold on! Whereabouts are you?"

"Down in this here cruel water." The words ended in a shuddering cough.

"Right—hold on a moment!" Taffy's ankle pained him, but the wrench was not serious. The cliff shelved easily. He slid down, clutching at the tamarisk boughs which whipped his face. "Where are you? I can't see."

"Here!" The voice was not a dozen yards away.

"Swimming?"

"No—I've got a water-breaker—can't hold on much longer."

"I believe you can touch bottom there."

"Hey? I can't hear."

"Try to touch bottom. It's firm sand hereabouts."

"So I can." The splashing and coughing came nearer, came close. Taffy stretched out a hand. A hand, icy-cold, fumbled and gripped it in the darkness.

"Christ! Where's a place to lie down?"

"Here, on this rock." They peered at each other, but could not see. The man's teeth chattered close to Taffy's ear.

"Warm my hands, mate—there's a good chap." He lay on the rock and panted. Taffy took his hands and began to rub them briskly.

"Where's the ship?"

"Where's the ship?" He seemed to turn over the question in his mind, and then stretched himself with a sigh. "How the hell should I know?"

"What's her name?" Taffy had to ask the question twice.

"The Samaritan of Newport, brigantine. Coals she carried. Ha'n't you such a thing as a match? It seems funny to me, talkin' here like this, and me not knowin' you from Adam."

He panted between the words, and when he had finished, lay back and panted again.

"Hurt?" asked Taffy, after a while.

The man sat up and began to feel his limbs, quite as though they belonged to some other body. "No, I reckon not."

"Then we'd best be starting. The tide's rising. My house is just above here."

He led the way along the slippery foreshore until he found what he sought, a foot-track slanting up the cliff. Here he gave the sailor a hand and they mounted together. On the grass slope above they met the gale and were forced to drop on their hands and knees and crawl, Taffy leading and shouting instructions, the sailor answering each with "Ay, ay, mate!" to show that he understood.

But about half way up, these answers ceased, and Taffy, looking round and calling, found himself alone. He groped his way back for twenty yards, and found the man stretched on his face and moaning.

"I can't . . . I can't! My poor brother! I can't!"

Taffy knelt beside him on the soaking turf. "Your brother? Had you a brother on board?"

The man bowed his face again upon the turf. Taffy, upright on both knees, heard him sobbing like a child in the roaring darkness.

"Come," he coaxed; and putting out a hand touched his wet hair. "Come—" They crept forward again; but still as he followed, the sailor cried for his drowned brother; up the long slope to the ridge of the headland where, with the light-house and warm cottage windows in view, all speech

and hearing were drowned by stinging hail and the blown grit of the causeway.

Humility opened the door to them.

"Taffy! Where have you been?"

"There has been a wreck."

"Yes, yes—the coast-guard is down by the light-house. The men there saw her before she struck. They kept signalling till it fell dark. They had sent off before that."

She drew back, shrinking against the dresser as the lamplight fell on the stranger. Taffy turned and stared, too. The man's face was running with blood; and looking at his own hands he saw that they also were scarlet.

He helped the poor wretch to a chair.

"Bandages—can you manage?" She nodded, and stepped to a cupboard. The sailor began to wail like an infant.

"See—above the temple here: the cut isn't serious." Taffy took down a lantern and lit it. The candle shone red through the smears his fingers left on the horn panes. "I must go and help, if you can manage."

"I can manage," she answered, quietly.

He strode out, and closing the door behind him with an effort, faced the gale again. Down in the lee of the light-house the lamps of the coast-guard carriage gleamed foggily through the rain. The men were there discussing, and George among them. He had just galloped up.

The Chief Officer went off to question the survivor, while the rest began their search. They searched all that night; they burned flares and shouted; their torches dotted the cliffs. After an hour the Chief Officer returned. He could make nothing of the sailor, who had fallen silly from exhaustion or the blow on his head; but he divided his men into three parties, and they began to hunt more systematically. Taffy was told off to help the westernmost gang and search the rocks below the light-house. Once or twice he and his comrades paused in their work, hearing, as they thought, a cry for help. But when they listened, it was only one of the other parties hailing.

The gale began to abate soon after midnight, and before dawn had blown itself out. Day came filtered slowly through the wrack of it to the southeast; and soon they heard a whistle blown, and there on the cliff above them was George Vyell on horseback, in his red coat, with an arm thrown out and pointing eastward. He turned and galloped off in that direction.

They scrambled up and followed. To their astonishment, after following the cliffs for a few hundred yards, he headed inland, down and across the very slope up which Taffy had crawled with the sailor.

They lost sight of his red coat among the ridges. Two or three—Taffy amongst them—ran along the upper ground for a better view.

"Well, this beats all!" panted the foremost.

Below them George came into view again, heading now at full gallop for a group of men gathered by the shore of the creek, a good half-mile from its mouth. And beyond—midway across the sandy bed where the river wound—lay the hull of a vessel, high and dry; her deck, naked of wheel-house and hatches, canted toward them as if to cover from the morning the long wounds ripped by her uprooted masts.

The men beside him shouted and ran on, but Taffy stood still. It was monstrous—a thing inconceivable—that the seas should have lifted a vessel of three hundred tons and carried her half a mile up that shallow creek. Yet there she lay. A horrible thought seized him. Could she have been there last night when he had drawn the sailor ashore? And had he left four or five others to drown close by, in the darkness? No, the tide at that hour had scarcely passed half-flood. He thanked God for that.

Well, there she lay, high and dry, with plenty to attend to her. It was time for him to discover the damage done to the light-house plant and machinery, perhaps to the building itself. In half an hour the workmen would be arriving.

He walked slowly back to the house, and found Humility preparing breakfast.

"Where is he?" Taffy asked, meaning the sailor. "In bed?"

"Didn't you meet him? He went out five minutes ago—I couldn't keep him—to look for his brother, he said."

Taffy drank a cupful of tea, took up a crust, and made for the door.

"Go to bed, dear," his mother pleaded. "You must be worn out."

"I must see how the works have stood it."

On the whole, they had stood it well. The gale, indeed, had torn away the wire cable and cage, and thus cut off for the time all access to the outer rock; for while the sea ran at its present height the scramble out along the ridge could not be attempted even at low water. But from the cliff he could see the worst. The waves had washed over the building, tearing off the temporary covers, and churning all within. Planks, scaffolding—everything floatable—had gone, and strewed the rock with match-wood; and—a marvel to see—one of his two heaviest winches had been lifted from inside, hurled clean over the wall, and lay collapsed in the wreckage of its cast-iron frame. But, so far as he could see, the dove-tailed masonry stood intact. A voice hailed him.

"What a night! What a night!"

It was old Pezzack, aloft on the gallery of the light-house in his yellow oilers, already polishing the lantern-panes.

Taffy's workmen came straggling and gathered about him. They discussed the damage together but without addressing Taffy; until a little pock-marked fellow, the wag of the gang, nudged a mate slyly and said aloud:

"By God, Bill, we *can* build a bit—you and me and the boss!"

All the men laughed; and Taffy laughed, too, blushing. Yes; this had been in his mind. He had measured his work against the sea in its fury, and the sea had not beaten him.

A cry broke in upon their laughter. It came from the base of the cliff to the right—a cry so insistent that they ran toward it in a body.

Far below them, on the edge of a great bowlder which rose from the broken water and seemed to overhang it, stood the rescued sailor. He was pointing.

Taffy was the first to reach him.

"It's my brother! It's my brother Sam!"

Taffy flung himself full length on the rock and peered over. A tangle of ore-weed awash rose and fell about its base; and from under this, as the frothy waves drew back, he saw a man's ankle protruding, and a foot still wearing a shoe.

"It's my brother!" wailed the sailor again. "I can swear to the shoe of en!"

XXVI

SALVAGE

ONE of the masons lowered himself into the pool, and thrusting an arm beneath the ore-weed, began to grope.

"He's pinned here. The rock's right on top of him."

Taffy examined the rock. It weighed fifteen tons if an ounce; but there were fresh and deep scratches upon it. He pointed these out to the men, who looked and felt them with their hands and stared at the subsiding waves, trying to bring their minds to the measure of the spent gale.

"Here, I must get out of this!" said the man in the pool, as a small wave dashed in and sent its spray over his bowed shoulders.

"You ban't going to leave en," wailed the sailor. "You ban't going to leave my brother Sam."

He was a small, fussy man, with red whiskers; and even his sorrow gave him little dignity. The men were tender with him.

"Nothing to be done till the tide goes back."

"But you won't leave en? Say you won't leave en! He've a wife and three childern. He was a saved man, sir, a very religious man; not like me, sir. He was highly respected in the neighborhood of St. Austell. I shouldn't wonder if the newspapers had a word about en. . . ." The tears were running down his face.

"We must wait for the tide," said Taffy, gently, and tried to lead him away, but he would not go. So they left him to watch and wait while they returned to their work.

Before noon they recovered and fixed the broken wire cable. The iron cradle had disappeared, but to rig up a sling and carry out an endless line was no difficult job, and when this was done Taffy crossed over to the island rock and began to inspect damages. His working gear had suffered heavily, two of his windlasses were disabled, scaffolding, platforms, hods, and loose planks had vanished; a few

small tools only remained mixed together in a mash of puddled lime. But the masonry stood unhurt, all except a few feet of the upper course on the seaward side, where the gale, giving the cement no time to set, had shaken the dove-tailed stones in their sockets—a matter easily repaired.

Shortly before three a shout recalled them to the mainland. The tide was drawing toward low water, and three of the men set to work at once to open a channel and drain off the pool about the base of the big rock. While this was doing, half a dozen splashed in with iron bars and pickaxes; the rest rigged two stout ropes with tackles, and hauled. The stone did not budge. For more than an hour they prized and levered and strained. And all the while the sailor ran to and fro, snatching up now a pick and now a crowbar, now lending a hand to haul and again breaking off to lament aloud.

The tide turned, the winter dark came down, and at half-past four Taffy gave the word to desist. They had to hold back the sailor, or he would have jumped in and drowned beside his brother.

Taffy slept little that night, though he needed sleep. The salving of this body had become almost a personal dispute between the sea and him. The gale had shattered two of his windlasses; but two remained, and by one o'clock next day he had both slung over to the mainland and fixed beside the rock. The news spreading inland fetched two or three score onlookers before ebb of tide—miners for the most part, whose help could be counted on. The men of the coast-guard had left the wreck, to bear a hand if needed. George had come, too. And, happening to glance upward while he directed his men, Taffy saw a carriage with two horses drawn up on the grassy edge of the cliff, a groom at the horses' heads and in the carriage a figure seated, silhouetted there high against the clear blue heaven. Well he recognized, even at that distance, the poise of her head, though for two whole years he had never set eyes on her, nor wished to.

He knew that her eyes were on him now. He felt like a general on the eve of an engagement. By the almanac the tide would not turn until 4.35. At four, perhaps, they could begin; but even at four the winter twilight would be on them, and he had taken care to provide torches and distribute them among the crowd. His own men were making the most of the daylight left, drilling holes for dear life in the upper surface of the bowlder fixing the Lewis-wedges and rings. They looked to him for every order, and he gave it in a clear, ringing voice which he knew must carry to the cliff-top. He did not look at George.

He felt sure in his own mind that the wedges and rings would hold; but to make doubly sure he gave orders to loop an extra chain under the jutting base of the bowlder. The mason who fixed it, standing waist-high in water as the tide ebbed, called for a rope and hitched it round the ankle of the dead man. The dead man's brother jumped down beside him and grasped the slack of it.

At a signal from Taffy the crowd began to light their torches. He looked at his watch, at the tide, and gave the word to man the windlasses. Then with a glance toward the cliff he started the working-chant—"*Ayee-ho! Ayee-ho!*" The two gangs—twenty men to each windlass—took it up with one voice, and to the deep intoned chant the chains tautened, shuddered for a moment, and began to lift.

"*Ayee-ho!*"

Silently, irresistibly, the chain drew the rock from its bed. To Taffy it seemed an endless time, to the crowd but a few moments, before the brute mass swung clear. A few thrust their torches down toward the pit where the sailor knelt. Taffy did not look, but gave the word to pass down the coffin which had been brought in readiness. A clergyman—his father's successor, but a stranger to him—climbed down after it; and he stood in the quiet crowd watching the light-house above and the lamps which the groom had lit in Honoria's carriage, and listening to the bated voices of the few at their dreadful task below.

It was five o'clock and past before the word came up to lower the tackle and draw the coffin up. The Vicar clambered out to wait it, and when it came, borrowed a lantern and headed the bearers. The crowd fell in behind.

"*I am the resurrection and the life.* . . ."

They began to shuffle forward and up the difficult track ; but presently came to a halt with one accord, the Vicar ceasing in the middle of a sentence.

Out of the night, over the hidden sea, came the sound of man's voices lifted, thrilling the darkness thrice : the sound of three British cheers.

Whose were the voices ? They never knew. A few had noticed as twilight fell a brig in the offing, standing inshore as she tacked down channel. She, no doubt, as they worked in their circle of torchlight, had sailed in close before going about, her crew gathered forward, her master perhaps watching through his night-glass ; had guessed the act, saluted it, and passed on her way unknown to her own destiny.

They strained their eyes. A man beside Taffy declared he could see something—the faint glow of a binnacle lamp as she stood away. Taffy could see nothing. The voice ahead began to speak again. The Vicar, pausing now and again to make sure of his path, was reading from a page which he held close to his lantern.

"*Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty : they shall behold the land that is very far off.*

"*Thou shalt not see a fierce people, a people of deeper speech than thou canst perceive ; of a stammering tongue that thou canst not understand.*

"*But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams ; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby.*

"*For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king ; he will save us.*

"*Thy tacklings are loosed ; they could not well strengthen their mast, they could not spread the sail ; there is the prey of a great spoil divided ; the lame take the prey.*"

Here the Vicar turned back a page and his voice rang higher :

"*Behold, a king shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment.*

"*And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest ; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*

"*And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken.*"

Now Taffy walked behind, thinking his own thoughts ; for the cheers of those invisible sailors had done more than thrill his heart. A finger, as it were, had come out of the night and touched his brain, unsealing the wells and letting in light upon things undreamt of. Through the bright confusion of this sudden vision the Vicar's sentences sounded and fell on his ears unheeded. And yet while they faded that happened which froze and bit each separate word into his memory, to lose distinctness only when death should interfere, stop the active brain and wipe the slate.

For while the procession halted and broke up its formation for a moment on the brow of the cliff, a woman came running into the torchlight.

"Is my Joey there ? Where's he *to*, anybody ? Hev anyone seen my Joey ?"

It was Lizzie Pezzack, panting and bareheaded, with a scared face.

"He's lame—you'd know en. Have 'ee got en there ? He's wandered off !"

"Hush up, woman," said a bearer. "Don't keep such a pore."

"The cheeld's right enough somewheres," said another. "'Tis a man's body we've got. Stand out of the way, for shame !"

But Lizzie, who, as a rule, shrank away from men and kept herself hidden, pressed nearer, turning her tragical face upon each in turn. Her eyes met George's ; but she appealed to him as to the others.

"He's wandered off. Oh, say you've seen en, somebody !"

Catching sight of Taffy she ran and gripped him by the arm.

"*You'll* help ! It's my Joey. Help me find en !"

He turned half about ; and almost before he knew what he sought, his eyes met George's. George stepped quietly to his side.

"Let me get my mare," said George, and walked away toward the light-house railing where he had tethered her.

"We'll find the child. Our work's done here. Mr. Saul !" Taffy turned to the Chief Officer—"Spare us a man or two and some flares."

"I'll come myself," said the Chief Officer. "Go you back, my dear, and we'll fetch home your cheeld as right as nine-

pence. Hi, Rawlings, take a couple of men and scatter along the cliffs there to the right. Lame, you say? He can't have gone far."

Taffy, with the Chief Officer and a couple of volunteers, moved off to the left, and in less than a minute George caught them up, on horseback.

"I say," he asked, walking his mare close alongside of Taffy, "you don't think this serious, eh?"

"I don't know. Joey wasn't in the crowd, or I should have noticed him. He's daring beyond his strength." He pulled a whistle from his pocket, blew it twice and listened. This had been his signal when firing a charge; he had often blown it to warn the child to creep away into shelter.

There was no answer.

"Mr. Vyell had best trot along the upper slope," the Chief Officer suggested, "while we search down by the creek."

"Wait a moment," Taffy answered. "Let's try the wreck first."

"But the tide's running. He'd never go there."

"He's a queer child. I know him better than you."

They ran downhill toward the creek, calling as they went, but getting no answer.

"But the wreck!" exclaimed the Chief Officer. "It's out of reason!"

"Hi! What was that?"

"Oh, my good Lord," groaned one of the volunteers, "it's the crake, master! It's Langona crake, calling the drowned!"

"Hush, you fool! Listen—I thought as much! Light a flare, Mr. Saul—he's out there calling!"

The first match sputtered and went out. They drew close around the Chief Officer while he struck the second, to keep off the wind, and in those few moments the child's wail reached them distinctly across the darkness.

The flame leapt up and shone, and they drew back a pace, shading their eyes from it and peering into the steel-blue landscape which sprang on them out of the night. They had halted a few yards only from the cliff, and the flare cast the shadow of its breast-high fence of tamarisks forward and almost half-way across the creek; and there on the sands, a little beyond the edge of this shadow, stood the child.

They could even see his white face. He stood on an island of sand, around which the tide swirled in silence, cutting him off from shore, cutting him off from the wreck behind. He did not cry any more, but stood with his crutch planted by the edge of the widening stream, and looked toward them.

And Taffy looked at George.

"I know," said George, and gathered up his reins. "Stand aside, please."

As they drew aside, not understanding, he called to his mare. One living creature, at any rate, could still trust all to George Vyell. She hurtled past them and rose at the tamarisk hedge blindly. Silence followed—a long silence; then a thud on the beach below and a scuffle of stones; silence again, and then the cracking of twigs as Taffy plunged after, through the tamarisks, and slithered down the cliff.

The light died down as his feet touched the flat slippery stones; died down, and was renewed again and showed up horse and rider, scarce twenty yards ahead, laboring forward, the mare sinking fetlock deep at every plunge.

At his fourth stride Taffy's feet, too, began to sink; but at every stride he gained something. The riding may be superb, but thirteen stone is thirteen stone. Taffy weighed less than eleven.

He caught up with George on the very edge of the water. "Make her swim it!" he panted; "her feet mustn't touch here." George grunted. A moment later all three were in the water, the tide swirling them sideways, sweeping Taffy against the mare. His right hand touched her flank at every stroke.

The tide swept them upward—upward for fifteen yards at least; though the channel measured less than eight feet. The child, who had been standing opposite the point where they took the water, hobbled wildly along shore. The light on the cliff behind sank and rose again.

"The crutch," Taffy gasped. The child obeyed, laying it flat on the brink and pushing it toward them. Taffy gripped it with his left hand, and with his right found the mare's bridle. George was bending forward.

"No—not that way! You can't go back! The wreck, man!—it's firmer——"

But George reached out his hand and

dragged the child toward him and onto his saddle-bow. "Mine," he said, quietly, and twitched the rein. The brave mare snorted, jerked the bridle from Taffy's hand, and headed back for the shore she had left.

Rider, horse, and child seemed to fall away from him into the night. He scrambled out, and snatching the crutch, ran along the brink, staring at their black shadows. By and by the shadows came to a standstill. He heard the mare panting, the creaking of saddle-leather came across the nine or ten feet of dark water.

"It's no go," said George's voice ; then to the mare, "Sally, my dear, it's no go." A moment later he asked more sharply,

"How far can you reach?"

Taffy stepped in until the waves ran by his knees. The sand held his feet, but beyond this he could not stand against the current. He reached forward, holding the crutch at arm's length.

"Can you catch hold ?"

"All right." Both knew that swimming would be useless now ; they were too near the upper apex of the sand-bank.

"The child first. Here, Joey, my son, reach out and catch hold for your life !"

Taffy felt the child's grip on the crutch-head, and drawing it steadily toward him, hauled the poor child through. The light from the cliff sank and rose on his scared face.

"Got him ?"

"Yes." The sand was closing around Taffy's legs, but he managed to shift his footing a little.

"Quick, then ; the bank's breaking up."

George was sinking, knee-deep and deeper. But his outstretched fingers managed to reach and hook themselves around the crutch-head.

"Steady, now . . . must work you loose first. Get hold of the shaft if you can ; the head isn't firm. Work your legs . . . that's it."

George wrenched his left foot loose and planted it against the mare's flank. Hitherto the brute had trusted her master. The thrust of his heel drove home her sentence, and with scream after scream—the sand holding her past hope—she plunged and fought for her life. Still as she screamed, George, silent and panting, thrust against her, thrust savagely against the quivering body, once his pride for beauty and fleetness.

"Pull !" he gasped, freeing his other foot with a wrench which left its heavy riding-boot deep in the sucking mud ; and catching a new grip on the crutch-head, flung himself forward.

Taffy felt the sudden weight and pulled—and while he pulled felt in a moment no grip, no weight at all. Between two hateful screams a face slid by him, out of reach, silent, with parted lips ; and as it slipped away he fell back staggering, grasping the useless, headless crutch.

The mare went on screaming. He turned his back on her, and catching Joey by the hand, dragged him away across the melting island. At the sixth step the child, hauled off his crippled foot, swung blundering across his legs. He paused, lifted him in his arms, and plunged forward again.

The flares on the cliff were growing in number. They cast long shadows before him. On the far side of the island the tide flowed swift and steady—a stream about fourteen yards wide—cutting him from the sand-bank on which, not fifty yards above, lay the wreck. He whispered to Joey, and plunged into it straight, turning as the water swept him off his legs, and giving his back to it, his hands slipped under the child's armpits, his feet thrusting against the tide in slow rhythmical strokes.

The child after the first gasp lay still, his head obediently thrown back on Taffy's breast. The mare had ceased to scream. The water rippled in the ears as each leg-thrust drove them little by little across the current.

If George had but listened ! It was so easy, after all. The sand-bank still slid past them, but less rapidly. They were close to it now and had only to lie still and be drifted against the leaning stanchions of the wreck. Taffy flung an arm about one and checked his way quietly, as a man brings a boat alongside a quay. He hoisted Joey first upon the stanchion, then up the tilted deck to the gap of the main hatchway. Within this, with their feet on the steps and their chests leaning on the side panel of the companion, they rested and took breath.

"Cold, sonny ?"

The child burst into tears.

Taffy dragged off his own coat and wrapped him in it. The small body crept close, sobbing against his side.

Across, on the shore, voices were calling, blue eyes moving. A pair of yellow lights came toward these, travelling swiftly upon the hill-side. Taffy guessed what they were.

The yellow lights moved more slowly. They joined the blue ones, and halted. Taffy listened. But the voices were still now ; he heard nothing but the hiss of the black water across which those two lamps sought and questioned him like eyes.

"God help her!"

He bowed his face on his arms. A little while, and the sands would be covered, the boats would put off ; a little while . . . Crouching from those eyes he prayed God to lengthen it.

XXVII

HONORIA

SHE was sitting there rigid, cold as a statue, when the rescuers brought them ashore and helped them up the slope. A small crowd surrounded the carriage. In the rays of their moving lanterns her face altered nothing, to all their furtive glances of sympathy opposing the same white mask. Someone said, "There's only two, then!" Another with a nudge and a nod at the carriage, told him to hold his peace. She heard. Her lips hardened.

Lizzie Pezzack had rushed down to the shore to meet the boat. She was bringing her child along with a fond wild babble of tender names and sobs and cries of thankfulness. In pauses, choked and overcome, she caught him to her, felt his limbs, pressed his wet face against her neck and bosom. Taffy, supported by strong arms and hurried in her wake, had a hideous sense of being paraded in her triumph. The men around him who had raised a faint cheer, sank their voices as they neared the carriage ; but the woman went forward, jubilant and ruthless, flaunting her joy as it were a flag blown in her eyes and blindfolding them to the grief she insulted.

"Stay!"

It was Honoria's voice, cold, incisive, not to be disobeyed. He had prayed in vain. The procession halted ; Lizzie checked her babble and stood staring, with an arm about Joey's neck.

"Let me see the child."

Lizzie stared, broke into a silly triumphant laugh, and thrust the child forward against the carriage-step. The poor waif, drenched, dazed, tottering without his crutch, caught at the plated handle for support. Honoria gazed down on him with eyes which took slow and pitiless account of the deformed little body, the shrunken, puny limbs.

"Thank you. So—this—is what my husband died for. Drive on, please."

Her eyes, as she lifted them to give the order, rested for a moment on Taffy—with how much scorn he cared not, could he have leapt and intercepted Lizzie's retort.

"And why not? A son's a son—curse you!—though he was your man!"

It seemed she did not hear ; or hearing, did not understand. Her eyes hardened ; their fire on Taffy and he, lapped in their scorn, thanked God she had not understood.

"Drive on, please."

The coachman lowered his whip. The horses moved forward at a slow walk ; the carriage rolled silently away into the darkness. She had not understood. Taffy glanced at the faces about him.

"Ah, poor lady!" said someone. But no one had understood.

. . . . . .

They found George's body next morning on the sands a little below the footbridge. He lay there in the morning sunshine as though asleep, with an arm flung above his head and on his face the easy smile for which men and women had liked him throughout his careless life.

The inquest was held next day, in the library at Carwithiel. Sir Harry insisted on being present and sat beside the coroner. During Taffy's examination his lips were pursed up as though whistling a silent tune. Once or twice he nodded his head.

Taffy gave his evidence discreetly. The child had been lost ; had been found in a perilous position. He and deceased had gone together to the rescue. On reaching

the child, deceased—against advice—had attempted to return across the sands and had fallen into difficulties. In these his first thought had been for the child, whom he had passed to witness to drag out of danger. When it came to deceased's turn, the crutch, on which all depended, had parted in two and he had been swept away by the tide.

At the conclusion of the story Sir Harry took snuff and nodded twice. Taffy wondered how much he knew. The jury, under the coroner's direction, brought in a verdict of "death by misadventure," and added a word or two in praise of the dead man's gallantry. The coroner complimented Taffy warmly and promised to refer the case to the Royal Humane Society for public recognition. The jury nodded and one or two said, "Hear, hear!" Taffy hoped fervently he would do nothing of the sort.

The funeral took place on the fourth day, at nine o'clock in the morning. Such —in the days I write of—was the custom of the country. Friends who lived at a distance rose and shaved by candle-light, and daybreak found them horsed and well on way toward the house of mourning, their errand announced by the long black streamers tied about their hats. Their sad business over and done with, these guests returned to the house, where, until noon, a mighty breakfast lasted and all were welcome. Their black habiliments' and lowered voices alone marked the difference between it and a hunting-breakfast.

And indeed this morning Squire Willyams, who had taken over the hounds after Squire Moyle's death, had given secret orders to his huntsman; and the pack was waiting at Three-barrow Turnpike, a couple of miles inland from Carwithiel. At half-past ten the mourners drained their glasses, shook the crumbs off their riding-breeches, and took leave; and after halting outside Carwithiel gates to unpin and pocket their hatbands, headed for the meet with one accord.

A few minutes before noon Squire Willyams, seated on his gray by the edge of Three-barrow Brake and listening to every sound within the covert, happened to glance an eye across the valley, and let out a low whistle.

"Well!" said one of a near group of horsemen catching sight of the rider pricking toward them down the farther slope, "I knew en for an unbeliever; but this beats all."

"And his awnly son not three hours under the mould! Brought up in France as a youngster he was, and this I s'pose is what comes of reading Voltaire. My lord for manners and no more heart than a wormed nut—that's Sir Harry and always was."

Squire Willyams slewed himself round in his saddle. He spoke quietly at fifteen yards' distance, but each word reached the group of horsemen as clear as a bell.

"Rablin," he said, "as a damned fool oblige me during the next few minutes by keeping your mouth shut."

With this he resumed his old attitude and his business of watching the covert side; removing his eyes for a moment to nod as Sir Harry rode up and passed on to join the group behind him.

He had scarcely done so when deep in the undergrowth of blackthorn a hound challenged.

"Spendigo for a fiver!—and well found, by the tune of it. See that patch of gray wall, Rablin—there in a line beyond the Master's elbow? I lay you an even guinea that's where my gentleman comes over, and inside of sixty seconds."

But honest reprobation mottled the face of Mr. Rablin, squireen; and as an honest man he must speak out. Let it go to his credit, because as a rule he was a snob and inclined to cringe.

"I did not expect"—he cleared his throat—"to see you out to-day, Sir Harry."

Sir Harry winced, and turned on them all a gray, woeful face.

"That's it," he said. "I can't bide home. I can't bide home."

. . . . . .

Honoria bided home with her child and mourned for the dead. As a clever woman—far cleverer than her husband—she had seen his faults while he lived; yet had liked him enough to forgive without difficulty. But now these faults faded, and by degrees memory reared an altar to him as a man little short of divine. At the worst he had been amiable. A kinder husband never lived. She reproached

herself bitterly with the half-heartedness of her response to his love; to his love while it dwelt beside her, unvarying in cheerful kindness. For (it was the truth alas! and a worm that gnawed continually) passionate love she had never rendered him. She had been content; but how poor a thing was contentment! She had never divined his worth, had never given her worship. And all the while he had been a hero, and in the end had died as a hero. Ah, for one chance to redeem the wrong! for one moment to bow herself at his feet and acknowledge her blindness! Her prayer was ancient as widowhood, and Heaven, folding away the irreparable time, returned its first and last and only solace—a dream for the groping arms; waking and darkness, and an empty pillow for her tears.

From the first her child had been dear to her; dearer (so her memory accused her now) than his father; more demonstratively beloved, at any rate. But in those miserable months she grew to love him with a double strength. He bore George's name, and was (as Sir Harry proclaimed) a very miniature of George; repeated his shapeliness of limb, his firm shoulders, his long lean thighs—the thighs of a born horseman; learned to walk, and lo! within a week walked with his father's gait; had smiles for the whole of his small world, and for his mother a memory in each.

And yet—this was the strange part of it, a mystery she could not explain, because she dared not even acknowledge it—though she loved him for being like his father, she regarded the likeness with a growing dread; nay, caught herself correcting him stealthily when he developed some trivial trait which she, and she alone, recognized as part of his father's legacy. It was what in the old days she would have called "contradictious;" but there it was, and she could not help it; the nearer George in her memory approached to faultlessness, the more obstinately her instinct fought against her child's imitation of him; and yet, because the child was obstinately George's, she loved him with a double love.

There came a day when he told her a childish falsehood. She did not whip him, but stood him in front of her and began to reason with him and explain the wickedness of an untruth. By and by she broke off in the midst of a sentence, appalled by the shrillness of her own voice. From argument she had passed to furious scolding. And the little fellow quailed before her, his contrition beaten down under the storm of words that whistled about his ears without meaning, his small faculties disabled before this spectacle of wrath. Her fingers were closing and unclosing. They wanted a riding-switch; they wanted to grip this small body they had served and fondled, and to cut out what? The lie? Honoria hated a lie. But while she paused and shook, a light flashed, and her eyes were open, and saw—that it was not the lie.

She turned and ran, ran upstairs to her own room, flung herself on her knees beside the bed, dragged a locket from her bosom and fell to kissing George's portrait, passionately crying it for pardon. She was wicked, base; while he lived she had misprized him; and this was her abiding punishment, that even repentance could purge her heart of dishonoring thoughts, that her love for him now could never be stainless though washed with daily tears. "'*He that is unjust let him be unjust still*'—*Must* that be true, Father of all mercies? I misjudged him, and it is too late for atonement. But I repent and am afflicted. Though the dead know nothing—though it can never reach or avail him—give me back the power to be just!"

Late that afternoon Honoria passed an hour piously in turning over the dead man's wardrobe, shaking out and brushing the treasured garments and folding them, against moth and dust, in fresh tissue-paper. It was a morbid task, perhaps, but it kept George's image constantly before her, and this was what her remorseful mood demanded. Her nerves were unstrung and her limbs languid after the recent tempest. By and by she locked the doors of the wardrobe, and passing into her own bedroom, flung herself on a couch with a bundle of papers—old bills, soiled and folded memoranda, sporting paragraphs cut from the newspapers—scraps found in his pockets months ago and religiously tied by her with a silken ribbon. They were mementoes of a sort,

and George had written few letters while wooing—not half a dozen, first and last.

Two or three receipted bills lay together in the middle of the packet—one a saddler's, a second a nurseryman's for pot-plants (kept for the sake of its queer spelling), a third the reckoning for a hotel luncheon. She was running over them carelessly when the date at the head of this last one caught her eye. "August 3d"—it fixed her attention because it happened to be the day before her birthday.

August 3d—such and such a year—the August before his death; and the hotel a well-known one in Plymouth—the hotel, in fact, at which he had usually put up. . . . Without a prompting of suspicion she turned back and ran her eye over the bill. A steak, a pint of claret, vegetables, cheese, and attendance—never was a more innocent bill.

Suddenly her attention stiffened on the date. George was in Plymouth the day before her birthday. But no; as it happened, George had been in Truro on that day. She remembered, because he had brought her a diamond pendant, having written beforehand to the Truro jeweller to get a dozen down from London to choose from. Yes, she remembered it clearly, and how he had described his day in Truro. And the next morning—her birthday morning—he had produced the pendant, wrapped in silver paper. "He had thrown away the case; it was ugly, and he would get her another. . . ."

But the bill? She had stayed once or twice at this hotel with George, and recognized the handwriting. The book-keeper, in compliment perhaps to a customer of standing, had written "George Vyell, Esq.," in full on the bill-head; a formality omitted as a rule in luncheon-reckonings. And if this scrap of paper told the truth—why *then George had lied!*

But why? Ah, if he had done this thing, nothing else mattered; neither the how nor the why! If George had lied. . . . And the pendant, had that been bought in Plymouth and not (as he had asserted) in Truro? He had thrown away the case. Jewellers print their names inside such cases. The pendant was a handsome one. Perhaps his check-book would tell.

She arose; stepped half-way to the door; but came back and flung herself again upon the couch. No; she could not . . . this was the second time to-day . . . she could not face the torture again.

Yet . . . if George *had* lied!

She sat up; sat up with both hands pressed to her ears, to shut out a sudden voice clamoring through them—

"And why not? A son's a son—curse you—though he was your man!"

(To be concluded in November.)

HEY NONNY NO

By Marguerite Merington

THERE is a race from eld descent,
  Of heaven by earth in joyous mood,
Before the world grew wise and bent
  In sad, decadent attitude.
    To these each waking is a birth
    That makes them heir to all the earth,
    Singing, for pure abandoned mirth,
      Non nonny non, hey nonny no.

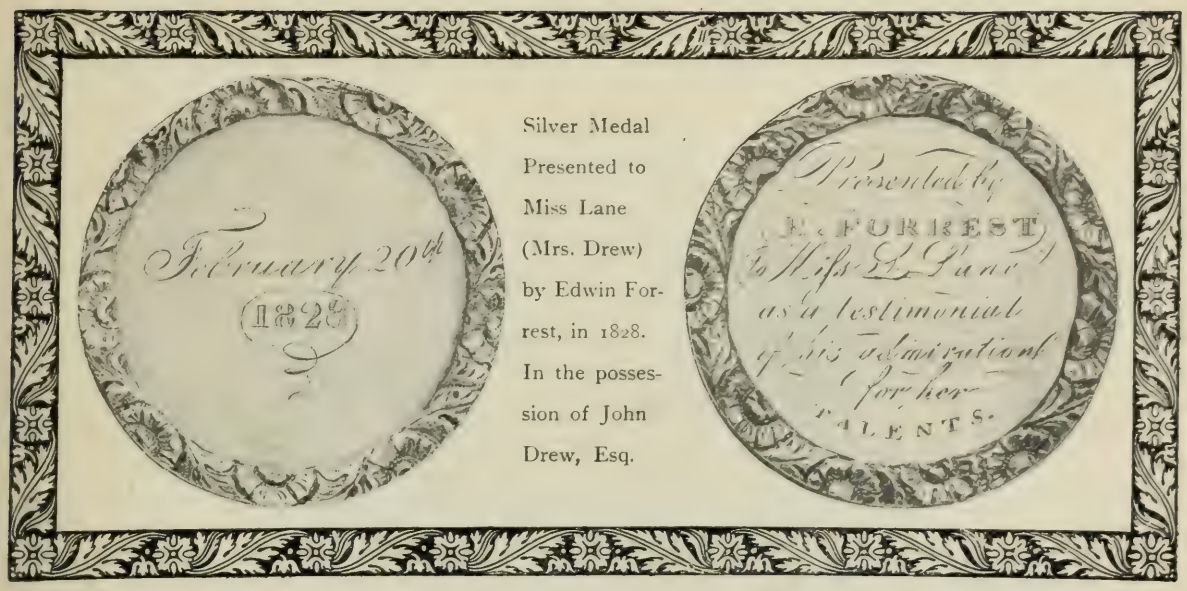
Perchance ye meet them in the mart,
  In fashion's toil or folly's throe,
And yet their souls are far apart
  Where primrose winds from uplands blow.
    At heart on oaten pipes they play
    Thro' meadows green and gold with May,
    Affined to bird and brook and brae.
      Sing nonny non, hey nonny no.



Their gage they win in fame's despite,
  While lyric alms to life they fling;
Children of laughter, sons of light,
  With equal heart to starve or sing.
    Counting no human creature vile,
    They find the good old world worth while;
    Care cannot rob them of a smile.
      Sing nonny non, hey nonny no.

For creed, the up-reach of a spire,
  An arching elm-tree's leafy spread,
A song that lifts the spirit higher
  To star or sunshine overhead.
    Misfortune they but deem God's jest
    To prove His children at their best,
    Who, dauntless, rise to His attest.
      Sing nonny non, hey nonny no.

Successful ones will brush these by,
  Calling them failure as they pass.
What reck they this who claim the sky
  For roof, for bed the cosmic grass!
    When, failures all, we come to lie,
    The grass betwixt us and the sky,
    The gift of gladness will not die!
      Sing nonny non, hey nonny no.



Silver Medal Presented to Miss Lane (Mrs. Drew) by Edwin Forrest, in 1828. In the possession of John Drew, Esq.

[The notes accompanying the illustrations are by Douglas Taylor, Esq.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. JOHN DREW

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HER SON

THE following retrospect of a life well spent in the pursuit of the most exacting of professions was written down for the immediate delectation and edification of the children and grandchildren of the gifted woman who penned it.

I think, however, that when such an example may teach so much; where the life of an actress has been so full of incident and accident, and all resulting—through force of character and absolute intrinsic worth—in ultimate personal and professional regard and reverence, I think that the record of such a life, reaching over seventy years of the dramatic history of our country, cannot be without interest to all who have at heart the development of art at its best.

It would ill become me, here, to more than touch upon the domestic side of her character, but I may be permitted to say, that when to artistic perfection she added discipline tempered with gentleness and loving-kindness as a mother, and when to her other attributes and excellences was joined the organizing ability and perfect control of a theatrical stock company for many years, surely it is no assumption to say of her to-day, as was said of Maria Theresa, of Austria, "sexua femina ingenio vir." Such a character and personality must be salient in any time or age, and cannot but serve as an exemplar. And perhaps the fact of four generations of this same family having engaged in the profession of acting—with credit to their calling, and honor to themselves—may still further emphasize the real worth of that calling, both to the individuals engaged therein and the world at large.

And now, without further proem, I beg the public's acceptance of these present recollections of a woman pre-eminent in the profession she so long adorned.

JOHN DREW.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

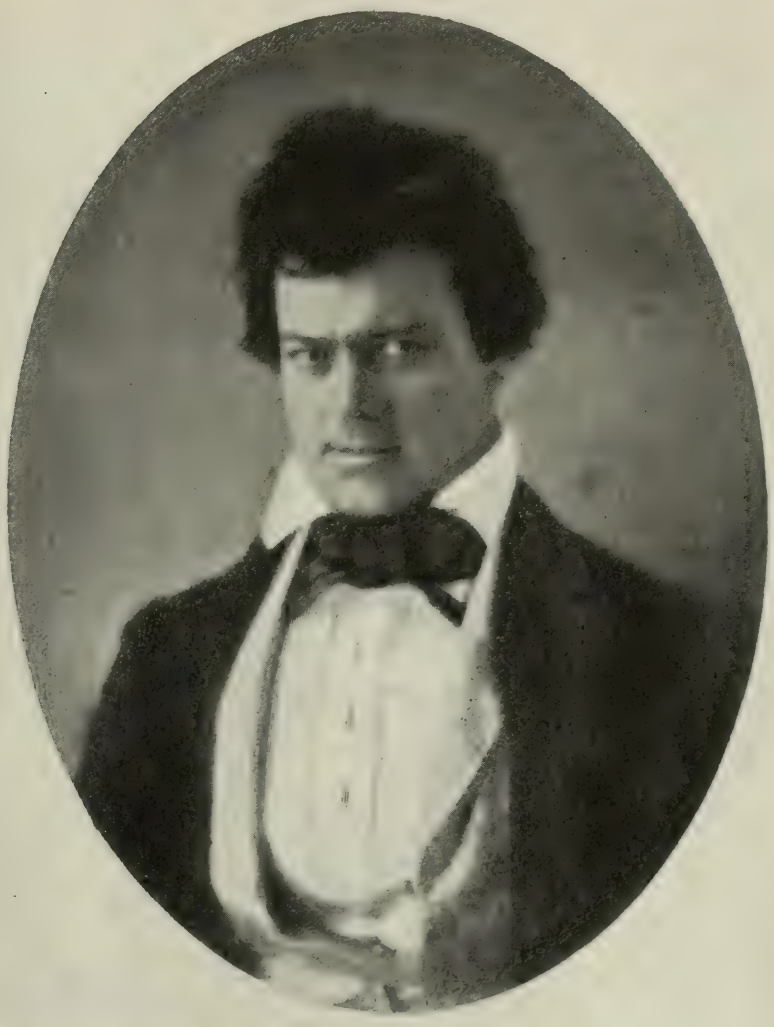
I WAS born in Lambeth Parish, London, England, on January 10, 1820; my father, Thomas Frederick Lane, was an actor of considerable provincial fame, and my mother, *née* Eliza Trenter, a very pretty woman and a sweet singer of ballads. That was an eventful year for theatrical people. The old King, George the Third, died, and all theatres were closed for one month; and there was considerable suffering among our kind, as I have been told since. At twelve months old my mother took me on the stage as a crying baby; but cry I would not, but at sight of the audience and the lights gave free vent to my delight and crowed aloud with joy. From that moment to this, the same sight has filled me with the most acute pleasure, and I expect will do so to the last glimpse I get of them, and when no longer to be seen, "Come, Death, and welcome!" I acted (?) all the "children's" parts in the plays then usual—*Damon's* child—and had to be kept quiet with cherries before my last entrance, and then Mr. Macready's eyes frightened me into an awed silence. Then I remember (I was about five) playing the rightful heir in a melodrama called "Meg Murdock; or, the Haggard of the Glen," where the bad man came on when I was sleeping to murder me! Of course I awakened, and we both traversed the stage from different sides, taking the greatest care not to meet, when I stumbled over a property pitcher, and exclaimed "Oh, it's only the jug!" which was always the signal for great applause, and completely baffled the bad man. After that, in Liverpool, I remember playing the brother of "Frankenstein," who is killed by the Monster of Frankenstein's creation, acted by the celebrated T. P. Cooke, and to this hour can remember the horror which possessed me at his look and attitude, my own form dangling lifeless in his arms. He was a very amiable man, and always had some nice thing to give me after the play. Of course, I cannot give any consecutive account of the towns we played in. In one of them the beautiful Miss Maria Foote acted, and I suppose I must have done something to please her, as she sent for me her last night and gave me a lovely wax doll dressed as *Maria Darlington*, one of her favorite parts; and I thought her mother much prettier than she was! Then again, in Liverpool—by this time I was seven, or very near it—we (mother and myself, my father was dead two years ago) were at Cooke's amphitheatre when they played dramas where horses were the principal



Thomas Potter Cooke.*

From a photograph in the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

* Thomas Potter Cooke, familiarly known as "Tippy Cooke," left London at the age of ten to join the navy, where he distinguished himself by courageous exploits on various occasions. The peace of Amiens closing that career he sought his second love—the stage, playing small parts in the provinces until engaged by Elliston as stage manager of the Surrey. He subsequently joined the Adelphi, Drury Lane, English Opera House and Covent Garden Theatres, performing eccentric and melodramatic parts suited to his mammoth frame, like *Orson* and the *Monster* in "Frankenstein," and being especially liked in *Long Tom Coffin* and other sailor characters. In 1829 a poor playwright named Douglas Jerrold had "Black-Eyed Susan" accepted by Elliston, who made a small fortune out of its four hundred consecutive performances with Cooke as *William*, whose representation became a part of English stage history. Mr. Cooke died in 1864.



Edwin Forrest.

From a daguerreotype in the collection of Peter C[illegible]sey, Esq.

Edwin Forrest, the great American tragedian, most renowned and best abused of actors, was born in Philadelphia, March 9, 1806. His early life was a history of poverty, struggles, and vicissitudes as circus rider, negro minstrel, and ambitious actor, until his energy and industry conquered and he became the idol of the people. No man on the stage made warmer friends or more bitter enemies, nor was made the subject of more enthusiastic adulation and severe critical censure during the thirty years he was the acknowledged head of his profession.

In early life his great characters were *Othello*, *Rolla*, *Carwin*, *Mark Antony*, *Damon*, *William Tell* and in the pieces written for him in which he has never had a successor—*Spartacus*, *Metamora*, and *Jack Cade*. Later he improved with care and study, and discarding much of the "ranting" he was charged with, became the *Lear*, *Richelieu*, *Virginius*, and *Coriolanus* of his admiring countrymen. His superb physique and magnificent voice were not appreciated in England, which he visited in 1836 and 1845, the last visit leading to the quarrel with Macready and consequently to the memorable Astor Place riot of May 10, 1849.

Forrest clubs and Forrest associations, filled with youthful enthusiasts, deified him and defied his traducers, and after the verdict in the Forrest divorce case in 1852, crowds at "Christy's Minstrels" nightly, for months, encored the song of the evening "Jordan am a Hard Road to Trable" for one verse:

> "For sixty-nine nights the immortal Forrest played,
> And sixty-nine crowds he had accordin';
> In Macbeth, Damon, and Jack Cade
> He's the greatest actor on this side of Jordan."

His proud, spoiled spirit almost broke with infirmities of age and temper, when his last performances and readings in 1871 and 1872 were comparative failures, and on December 12, 1872, the great, generous, magnetic, but lonely and unhappy man, died.



Miss Clara Fisher.*

From a lithograph by C. G. Childs, published by R. H. Hobson, Philadelphia. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

actors; one of these was called "Timour, the Tartar." I was *Prince Agib*, confined in prison by *Timour*, because I was the true heir to the throne. My mother comes to the court to beseech for my liberty and gets into more trouble, and is cast into "the lowest dungeon by the moat," I having obtained my liberty in the meanwhile. The last scene shows a practical cataract in the centre of the stage, with a prison to the right; at a given call I rush on, on horseback, and exclaim, "My mother, I will free you still!" and rush down to the prison, almost under the water, take my mother (personated by a young circus rider) on my horse, clasping me round the waist, and dash up the cataract. This had been done with enthusiastic applause for many nights; but this evening the horse stumbled when on the third table, and rolled down to the other two to the stage. My mother, being a very fine rider, saved me from serious injury, and the curtain fell. There was a universal wish on the part of the audience to know if "the dear little girl was much hurt;" but she was insensible to the kind wishes of her audience, I believe I may truly say for the first and only time in her life.

Just after this my mother made engagements for us to go to America, that El Dorado to an imaginative class, which assuredly theatrical people are. Mr. John Hallam, the accredited agent for Price & Simpson, of the old Park Theatre, New York, engaged, as was then the fashion, an entire company, and went with us himself in the packet-ship Britannia. The following persons were included in the company, viz.: Mr. Henry Smith, John Sef-

* Clara Fisher's first appearance at Drury Lane in 1817, when but six years old, occasioned a craze for the "Infant Phenomenon" that swept through England; and, that being exhausted, she was brought in 1827 to triumph in America as a sparkling comedienne. Until her marriage in 1834 to Professor James G. Maeder she was the favorite of the stage, and continued to act, though with diminished lustre, until 1880, when she left the profession.

As an infant prodigy her greatest successes were in *Richard III.*, *Douglas*, *Shylock*, and similar parts, and her more mature and acceptable performances in her famous career throughout the United States for ten or fifteen years were in "Kate Kearney," "Letitia Hardy," "Clari," "Paul, the Pet," "Victoire," "Kate O'Brien" and the whole range of bright musical comedy and elegant vaudeville. She died at Metuchen, N. J., on November 12, 1898.



Miss Lane, Eight Years of Age, in the Five Characters in "Twelve Precisely."

From a lithographic reproduction of a drawing by D. C. Johnston, November 3, 1828. In the possession of John Drew, Esq.

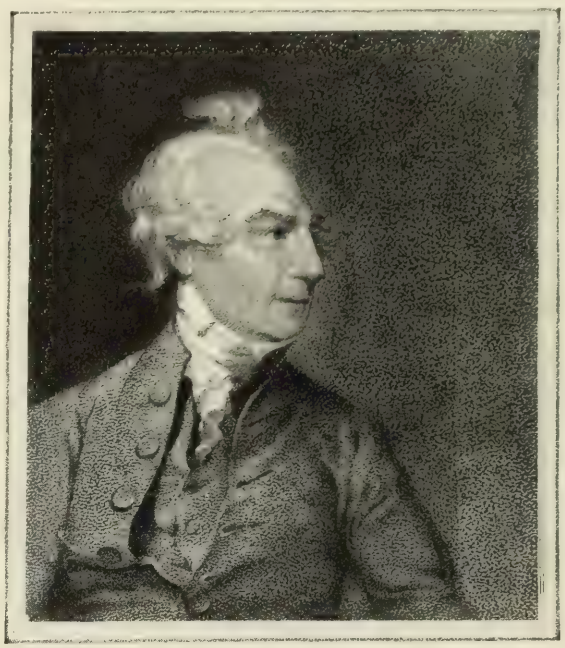
PHILADELPHIA.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5, 1829.

CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE.

Miss Lane.—This astonishing little creature appeared at the Chestnut Street Theatre last evening. She is not more than ten years of age, and evinces a talent for and a knowledge of the stage beyond what we find in many experienced performers of merit. The entertainment of *Twelve Precisely* is well adapted to the display of the versatility of her powers; and in the *Irish Girl* she may, with truth, be pronounced inimitably comic. Her brogue and manner are excellent. The *Young Soldier* was also admirably assumed; his coxcombical airs were natural, evinced astonishing observation in a child so young, and literally convulsed the house with laughter. Her performance of *Little Pickle* also possessed great merit, and the applause bestowed upon her throughout the evening bespoke the wonder and delight of the audience. Those who have a taste for the wonderful should not miss the present opportunity of gratifying it. We promise ourselves a treat of no ordinary kind when she appears as *Goldfinch* in the *Road to Ruin*.—*Extract from a Philadelphia Newspaper.*

ton, Mr. Robert Grierson, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Stannard and her sister Mrs. Hallam, lately married, Master Henri Wells and Miss Wells, dancers. We had an exceptionally fine passage of four weeks (no steam in those days), and landed in New York on June 7, 1827. We remained in New York a few days, long enough to completely change my mother's appearance; the mosquitoes found her a very healthy English woman and feasted at their will. We were then sent to Philadelphia, to the old Walnut Street Theatre. I remember seeing the "first appearance" of most of the parties, of course; my mother's made the finest impression on me. It was as *Margeritta* in "No Song, no Supper." The symphony of her entrance song is a long one, and the orchestra had to play it twice, her reception was so hearty and her nervousness so great. I appeared in September, I think, as *The Duke of York* to the elder Booth's *Richard III.* Then we were sent to Baltimore, to Mr. Joe Cowell's Theatre, where I had the honor of appearing as *Albert* to Mr. Edwin Forrest's *William Tell*, and received a medal from that gentleman for the performance. At that time he was, I suppose, about twenty-two or twenty-three, and the handsomest man I ever saw. Alas! how he changed! Mr. Forrest was never a good-tempered man, and was apt to be morose and churlish at rehearsals. But he had many noble qualities; he was the "fairest" actor that ever played. If the character you sustained had anything good in it, he would give you the finest chance of showing it to the audience. He would get a little below you, so that your facial expression could be fully seen; he would partially turn his back, in order that the attention should be given entirely to you. This will be better understood by actors, who know how differently some players act. He was not without appreciation of a little "joke" either. On one occasion, at the old Park Theatre, we were playing, as an afterpiece, "Therese, the Orphan of Geneva." He, as *Carwin*, rushes with a drawn dagger into the pavilion where he believes that *Therese* is sleeping. Immediately the place is struck by lightning; he then staggers out of the pavilion, exclaiming, "'Tis done; *Therese* is now no more." Then *Therese* enters and rushes into the pavilion to rescue her benefactress. On this occasion I, as *Therese*, rushed from the house before *Carwin* had time to come out, and we met, face to face, in the apartment of the murdered



Joseph Jefferson* (the First of that Name) as *Solus*.

From an engraving by D. Edwin after the painting by J. Neagle. Published by Lopez & Wemyss. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

* Joseph Jefferson, first of that name, the son of the comedian of Garrick's company, Thomas Jefferson, and grandfather of our Joe, was born in Plymouth, England, in 1774. Tired of the Plymouth stage, with which he had been connected from childhood, he came, at the suggestion of Manager Powell of Boston, to America at the age of twenty, and played with Hodgkinson and Hallam at the John Street Theatre, New York, until Dunlap opened the Park in 1798. For five years he there essayed comic and old men's characters until, in 1803, he was fortunately and permanently engaged at the then leading theatre of the country, the Chestnut Street, in Philadelphia. There he practically remained until his death, in August, 1832, the favorite and popular comedian of the American stage. Of the two hundred characters he essayed, many are unknown to the playgoer of the present day, but his versatile talent was greatly commended in *Polonius*, *Jeremy Diddler*, *Touchstone*, *Bob Acres*, *Dominic Sampson*, *Mawworm*, *Captain Copp*, *Dogberry*, *Scaramouch* and *Solus* in "Every One Has His Fault," a comedy by Mrs. Inchbald.

Only careful and clear-headed readers of William Winter can form an idea of the comic genius involved in the name of Jefferson on the American stage. One of its most promising members, who died when but twenty-three, was John Jefferson, third son of Joseph. His last performance was in 1831, at Lancaster, in "The School for Scandal."—The cast was as follows:

Sir Peter Teazle.....Joseph Jefferson, Sr.
Sir Oliver Surface.....John Jefferson
Rowley.....Joseph Jefferson, Jr.
(Father of Our Joe.)
Lady Teazle.....Mrs. S. Chapman
(Elizabeth Jefferson, John's sister, a celebrated and popular Park Theatre actress.)
Mrs. Candour.....Mrs. Joseph Jefferson, Jr.
Lady Sneerwell.....Jane Jefferson Anderson
(Daughter of John's sister Euphemia and mother of Effie Germon.)
Maria.....Miss Mary Anne Jefferson

Theatre.

CHESNUT STREET.

Second Night of the New
National Drama,
Written by a gentleman of acknowledged literary talent of this City.

MISS LANE's

Last Night but One.

THIS EVENING, FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1829,
Will be presented, (for the second time on any stage) the National Drama of the

8th of January.

THE PROLOGUE,

Written by JAMES N. BARKER, Esq. will be Spoken by Mr. WEMYSS.

General Jackson, - - - - - Mr. Rowbotham.
Colonel Kemper, - - - - - Mr. Darley.
Sir Edward Packenham, - - - Mr. Wemyss.
Captain M'Fuse, - - - - - Mr. Mercer.
John Bull, - - - - - - Mr. Warren.
Charles, *an American Officer*, - - Mr. Southwell.
Billy Bowbell, *a Lunnuner*, - - Mr. Jefferson.
Sergeant, - - - - - - Mr. Jones.
Colonel Thornton, - - - - Mr. Grierson.
Kentucky Rifleman, - - - Mr. Heyl.
Charlotte, - - - - - - Mrs. Rowbotham.
Villagers, Peasants, British Soldiers, American Soldiers, &c.

ACT FIRST—SCENE FIRST,
ROMANTIC COUNTRY, AND DISTANT
View of New Orleans.

ACT SECOND,
Banks of the Mississippi.
John Bull's Mill and Cottage.
CONFLAGRATION
OF JOHN BULL'S MILL,
By the British Soldiers.

ACT THIRD.
AMERICAN LINES
BELOW NEW ORLEANS,
Distant View of the British Encampment.

PREVIOUS TO WHICH,
102;
OR, THE VETERAN AND HIS PROGENY.
Characters by Messrs. Jefferson, Hathwell, Darley, Mercer, Heyl, Miss E. Jefferson Mrs. Jefferson and Miss Lee.

Grand Jackson March
AND
QUICK STEP,
COMPOSED FOR THE
JACKSON WREATH,
BY MR. BRAUN, WILL BE PLAYED BY THE
FULL ORCHESTRA,
PREVIOUS TO THE EIGHTH OF JANUARY.

The whole to conclude with the Farce of
FOUR MOWBRAYS.

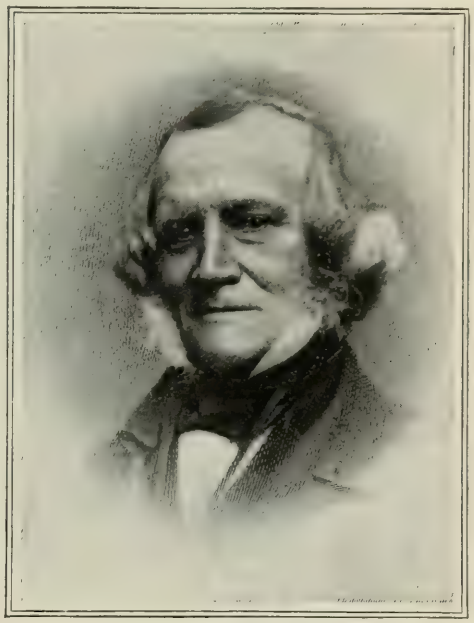
Old Wilton, a Bachelor of Sixty, ...Mr. *Hathwell.*
Charles Mowbray, Wilton's Nephew, ...Mr. *M'Dougal.*
Peter, Wilton's Gardener, ...Mr. *Heyl.*
William, ...Mr. *Lee.*
Peggy, ... Miss *Hathwell*
Matilda Mowbray, - - - - - Miss *LANE!*
Master Hector Mowbray, - - Miss *LANE!!*
Master Gobbleton Mowbray, - - Miss *LANE!!!*
Master Foppington Mowbray, - - Miss *LANE!!!!*

Play Bill of the Chestnut Street Theatre, January 9, 1829. Miss Lane (Mrs. Drew) appears in four characters in the "Four Mowbrays."

In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

countess, who had hardly finished screaming for her life. I was horror-stricken at my error. "Oh! horrors, Mr. Forrest, what shall I do?" He smiled the beautiful smile which illuminated his face, and said: "Never mind—I'll go out by the back-door!"

I must mention now that my mother had been married some months before to Mr. John Kinlock, a stage manager, and a very capable actor and manager.



George Horton Barrett.*

From a photograph by Meade Brothers, New York. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

Well, from this time my parents' ambition was fixed for me. Miss Clara Fisher was then at the zenith of her attraction, and father determined that I should be a second "Clara;" I appeared at the Bowery Theatre, at that time a rival to the Old Park, and was managed by the celebrated Mr. Gilfert. George Barrett and his beautiful wife, Charles Young and his really lovely wife, Mrs. Gilfert and Mrs. Holman were in the company. Shall I ever forget my stage-fright whilst waiting to hear my cue as *Little Pickle* in "The Spoiled Child." But when the time of entrance came every feeling but exhilaration vanished—only the certainty of success remained. From this time to the latter part of 1830 I played as a star with varying success (financially); among other parts, *Dr.*

* George Horton Barrett ("Gentleman George"), came here as an infant from England, where he was born June 9, 1794, and appeared, when but thirteen years old as Young Norval at the Park Theatre. He afterward became one of the best known light comedians on our stage, performing, with great success, *Charles Surface*, *Puff* in the "Critic," *Captain Absolute*, *Doricourt*, and similar characters from 1822 to 1855, when he took his farewell testimonial benefit at the New York Academy of Music. Mr. Barrett was especially celebrated as a stage manager through a long part of his fifty years of professional life, first with Gilfert of the Bowery Theatre, then with Tom Barry at the Tremont Theatre in Boston: afterward with Caldwell of the New Orleans Theatre.

He was best known in this city as the manager of Colonel Mann' Broadway Theatre from its opening in 1847. He was a tall and graceful actor, with a refined manner which secured his well-known appellation. He died in New York City, September 5, 1860.

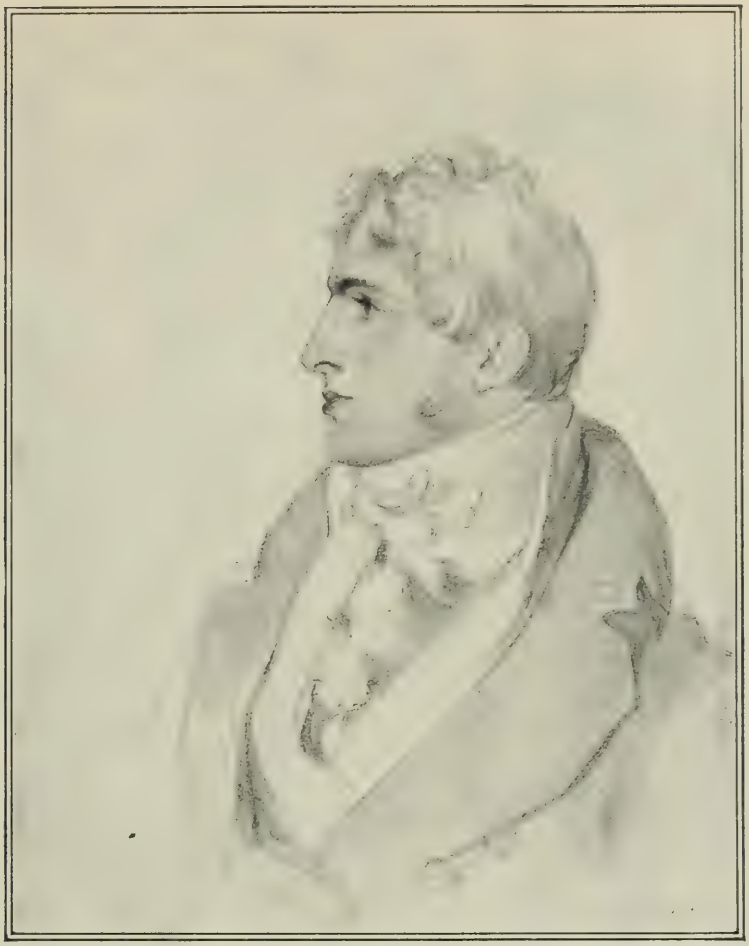


Miss Fanny Kemble.*

From a lithographic reproduction of a drawing by Gigoux. Published by John Spratt, London, 1830. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

Pangloss, in "The Heir at Law," *Goldfinch*, in "The Road to Ruin;" "Winning a Husband" (seven characters); "72 Piccadilly" (five characters); "Actress of All Work" (six characters); "Four Mowbrays;" *Thomas*, in "The Secret;" *Gregory*, in "Turn Out," and the fourth and fifth acts of Richard III. I would here mention that, in acting *Dr. Pangloss* at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, the elder Joseph Jefferson, grandfather of the present great actor of that name, played *Zekiel Homespun*. Think of that great old actor playing with a child of nine years old! At one time we (father, mother, and I) were associated with Madame Celeste, her sister Constance and husband, Henry Elliott; and we acted and danced through the State of New York. All the towns, now splendid cities with magnificent opera-houses, were then guiltless of any decent halls, and the orchestras were the great difficulties. In Buffalo, a pretty village, the only available music was one violin played by an old darkey, and all he knew was "Hail, Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle;" so, as Celeste danced twice, the orchestra (!) commenced the first time with "Hail, Columbia," and finished with "Yankee Doodle," and for the second dance reversed the order of precedence. Poor Celeste, who spoke very little English then, her patience exhausted, exclaimed "D——'Yankee Doodle' and 'Hail, Columbia.'" The latter part of 1830, father, bitten with the idea of management, arranged a partnership with a Mr.

* Frances Anne Kemble, authoress, poetess, and actress, beautiful and gifted, was born in London, November 27, 1809. To save her father, Charles Kemble, from bankruptcy, she went on the stage in 1829 and at once took her place on the top of the ladder, disdaining, however (as did an eminent American actress), the steps which led to renown, and made friends, fame, and fortune. For nearly three years she filled Covent Garden and replenished its exhausted treasury with her wonderful impersonation of *Juliet* (her first part), and in *Lady Teazle*, *Portia*, *Beatrice*, *Bianca*, as well as her aunt's (Mrs. Siddons) great characters, *Isabella*, *Euphrasia*, *Calista* and *Belvidera*. Equal to her *Juliet* was her original part of *Julia* in the "Hunchback," and when she came with her father to America in September, 1832, her reception and continued support by the best elements of society were unprecedented. In the full tide of triumphant success she left the stage in 1834 to make an unhappy alliance with Pierce Butler of Philadelphia, who took her—an ardent abolitionist—to his plantation in Georgia. In 1845 she became divorced from Mr. Butler. The following year she spent with her talented sister, Adelaide Kemble Sartoris, in Continental travel, and in 1847 commenced her famous readings, with unvarying success both in America and England. The last of these in New York was given to crowded and cultured audiences in Steinway Hall, October, 1868. She died at her daughter's residence in London, January 16, 1893.



Charles Kemble.*

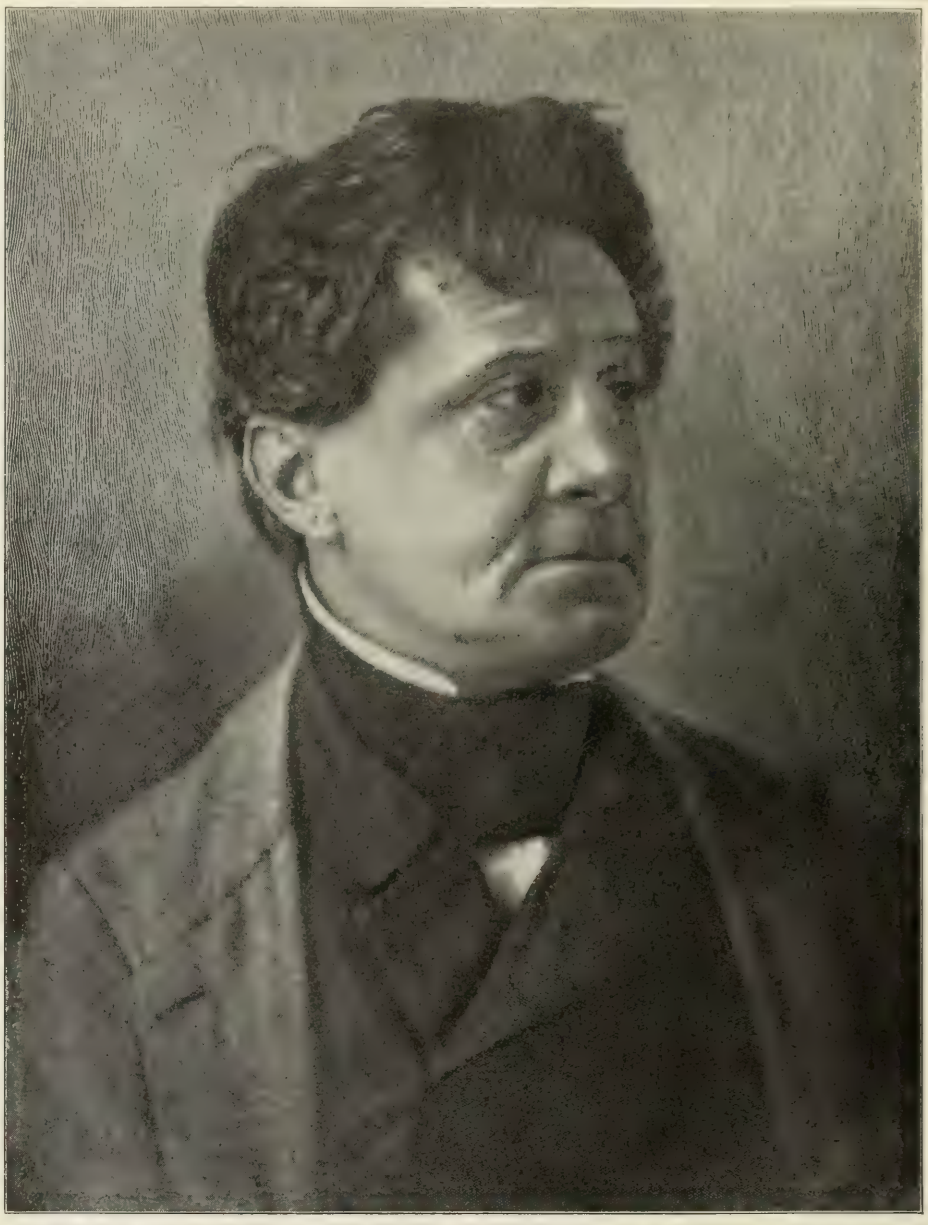
From a lithographic reproduction of a drawing by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Published by J. Dickinson, London, May, 1830. In the collection of Douglas Taylor, Esq.

Jones, in New York, to take a company out to Jamaica, W. I. In November we started. The company consisted of Mr. W. C. Forbes, Mr. Kelsey, Mr. Crouta, Mr. and Mrs. Holden, Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and ourselves. When out about ten days we struck a hidden rock—a case of ignorant carelessness, I should think, as it was a most beautiful moonlight night. The ship remained standing, so every one got dressed, ready for leaving, as we could even at night see the beach before us. The captain found that it was San Domingo. In the morning we all got safely to shore, all our baggage with us; then the crew started to erect tents, one for the ladies with the gentlemen appertaining to them, one for the other gentlemen, and one for the crew. Our deck-load had been shingles and staves, which proved very useful, as did all the stores from the ship; and we settled ourselves to stay for some time, as they ascertained that we were forty miles from any settlement, and the captain and one other would have to go to the City of San Domingo and obtain a brig to get us off. To haul by land was impossible. We were there six weeks, and I celebrated my eleventh birthday there. In due season we got to the City of San Domingo, and there obtained some sort of vehicle which took us to Kingston, Jamaica. The company was quite successful there; but yellow fever killed my father, his youngest child, a baby of ten months, and nearly took my mother. In-

* Charles, youngest of the Kemble family, was born the year his sister, Mrs. Siddons, made her first appearance at Drury Lane, 1775. This graceful, elegant actor, after awkward beginnings, became the incomparable *Mercutio*, *Falconbridge*, *Mirabel*, *Cassio*, *Orlando*, *Captain Absolute*, *Charles Surface*, *Romeo*, and *Benedick* of the English stage for nearly a quarter of a century—most of it passed with his talented family at Drury Lane, Haymarket, and Covent Garden Theatres; of the last named he became manager, to his infinite loss and vexation.

Saved from ruin by his daughter's talents, he brought her to America in 1832 to reap a golden harvest. His fame and her beauty, with their combined brilliant acting, filled the leading theatres of the country till 1834, when she married and in 1835 he returned to England to remain. Although he fairly performed leading parts in tragedies such as *Hamlet*, *Pierre*, *Richard III.*, and *Othello*, his gay, gallant, and effective personation of high comedy carried the intelligent audiences by storm.

From 1835 to 1840 he occasionally acted in England, but preferred giving readings of Shakespeare, which he did frequently by royal command, though his increasing deafness interfered greatly with his stage performances. He held the position of Examiner of Plays, to which he had been appointed by the Lord Chamberlain, until his death on November 11, 1854.



Junius Brutus Booth.

From a daguerreotype in the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

Junius Brutus Booth was restless and erratic even in youth. After absorbing a fine classical education he attempted to learn the printing-trade, then studied law, which he soon left to enter the navy; finally, at seventeen, he became a strolling actor with Penley's Circuit, and, after two years of provincial playing, reached a small stock position in Covent Garden Theatre in 1815 and 1816.

An injudicious attempt of his friends to place him in competition with Edmund Kean, who at times assumed to be his friend, resulted in angry rivalry and riot, and ended in his leaving England in April, 1821, for America.

Having already achieved a success with all but Kean's supporters in "Richard III.," he chose that for his principal part in the New World, and soon established his reputation as a star of the first magnitude throughout the Union, especially in *Richard, Pescara, Iago, Hamlet, Sir Giles, Shylock, Sir Edward Mortimer* and *Brutus* in John Howard Payne's tragedy. His eccentricity was exhibited in occasionally performing *John Lump* in the "Review," or *Jerry Sneak* in the "Mayor of Garrett" (clownish, comic afterpieces on his benefit nights), and his acquirements were shown by his performance at Bristol of *Shylock* in a strange Hebrew dialect and of *Orestes* in the original French at New Orleans.

From 1822 to 1838 his starring tours (including two visits to England, where his splendid abilities were finally acknowledged), brought him increasing fame and fortune, but both were sadly interfered with by his unfortunate intemperance, approaching at times to insanity. After 1838, when an accidental blow of his friend, Tom Flynn, broke his nose, defacing his handsome visage and spoiling a splendid voice, he played but seldom, passing his days on his farm in Maryland. His last years, clouded by his growing infirmity, ended with his performances in New Orleans in November, 1852, and he died on the boat, on his way home, on the 22d of that month.

deed, she had such a siege of illness as for a time to completely prostrate me. By the doctor's advice she went to the north part of the island, to Falmouth. I suppose we acted there, but have no remembrance of it. I only remember the amount of kindness we met with there, really unparalleled. Rumors of insurrection became alarming, and my mother and myself, driven by the leader of the orchestra, Mr. Myers, came across the country to Kingston — more kindness there, till finally we embarked for New York; then to Philadelphia during the first cholera season. That was a fearful time; but youth must have its amusement. In the boarding-house I met Alexina Fisher, a very pretty little girl one year my junior, and we used to act together in the empty attic room—stab each other with great fury and fall upon the ground, until expostulation from the boarders in the third story caused our reconciliation with tears and embraces. In after years Alexina and I were very dear friends. She married John Lewis Baker, a very good actor. She was a charming actress, and they made a moderate fortune in California, which was injured by the deterioration in property. At this time, 1832, the Arch Street Theatre was flourishing pretty well with an entire company of American actors, which was a kind of curiosity, being the first of its kind. The managers were Messrs. William Forrest and Duffy. The company consisted of John R. Scott, Mr. Jones, E. N. Thayer, James E. Murdock, Mrs. Stone, Miss Eliza Riddle, and Mrs. E. N. Thayer. The latter, though of English birth, began her long and honorable career on the stage of this country. Mr. Forrest was backed by his brother Edwin, who produced all his original plays at the Arch Street Theatre — "The Gladiator," "Metamora," "Broker of Bogota," and later "Jack Cade." This season, 1832, "The Ravel Family" came to cheer the oppressed public. What a capital performance it was, and how long they cheered the people! I don't think one of the "Family" is left! We were divided off soon, mother in Baltimore and I in Washington. (During a former engagement in the last-named city, I was on a visit to Mrs. Eaton's little girl, and Mrs. Eaton took me to the President's Levee—General Jackson then filling the chair of state. She introduced me to him. He was very kind and sweet to me, kissed me, and said I was "a very pretty little girl." Need I say that I was a Jackson Democrat from that hour, and have remained one up to date!)



Alexina F. Baker.*

From an engraving by H. B. Hall, after a crystalotype. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

Mr. Kemble and his daughter Fanny acted in Washington in 1833. Of course, it may be said that I was too young to judge, but I shall never forget either of them. Mr. Kemble was the only *Sir Thomas Clifford* I have ever seen, and he gave to the character a dignity and pathos without

* Alexina Fisher, born in Frankfort, Ky., in 1822, inherited her brilliant talents from her popular father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Fisher, the latter best known to fame and Philadelphia audiences as Mrs. Edward N. Thayer. Alexina, who appeared in infancy on the stage, made her first success as *Young Norval* at the New York Bowery in 1831, although she had previously appeared at the Park as *Clara* in the "Maid of Milan," and she became, like her relative and predecessor, the celebrated Clara Fisher, a starring "infant prodigy," even performing *Juliet* to George Jones's *Romeo* for her benefit at the Bowery. From 1835 to 1850 Miss Fisher was attached for seven years to the Chestnut and eight years to the Walnut's regular companies in Philadelphia, dividing the honors, as a comedienne, with her mother.

In 1851 she married John Lewis Baker and went with him to California for three years, performing there and subsequently at the various theatres he managed in Cincinnati, Louisville, and lastly the Grand Opera House, New York, all the leading characters in genteel comedy and lighter tragedy with unvarying success. Her last appearance in New York was in support of Edwin Booth during his famous Winter Garden engagement of 1862. She died in Philadelphia, March 27, 1887.

parallel. As *Julia* Fanny was really great, as she was in *Bianca*.

At the close of the season we drifted to Richmond, Va., under the management of Mr. Phillips, known to the profession as "Nosey" Phillips. He did finely with such stars as Booth, Hamblin, Cooper, and Miss Vincent.

I never heard any one read just like the elder Booth. It was beautiful; he made the figure stand before you! It was infinitely tender. Some of the passages of "Lear" were touching in the extreme, though he used Cibber's frightfully bad edition of that sublime tragedy. He had some very odd ways at times. We were playing "Hamlet" one night in Natchez, and during *Ophelia's* mad scene a cock began to crow lustily. When the curtain fell upon that fourth act this crowing became more constant; and when the manager could not find Mr. Booth to commence the next act, he looked up and saw him perched on the top of the ladder, which was the only way to reach the "flies" in that primitive theatre. The manager ascended the ladder and had quite a lengthy discussion with Mr. Booth, who at last consented to come down on condition that he should resume his high position after the play, and remain there until Jackson was re-elected President.



Madame Celeste.*

From a photograph by Fredricks, New York. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

Mr. Hamblin was a splendid-looking man and a very good actor. I don't think he could ever have been called "great." He had a long career as manager of the Bowery Theatre, and brought out several female stars. Miss Naomi Vincent was a very sweet actress, who died in her youth; Miss Josephine Clifton, "divinely fair and more than divinely tall," she being five feet eleven inches high. She was a very beautiful woman, but never arrived at any distinction as an actress. She died young. Mr. Hamblin finally married Mrs. Shaw, a once beautiful woman, bearing a strong resemblance to Mrs. Siddons's portraits. She was an excellent tragedienne, and died in middle age, closing life as Mrs. Judge Phillips.

Mr. Cooper was a very handsome man (the remains of one, when I saw him), eminently gentlemanlike in appearance. In the company of the old Chestnut Street Theatre at this epoch was a young actor, Mr. George Barrett, called generally "Gentleman George." He was a juvenile actor of great local repute in Philadelphia, and moved among all the young swells of that day. He was to play *Laertes* in "Hamlet" with Cooper, who arrived from Baltimore too late for rehearsal; so George went to his dressing-room in order to ascertain the arrangement of the fencing-match in the last scene. Mr. Cooper was morose,

* Madame Celeste, who came here under the name of Mademoiselle Celeste, in June, 1827, and bounded at once into the affections of young New York, claimed to be but fourteen years of age when she appeared at the Bowery, then called the American Theatre. The next year the precocious beauty became the wife of Henry Elliott, of Baltimore, but remained on the stage the only première danseuse and pantomimist in the country.

After two years of immense success in our cities she returned home to Paris, then to London, and became a star on the English stage. Every few years she would make her "last appearance in America," and her farewell benefits outnumbered Miss Cushman's. Much as she played in English-speaking lands she was unable to learn the language until late in her career, and her attractions were confined to her wonderfully expressive pantomime and her exquisite dancing; she created *Mathilde* in the "French Spy," *Miami* in the "Green Bushes," *Fenella* in "Masaniello," *Miriam* in "The Woman in Red" and the *Bayadère* in Auber's beautiful ballet-opera.

and said, "Go to the prompter, sir, and find out!" When the fencing began, Barrett would not let Cooper disarm him, and the audience could see this fact and became excited. Finally Barrett, with sword down, stood quietly to be run through by Cooper. When the curtain fell Cooper started up in a towering passion, and exclaimed to Barrett, "What did you mean by your conduct, sir?" Drawing himself up to his full height, six feet two inches, Barrett replied, "Go to the prompter, sir, and find out!"

When they went away there was nobody engaged to follow them. The manager sped away to New York to secure talent, and never returned, leaving us to act if anybody would come to see us; but they didn't. Consequently, we were all anxious to be gone; and somehow the voyage was arranged for, and we embarked on a schooner. The company consisted of Edmon S. Conner, Thomas Hadaway, Mr. Isherwood, mother, myself, and a little half-sister, named Adine. We were wrecked on a sand-bar in Egg Harbor, West Indies, in the middle of a very stormy night. Up and dressed in a few minutes, watching and listening for the planks to give way, as nothing could be done in the way of rescue till morning. Little Adine was quite passive, only saying, "Mamma, if we all go in the water, will God give us breakfast?" Our rescue was somewhat perilous, as we went along the "bowsprit" with our feet on the rope below, and when we got to the end, dropped into the boat at the moment it came up on the waves; but we all got off and had a long walk in the deep sand to the first house we came to, and then after refreshments (!) it was arranged that we should proceed to New York in a "wood boat"—that was, a vessel without any bulwarks, and loaded with wood for building. Into this we were packed, and finally arrived in New York on a magnificent morning. Mother and I had an engagement with Mr. Hamblin at the new "Bowery." At this time I was of a very unhappy age (thirteen), not a child and certainly not a woman, so the chances were against my acting anything of importance. When "The Wife" was brought out I was cast for *Florabel*—a young person who enters with a soliloquy of about fifty lines in Sheridan Knowles's most inflated style, which they "cut out" bodily the second night of the play. There was "another check to proud ambition!" Then Mr. Gale and his horses arrived from England.



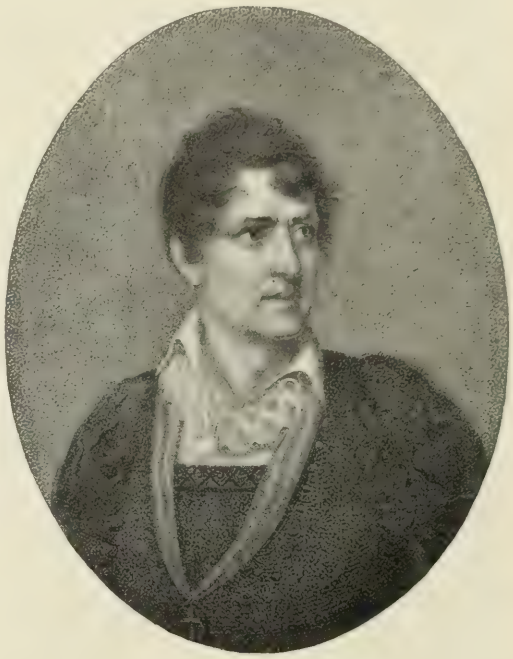
Charlotte Cushman * as *Romeo*.

From a photograph by Case & Getchell, Boston. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

* Charlotte Saunders Cushman, descendant of the Puritan Cushmans of Mayflower days, fought down the ill-success attending her first essay in opera, and after years of struggling as a poorly paid stock actress at the Bowery and Park Theatres, by sheer merit rose to the position of the Queen of Tragedy, and maintained it for twenty years. From 1845 to 1849, and again from 1852 to 1857, she was so recognized in England and divided the applause with Macready at the Princess's Theatre in London on her first visit.

Her forcible and almost masculine manner and face prevented success in comedy, but made her *Meg Merrilies*, *Nancy Sykes*, and *Helen McGregor*, as well as *Lady Macbeth*, *Alicia*, *Queen Catherine*, and *Bianca* world renowned. In heavy tragedy and melodrama no one has filled her place. She was acceptable as *Romeo*, which she often played, and passable as *Hamlet*, *Wolsey*, and even *Claude Melnotte*. During the war she performed several times for the sanitary commissions, and gave liberally of her large fortune. She contented herself with giving readings, which were uniformly successful, from 1870 to 1875, and died, in her native city of Boston, February 18, 1876, in her sixtieth year.

"Mazeppa" was prepared, Mr. Farren, the stage manager, said at an expense of exactly $100, and they made thousands from it. Then, in consequence of a lady's illness, I got a little chamber-maid's part, with a front scene with Mr. Gates, the popular comedian, and sang a little song called "Nice Young Maiden" for forty-eight successive nights, and was very happy, for my song was always encored. Mother, being ambitious for me, accepted an engagement at "The Warren Theatre," Boston, managed by Mr. Pelby, the well-known actor and manager, where we jointly received a salary of $16 per week. I don't know how we lived; but mother was a splendid manager at that time, a marvellously industrious woman, and we all lived at "Ma" Lenthe's, at the corner of Bowdoin Square, a gable-end. We had a large room on the second story, a trundle-bed which went under the other, for the accommodation of little children, a large closet in which we kept a barrel of ale and all our dresses, and passed a very happy two seasons in the enjoyment of that large salary, which was eked out by the three clear half-benefits very nicely. The company at the "Warren" consisted of Fred Hill, stage manager and actor; J. S. Jones, J. Mills Brown, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Houpt, Mr. Meers, Mr. William Rufus Blake and wife, Miss Pelby, Mr. Pelby, Miss E. Mestayer, Miss Kerr, Miss Arbury, and mother and myself. In the summer some of us went to Portland, Me. I acted *Julia* there, and won considerable local fame. Some of the patrons of the theatre wanted to see "George Barnwell," and decided that I must act *Millwood*, because I was too young to make ill-thinking possible. At the close of the second season at the "Warren" we went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, to act with the Garrison amateurs twice a week during the summer. We saw a good deal of human nature there—all the petty strife of real actors without their ability. However, it passed the summer away very pleasantly. We were under engagement now to go to New Orleans, to the new St. Charles Theatre; but that didn't open till late in November, so on our return to Boston Mr. Thomas Barry, a very old friend of my parents, offered us an engagement till such time as we should go to New Orleans. Madame Celeste, now a great attraction, played just at the opening, and I (then fifteen) played several young mothers of the rightful heirs in her pieces. Oh, what delight it was then to drag a little child after me during three long acts, to have him wrenched from my arms, torn away in despite of my unearthly shrieks to summon my faithful page (Celeste), who undertook to find him and punish the "wretches who had stolen him," and always succeeded after many hair-breadth escapes in the "imminent deadly breach!" We went to New Orleans in the good ship Star. On the ship were Clara Fisher, Mr. James Gaspard Maeder, to



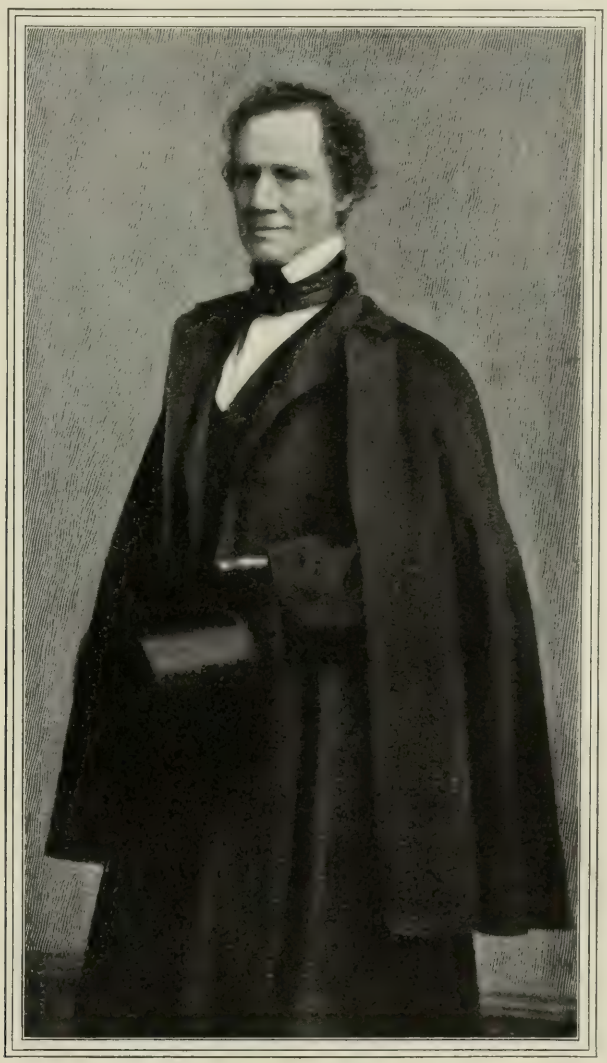
Thomas Apthorpe Cooper.*

From an engraving by Edwin. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

* Thomas Apthorpe Cooper left unappreciative London in his twentieth year to try his fortune with Manager Thomas Wignell at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia in 1796. There, as afterward in New York, his handsome face and figure, fine voice, and unquestioned ability made him the popular favorite in leading parts both of tragedy and genteel comedy.

During the first quarter of the century he was the acknowledged leader of the profession, and both on and off the stage courted and admired. In 1806 he became, first with Dunlap then with Stephen Price, the manager of the Park Theatre until 1814. In 1803 he had visited England and again in 1810 with only moderate success. At the latter visit he induced George Frederick Cooke to come to America with him; during Cooper's last visit to England in 1828 he was coldly treated as an American, but welcomed home warmly when, with J. H. Hackett as *Iago*, he produced "Othello" on his return. Both these parts, with *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Leon*, *Pierre*, *Mark Antony*, *Beverly*, *Hotspur*, *Petruchio*, *Doricourt*, and *Charles Surface* were ranked among the best of the one hundred and fifty characters he frequently appeared in. He practically left the stage in 1835, although he played occasionally until 1838. Through the influence of his son-in-law, Robert Tyler, he was appointed a New York Custom House officer, a position he held until his death at Bristol, Pa., in his seventy-third year, April 21, 1849.

whom she had been married for about a year, their beautiful little baby girl ; Miss Charlotte Cushman (Mr. Maeder's pupil), Signor Croffi, a great trombone player;



E. S. Conner.*

From a photograph by Fredricks, New York. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

Signor Candori, greatest of bass-violin players ; Signor Burkia, great violoncello player, and some others whose names have escaped me, all bound for the new "St. Charles." As our ship entered the Balize, another one laden with more recruits met us, containing Mrs. Gibbs, a lovely soprano; Mr. Latham, the comedian; and many others direct from England, and Mr. T. Bishop. Of course, there were great shaking of hands and affectionate greetings. Upon our arrival Mr. James H. Caldwell, the owner of the fine St. Charles Theatre, called upon us, and we began the season late in November. The company was a very large one, consisting of Mr. De Camp, Mr. J. Cowell, Mr. Barton, Mr. Latham, Mr. Henry Hunt, Mr. B. De Bar, Mr. Creveta, Mr. James E. Murdock, Mr. Tom Bishop, Mrs. J. G. Maeder, Mr. George Holland, Mrs. S. Conde, Mrs. Bannister, Miss Verity, Miss C. Cushman, Mrs. Gibbs, Miss De Bar, mother and myself. The orchestra was a splendid one, all soloists. Mr. Maeder was music conductor, and Mr. Willis the leader. We opened with

* Edmon Sheppard Conner, born in Philadelphia, September 9, 1809, at twenty left the tailoring board to do small parts at the Arch and Walnut Street Theatres, thence to Cincinnati and the West. He was a fine-looking, tall, and versatile actor; he played all sorts of business with Wemyss from 1834 to 1838 in Pittsburg and Philadelphia. In the latter year he became leading juvenile at Wallack's National Theatre in New York, and for several years thereafter performed mainly in New York and his native city lighter parts in both tragedy and comedy, with occasional dashes into melodrama, which was his best forte. His favorite parts were *Claude Melnotte*, *Wallace*, *Rob Roy*, etc. He also, with moderate success, managed the Arch Street Theatre from 1850 to 1852, and the Albany Theatre in 1853 and 1854. For twenty years he made starring tours through this country (visiting England in 1875), where his commanding presence and remarkable versatility were fairly acceptable. He died at Rutherford, N. J., on December 15, 1891.



Thomas S. Hamblin.*

Drawn on stone from life by S. H. Gimber. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

"The School for Scandal." Mrs. Maeder's reception as *Lady Teazle* was memorable; I was *Maria*. In "The Spoiled Child," which concluded the performance, Miss De Bar played *Little Pickle*, and made quite a hit. Mr. Caldwell wanted me to do it, but I begged off. In the March following I was married, at sixteen, to Mr. Henry Blaine Hunt, a very good singer, a nice actor, and a very handsome man of forty. In the summer we went to Louisville, and returned to New Orleans for the second season. During this season Madame Celeste produced "Le Dieu and Le Bayadère." Mr. George Holland went to Havana as agent, and engaged two dancers to alternate the second "Bayadère." At the end of the piece Celeste sent for me (we were all Bayadères), and said, "Louise, you must be the second Bayadère to-morrow; I will not have those coming from Havana. They are too dreadful!" She denied all remonstrances, and I danced the trial dance for twelve nights with considerable applause.

Acting on Sunday came into fashion this season, and as at that time I was too good a Christian to do that, and as I acted in everything, there was a great trouble to get my parts studied for one night. My engagement closed with the season. The next season was spent in Vicksburg, Miss., under the management of Scott & Thorne. Mr. Scott was known as "Long Tom Coffin" Scott, and Mr. James Thorne was an English barytone who had come over to the Old Park, and had drifted into low comedy, and was a very good actor. Here I played chamber-maids and all the like business. The next season Mr. Thorne went to Natchez, Miss., and we went with him. This was my first recog-

* Thomas Sowerby Hamblin was born in London in 1800, and after performing for six years in England, rising from small business in the provinces to a prominent place at Drury Lane, came here, in 1825, and on November 1st appeared at the Park Theatre as *Hamlet*. After starring through the United States for four years as a tragedian, he became the lessee of the Bowery Theatre, New York, "Baron" James H. Hackett being associated with him for the first year (1830). Five years of careful management made Hamblin sole owner, when in September, 1836, the theatre burned down after the performance of Miss Medina's successful play of "Lafitte," causing a total loss. Undismayed, Hamblin secured a lease of the rebuilt Bowery, which was burned in 1838 and again in 1845.

In 1848 he procured and refitted the Old Park Theatre, which opened on September 4th, and was burned down on December 16th, closing the career of "Old Drury" and of Hamblin as manager at the same time. No man was better known in the thirties and forties in New York than Tom Hamblin, and his fine Roman head and strongly marked face were familiar at Windust's, Florence's, the Astor and all such places where men loved to congregate. He was a strong melodramatic actor but troubled with a severe asthma which frequently affected his speech. He died at his residence in Broome Street, January 8, 1853.

nized position as leading lady; we played "The Lady of Lyons" for the first time. Mr. C. Horn (?) was the *Claude Melnotte;* it was very successful. Here I first acted *Lady Macbeth* with Mr. Forrest; sang *Cinderella* and *Rosina* in the stock, and at the close of the season went to Philadelphia. There I was engaged by Mr. Mayer for the Walnut Street Theatre for leading lady, at the highest salary known there, $20 per week. How did we do it? Of course, we didn't dress as we do now, and I am inclined to think all the better. The next two seasons were passed at the old Chestnut Street Theatre. Mr. Tyrone Power acted there for three weeks; and as he had specified all the company were to play in his pieces, I was in every one except "The Irish Tutor" and "Flanigan and the Fairies." He was a truly great actor in his line, and chose to be very agreeable during his last engagement. During the latter part of the second season the payments became so infrequent that I was obliged to stop playing, and went to Pittsburg with Mr. Dinneford of the Walnut. Here we produced "London Assurance" with a degree of excellence unheard of in that vicinity—a fountain of real water, and entirely new carpet and furniture, mirrors, and new costumes.

Then we drifted into Cincinnati and Louisville, where we were in dire straits; and I played *Richard the Third,* to get us out of town, and it did!

(To be concluded in November.)

THE CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVY ANN

By Joel Chandler Harris

HOW SHE AND MAJOR PERDUE FRAILED OUT THE GOSSETT BOYS

THE visit of Aunt Minervy Ann, which enabled her to take the place of the absent cook, has already been told of, and I have tried to reproduce the somewhat singular narrative which was the outcome of her conversation on the veranda. It so happened that the cook was late the next morning and Aunt Minervy Ann insisted on getting breakfast, in spite of the fact that it compelled her to miss her train and rendered her return ticket of no value.

It was getting on to ten o'clock when the cook arrived, bringing with her a thousand plausible excuses, and a tangled tale of adventure. She was very much surprised to see the kitchen occupied, but saluted Aunt Minervy Ann modestly. The response to the salute was quite characteristic.

"Ain't you a Newnan nigger?" Aunt Minervy Ann asked, with some asperity.

"Yessum, I is," replied the cook, somewhat surprised.

"Den 'tain't no need ter ax what you got in yo' pocket," was the dry remark.

"Which pocket?" inquired the cook, slapping herself somewhat nervously. On one of her fingers was a large brass ring, and when she slapped her pocket, this ring struck against something which gave forth an umistakable sound. It was a bottle.

"Huh!" exclaimed Aunt Minervy Ann; "yo' han' kin tell de trufe quicker'n yo' tongue."

"Well, I declare to gracious!" sighed the cook. "How did you know I was frum Newnan?"

"Why, you got de look on you. De white er yo' eyes is blood red, you got yo' ha'r wrop de wrong way, an' dar's dat ar tickler in yo' pocket."

"Well, I declare!" cried the cook; "you outdoes me!" There was a note of admiration in her voice calculated to propitiate her critic.

"Come on in here, den, an' git ter work," said Aunt Minervy Ann. "Dey ain't nothin' ter do but ter cook de dinner.

An' don't put so much wood in dat range. You kin cook dat dinner wid five mo' little sticks ef you put um in at de right time."

With that, Aunt Minervy Ann transferred her attention to the house proper, and proceeded to give the beds a good shaking up. She went about the matter so deftly and with such earnestness that she quite won the admiration of the lady of the house, who had been used to an entirely different kind of service. In half an hour every bed had been put to rights, and, as Aunt Minervy Ann hit the piano the last lick with her feather duster, the whistle of the letter-carrier was heard at the gate. The delivery consisted of three letters and a postal-card.

This postal-card caused the lady of the house to catch her breath. It was a notice from one of the city banks to the effect that a note of acceptance for $300 would fall due at such a date.

"Oh, I hope you haven't been borrowing money!" she cried.

"No; there is some mistake," I replied. The card was addressed to a Mr. Haines, and the carrier, hastily glancing at the name, had left it at the wrong place.

"I 'speck dey got mo' banks up here dan what we got down yan' whar I come fum," said Aunt Minervy Ann, laughing. She laughed so heartily that we looked at her in some astonishment. "I know you all'll b'lieve I done los' what little sense I had, but when you say bank, it allers puts me in min' er de time when me an' Marse Tumlin frailed out de Gossett boys."

"Frailed out the Gossett boys?" I exclaimed.

"Yasser, frailed is de word."

"But what has that to do with a bank?" I inquired.

"Hit got all ter do wid it, suh," she replied. We were in the sitting-room, and Aunt Minervy Ann sank down on a footstool and rested one arm on the lounge. "Right atter freedom dey wa'n't nothin' like no bank down dar whar we live at; you know dat yo'se'f, suh. Folks say dat banks kin run widout money, but 'fo' you start um, dey got ter have money, er sump'n dat look like money. An' atter freedom dey wa'n't no money down yan' 'cep' dat kin' what nobody ain't hankerin' atter.

"But bimeby it 'gun ter dribble in fum some'rs; fus' dem ar little shinplasters, an' den de bigger money come 'long. It kep' on dribblin' in an' dribblin' in twel atter while you could git a dollar here an' dar by workin' yo' han's off, er sprainin' yo' gizzard ter git it. Bimeby de news got norated 'roun' dat ol' Joshaway Gossett gwine ter start a bank. Yasser! ol' Joshaway Gossett. Dat make folks open der eyes an' shake der head. I 'member de time, suh, when ol' Joshaway wuz runnin' a blacksmith shop out in de country. Den he sot in ter make waggins. Atter dat, he come ter be overseer fer Marse Bolivar Blasengame, but all de time he wuz overseein' he wuz runnin' de blacksmith shop an' de waggin fact'ry.

"When de war come on, suh, dey say dat ol' Joshaway tuck all de money what he had been savin' an' change it inter gol'; de natchul stuff. An' he had a pile un it. He kep' dat up all endurin' er de turmoil, and by de time freedom come out, he had mo' er de natchul stuff dan what Cyarter had oats. Dat what folks say, suh, an' when eve'ybody talk one way you may know dey ain't fur fum de trufe. Anyhow, de word went 'roun' dat ol' Joshaway gwine ter start a bank. Folks wa'n't 'stonished 'kaze he had money, but bekaze he gwine ter start a bank, an' he not much mo' dan knowin' B fum bullfoot. Some snicker, some laugh, an' some make fun er ol' Joshaway, but Marse Tumlin say dat ef he know how ter shave a note, he bleeze ter know how ter run a bank. I ain't never see nobody shave a note, suh, but dat 'zackly what Marse Tumlin say.

"But ol' Joshaway, he ain't a-keerin' what folks say. He start de bank, an' he kep' it up twel de time I'm gwine tell you 'bout. He bought 'im a big strong safe, an' he had it walled up in de back er de bank, an' dar 'twuz. Don't make no diffunce what folks say 'bout ol' Joshaway, dey can't say he ain't honest. He gwine ter have what's his'n, an' he want yuther folks fer ter have what's der'n. When dat de case, 'tain't no trouble ter git folks ter trus' you. Dey put der money in ol' Joshaway's bank, whar he kin take keer un it, bekaze dey know'd he wa'n't gwine ter run off wid it.

"Well, suh, de bank wuz runnin' 'long

des like 'twuz on skids, an' de skids greased. Ol' Joshaway ain't move ter town, but he hired 'im a clerk, an' de clerk stayed in de bank night an' day, an' I hear folks say de town wuz better'n bigger on 'count er ol' Joshaway's bank. I dunner how dey make dat out, 'kaze de bank wa'n't much bigger dan yo' kitchen back dar. Anyhow, dar she wuz an' dar she stayed fer a time an' a time.

"But one day Marse Tumlin Perdue tuck de notion dat he got ter borry some money. He seed yuther folks gwine in dar an' borryin' fum ol' Joshaway, an' he know he got des ez much bizness fer ter borry ez what dey is. Mo' dan dat, when he had plenty er money an' niggers, he done ol' Joshaway many a good turn. I know'd dat myse'f, suh, an' 'tain't no hearsay; I done seed it wid my own eyes. On de day I'm talkin' 'bout, Miss Vallie sent me up town fer ter ax Marse Tumlin kin he spar' two dollars—dat wuz befo' Miss Vallie wuz married; 'bout a mont' befo', an' she wuz makin' up her weddin' fixin's.

"Twa'n't no trouble ter fin' Marse Tumlin. He wuz settin' in de shade wid a passel er men. He seed me, he did, an' he come ter meet me. When I tell 'im what Miss Vallie want, he kinder scratch his head an' look sollum. He studied a minit, an' den he tell me ter come go 'long wid 'im. He cut 'cross de squar' an' went right ter ol' Joshaway's bank, me a-follerin' right at his heels. He went in, he did, an' 'low, 'Hello, Joshaway!' Ol' Joshaway, he say, 'Howdy, Maje?' He wuz settin' in dar behime a counter what had wire palin's on top un it, an' he look fer all de worl' like some ongodly creeter what dey put in a cage fer ter keep 'im fum doin' devilment.

"Marse Tumlin 'low, 'Joshaway, I want ter borry a hunderd dollars for a mont' er so.' Ol' Joshaway kinder changed his cud er terbacker fum one side ter de yuther, an' cle'r up his th'oat. He say, 'Maje, right dis minit, I ain't got fifty dollars in de bank.' Nigger ez I is, I know'd dat wuz a lie, an' I couldn't he'p fum gruntin' ef I wuz gwine to be kilt fer it. At dat ol' Joshaway look up. Marse Tumlin stood dar drummin' on de counter. Bimeby ol' Joshaway say, 'Spoze'n I had it, Maje, who you gwine git fer yo' skyority?' des so. Marse Tumlin 'low, 'Fer my what?' 'Fer yo' skyority,' sez ol' Joshaway. I up an' say, 'Des lissen at dat!' Marse Tumlin 'low, 'Who went yo' skyority when I use ter loan you money?' 'Times is done change, Maje,' sez ol' Joshaway. Marse Tumlin flirted de little gate open, an' went 'roun' in dar so quick it made my head swim. He say, '*I* ain't change!' an' wid dat, he took ol' Joshaway by de coat-collar an' cuff'd 'im 'roun' considerbul. He ain't hurt ol' Joshaway much, but he call 'im some names dat white folks don't fling at one an'er widout dey's gwine ter be blood-lettin' in de neighborhoods.

"Den Marse Tumlin come out fum behime de counter, an' stood in de do' an' look up town. By dat time I wuz done out on de sidewalk, 'kaze I don't want no pistol-hole in my hide. When it come ter fa'r fis' an' skull, er a knock-down an' drag-out scuffle, I'm wid you; I'm right dar; but deze yer guns an' pistols what flash an' bang an' put out yo' lights—an' maybe yo' liver—when it come ter dem, I lots druther be on t'er side de fence. Well, suh, I fully 'spected ol' Joshaway to walk out atter Marse Tumlin wid de double-bairl gun what I seed behime de counter; an' Marse Tumlin 'spected it, too, 'kaze he walk up an' down befo' de bank an' eve'y once in awhile he'd jerk his wescut down in front like he tryin' ter t'ar de bindin' off. Bimeby I see Marse Bolivar Blasengame git up fum whar he settin' at, an' here he come, swingin' his gol'-head cane, an' sa'nt'in' 'long like he gwine on a promenade.

"I know'd by dat, suh, dat Marse Bolivar been watchin' Marse Tumlin's motions, an' he seed dat trouble er some kind wuz on han'. He walk up, he did, an' atter he cut his eye at Marse Tumlin, he turn ter me an' laugh ter hisse'f—he had de purtiest front teef you mos' ever is see, suh—an' he 'low, 'Well, dang my buttons, ef here ain't ol' Minervy Ann, de war-hoss fum Wauhoo! Wharsomever dey's trouble, dar's de ol' war-hoss fum Wauhoo.' Wid dat, he lock arms wid Marse Tumlin, an' dey march off down de street, me a-follerin'. You ain't kin fin' two men like dem unywhar an' eve'ywhar. Dey wa'n't no blood-kin—dey married sisters—but dey wuz lots closer dan br'ers. Hit one

an' you'd hurt de yuther, an' den ef you wa'n't ready ter git in a scuffle wid two wil'-cats, you better leave town twel dey cool off.

"Well, suh, dey ain't took many steps 'fo' dey wuz laughin' an' jokin' des like two boys. Ez we went up de street Marse Tumlin drapt in a sto' er two an' tol' um dat ol' Joshaway Gossett vow'd dat he ain't got fifty cash dollars in de bank. Dish yer money news is de kin' what spreads, an' don't you fergit it. It spread dat day des like powder ketchin' fire an' 'twa'n't no time 'fo' you could see folks runnin' 'cross de squar' des like dey er rabbit-huntin', an' by dinner-time dey wa'n't no bank dar no mo' dan a rabbit. Folks say dat ol' Joshaway try mighty hard ter 'splain matters, but dem what had der money in dar say dey'd take de spondulix fus' an' listen ter de 'splainin' atterwards. 'Long to'rds de noon-hour ol' Joshaway hatter fling up his han's. All de ready money done gone, an' folks at de do' hollin' fer dat what dey put in dar. I dunner how he ever got 'way fum dar, 'kaze dey wuz men in dat crowd ripe ter kill 'im; but he sneaked out an' went home, an' lef' some-un else fer ter win' up de shebang.

"De bank wuz des ez good ez any bank, an' folks got back all dey put in dar des ez soon ez dey'd let ol' Joshaway show his head in town; but he drapt dat kinder bizness an' went back ter farmin' an' note-shavin'. An' all bekaze he want skyority fer Marse Tumlin, which his word des ez good ez his bon'. He mought not er had de money when de clock struck de minit, but what diffunce do dat make when you know a man's des ez good ez gol'? Huh! no wonder dey broke ol' Joshaway down!"

Aunt Minervy Ann's indignation was a fine thing to behold. Her scorn of the man who wanted Major Perdue to put up security for his note was as keen and as bitter as it had been the day the episode occurred. She paused at this point as if her narrative had come to an end. Therefore, I put in a suggestion.

"Was this what you call frailing out the Gossett boys?"

"No, suh," she protested with a laugh; "all deze yer gwines-on 'bout dat ar bank wuz des de 'casion un it. You bleeze ter know dem Gossett boys, suh. Dey had sorter cool down by de time you come down dar, but dey wuz still ripe fer any devilment dat come 'long. Dar wuz Reub an' Sam an' John Henry, an' a'er one un um wuz big ez a hoss. Dey use ter come ter town eve'y Chuseday an' Sat'day, an' by dinner-time dey'd be a-whoopin' an' hollin' in de streets, an' a-struttin' 'roun' mashin' folks' hats down on der eyes. Not all de folks, but some un um. An' all fer fun; dat what dey say.

"Tooby sho', dey had a spite ag'in Marse Tumlin and Marse Bolivar atter de bank busted. Dey show'd it by gwine des so fur; dey'd fling out der hints; but dey kep' on de safe side, 'kaze Marse Tumlin wa'n't de man fer ter go 'roun' huntin' a fuss, ner needer wuz Marse Bolivar; but fetch a fuss an' lay it in der laps, ez you may say, an' dey'd play wid it an' dandle it, an' keep it fum ketchin' col'. Dey sho' would, suh. When dem Gossett boys'd come ter town, Marse Tumlin an' Marse Bolivar would des set' 'roun' watchin' um, des waitin' twel dey cross de dead-line. But it seem like dey know des how fur ter go, an' right whar ter stop.

"Well, suh, it went on dis away fer I dunner how long, but bimeby, one day, our ol' cow got out, an' 'stidder hangin' 'roun' an' eatin' de grass in de streets like any yuther cow would 'a' done, she made a straight shoot fer de plantation whar she come fum. Miss Vallie tol' Marse Tumlin 'bout it, an' he say he gwine atter her. Den some er de niggers in de nex' lot tol' me dat de cow wuz out an' gone, an' I put out atter her, too, not knowin' dat Marse Tumlin wuz gwine. He went de front street an' I went de back way. Ef de town wuz big ez de streets is long, we'd have a mighty city down dar; you know dat yo'se'f, suh. De place whar de back street jines in wid de big road is mighty nigh a mile fum de tempunce hall, an' when I got dar, dar wuz Marse Tumlin polin' 'long. I holler an' ax 'im whar he gwine. He say he gwine atter a glass er milk. Den he ax me whar I gwine. I say I'm gwine atter dat ol' frame dat nigh-sighted folks call a cow. He 'low dat he'd be mighty thankful ef de nex' time I tuck a notion fer ter turn de cow out I'd tell 'im befo'han' so he kin run 'roun' an' head 'er off an' drive 'er back. He wuz constant a-run-

nin' on dat away. He'd crack his joke, suh, ef he dyin'.

"We went trudgin' 'long twel we come 'pon de big hill dat leads down ter de town branch. You know de place, suh. De hill mighty steep, an' on bofe sides er de road der's a hedge er Cherrykee roses; some folks calls um Chickasaw; but Chicky er Cherry, dar dey wuz, growin' so thick a rabbit can't hardly squeeze th'oo um. On one side dey wuz growin' right on de aidge uv a big gully, an' at one place de groun' wuz kinder caved in, an' de briar vines wuz swayin' over it.

"Well, suh, des ez we got on de hill-top, I hear a buggy rattlin' an' den I hear laughin' an' cussin'. I lookt 'roun', I did, an' dar wuz de Gossett boys, two in dc buggy an' one ridin' hossback; an' all un um full er dram. I could tell dat by de way dey wuz gwine on. You could hear um a mile, cussin' one an'er fer eve'ything dey kin think un an' den laughin' 'bout it. Sump'n tol' me dey wuz gwine ter be a rumpus, bekaze three ter one wuz too good a chance for de Gossett boys ter let go by. I dunner what make me do it, but when we got down de hill a little piece, I stoop down, I did, an' got me a good size rock.

"Terreckly here dey come. Dey kinder quiet down when dey see me an' Marse Tumlin. Dey driv up, dey did, an' driv on by, an' dis make me b'lieve dat dey wuz gwine on 'bout der bizness an' let we-all go on 'bout our'n, but dat idee wa'n't in der head. Dey driv by, dey did, an' den dey pulled up. We walkt on, an' Marse Tumlin lookt at um mighty hard. Reub, he was drivin,' an ez we come up even wid um, he 'low, 'Major Perdue, I hear tell dat you slap my pa's face not so mighty long ago.' Marse Tumlin say, 'I did, an' my han' ain't clean yit.' He helt it out so dey kin see fer deyse'f. 'I b'lieve,' sez Reub, 'I'll take a closer look at it.' Wid dat he lipt out er de buggy, an' by de time he hit de groun,' Marse Tumlin had knockt 'im a-windin' wid his curly-hick'ry walkin'-cane. By dat time, John Henry had jumpt out'n de buggy, an' he went at Marse Tumlin wid a dirk-knife. He kep' de cane off'n his head by dodgin', but Marse Tumlin hit a back lick an' knock de knife out'n his han' an' den dey clincht. Den Reub got up, an' start to'rds um un de run.

"Well, suh, I wuz skeer'd an' mad bofe. I seed sump'n had ter be done, an' dat mighty quick; so I tuck atter Reub, cotch 'm by de ellybows, shoved 'im ahead faster dan he wuz gwine, an' steer'd 'im right to'rds de caved-in place in de brier-bushes. He tried mighty hard ter stop, but he wuz gwine down hill, an' I had de Ol' Boy in me. I got 'im close ter de place, suh, an' den I gi' 'm a shove, an' inter de briers he went, head over heels. All dis time I had de rock in my han'. By de time I turn 'roun' I see Sam a-comin'. When de rumpus start up, his hoss shied an' made a break down de hill wid 'im, but he slew'd 'im 'roun', an' jumped off, an' here he come back, his face red, his hat off, an' ol' Nick hisse'f lookin' out'n his eyes. I know'd mighty well I can't steer him inter no brier-bush, an' so when he run by me I let 'im have de rock in de burr er de year. 'Twa'n't no light lick, suh; I wuz plum venomous by den; an' he went down des like a beef does when you knock 'im in de head wid a ax."

Aunt Minervy Ann, all unconscious of her attitudes and gestures, had risen from the floor, and now stood in the middle of the room, tall, towering, and defiant.

"Den I run ter whar Marse Tumlin an' John Henry Gossett had been scufflin'; but by de time I got dar John Henry squalled out dat he had 'nuff; an' he wa'n't tellin' no lie, suh, fer Marse Tumlin had ketched his cane up short, an' he used it on dat man's face des like you see folks do wid ice-picks. He like to 'a' ruint 'im. But when he holla dat he got 'nuff, Marse Tumlin let 'im up. He let 'im up, he did, an' sorter step back. By dat time Reub wuz a-climbin' out'n de briers, an' Sam wuz makin' motions like he comin'-to. Marse Tumlin say, 'Lemme tell you cowardly rascals one thing. De nex' time a'er one un you bat his eye at me, I'm gwine ter put a hole right spang th'oo you. Ef you don't b'lieve it you kin start ter battin' um right now.' Wid dat, he draw'd out his ervolver an' kinder played wid it. Reub say, 'We'll drap it, Major; we des had a little too much licker. But I'll not drap it wid dat nigger dar. I'll pay her fer dis day's work, an' I'll pay 'er well.'

"Well, suh, de way he say it set me on fire. I stept out in de middle er de road, an' 'low, '*Blast yo' rotten heart, ef you'll des walk out here I'll whip you in a ja'r fight. Fight me wid yo' naked han's an' I'll eat you up, ef I hatter pizen myse'f ter do it.*'"

Once more Aunt Minervy Ann brought the whole scene mysteriously before us. Her eyes gleamed ferociously, her body swayed and her outstretched arm trembled with the emotion she had resummoned from the past. We were on the spot. The red hill-side, the hedges of Cherokee roses, Major Perdue grim and erect, Sam Gossett struggling to his feet, John Henry wiping his beaten face, Reub astounded at the unwonted violence of a negro woman, the buggy swerved to one side by the horse searching for grass—all these things came into view and slowly faded away. Aunt Minervy Ann, suddenly recollecting herself, laughed sheepishly.

"I ain't tellin' you no lie, suh, dat ar Rube Gossett stood dar like de little boy dat de calf run over. He mought er had sump'n ugly ter say, but Marse Tumlin put in. He 'low, 'Don't you fool yo'se'f 'bout dis nigger 'oman. When you hit her you hits me. Befo' you put yo' han' on 'er you come an' spit in my face. You'll fin' dat lots de cheapes' way er gittin' de dose what I got fer dem what hurts Minervy Ann.'

"Well, suh, dis make me feel so funny dat a little mo' an' I'd a got ter whimperin', but I happen ter look 'roun', an' dar wuz our ol' cow lookin' at me over a low place in de briers. She done got in de fiel' by a gap back up de road, an' dar she wuz a-lookin' at us like she sorry. Wid me, suh, de diffunce 'twixt laughin' an' cryin' ain't thicker dan a fly's wing, an' when I see dat ol' cow lookin' like she ready ter cry, I wuz bleeze to laugh. Marse Tumlin look at me right hard, but I say, 'Marse Tumlin, ol' June lis'nin' at us,' an den *he* laughed.

"Dem Gossett boys brush deyse'f off good ez dey kin an' den dey put out fer home. Soon ez dey git out er sight, Marse Tumlin started in ter projickin'. He walk all 'roun' me a time er two, an' den he blow out his breff like folks does when dey er kinder tired. He look at me, an' say, '*Well, I be dam!*' 'Dat would 'a' been de word,' sez I, 'ef ol' Minervy Ann hadn't 'a' been here dis day an' hour.' He shuck his head slow. 'You hit de mark dat time,' sez he; 'ef you hadn't 'a' been here, Minervy Ann, dem boys would sholy 'a' smasht me; but ef I hadn't 'a' been here, I reely b'lieve you'd 'a' frailed out de whole gang. You had two whipt, Minervy Ann, an' you wuz hankerin' fer de yuther one. I'll hatter sw'ar ter de facts 'fo' anybody'll b'lieve um.' I 'low, 'Tain't no use ter tell nobody, Marse Tumlin. Folks think I'm bad 'nuff now.'

"But, *shoo!* Marse Tumlin would 'a' mighty nigh died ef he couldn't tell 'bout dat day's work. I ain't min' dat so much, but it got so dat when de Gossetts come ter town an' start ter prankin', de town boys 'ud call um by name, an' holla an' say, 'You better watch out dar! Minervy Ann Perdue comin' 'roun' de cornder!' Dat wuz so errytatin', suh, dat it kyo'd um. Dey drapt der dram-drinkin' an' spreein', an' now dey er high in Horeb Church. Dey don't like me, suh, an' no wonder; but ef dey kin git ter hev'm without likin' me, I'd be glad ter see um go.

"Well, suh, I call de ol' cow, an' she foller long on 'er side er de briers, an' when she got whar de gap wuz, she curl 'er tail over 'er back an' put out fer home, des for all de worl' like she glad 'kaze me an' Marse Tumlin frailed out de Gossett boys.

"I say, 'Marse Tumlin, I'm a member er de church an' I don't b'lieve in fightin', but ef we hadn't er fit wid dem Gossetts we'd 'a' never foun' dat ol' cow in de roun' worl'.' He 'low, 'An' ef we hadn't er fit wid um, Minervy Ann, I'd 'a' never know'd who ter take wid me fer ter keep de booger-man fum gittin' me.'

"Dat night, suh, Marse Bolivar Blasengame come rappin' at my do'. Hamp wuz done gone ter bed, an' I wuz fixin' ter go. Marse Bolivar come in, he did, an' shuck han's wid me like he ain't seed me sence de big war. Den he sot down over ag'in' me an' look at me, an' make me tell 'im all 'bout de rumpus. Well, suh, he got ter laughin', an' he laughed twel he can't hardly set in de cheer. He say, 'Minervy Ann, ef dem folks say a word ter hurt yo' feelin's, don't tell Tumlin. Des come a-runnin' ter me. He done had

his han's on um, an' now I want ter git mine on um.'

"Dat 'uz de way wid Marse Bolivar. He wa'n't no great han' ter git in a row, but he wuz mighty hard ter git out'n one when he got in. When he start out he stop on de step an' say, 'Minervy Ann, I didn't know you wuz such a rank fighter.' 'I'm a Perdue,' sez I. Wid dat he got ter laughin' an' fur ez I kin hear 'im he wuz still a-laughin'. He b'longed ter a mighty fine fambly, suh; you know dat yo'se'f."

"I think if I had a woman like you to attend to things about here, I'd be happy," remarked the lady of the house with a sigh.

"No'm, you wouldn't—no ma'm!" exclaimed Aunt Minervy Ann. "You'd hatter be use ter me all yo' life. Yessum! I wouldn' be here a week 'fo' I'd fly up an' say sump'n sassy—des like I does at home. You'd say it 'uz sassy. When I fly up at Miss Vallie, she stan's up an' makes a mouf at me, an' she look so purty when she do it, an' so much like ol' miss dat I dunner whedder ter laugh er cry. Miss Vallie know 'tain't sassiness, but you wouldn't know it, ma'm, an' we'd be cross ways.

"I made out like I wuz gwine ter quit Miss Vallie one time, an' I did quit fer a whole fortnight. She make out she 'uz glad, an' she hire Hamp's sister in my place. I went back dar one mornin' an' I hear dat nigger 'oman flingin' 'er talk in de back porch, an' I see Miss Vallie settin' in dar cryin'; she's a mighty tender-hearted creetur. Well'um, fire won't burn me no wuss'n dat sight did, an' I des clum up dem steps an' got dat nigger, an' clum dŏwn wid 'er, an' when I turn 'er loose de few cloze what I lef' on 'er back ain't never fit 'er no mo'."

"It's a pity you are not around here sometimes," said the lady of the house.

"*Sh-o-o-o!* dey'd have me in de chain-gang, ma'm, 'fo' I'd been here a week."

HOW SHE JOINED THE GEORGIA LEGISLATURE

HAVING missed the morning train by reason of the failure of our cook to make her appearance, there was nothing for Aunt Minervy Ann to do but to wait for the train which went out late in the afternoon. She seemed to be well content, however, and made herself as much at home as if she had been employed as housekeeper. She went about tidying things, and dusting, and talking. Noticing that the lady of the house, unconsciously and from habit, went over the same ground (so to say), Aunt Minervy Ann turned to me with a laugh.

"De mistiss," she said, "is been foolin' wid no 'count niggers so long dat she bleeze ter do her work over. Now, dat ain't no way. Ef dey ain't do right at fus', call um back an' make um do it ag'in, an' keep on dat away twel dey git it 'zackly right; 'twon't be long 'fo' dey'll do it like you want it done. De mistiss here ain't workin' when she follerin' 'long atter um; she's worryin'; dat des 'zackly what she doin'. An' worry is lots wuss'n work. How come de white wimmen folks for ter git ol' and flabby an' wrinkly long 'fo' der time? 'Tain't nothin' but worry, suh. Ef it hadn't 'a' been fer me, Miss Vallie would 'a' broke down 'long 'go. But you look at 'er, suh, an' you'll see one er de purtiest wimmen you ever laid yo' eyes on; an' she ain't no chicken."

It is to be feared that these acute observations were altogether lost on the lady for whom they were intended, for she continued to move things about and rearrange them in a way and after a manner that showed she was doing it unconsciously and as the result of habit.

"Dis ain't de fus' time I been ter dis town, not by a long shot," remarked Aunt Minervy Ann, after awhile. "Ain't dey use ter be a miner'l spring 'cross de road in dat grove dar? I know'd it!" she declared when I confirmed the accuracy of her memory. "Fur back ez dat dey use ter call dis part er town Wes' Een', an' 'twuz er *Een'*, sho' ez you er settin' dar. Dey use ter have a buery out here whar dey make beer, an' dey had some mighty quare gwines-on at dat ar buery.

Dey'd come fum town, suh, an' fiddle an' dance an' guzzle beer dar de live-long night."

Aunt Minervy Ann paused as if contemplating the incidents of those times, and then suddenly remarked :

"Ain't I never tell you, suh, 'bout de time when I b'longed ter de Georgy Legislatur' ?" The lady of the house, who was arranging and rearranging some pieces of bric-à-brac on the mantel, stopped short and stared at Aunt Minervy Ann in sheer amazement. For my part, I could only laugh at the incongruities called into being by her inquiry. But she was very serious about the matter.

"You may look," she said, "an' you may laugh, but dat don't wipe out de trufe. Dey wuz a time when I jined de Legislatur' an' when I b'long'd ter de gang same ez Hamp did. You don't 'spute but what Hamp b'long'd ter de Legislatur', suh?" asked Aunt Minervy Ann, anxious to make out the title of her own membership. No, I didn't dispute Hamp's credentials. He had been elected and he had served.

"I know'd you couldn't 'spute dat, suh," Aunt Minervy Ann went on, "'kaze you wuz down dar when dey choosen'd 'im, an' you wuz dar when dem ar white folks come mighty nigh ku-kluckin' 'im ; you wuz right dar wid Marse Tumlin an' Marse Bolivar. I never is ter fergit dat, suh, ner Hamp nudder, an' ef you don't b'lieve it you des sen' us word you want us. Ef we get de word at midnight we'll git up, an' ef de railroad track is tore up we'll git a waggin, an' ef we can't git a waggin, we'll walk, but what we'll come."

"Well," said I, "tell us about your joining the Legislature."

"I may be long in tellin' it, suh, but 'tain't no long tale," replied Aunt Minervy Ann. "Atter Hamp come up here an' tuck his seat—dat what dey call it den, ef dey don't call it dat now—well, atter he come up an' been here some little time, I tuck notice dat he 'gun ter hol' his head mighty high ; a liitle too high fer ter suit me. He want me ter go up dar wid 'im an' stay dar, 'kaze he sorter skittish 'bout comin' home when dem country boys mought be hangin' 'roun' de depot. But I up an' tol' 'im flat an' plain dat I wa'n't gwine ter leave Miss Vallie an' let 'er git usen ter strange niggers. I tol' 'im he mought go an' stay ef he want ter, but de fus' week he miss comin' home, I wuz gwine atter 'im, an' ef I fotch 'im home he won't go back in a hurry ; I tol' 'im dat flat an' plain.

"Well, suh, he done mighty well ; I'll say dat fer 'im. He want too many clean shirts an' collars fer ter suit me, but he say he bleeze ter have um dar whar he at, an' I ain't make no complaint 'bout dat ; but I tuck notice dat he wuz sorter offish wid Marse Tumlin. Mo' dan dat, I tuck notice dat needer Marse Tumlin ner Marse Bolivar so much ez look at 'im when dey pass 'im by. I know'd by dat dat sump'n wuz up.

"Now Hamp ain't had no reg'lar time fer comin' home. Sometimes he'd come We'n'sday, an' den ag'in he'd come Friday. I ax 'im why he ain't stay de week out an' 'ten' ter his work like he oughter. He say he gettin' des much pay when he at home loafin' 'roun' ez he do when he up yer. Well, suh, dat 'stonish me. You know yo'se'f, suh, dat when folks is gittin' pay fer dat what dey ain't doin,' dey's boun' ter be swindlin' gwine on some'rs, ef not wuss, an' dat what I tol' 'im. He laugh an' say dat's on account er politics an' de erpublican party, an' I make answer dat ef dat de case, dey er bofe rank an' rotten ; desso.

"We went on fum one thing ter an'er, twel bimeby I ax 'im what dey is 'twixt 'im an' Marse Tumlin an' Marse Bolivar. Hamp say dey ain't nothin' 'ceppin' dat dey done ax 'im fer ter do sump'n dat ain't in 'cordance wid erpublican pencerpuls, an' he bleeze ter erfuse um. Well, suh, dis kinder riled me. I know'd right pine-blank dat Hamp ain't know no mo' 'bout erpublican pencerpuls dan I is, an' I wouldn't a-know'd um ef I'd a met um in de road wid der name painted on um ; so I ax 'im what erpublican pencerpuls hender'd 'im fum doin' what Marse Tumlin ax 'im ter do. He sot dar an' hummed an' haw'd, an' squirm'd in his cheer, an' chaw'd on de een' er his segyar. I wait long 'nuff, an' den I ax 'im ag'in. Well, suh, dat's been twenty year ago, an' he ain't never tol' me yit what dem erpublican pencerpuls wuz. I ain't flingin' off on um, suh. I 'speck dey wuz a bairlful er dem erpublican pencerpuls, an' maybe all good

uns, but I know'd mighty well dat dey ain't hender dat nigger man fum doin' what Marse Tumlin ax 'im ter do.

"So de nex' chance I git, I up'n ax Marse Tumlin what de matter wuz 'twix' him an' Hamp. He say 'twa'n't nothin' much, 'cep' dat Hamp had done come up here in Atlanta an' sol' hisse'f out to a passel er kyarpit-baggers what ain't no intruss down here but ter git han's on all de money in sight. I say, 'He may 'a' gi' hisse'f 'way, Marse Tumlin, but he sho' ain't sell hisse'f, 'kaze I ain't seen one er de money.' Marse Tumlin 'low, 'Well, anyhow, it don't make much diffunce, Minervy Ann. Dem kyarpit-baggers up dar, dey pat 'im on de back an' tell 'im he des ez good ez what dey is. I had de idee, Minervy Ann,' he say, 'dat Hamp wuz lots better dan what dey is, but he ain't ; he des 'bout good ez dey is.'

"Marse Tumlin do like he don't wanter talk 'bout it, but dat ain't nigh satchify me. I say, 'Marse Tumlin, what did you want Hamp ter do?' He drum on de arm er de cheer wid his fingers, an' sorter study. Den he say, 'Bein' it's all done an' over wid, I don't min' tellin' you all about it. Does you know who's a-runnin' dis county now?' I had a kinder idee, but I say, 'Who, Marse Tumlin?' He 'low, 'Mahlon Botts an' his br'er Mose ; dey er runnin' de county, an' dey er ruinin' it.'

"Den he ax me ef I know de Bottses. Know um! I'd been a-knowin' um sence de year one, an' dey wuz de ve'y drugs an' offscourin's er creation. I ax Marse Tumlin how come dey ter have holt er de county, an' he say dey make out dey wuz good erpublicans des ter make de niggers vote um in office—so dey kin make money an' plunder de county. Den I ax 'im what he want Hamp ter do. He say all he want Hamp ter do wuz ter he'p 'im git er whatyoumaycallum—yasser, dat's it, a bill ; dat's de ve'y word he say—he want Hamp ter he'p 'im git a bill th'oo de Legislatur' ; an' den he went on an' tell me a long rigamarolious 'bout what 'twuz, but I'll never tell you in de roun' worl'."

[The proceedings of the Georgia Legislature reported in the Atlanta *New Era*, of November 10, 1869, show that the measure in question was a local bill to revive the polling-places in the militia districts of the county represented by the Hon. Hampton Tumlin, and to regulate elections so that there could be no repeating. This verification of Aunt Minervy Ann's statement was made long after she told the story, and purely out of curiosity. The discussions shed an illuminating light over her narrative, but it is impossible to reproduce them here, even in brief.]

"He tol' me dat, suh, an' den he le'nt back in de cheer, an' kinder hummed a chune. An' me—I stood up dar by de fireplace an' studied. Right den an' dar I made up my min' ter one thing, an' I ain't never change it, needer ; I made up my min' dat ef we wuz all gwine ter be free an' live in de same neighborhoods—dat ef we wuz gwine ter do dat, whatsomever wuz good fer de white folks bleeze ter be good fer de niggers, an' whatsomever wuz good fer Marse Tumlin an' Miss Vallie wuz des ez good fer me an' Hamp.

"I 'low, 'Marse Tumlin, when you gwine up dar whar Hamp at?' He say, 'Oh, I dunno ; I'm tired er de infernal place,' desso. Den he look at me right hard. 'What make you ax?' sez he. I 'low, ''Kaze ef youer gwine right soon, I'm gwine wid you.' He laugh an' say, 'What de dickunce you gwine up dar fer?' I 'low, 'I'm gwine up dar fer ter jine de Legislatur'. I ain't here tell dat dem what jines hatter be baptize in runnin' water, an' ef dey ain't, den I'll jine long wid Hamp.' Marse Tumlin say, 'You reckin Hamp would be glad fer to see you, Minervy Ann?' I 'low, 'He better had be, ef he know what good fer 'im.' Marse Tumlin say, 'Ef I wuz you, Minervy Ann, I wouldn't go up dar spyin' atter Hamp. He'll like you none de better fer it. De las' time I wuz up dar, Hamp wuz havin' a mighty good time. Ef you know what's good fer you, Minervy Ann, you won't go up dar a-doggin' atter Hamp.'

"Well, suh, right at dat time I had de idee dat Marse Tumlin wuz prankin' an' projeckin' ; you know how he runs on ; but he wa'n't no mo' prankin' dan what I am right now. (Nummine! I'll git back ter Hamp terreckly.) I laugh an' say, 'I ain't gwine ter dog atter Hamp, Marse Tumlin; I des wanter go up dar an' see how he gittin' on, an' fin' out how folks does when dey sets up dar in de Legislatur'. An' ef you'll put dat ar whatshis-

name—bill; dat's right, suh; bill wuz de word—ef you'll put dat ar bill in yo' pocket, I'll see what Hamp kin do wid it.' Marse Tumlin 'low, 'Tain't no use fer ter see Hamp, Minervy Ann. He done tol' me he can't do nothin'. I lef' de bill wid 'im.'

"I say, 'Marse Tumlin, you dunner nothin' 'tall 'bout Hamp. He must er change mightly sence dey 'fo' yistidy if he erfuse ter do what I tell 'im ter do. Ef dat de case I'll go up dar an' frail 'im out an' come on back home an' 'ten' ter my work.'

"Marse Tumlin look at me wid his eyes half shot an' kinder laugh way down in his stomach. He 'low, 'Minervy Ann, I been livin' a long time, an' I been knowin' a heap er folks, but you er de bangin'est nigger I ever is see. Free ez you is, I wouldn't take two thousan' dollars fer you, cash money. I'll git Bolivar, an' we'll go up dar on de mornin' train.' Vallie kin stay wid 'er aunt. 'Tain't gwine ter hurt you ter go; I want you ter see some things fer yo'se'f.'

"Well, suh, sho' 'nuff, de nex' mornin' me an' Marse Tumlin an' Marse Bolivar, we got on de train, an' put out, an' 'twa'n't long 'fo' we wuz pullin' in under de kyar-shed. Dat 'uz de fus' time I ever is been ter dis town, an' de racket an' de turmoil kinder tarrify me, but when I see 't'er folks gwine 'long 'tendin' ter der bizness, 'twa'n't no time 'fo' I tuck heart, 'kaze dar wuz Marse Tumlin an' Marse Bolivar right at me, an' dey wuz bowin' an' shakin' han's wid mos' eve'ybody dat come 'long. Dey wuz two mighty pop'lous white men, suh; you know dat yo'se'f.

"I 'speck de train must 'a' got in 'fo' de Legislatur' sot down, 'kaze when we went th'oo a narrer street an' turn inter de one what dey call Decatur, whar dey carry on all de devilment, I hear Marse Tumlin say dat we wuz 'bout a hour too soon. Right atter dat Marse Bolivar say, 'Tumlin, dat ar nigger man 'cross dar wid de gals is got a mighty familious look ter me; I done been seed 'im somewhar, sho'.' Marse Tumlin say, 'Dat's a fac'; I used ter know dat man some'rs.' Well, suh, I lookt de way dey wuz a-lookin', an' dar wuz Hamp! Yassar! Hamp! Hamp an' two mulatter gals. An' I wish you could 'a' seed um; I des wish you could! Dar wuz Hamp all diked out in his Sunday cloze which I tol' 'im p'intedly not ter w'ar while he workin' in de legislatur'. He had a segyar in his mouf mos' ez big an' ez long ez a wag-gin-spoke, an' dar he wuz a-bowin' an' scrapin' an' scrapin' an' gigglin' an' de mulatter gals wuz gigglin' an' snickerin' an' squealin'—'I *declaire*, Mr. Tumlin! you oughter be *'shame* er yo'se'f; oh, youer too *b-a-a-a-d!*'"

With powers of mimicry unequalled, Aunt Minervy Ann illustrated the bowing and scraping of Hamp, and reproduced the shrill but not unmusical voices of the mulatto girls.

"I tell you de trufe, suh, whiles you could count ten you might 'a' pusht me over wid a straw, an' den, suh, my dander 'gun ter rise. I must 'a' show'd it in my looks, 'kaze Marse Tumlin laid his han' on my shoulder an' say, 'Don't kick up no racket, Minervy Ann; you got Hamp right whar you want 'im. You know what we come fer.' Well, suh, I hatter stan' dar an' swaller right hard a time er two, 'kaze I ain't got no use fer mulatters; to make um, you got ter spile good white blood an' good nigger blood, an' when dey er made dey got in um all dat's mean an' low down on bofe sides, an' ef dey yever is ter be saved, dey'll all hatter be baptize twice han' runnin'—once fer de white dat's in um, and once fer de black. De Bible mayn't sesso, but common-sense'll tell you dat much.

"Well, suh, I stood dar some little time watchin' Hamp's motions, an' he wuz makin' sech a big fool er hisse'f dat I des come mighty nigh laughin' out loud, but all dat time Marse Tumlin had de idee dat I wuz mad, an' when I start to'rds Hamp, wid my pairsol grabbed in de middle, he 'low, 'Min' yo' eye, Minervy Ann.' I walk up, I did, an' punch Hamp in de back wid de pairsol. Ef I'd 'a' hit 'im on de head wid a pile-driver, he couldn't 'a' been mo' dum'founder'd. He look like he wuz gwine th'oo de sidewalk. I say, 'When you git time, I'd like ter have a little chat wid you.' He 'low, 'Why, why'—an' wid dat he stuck de lit een' er his segyar in his mouf. Well, suh, you may b'lieve you done seed splutterin' an' splatterin', but you ain't never seed none like dat. He made a motion, Hamp did, like he wanter make me 'quainted wid de

mulatter gals, but I say, 'When you git time fum yo' Legislatur', I got a sesso fer you ter hear.'

"Wid dat, suh, I turn 'roun' an' cross de street an' foller on atter Marse Tumlin an' Marse Bolivar. I ain't mo'n git 'cross, 'fo' here come Hamp. He 'low, 'Why, honey, whyn't you tell me you wuz comin'? When'd you come?' I say, 'Oh, I'm *honey*, is I? Well, maybe you'll fin' a bee in de comb.' He 'low, 'Whyn't you tell me you wuz comin' so I kin meet you at de train?' I say, 'I wanter see what kinder fambly you got in dis town. An' I seed it! I seed it!'

"Well, suh, I 'speck I'd 'a' got mad ag'in, but 'bout dat time we cotch up wid Marse Tumlin an' Marse Bolivar. Marse Tumlin turn 'roun', he did, an' holler out, 'Well, ef here ain't Minervy Ann! What you doin' up here, an' how did you lef' yo' Miss Vallie?' He shuck han's des like he ain't see me befo' in a mont', an' Marse Bolivar done de same. I humor'd um, suh, but I ain't know what dey wuz up ter fer long atterwards. Dey don't want Hamp ter know dat I come 'long wid um. Den dey went on, an' me an' Hamp went ter whar he stay at.

"When I got 'im off by hisse'f, suh, he sot in ter tellin' me how come 'im ter be wid dem ar gals, an' he want me ter know um, an' he know mighty well I'd like um —you know how men-folks does, suh. But dey wa'n't na'er minit in no day dat yever broke when Hamp kin fool me, an' he know'd it. But I let 'im run on. Bimeby, when he get tired er splanifyin', I 'low, 'Whar dat paper what Marse Tumlin ax you ter put in de Legislatur'?' He say, 'How you know 'bout dat?' I 'low, 'I hear Marse Tumlin tellin' Miss Vallie 'bout it, an' I hear Miss Vallie wonder an' wonder what de matter wid you.'

"I fotch Miss Vallie in, suh, bekaze Hamp think dey ain't nobody in de worl' like Miss Vallie. One time, des 'fo' de big turmoil, when Marse Tumlin hire Hamp fum de Myrick 'state, he fell sick, an' Miss Vallie (she wa'n't nothin' but a school-gal den) she got sorry fer 'im 'kaze he wuz a hired nigger, an' she'd fill a basket wid things fum de white folks' table an' tote um to 'im. Mo' dan dat, she'd set dar whiles he's eatin' an' ax 'bout his folks. Atter dat, suh, de groun' whar Miss Vallie walk wuz better'n any yuther groun' ter Hamp. So when I call her name up, Hamp ain't say nothin' fer long time

"Den he shuck his head an' say dey ain't no use talkin', he des can't put dat ar paper in de Legislatur'. He say ef he wuz ter, 'twon't do no good, 'kaze all de erpublicans would jump on it, an' den dey'd jump on him ter boot. I 'low, 'Whar you reckon I'll be whiles all dat jumpin' gwine on?' He say, 'You'll be on de outside, an' ef you wuz on de inside, dey'd hike you out.' 'An' who'd do de hikin'?' sez I. 'De surgeon er de armies,' sez he. 'White er black?' sez I. 'Yaller,' sez Hamp. I 'low, 'Good 'nuff; we'll see which un'll be hiked.' An' I tol' Hamp right den an' dar, dat ef he erfuse ter put dat paper in, I'll do it myse'f.

"Well, suh, whiles we settin' dar talkin', dey come a-rappin' at de do' an' in walk a big bushy-head mulatter, an' I ain't tellin' you no lie, he de mos' venomous-lookin' creetur you ever 'laid yo' eyes on. His ha'r wuz all spread out like a scourin' mop, an' he had a grin on 'im ez big ez dat gate dar. Hamp call 'im Arion Alperiar Ridley."

At this point I was compelled to come to the rescue of Aunt Minervy Ann's memory. The statesman's real name was Aaron Alpeora Bradley, and he was one of the most corrupt creatures of that corrupt era. He had a superficial education that only added to the density of his ignorance, but it gave him considerable influence with the negro members of the Legislature. Aunt Minervy Ann accepted the correction with alacrity.

"I fergot his name, suh, but I ain't never fergit him. He so mean-lookin' he make de col' chills run over me. He wuz a low-country mulatter, suh, an' you know how dey talk. Eve'y time he look at me, he'd bow, an' de mo' he bowed de mo' I 'spized 'im. He call Hamp 'Mistooah Tummalin,' an' eve'y time he say sump'n', he'd gi' one er dem venomous grins. I declar' ter gracious, suh, I oughtn't ter talk 'bout dat man dis away, but de way he look wuz scan'lous. I done fergive 'im for dat long time 'go on 'count er what he done, but when I hear white folks 'busin' 'im in dat day an' time I

know'd dey had mighty good groun', bekaze dey ain't no human kin look like dat man an' not be mean at bottom.

"Well, suh, Hamp, he up'n tol' dish yer Alpory er Alpiry (whatsomever his name mought be) what I come ter town fer, an' Alpory, he say, 'Mistooah Tummalin, you kyarn't do it. Hit would-er ruin you in de-er party, suh—er ruin you.' I kinder fired up at dat. I 'low, 'How come he can't do it? Ain't he free?' Ol' Alpory, he grin an' he talk, he talk an' he grin, but he ain't budge me. At de offstart I say ef Hamp don't put dat paper in de Legislatur', I'll put it in myse'f, an' at de windin' up I still say dat ef he don't put Marse Tumlin's paper in de Legislatur', den I'll be de one ter do it. Ol' Alpory say, 'You-er is got no marster, ma'm.' Den I snapt 'im up an' cut 'im off short; I say, 'I got one ef I want one. Ain't I free?' Den he went on wid a whole passel er stuff dat I can't make head er tail un, ner him needer, fer dat matter, twel bimeby I say, 'Oh, hush up an' go on whar you gwine.'

"Hamp look so broke up at dis dat I wuz kinder sorry I say it, but dat's de only way ter deal wid dem kind er folks, suh. Ol' Alpory wuz des famishin', suh, fer some un ter b'lieve he's a big Ike; dat 'uz all de matter wid him an' I know'd it. So he quit his jawin' when I snapped 'im up, an' he sot dar some time lookin' like a cow does when her cud don't rise. Bimeby he ax Hamp fer ter let 'im see de paper what I want 'im ter put in de Legislatur'. He tuck it, he did, an' look at it sideways an' upside down, an' eve'y which-away. Ez ef dat wa'n't 'nuff, he took off his goggles an' wiped um an' put um on ag'in, an' read de paper all over ag'in, noddin' his head an' movin' his mouf, an' grinnin'.

"Atter he got th'oo, he fol' de paper up an' han' it back ter Hamp. He say he can't see no harm in it ter save his life, an' he 'low dat ef Hamp'll put it in at one een' er de Legislatur', he'll put it in at de 't'er een'. Dey call one part a house, but nobody ain't never tell me why dey call a wranglin' gang er men a house. Dey des might ez well call um a hoss an' buggy; eve'y bit an' grain. Well, suh, de house wuz de part what Hamp b'longs ter, an' de 't'er part wuz whar ol' Alpory b'long'd at, an' by de time dey wuz ready fer ter set down in dar dey had e'en 'bout 'greed fer put de paper in at bofe een's.

"I went 'long wid Hamp, suh, an' he show'd me de way ter de gall'ry, an' I sot up dar an' look down on um, an' wonder why all un um, white an' black, wa'n't at home yearnin' der livin' 'stidder bein' in dat place a-wranglin' an callin' names, an' howlin' an' wavin' der arms an' han's. Dey wuz a big fat white man settin' up in de pulpit, an' he kep' on a-maulin' it wid a mallet. I dunner what his name wuz, but I hear one big buck nigger call 'im Mr. Cheer. Marse Tumlin tol' me atterwards dat de man wuz de speaker, but all de res' done lots mo' speakin' dan what he did; all un um 'cep' Hamp.

"Yasser; all un um 'cep' Hamp, an' he sot dar so still dat 'twa'n't long 'fo' I 'gun ter git shame un him. He sot dar an' fumble wid some papers, an' helt his head down, an' look like he skeer'd. I watch 'im, suh, twel I got so res'less in de min' I can't set still. Bimeby I got up an' went down ter de front do'; I wuz gwine ter make my way in dar whar Hamp wuz at, an' kinder fetch 'im out'n his dreams, ef so be he wuz dreamin'. An' I'd a gone in, but a nigger man at de do' barred de way. He say, 'Who you want ter see?' I 'low, 'I wanter see Hamp Tumlin, dat's who.' He say, 'Does you mean de Honnerbul Hampton Tumlin?' I 'low, 'Yes, I does ef you wanter put it dat away. *Go in dar an' tell 'm dat de Honnerbul Minervy Ann Perdue is out here waitin' fer 'im, an' he better come quick ef he know what good fer 'im.*'

"Wid dat, suh, I hear somebody laugh, an' look up an' dar wuz Marse Tumlin standin' not fur fum de do' talkin' wid an'er white man. He 'low, 'Scott, dis is Minervy Ann. She got mo' sense an' grit dan half de white folks you meet.' Well, suh, de man come up, he did, an' shuck han's an' say he mighty glad ter see me. I never is ter fergit his name on 'count er what happen atterwards. 'Bout dat time Hamp come out an' Marse Tumlin an' de 't'er man draw'd off up de hall.

"I say, 'Hamp, why in de name er goodness ain't you 'ten' ter yo' bizness? What you waitin' fer? Is you skeer'd?' He vow an' declar' dat he des waitin' a

chance fer ter put de paper in. I tol' 'im dat de way ter git a chance wuz ter make one, an' wid dat he went on in, an' I went back in de gall'ry. Well, suh, 'twa'n't long 'fo' Hamp put in de paper. A man at de foot er de pulpit read it off, an' den a white man settin' not fur fum Hamp jump up an' say he want sump'n done wid it, I dunner what. Hamp say sump'n back at 'im, an' den de white man say he sorry fer ter see de honnerbul gemman gwine back on de erpublican party. Den Mose Bently—I know'd Mose mighty well—he riz an' say ef de erpublican party is got ter be led 'roun' by men like de one what des tuck his seat, it's high time fer honest folks ter turn der backs on it.

"Well, suh, when Mose say dat, I clap my han's, I did, an' holla 'Good! good! now you got it!' I couldn't he'p it fer ter save my life. De man in de pulpit maul de planks wid de mallet like he tryin' ter split um, an' he 'low dat ef folks in de gall'ry don't keep still, he'll have um cle'r'd out. I holla back at 'im, 'You better have some er dat gang down dar cle'r'd out!' Quick ez a flash, suh, dat ar Mr. Scott what been talkin' wid Marse Tumlin jump up an' 'low, 'I secon's de motion!' De man in de pulpit say, 'What motion does de gemman fum Floyd secon'?' Den Mr. Scott fling his head back an' 'low, 'De Honnerbul Minervy Ann Perdue done move dat de flo' be cle'r'd 'stidder de gall'ry. I secon's de motion.'

"Den fum dat he went on an' 'buze de erpublican party, speshually dat ar man what had de 'spute wid Hamp. Mr. Scott say dey got so little sense dat dey go ag'in a paper put in by one er der own party. He say he ain't keer nothin' 'tall 'bout de paper hisse'f, but he des wanter show um up fer what dey wuz.

"He totch'd um, suh, ez you may say, on de raw, an' when he git th'oo he say, 'Now, I hope de cheer will deal wid de motion of de Honnerbul Minervy Ann Perdue.' Mr. Scott say, 'She settin' up dar in de gall'ry an' she got des ez much right ter set on dis flo' es nineteen out er twenty er dem settin' here.' De man in de pulpit look at me right hard, an' den he 'gun ter laugh. I say, 'You nee'n ter worry yo'-se'f 'bout me. You better 'ten' ter dem ar half-drunk niggers an' po' white trash down dar. I wouldn't set wid 'em ef I never did fin' a place fer ter set at.'

"Wid dat, suh, I pickt up my pairsol an' make my way out, but ez I went I hear um whoopin' an' hollerin'."

"Well, they didn't pass the bill, did they?" I asked.

"What? dat paper er Marse Tumlin's? Bless yo' soul, suh, dey run'd over one an'er tryin' ter pass it. Mr. Scott fit it like he fightin' fire, an' make out he wuz turribly ag'in it, but dat des make um wuss. Hamp say dat inginer'lly dem ar laws has ter wait an' hang fire; but dey tuck up dat un, an' shove it th'oo. Dey tuck mo' time in de 't'er een' er de Legislatur', whar ol' Alpory wuz at, but it went th'oo when it start. Dey don't have no sech gwines-on now, suh. Ef dey did, I 'speck I'd hatter come up an' jine de Legislatur' ag'in."

Whereupon, Aunt Minervy Ann laughed heartily, and began to make her preparations for returning home.

THE SILENT WAYFELLOW

By Bliss Carman

To-day when the birches are yellow,
And red is the wayfaring tree,
Sit down in the sun, my soul,
And talk of yourself to me!

Here where the old blue rocks
Bask in the forest shine,
Dappled with shade and lost
In their reverie divine.

How goodly and sage they are!
Priests of the taciturn smile
Rebuking our babble and haste,
Yet loving us all the while.

In the asters the wild gold bees
Make a warm busy drone,
Where our Mother at Autumn's door
Sits warming her through to the bone.

What is your afterthought
When a red leaf rustles down,
Or the chickadees from the hush
Challenge a brief renown?

When silence falls again
Asleep on hill-side and crest,
Resuming her ancient mood,
Do you still say, "Life is best?"

We have been friends so long,
And yet not a single word
Of yourself, your kith or kin
Or home, have I ever heard.

Nightly we sup and part,
Daily you come to my door;
Strange we should be such mates,
Yet never have talked before.

A cousin to downy-feather,
And brother to shining-fin,
Am I, of the breed of earth,
And yet of an alien kin,

Made from the dust of the road
And a measure of silver rain,
To follow you brave and glad,
Unmindful of plaudit or pain.

Dear to the mighty heart,
Born of her finest mood,
Great with the impulse of joy,
With the rapture of life imbued,

Radiant moments are yours,
Glimmerings over the verge
Of a country where one day
Our forest trail shall emerge.

When the road winds under a ledge,
You keep the trudging pace,
Till it mounts a shoulder of hill
To the open sun and space.

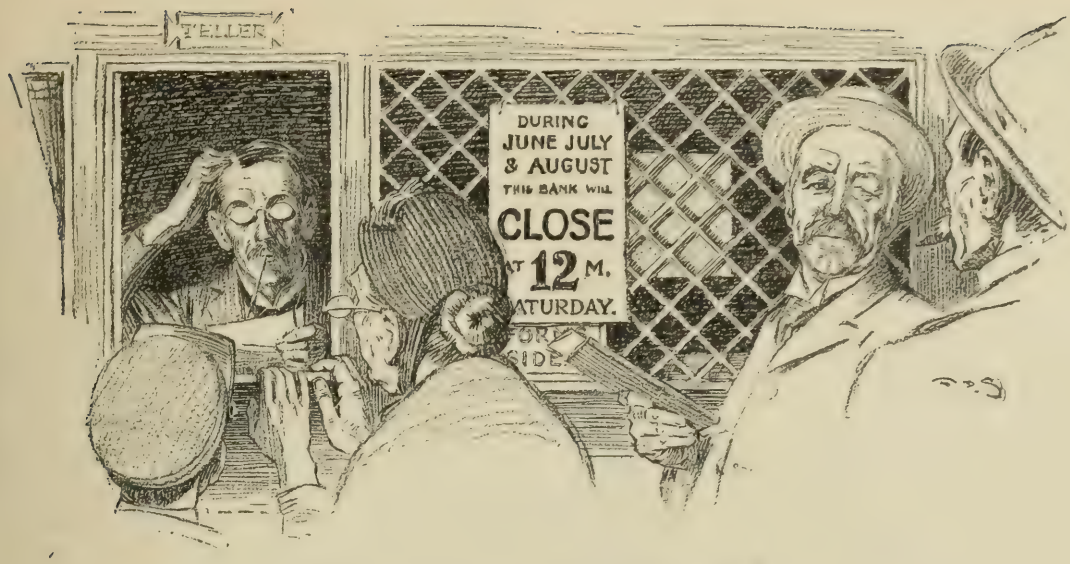
Ah, then you dance and go,
Illumined spirit again,
Child of the foreign tongue
And the dark wilding strain!

Through the long winter dark,
When slumber is at my sill,
Will you leave me dreamfast there,
For your journey over the hill?

To-night when the forest trees
Gleam in the frosty air,
And over the roofs of men
Stillness is everywhere,

By the cold hunter's moon,
What trail will you take alone,
Through the white realms of sleep,
To your native land unknown?

Here while the birches are yellow,
And red is the wayfaring tree,
Sit down in the sun, my soul,
And talk of yourself to me.



John was a very poor machine, indeed.—Page 450.

THE MAN FROM THE MACHINE

By Judson Knox

I

I WAS early down at the bank that morning, as the day promised to be a sweltering one, and a little extra work in the cool of the forenoon would save a deal of discomfort later on.

So, by half-past eight, when Ted Lummis, the book-keeper, and Bill Ryan, who balanced pass-books and ran the appendix ledger, arrived, I had the safe open, and their ledgers, with fresh blotters, laid out ready for them on their desks.

But, as usual, they preferred to loiter and chat awhile in the president's office. After a few words to me, therefore, Ted comfortably settled himself in the big desk-chair, lit a cigarette, and commenced unfolding the morning paper. Bill, as his custom was, took up a post by the window and watched the loafers on the street corner.

I was wetting the teller's sponges at the sink, and speculating how long his mistakes in cash would keep us after hours that afternoon, when a great guffaw broke out in the office. I recognized the voice as Ted's, and, squeezing my sponges into their dishes, hurried into the banking-room, slopping a trail of water on the floor behind me.

From there I could see the backs of the two fellows, still shaking with laughter, bent over the president's desk, on which the open paper was spread.

"You didn't know he was going to have one?" Ted was saying, in a tone of superiority to which he apparently considered the possibility of asking this question entitled him.

"No. How should I?" replied Bill, evidently piqued; and then added, by way of subterfuge, "what's he or his family to me?"

When Bill spoke in this way it was pretty certain he was talking about John Makeator, our teller.

"Well," pressed the other, bound on making his point, "you knew he wouldn't take a vacation this summer. What did you suppose that was for?"

"Why? Good Lord, isn't he stingy enough?"

"Perhaps he wanted the additional salary to help pay for his mistakes in cash," I suggested, scarcely less uncharitably, but with the memory of yesterday's three hours' hunt for a balance rising again in my mind.

"*He* is John, I presume," I went on, as the others turned around; "but what's up with him, Ted? What's he 'got?'"

"'Got!' You fellows are as blind as if

you were locked up in the vault. 'Got!' Why, a baby, of course, Jim!"

Ted, with difficulty, repressed his emotions, reckoning, doubtless, on a more dramatic effect if my outburst should come unaccompanied. However, at the moment, the news struck me in quite other than a laughable light; and I must have disappointed Ted, for I only said:

"Well, it's mighty funny; but I'm sure we ought to be glad for poor old John."

Ted, who at heart is the kindest fellow in the world, instantly sobered.

"Glad, why, of course, I'm glad, Jim! But——"

"You'll be damn glad, then, at three o'clock this afternoon," broke in Bill, testily, seeing the turn the conversation was taking. "Yesterday he kept us here till after seven; last night he had a baby, and to-day—oh, Lord! Well, stay and talk about it if you want to; and make out to rejoice with him when he comes in. I'm going to work," and he walked off irritably to his desk in the other room.

Ted looked after him and smiled.

"He hasn't forgiven John for speaking to Habinger about him the other day." Habinger was the president.

"John was right," I said. "Bill had no business to meddle with his cash, even if John is slow in counting it."

"Yes," assented Ted; and then he laughed again, so openly and frankly this time, that the merely comic element in the news came over me irresistibly, and I could not help joining him.

"Mr. Young!" shouted Bill from his desk, where he was making a show of sorting pass-books, but, in reality, was watching the door, so as to be the first to announce John's arrival. He then slipped to the teller's counter, pressed the button which springs the electric lock, and Mr. Young, the cashier, came in.

"Well, Mr. Young," asked Bill, "what time is John going to let us out to-day?" The question was put, even before the door had shut behind the cashier. The idea of working late into the evening was pleasanter to Bill than he would have cared to admit, or, perhaps, realized.

"Hello, Bill! Good-morning, Ted!—Oh, yes! I thought you'd have heard the news. And we'll have to make Margaret—that's her name—a present. I saw John early this morning. He'll be down soon, too."

The cashier briskly pushed the little swing door of the office, and came in to Ted and me. He was going to say something more, but, noticing that our looks were turned across to Bill, glanced over that way himself, and comprehending the situation quickly, cried good naturedly:

"I wouldn't tease him too much about it when he comes, Bill. He's sensitive, you know. Besides, it's his first one——"

"Well, it was time I hope," was the contemptible retort, which put into spiteful, bitter form the idea which to the rest of us was only reason for special satisfaction.

As Bill took up his perch again, the cashier walked into the banking room, and Ted and I followed him. Mr. Young sat down at a table and inspected the morning's mail, which I cut open for him.

"Oh, yes, he'll be down this morning," he began, as he rapidly and keenly went through envelope after envelope. "Ah, here's a draft on Potter, Jim—yes, his wife is doing nicely. No danger at all—Another on Smith and Weston, $2,600. Means a sweat for you, and don't——"

"We'll all sweat enough before the day's over," came from Bill.

"Look here, old man," laughed the cashier, with a sharp knitting of his brows, however; "I'll bet you half a dozen cigars" (two-fers were a stock wager among us) "that John makes fewer mistakes in cash to-day than you."

"And you only affect cash in the clearings," put in Ted.

"Don't want to bet," was the surly, almost inaudible response, and Bill wheeled his stool about again, and began making perfunctory scratches with his pen, the corner of his eye all the while on the door.

"John!" he cried suddenly in the tone of a look-out on board a man-of-war off a hostile harbor.

We all turned about and faced the door. Ted hastily folded up the morning paper, which was still in his hand, and put it behind him. Mr. Young gathered his letters into a pile before him and stood up, and Bill left his station, and took up a position back of the rest of us where he could spy without seeming to be interested.

"With his wheel polished clean, and a new pair of stockings," he snickered, peering, on tiptoe, over my shoulder.

This time no one offered to press the electric button, so John had to use his key. We could hear it click some time on the metal outside, before the bolt shot.

However, John was the first to speak as he entered. His voice was even higher than ordinary and more forced; but there was a clear ring to it, and it did not waver.

"Mornin', George," he said, simply, and then turned his attention to getting his wheel into the passage.

"Hello, John!" cried the cashier, cheerily. "Coming out to congratulate you again. How's everything?"

"Fine, George, fine!" answered the latter, straightening up to his full height, and with a firmer snap in his voice than ever.

"Blacked his shoes," muttered Bill, turning away and suppressing a grin. "Oh, Lord! and a clean shave, too."



Bill Ryan.

By this time the teller and the cashier had stopped hand-shaking, and the latter was pushing John in through the office door toward us.

"The rest of the fellows want to shake hands with you, John," said he, slapping the disconcerted father on the back.

This was John's ordeal. Two emotions were visibly struggling in him. He knew perfectly, poor fellow, his incompetence, and the consequent slight estimate in which we (being only plodding accountants, with no very exalted criterion to judge men by) held him. Nevertheless, this morning it must have been plain to him a new factor had entered into his position among us—one, moreover, which, quite irrespective of his ability or inefficiency as a commercial automaton, entitled him to a positive measure of respect from us. Diffident, however, and totally lacking in self-confidence as he was, how was he to break through the old barriers of contempt and derision which we held out against him, and demand of us, and enforce from us the payment of this new obligation?

It was a task, truly, which seemed to require more courage and power over others than the little man possessed, and very much depended on an initial success. One could see that he felt this himself; for as he walked toward us (his knees perceptibly shaking, in spite of the unusual length of his strides) he shifted his eyes from side to side; and when they did rest on one of us for a moment, there was in their weak, watery blue an appeal rather than a command.

Ted was the first to meet him. He gripped his hand hard and cordially, and looked straight into his face.

"Mighty glad to hear it, John," he said.

John flushed, and his eyes brightened and he held on fast.

"Thanks, Ted, thanks!" he stammered, much moved.

But, as their hands parted, Ted smiled. It was not meant unkindly; but Ted, who was a cocky, self-assured chap, and something of a sport, too, never seemed able to look seriously at the affair for more than a second at a time.

John's courage, which had begun to rise, left him instantly; and he quite lost his self-control. He was white as he took the limp hand Bill stretched out to him.

"Congratulate you, John," the latter said, frigidly, and the "Thanks, Bill, thanks," of the reply was all of a tremble.

Suddenly, however, a new feeling seemed to come over John, and this was indigna-

tion—indignation at himself, and anger at the man before him. He reddened, and stood erect again, and dropped Bill's hand; and, without a word, turned to me.

I don't recollect what I said to John. Perhaps I said nothing. I remember only I was thinking, "You'd have lost that bet, Bill, if you'd taken it."

II

Shortly after, Al Williams, who was John's next in rank, came in; but I did not notice his greeting as I was busy over by the window filing checks. Then, at nine, we opened up, and the regular routine of work began.

Nine-thirty was my time for starting off with the morning's collections, drafts on tradespeople, post-office orders, protested checks and the like. I was very anxious that the president should arrive before I left, for I was particularly curious to see how John would take his congratulations, and in what spirit they would be offered.

John had entered the bank as clerk when the president was teller—almost twenty years ago—and had worked under him ever since. Both men at first sight impressed one as of a type very common in this bustling country of ours. Small, nervous men, with light, drooping mustaches, and excitable ways, they both were. To each of them the touch of silver, or the smell of dirty bills, or the holding of a pen between the fingers was but the signal for a certain set of reactions on the accuracy of which his claim to usefulness in this world depended. Mere machines one might call them both, but there was a vast difference between them nevertheless. For, while John's nervousness was the nervousness of dissipated force, the president's was that of concentrated alertness and precision and celerity. John was a very poor machine, indeed, and as like as not to go wrong and become tangled up in his own mechanism. Habinger, on the other hand, was a very perfect one, and it was a saying in the bank that he could foot a column with every wink of his eye. His every pen-stroke, too, was an ultimatum, and stood on the books as it was first written, without blot or erasure.

So John (who had no other standards to measure men by but those of the ledger and the time-lock) had made an idol of the president. In his worship he was not only sincere and fervent, but entirely without jealousy; for whatever egotism he might have had to start with must long ago have been knocked out of him by the successions of selfish and ambitious clerks he had seen pass beyond and above him; and, as Bill had so cruelly hinted, by his ten years of unfruitful married life.

It was, then, a real pleasure for John, on days when business was rushing, to have Habinger unceremoniously shove him aside at the counter, and in fifteen minutes dispose of a long row of customers whom the hapless teller had suffered to gather there.

At these times John would stand behind the president, and look over his shoulder with wonder like a little child's on his face; and when the work was finished, his "Thank you, sir; thank you!" was uttered in a tone of glad gratitude quite unalloyed, even by the consciousness of Bill's sneering whispers at his back, or by the sly smile of the next depositor, as he handed over his bills and checks.

So, as I said, I wished greatly to be in the bank when the president came; and with this purpose I lingered a moment over my time at the check-file, pretending to be very much occupied.
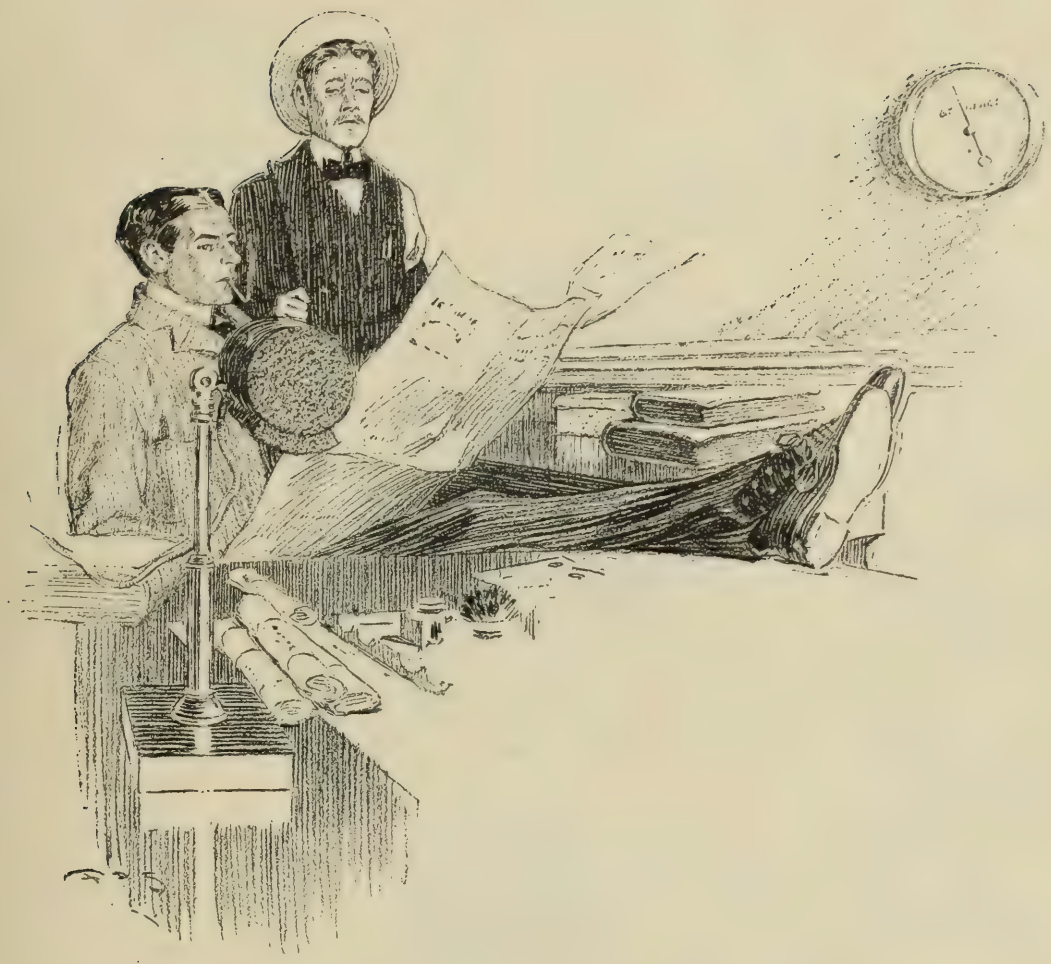
John's eye this morning, however, was as sharp as Habinger's; and, as the pointer of the clock above his head marked five minutes past the half hour, he called out brusquely,

"Hi, Jimmy! Time you were gone; and a heavy clearing this morning, too, so you want to be back early."

His manner was authoritative, and I rose hastily, and reluctantly commenced sorting out my collections and memoranda. But just then Habinger came in, and with a quick brush of my arm, I swept my papers on the floor directly behind John.

I don't know whether John fathomed my design or not; but he was down by me on the floor in an instant; and before I had touched one of them, the papers were gathered up and stuffed into my pocket-book.

"Now, off with you!" he cried, and gave me a shove, and then turning, met the president's outstretched hand.



Ted comfortably settled himself.—Page 447.

"Mr. Makeator," the latter began, and this was all I heard, for I was heartily ashamed of my impertinence.

However, those two words and the glance I could not help throwing back were enough. John's face was flushed again, but this time with joy and pride; for never before had the president thus publicly called him by his last name. Indeed, of all the shrewd things Habinger ever said, I believe this was the shrewdest, and I would have given Bill ten to one on that bet had I thought he would take it.

I made a mess of my work that morning I know—was fined two dollars at the clearing for a wrong subtraction; forgot to call for a couple of drafts I had left at Shan's—the liquor dealer—the day before; mislaid a registered letter; and entered Boston remittances in the New York book. My thoughts while out of the bank were on John, and while in the bank my eyes were on no one else.

Indeed, there was a fascination in watching the little teller work. He never made more mistakes, perhaps, in his life; but he detected every one of them instantly. He had squeezed his sponges dry in two hours, and, not thinking to have me moisten them again, simply wet his fingers in his mouth, and thumbed his bills and scraped his silver all unconscious of any inconvenience.

He was perpetually on the go, dabbling in everyone else's work, but never losing his head. He ordered us around as if he were president and directors all in one. Once, I recollect, when a ten-dollar roll of quarters fell and split on the floor, he told Bill peremptorily to pick them up, without so much as a "please," or turning around to see if he were obeyed—which he was, and promptly, too.

As for Bill, at first he simply sat dumfounded on his stool, and watched John open-mouthed. But John found him out in a jiffy, tossed him a handful

of pass-books, which Bill took without a remark and proceeded to balance forthwith.

John's conversation over the counter was of a line with his actions.

"Mornin', Mr. Bemis, mornin'! Hot day? Yes, I should say so. Good deposit this morning. Business picking up? Yes? — Eh? — Ah. — Yes! — yes, thanks, sir! yes, doin' splendid sir, splendid!— Coughlin to pitch this afternoon?— yes, going to call her Margaret, sir —my wife's name —Ah, this check here, sir? Call & Co. $123.75. Well —Eh—Hi, Jim!" (this in a whisper to me, and handing me the doubtful check under the counter). "Telephone down to the 'Third' and see if that's good—yes, ten pounds seven ounces, sir. Let's see, $443 in bills I make it only."



John would stand behind the president.—Page 450.

Then, as I came back from the telephone, "All right, Mr. Bemis. Wanted to make sure, you know; $123.75? Born at half-past two exactly. Good-morning——

"But, Mr. Bemis! *Oh*, Mr. Bemis! Wait a moment, please. Forgot to indorse this, I guess? Yes? All right. Feeling fine myself, sir—first rate. Yes. Good-morning."

III

Mr. Young insisted on John's leaving early for lunch, and staying as long as he pleased.

"Well, George, I will," said the latter, "because my work's all done up ahead of time—B & A bills counted" (and he pointed to a heap of vile-smelling greenbacks, neatly sorted into little packages, and lying at one side) "and pay-rolls all made up. And I'll stay, too, if they want me."

However, he was back sharp at half-past one; and came in with two packages of dry goods under his arm. These he hurriedly secreted in a cupboard under the counter, though from the solicitude with which he handled them, I judged that he would almost have preferred to lock them up in the vault. Bill (and the occurrence did not seem strange then) made no comments of any sort during this proceeding.

Then he went out back, put on his linen jacket, and in a moment replaced Al at the counter, and the hustling commenced again.

From now on, until a quarter to four, John did all the talking. The rest of us were too much occupied in obeying his orders. I never knew him so voluble. He must first tell us about the state of affairs at home. Everything was doing finely; baby lusty and thriving, wife in good spirits, and "almost strong enough to get up," nurse scarcely needed, doctor still less. Then a list of his congratulations, and an account of Mrs. Makeator's visitors during the morning; and finally, as the choicest bit of news, and typical of the generally satisfactory condition of things, his wife's declaration that he must not bother about her and the baby, but go up to the park with the rest of us and see the ball-game.

All this was gone over a dozen times to us; and once, at least, to every customer whom he knew. While telling it, too, he thumbed his bills, checked off deposit tickets, received telephone messages from me, and directed the answering of them; bossed Bill, Ted, and Al about as he had never done before, and never once asked the cashier's or president's advice on any topic—a circumstance entirely new in our experience of him.

At a quarter to four we were ready to

strike a balance. Al, with the result of his half of the figuring (with which John's counter-book should agree), stood peering over the little man's shoulder. Bill, by force of habit mainly (for he looked forlorn enough), was behind John on the other side. Ted and I pressed up close, too; and Mr. Young sat at his table quietly, watching the group of us.

At these times John was generally very nervous; and frequently the mere consciousness of having all of us at his back flustered him so that he could not make his last deduction correctly. But his hour of triumph was now at hand, and he knew it and rose manfully to the occasion. He worked imperturbably and without the slightest trace of annoyance; nor was there the least hesitancy in the rapid tappings of his pen; and he made his footings with a decision which showed how thoroughly confident he was of the correctness of his calculations.

When he was done he said, "All right, Al. How is it?" and Al read off his balance.

John jotted it down in pencil beside his own, and subtracted.

"847.43," he said.

"Over?" asked the cashier from his table.

"No; short, George," and without waiting to prove his own work, John jumped over to Bill's clearing-books, and began footing them.

Bill and Ted and Al (Bill in front) pounced on John's book; but they had barely time to put pencil to it before John cried out:

"Seven less on the credit!" and Bill had the pleasure of correcting his own mistake on John's book.



He knew perfectly, poor fellow, his incompetence.—Page 449.

"Footing?" he queried, moodily.

"Yes," said John, without looking up, as he ran his pencil down another row of figures.

"Seven cents on the 'first' footing," he called again, almost immediately. "More on the credit this time, Bill. Makes it just 850.50, doesn't it?"

Bill, however, did not answer, but edged out between Ted and Al, and went to work on his own pass-books, errors in which did not appear "in cash.'

Then John called to me to check the listing while he read off the clearings. Here, again, we found two mistakes, an inversion and another, which reduced the discrepancy to about fifty dollars.

This time John did not announce the mistake (for, with his growing assurance, all desire for public vindication and acquittal had left him), but went and "fixed" it himself.

Ted and Al had, long since, given up the search at the counter; and the latter, who was entering into the fun of the moment, cried laughingly, after going over my draft-registers,

"All right, Jim!" and then to Mr. Young, "Bill didn't take your bet, did he, George?"

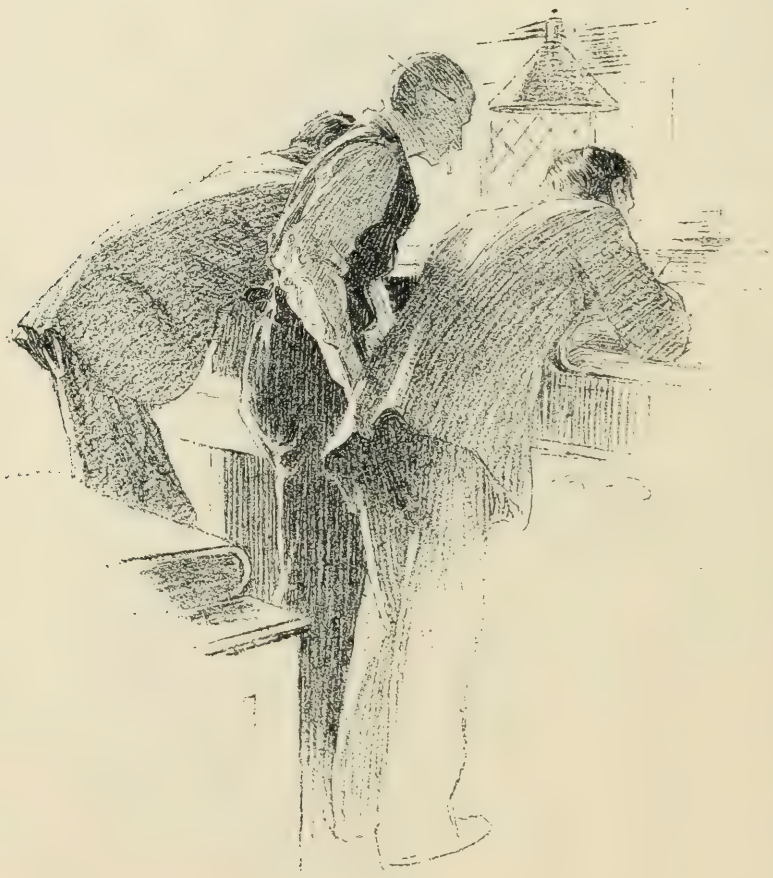
"No," laughed the cashier in his turn, and added, "Better help us on 'cash,' Bill. Your books will wait."

Bill, crestfallen, marched over to his clearing-books, and gazed sheepishly at the corrections on them in John's handwriting.

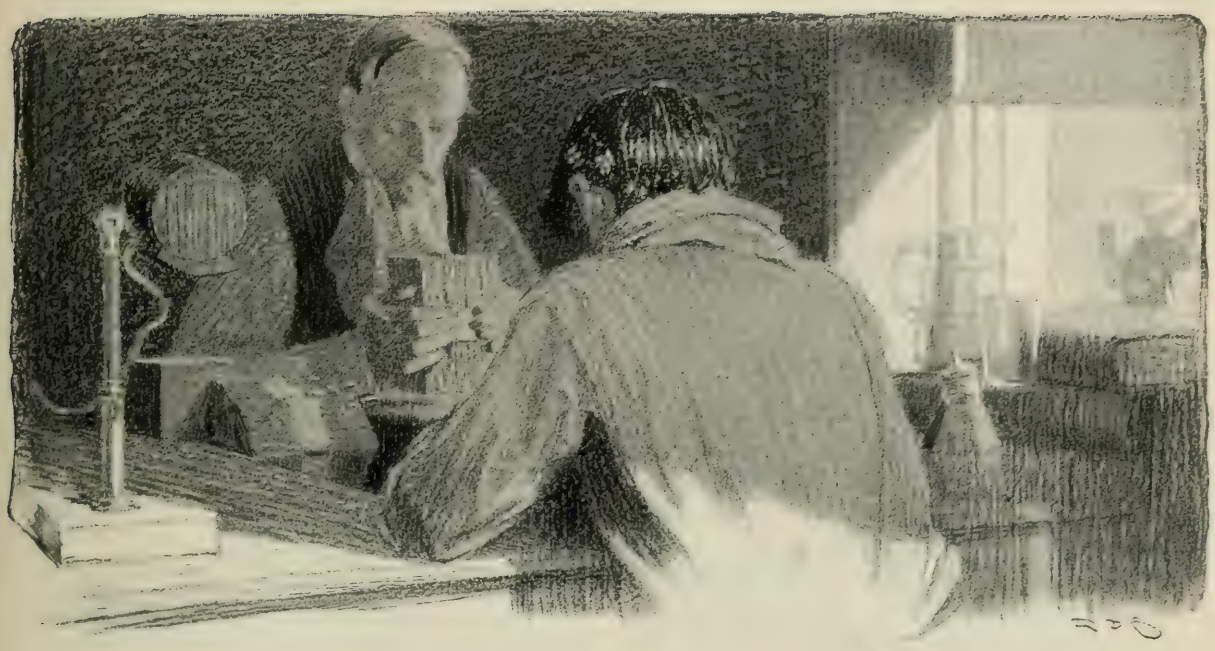
John then discovered an error in Al's "Redemption" letter, which Al goodhumoredly acknowledged; and, shortly after, one "on" Mr. Young himself.

This left us only a few cents out, so the cashier cried, "All right, boys. Let her go. You'll see seven innings of the game if you hurry."

"Why, aren't you going, too, George?"



John jotted it down.—Page 453.



It was too hot for talk.—Page 455.

exclaimed John with evident disappointment. "I wanted to treat you this afternoon," and he pulled out of his pocket one of the new bank-notes which had come in just a few days ago.

"Sorry, John, but I've got some back work I must make up. And I want you to stay, too, Jim, and slice the rest of these green-backs. Habinger was late in signing them, you know."

This was, in some measure, a fresh disappointment to John (as it was a very great one to me), for I could see he wanted to take the whole of us. Al and Ted had already accepted.

Finally he went up to Bill and asked timidly and expectantly: "You're going, too, aren't you Bill?"

But Bill refused the offer snarlingly, and mumbling something in a priggish tone about playing golf, left the bank without another word.

Five minutes later the others had gone, too. As they went out, John cried:

"I'll stop in on the way back to get my wheel. You'll be here, George?"

"Yes. See you later, John. Good luck to you."

IV

The afternoon was broiling. The sun came in, scarcely checked by the yellow shades; fell on and soaked into the smooth, varnished surfaces of the desks and tables, and turned the iron of the big vault into a sort of storage battery of heat. Even the electric fan in the president's office, which we had placed on top of the telephone closet (as near us as its length of wire would allow), gave but little relief.

Both of us were working in our shirt-sleeves, but the sweat stood on our brows, and my fingers were so sticky I could scarcely handle my bills. It was too hot for conversation even; so the only sounds in the room were the snipping of my shears, the crisp fluttering of the fresh, new bills as they fell one by one on the table; and the snapping of rubber bands as the cashier went over bundle after bundle of the bank paper, on the security of which all our positions depended.

As I said, it was too hot for talk; and besides, I had plenty to engross me in my own thoughts—which were about John, of course.

I began by thinking how profitable it would be to the bank if John might only have a baby every day; and then, as this was out of the question, fell to calculating how long this one that had just arrived would continue to work the same beneficial influence on her father's actions.

Presently, however, my ideas became more serious; and at last so serious that they brought about a reaction in the shape of a suspicion that perhaps I had

been making too much out of the incident, after all. So I determined to get Mr. Young's opinion on the subject, if I could; and was just framing my first interrogatory, when the telephone rang.

"Claflin National?" said the voice.

"Yes."

"The cashier in? Young, isn't it?"

"Yes. Yes, he's in."

"See him a moment?"

"Yes."

I was certain that the voice did not belong to any of the bank employees in town; and yet it was familiar.

"Someone to see you, sir," I said, trying all the while to place the voice; and then, the resemblance suddenly dawning on me,

"Is Spencer John's family physician?"

"Yes. Why?" and the cashier started.

"I think it's he at the 'phone."

The cashier was in the telephone closet almost five minutes. When he came out he was white, and it was plain he had been undergoing very strong emotions, though the worst of them was evidently passed.

He began hurriedly gathering his notes together.

"Put up your work, Jim," he said. "We must lock up as soon as possible. John's baby's dead."

The news hardly took me by surprise. I foresaw from the first that it was something pretty bad. So I simply commenced doing as I was told.

"He wants me to tell him," began the cashier after a moment.

"The doctor?"

"Yes, and," looking at the clock, "he'll be back any minute now, and, perhaps, Jim——"

"I'd best be going?"

"Yes. I'll fix up, and—My God, it's sad!—and be down early to-morrow, Jim."

"John won't be here, I suppose."

"I hope not; but there's no telling. At any rate he won't—hustle—to-morrow as—he did to-day. I was thinking of that."

So, as I left the bank, I found that the question I was going to put the cashier as the telephone rang, had been answered, after all.





A Stork's Nest, Dordrecht, Holland—12-inch Lens.



Stork's Nest—Telephoto Lens.

TELEPHOTOGRAPHY

By Dwight L. Elmendorf

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

JUST when the telescope was invented is not known, but it is certain that Galileo was the first to direct his toward the heavens early in the seventeenth century. His instrument consisted of a long tube with a convex lens at one end and a concave ocular at the other. A modified form of this instrument still obtains in the ordinary opera and field glasses, which are binocular Galilean telescopes; and a single barrel of a field-glass is practically the telephoto lens of to-day.

Whenever anything is so far away that we cannot see it distinctly, we make use of a field-glass or telescope, which produces a magnified image of the object so that we are able to perceive what the unaided eye could not. In a similar manner the telephoto attachment enlarges the image formed by the ordinary lens in the camera. To produce on a photographic plate an image that fairly resembles what our eyes see, requires a lens of much longer focus than is generally used, and a camera that would permit the use of such a lens would be unwieldy and too cumbersome for a peripatetic photographer, and simply impossible for a mountain-climber. The telephoto lens overcomes this difficulty by producing the effect of a lens of long focus in a very compact camera.

It would be interesting to know who first applied this form of lens to a camera for the purpose of photographing distant objects. In 1890, while experimenting with the lenses from an old field-glass, I discovered that a dim yet distinct image of St. Patrick's Cathedral spires was formed in my camera, although the Cathedral was eighteen blocks away. After making several exposures with this combination of lenses I became convinced that with lenses of the best possible optical construction wonderful results might be attained. Having previously purchased a telescope with a three-and-a-half inch lens of sixty inches focus (with the idea of attaching it to a long box-camera as a



Milan Cathedral from Opposite Corner of Piazza.

photographic lens for the purpose of making photographs of distant terrestrial objects, as astronomers photograph heavenly bodies), I found that the field-glass combination of lenses yielded an image nearly as large as that produced by the telescope lens, and that too with a camera only one third the length of the other.

Becoming deeply interested in this line of investigation I called upon a celebrated lens maker in London and learned that he had manufactured what he called a "Compound Telephoto Lens" consisting of a portrait lens with a small negative or concave lens adjusted at a suitable distance back of it. This instrument was too large and cumbersome for my small camera, and shortly afterward a negative lens, with a rack and pinion mounting, was manufactured of such a size that it could be attached to any fine rectilinear lens of suitable focus, although in some cases special corrections are necessary.

This is called the "Telephoto Attachment," and was employed in making the telephoto illustrations here shown. The tube is 3¼ inches long and 1½ inch in diameter. When this lens is attached to the ordinary lens the time of exposure is necessarily increased, because only a few of the rays of light which diverge from the positive or ordinary lens pass through the negative lens to the plate. This is a serious drawback, for it not only debars one from using it upon moving subjects, but also increases the liability of the image to be blurred by vibrations of the camera. In order to obtain the best results the camera must be very rigid. Most of the cameras and tripods of to-day are too light and unstable for telephotography.

The method of using the telephoto attachment is very simple, but requires very great care, particularly in the matter of focussing. Suppose that an exposure has been made in the ordinary way upon a certain object; the lens is then removed from the camera front and screwed into the tube of the telephoto attachment, forming a small telescope; the whole combination is then put back on the camera as if it were the ordinary lens. Upon the ground glass or focussing screen will be seen an enlarged image which may be made sharp or distinct by adjusting the focus by means of the rack and pinion movement on the telephoto tube, just as a field glass is adjusted to suit the eyes of the observer. If



Roof and Dome, Milan Cathedral—Telephoto Lens, from Same Corner of Piazza.

greater amplification be desired it is obtained by moving the front of the camera, holding the lenses farther from the ground-glass and then readjusting the focus as before. It will be seen from this that the attachment forms a lens of variable focus, changeable at the pleasure of the operator within the limits of the camera.

Some of the attachments on the market require a camera with a very long bellows, because the difference between the foci of the negative and positive lenses is not great enough to give ample power unless the combination is several feet from the plate. With my own attachment, eight inches from the plate the image is equal to that formed by an ordinary lens of twenty-four inches focus ; while at twenty-four inches from the plate it is equivalent to that of a lens of sixty-four inches focus.

The camera used in making the accompanying illustrations takes a plate measuring four by five inches, and the bed allows an extension of twenty-four ; and when closed for transportation the box measures seven by seven by six-and-a-half inches.

Of all my experiences in photography none were so unsatisfactory as my attempts on mountain scenery with an ordinary lens. This was especialiy true of the photographs of the Alps made while tramping through that heavenly tramping ground, Switzerland. The small camera made the mountains look like little humps of rocks and snow, and all the views made from a great elevation seemed to be like photographs of the waves of the ocean, smoothed out flat. These results caused me to experiment in the direction of telescopic work with the camera.

It is often the case that grand mountains appear at their best only from some point so distant that the ordinary lens can produce little or nothing of the desired effect.

One of the most charming views in Switzerland is the evening view of the Jungfrau as seen from the Höheweg or promenade at Interlaken, about sixteen miles from the mountain. With her robes of dazzling white she rises majestically above the Lauterbrunnen Thal to a height of nearly fourteen thousand feet. Upon several former occasions I had endeavored to photograph this queen of the Bernese Oberland, but did not succeed until I used the telephoto attachment.

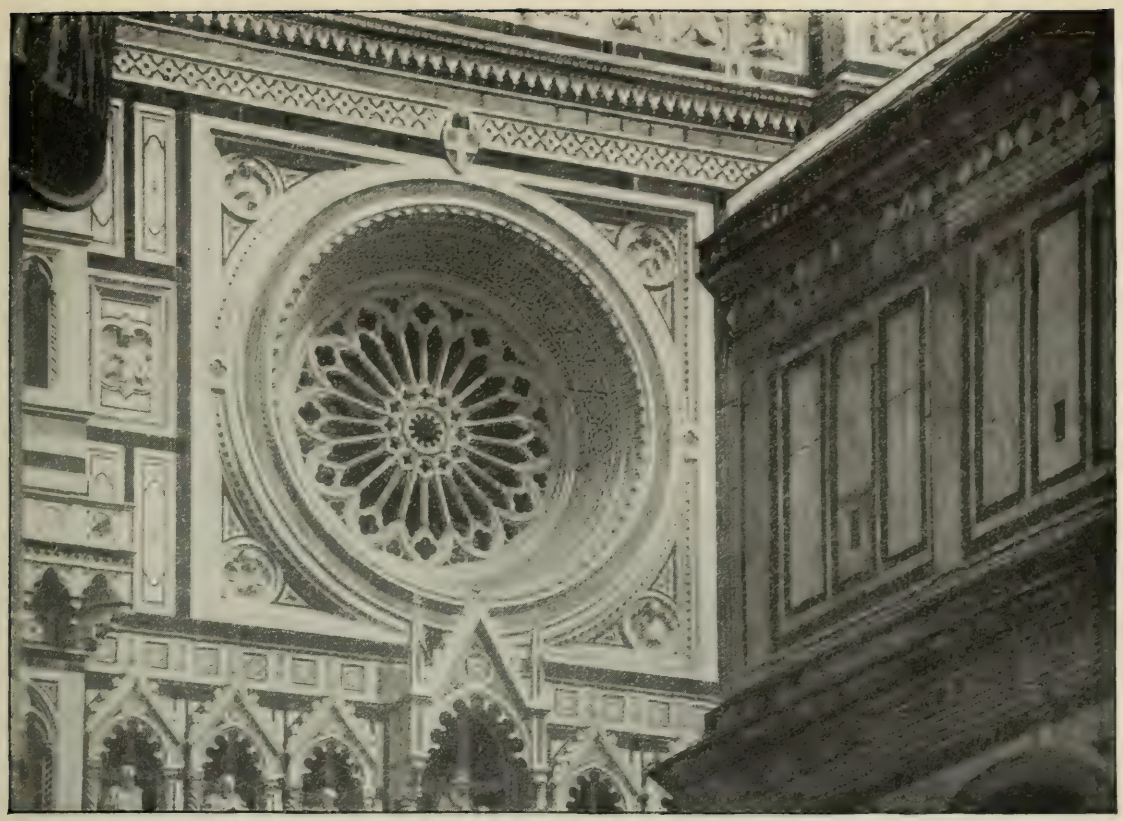
The two illustrations of this view [pp. 462–63] were made from the same standpoint on the Hoheweg, one with the ordinary lens, the other with the telephoto attachment added to the lens, no change being made in the camera at all. It is a pleasure to note the wonderful detail in the telephotograph, and not only that, the mountain seems to rise, giving the impression of abruptness which rarely if ever is obtained with an ordinary lens. I suppose something of this result might have been obtained with the ordinary lens had I been up in a balloon at an elevation of about four thousand feet and about three miles from the Jungfrau. The pictures of this mountain taken from the Wengern Alp do not give this beautiful effect.



Façade of the Cathedral of Florence, from Sidewalk.

This is especially the case with Popocatepetl in Mexico, a beautiful volcanic cone rising gradually above the plateau about ten thousand feet, its snow-capped summit being over seventeen thousand feet above sea-level. Having tried in vain from several places near by, I finally succeeded in obtaining a fair view of it from the roof of the Hotel Jardin in the city of Puebla, about thirty miles or more from the peak [pp. 466–67]. Desiring to take the only train for Oaxaca, leaving Puebla at 5.30 in the morning, I was compelled to photograph the mountain rather early, and the atmosphere was not at that time in the best condition, so that the reader would have needed a field-glass to see the mountain clearly. To obtain good results with the telephoto attachment a clear atmosphere is a *sine qua non*.

Not only does this apply to mountain subjects but to many others alike. What remarkable pictures of the naval battle of Santiago, the chase of the Cristobal Colon, or the gallant rescue of the despairing Spaniards from their burning ships, might have been obtained from the battle-ship New York, with a lens of this description, even at long range! I believe it will be of inestimable value for the purpose of securing views of the batteries and fortifications of an enemy's harbor, which might be done at a safe distance from their guns.



Central Rose Window, Cathedral of Florence, from Sidewalk—Telephoto Lens.

While this attachment is of great value in photographing things miles away, it is even more useful in obtaining photographs of choice bits of landscape which are on the opposite side of a river or lake, and are just beyond the working capacity of an ordinary lens. Odd things are always turning up at unexpected moments, and are frequently just out of reach.

A particular instance of this kind is



Mosaic over Central Door, Cathedral of Florence, from side of Baptistery—Telephoto Lens.



The Jungfrau from the Höheweg, Interlaken, Switzerland (sixteen miles distant).

illustrated in the two views made of a stork's nest [p. 457] which I happened to see while sauntering along one of the picturesque old canals near Dordrecht in Holland. Of course the nest was on the wrong side of the canal, and a nearer approach was impossible without a ducking; so one view was made with a twelve-inch lens and then the telephoto was used, although not much was expected, for there was a stiff Holland breeze blowing, which is not conducive to perfect results, and moreover the storks seemed inclined to greater activity than well-behaved birds of this species generally exhibit. The exposure was almost instantaneous and the result a surprise to the operator.

Another example of the curious uses to which this lens may be put is seen in the illustration of the beautiful memorial column at West Point [p. 468]. The general view was taken at a distance of about three hundred feet in the ordinary way and then a telephoto was made of the bronze figure of Victory which surmounts the column.

Inaccessible parts of fine architecture offer an endless series of subjects for telephoto work, where remarkable results may be obtained. The cathedral at Milan, since the removal of the buildings which formerly obstructed the view, now appears to great advantage when viewed from the opposite side of the piazza. The two views of this beautiful structure [pp. 458–59] were made from a second story window on the opposite side of the piazza. I chose this point of view because of the enormous dimensions of the building. I first used the ordinary lens, obtaining the general view, and then telephotographed various portions of it.

The cathedral at Florence is so shut in by adjacent buildings that it must receive other treatment. The vast amount of work upon the façade is lost to the casual observer because of the propinquity of the baptistery, which completely destroys the effect of this wonderful mosaic. Standing on the sidewalk, as far from the façade as the other buildings would permit, I made the general view of it with a lens of four inches focus, then retreating still farther, till a corner of the baptistery began to



The Jungfrau from the same Standpoint (sixteen miles distant), Telephoto Lens.

interfere, I used the telephoto attachment on the central rose-window, the camera being about a hundred yards from it [pp. 460–61]. Then taking a position beside the baptistery I telephotographed the mosaic over the central door. It will be noticed that in the telephotographs there is less distortion than in the ordinary view, for although the rose-window is over a hundred feet above the pavement it was photographed from such a distance that only a slight inclination of the camera was necessary, and the picture appears as if taken from an elevation, whereas it was actually made from the sidewalk. The delicate carving and mosaic work about the central door are distinctly brought out, and it is one of the best examples of telephoto work the attachment has made.

At Venice one turns instinctively toward the grand Piazza, the Mecca of many a traveller as well as of the Venetians themselves. St. Mark's Cathedral offers many studies for the camera, and for many years the glass mosaics upon the upper part of the front of the building were a perplexing problem to me, for the balcony was too near and the pavement below was too far away for successful work with the ordinary lens ; and if taken from a near position below they were so distorted as to be useless. The problem was not solved till the advent of the telephoto attachment, which procured the studies with ease. After making a picture of the whole front of the cathedral from the centre of the piazza in the ordinary way, the camera was moved a little to the right, so that one of the large flag-poles would not interfere, and the upper left-hand mosaic, representing the " Descent from the Cross," was telephotographed [pp. 466–67]. The result is about the same as that which might have been obtained in the ordinary way from the top of a scaffold fifty feet high and about forty feet from the mosaic.

As all the illustrations mentioned were made with the idea of reproducing them as lantern slides, which are only about three inches square, they do not indicate the full power of the attachment in a single case. Therefore I placed my camera near a window in one of my rooms and photographed the row of dwellings across



A Cocoanut-tree, St. Kitts, British West Indies.

the back yards [p. 465]. The actual distance from the camera to the first dwelling is one hundred and thirty feet; to the chimney, one hundred and fifty-four feet. Then, after putting on the telephoto attachment and extending the front of the camera as far as the bellows would permit, I telephotographed one of the chimneys on the third house, the only change in the camera being a slight inclination so



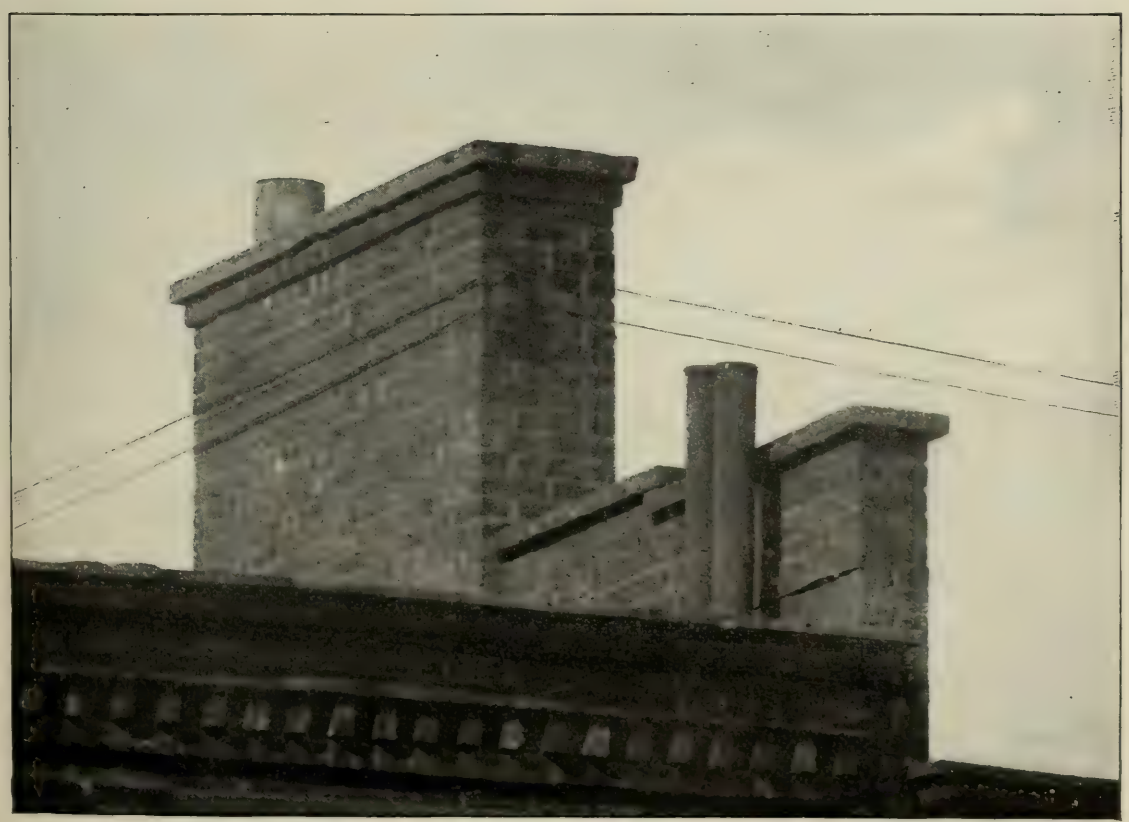
Cocoanuts on the Tree, St. Kitts, British West Indies—Telephoto Lens.



From My Window. (The house is 130 feet distant.)

that the chimney would be in the centre of the plate. This picture, when compared with that taken with the ordinary lens, shows an enlargement of nearly sixteen diameters, which is considerably more than the capacity or power of a very large field-glass.

Although some of the detail is lost in half-tone reproduction, yet the vast difference between the ordinary photograph



Chimney of Third House, 154 feet from My Window.—Telephoto Lens, full power, sixteen diameters.



Popocatepetl, Thirty Miles from Hotel Jardin, Puebla, Mexico.

and the telephotograph is well shown. The telegraph wires and the other details which are not visible in the former are clearly brought out in the latter. The exposure with the ordinary lens was about one-thirtieth of a second, while that with the attachment was one-fourth of a second. One-fourth of a second may seem



St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice.



Popocatepetl from Same Point of View, Thirty Miles Distant—Telephoto Lens.

to be a very short period of time, but it is entirely too long for many subjects that are very desirable.

The shortest exposure I have ever made with the attachment was upon a very fruitful specimen of the cocoanut-tree on the island of St. Kitts, one of the emerald gems of the Lesser Antilles, belonging to



Left Mosaic of the Cathedral, Venice, from Piazza at a Distance of More than 200 Feet—Telephoto Lens.

Great Britain. After making an instantaneous picture in the ordinary way, I used the attachment on the cocoanuts, making use of a drop-shutter giving an exposure of about one-tenth of a second. As the tree was swaying with the strong trade-wind a very quick exposure was necessary, and thanks to the intense light the plate responded to the application of a powerful developer [p. 464].

With a new combination of very thin lenses now in process of construction, I hope to be able to diminish the time of exposure so that moving objects may be photographed without difficulty. If successful, this new lens will be invaluable for the purpose of obtaining pictures of birds and wild animals in their natural haunts, long before they become aware of the approach of their enemy. It would enable one to photograph domestic animals in their natural picturesque attitudes, which are almost always lost as soon as the camera is observed, and only too often the owner of the camera is compelled to beat a hasty retreat, sometimes with the loss of everything but honor.



Telephoto of the Bronze Figure of Victory on Memorial Column at West Point. (Distance 100 Yards.)

The improvement in photographic lenses in the last few years has been very remarkable, and if the telephoto receives the attention it deserves of the best lens makers, the accompanying telephoto illustrations may be but harbingers of better things to come. Instead of being compelled to carry heavy unwieldy cameras and a battery of lenses, the wandering photographer will be able to accomplish even more with a compact camera and a little telephoto tube, no larger than the single barrel of a small field-glass.



The Memorial Column, West Point. (Distance 100 Yards.)

THE

LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

THE VOYAGE OF THE CASCO: HONOLULU (JULY, 1888–JUNE, 1889)

IT was on July 26, 1888, that Stevenson started from the harbor of San Francisco on what was intended to be a health and pleasure excursion of a few months' duration, but turned into a voluntary exile prolonged until the hour of his death. The trading party consisted, besides himself, of his wife, his mother, his stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, and the servant Valentine. They sailed on board the schooner yacht Casco, Captain Otis, and made straight for the Marquesas, dropping anchor on July 28th in the harbor of Nukahiva. The magic effect of this first island landfall on his mind he has described in the opening chapter of his book *The South Seas*. After spending six weeks in this group they sailed southeastward, visiting (a somewhat perilous piece of navigation) several of the coral atolls of the Paumotus or Low Archipelago. Thence they arrived in the first week of October at the Tahitian group or "Society Islands." In these their longest stay was not at the chief town, Papeete, but in a more secluded and very beautiful station, Tautira, where they were detained by the necessity of re-masting the schooner, and where Stevenson and one of the local chiefs, Ori a Ori, made special friends and parted with heartfelt mutual regret. Thence sailing due northward through forty degrees of latitude, they arrived about Christmas at Honolulu, the more than semi-civilized capital of the Hawaiian group (Sandwich Islands), where they paid off the yacht Casco and made a stay of nearly six months. There the elder Mrs. Stevenson left them to return to Scotland, and only rejoined her son's household when it was fairly installed two years later at Vailima. From Honolulu Stevenson made several excursions, including one, which profoundly impressed him, to the leper settlement at Molokai, the scene of Father Damien's ministrations and death.

The result of this first year's voyaging and residence among the Pacific Islands had been so encouraging a renewal of health, and so keen a zest added to life by the restored capacity for outdoor activity and adventure, that Stevenson determined to prolong his experiences in yet more remote archipelagoes of the same ocean. He started accordingly from Honolulu in June, 1889, on a trading schooner, the Equator, bound to the Gilberts, one of the least visited and most primitively mannered of all the island groups of the Western Pacific; emerged toward Christmas of the same year into semi-civilization again at Samoa; stayed there for six weeks, enchanted with the scenery and the people; bought a property, the future Vailima, on the mountain-side above Apia, with a view to making it, if not a home, at least a place of rest and call on later projected excursions among the islands; and began to make collections for his studies in recent Samoan history. In February he went on to Sydney to find his correspondence and consider future plans. It was during this stay at Sydney that his righteous indignation was aroused by the publication of a letter in depreciation of Father Damien, written by the Rev. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu. Here also he fell once more sharply ill, with a renewal of all his old symptoms, and the conclusion was forced upon him that he must make his home for the rest of his life in the tropics—though with occasional excursions, as he then thought, at least half-way homeward to places where it might be possible for friends from England to meet him. With a view to shaking off the effects of his fresh attack, he started with his party on a fresh sea voyage from Sydney, this time

on a trading steamer, the Janet Nicoll, which took him by a very devious course among many remote islands during the months of April–August, 1890. During this journey he began to put into shape the notes for a comprehensive book on the South Seas—not one of incidents and impressions only, which was what his readers craved from him, but one of studious inquiry and research—which he had been compiling ever since he left San Francisco. On the return voyage of the Janet Nicoll he left her at New Caledonia, staying for some days at Noumea before he went on to Sydney, where he spent four or five weeks of later August and September; and in October he came to take up his abode for good on his Samoan property, where the work of clearing and planting had been going on busily during his absence.

The letters in the following section are selected from those which reached his correspondents in England and the United States at intervals, necessarily somewhat rare, during the first part of these voyages—that is, from the Marquesas, Paumotus, and the Tahitian and Hawaiian groups—down to June, 1889.

YACHT *Casco*, ANAHO BAY, NUKAHIVA, MARQUESAS ISLANDS. [July, 1888.]

MY DEAR COLVIN,—From this somewhat (ahem) out of the way place, I write to say how d'ye do. It is all a swindle: I chose these isles as having the most beastly population, and they are far better, and far more civilised than we. I know one old chief Ko-o-amua, a great cannibal in his day, who ate his enemies even as he walked home from killing 'em, and he is a perfect gentleman and exceedingly amiable and simple-minded: no fool, though.

The climate is delightful; and the harbour where we lie one of the loveliest spots imaginable. Yesterday evening we had near a score natives on board; lovely parties. We have a native god; very rare now. Very rare and equally absurd to view.

This sort of work is not favourable to correspondence; it takes me all the little strength I have to go about and see, and then come home and note the strangeness around us. I shouldn't wonder if there came trouble here some day, all the same. I could name a nation* that is not beloved in certain islands—and it does not know it! Strange: like ourselves, perhaps, in India! Love to all and much to yourself.

R. L. S.

YACHT CASCO, *at sea, near the Paumotus, 7 A.M., September 6th, 1888.*

MY DEAR CHARLES [BAXTER],—Last night as I lay under my blanket in the cockpit, courting sleep, I had a comic seizure. There was nothing visible but the southern stars, and the steersman there out by the binnacle lamp; we were all looking forward to a most deplorable landfall on the morrow, praying God we should fetch a tuft of palms which are to indicate the Dangerous Archipelago; the night was as warm as milk, and all of a sudden I had a vision of—Drummond Street. It came on me like a flash of lightning; I simply returned thither, and into the past. And when I remember all I hoped and feared as I pickled about Rutherford's in the rain and the east wind; how I feared I should make a mere shipwreck, and yet timidly hoped not; how I feared I should never have a friend, far less a wife, and yet passionately hoped I might; how I hoped (if I did not take to drink) I should possibly write one little book, etc. etc. And then now—what a change! I feel somehow as if I should like the incident set upon a brass plate at the corner of that dreary thoroughfare for all students to read, poor devils, when their hearts are down. And I felt I must write one word to you. Excuse me if I write little: when I am at sea, it gives me a headache; when I am in port, I have my diary crying, 'Give, give.' I shall have a fine book of travels, I feel sure; and will tell you more of the South Seas after very few months than any other writer has done—except Herman Melville perhaps, who is a howling cheese. Good luck to you, God bless you.—Your affectionate friend,

R. L. S.

TAITI, *as ever was, 6th October, 1888.*

MY DEAR CHARLES [BAXTER],

. . . You will receive a lot of mostly very bad proofs of photographs: the paper was

* The French: the Marquesas, Paumotus, and Tahiti being all dependencies of France.

so bad. Please keep them very private, as they are for the book. We send them, having learned so dread a fear of the sea, that we wish to put our eggs in different baskets. We have been thrice within an ace of being ashore : we were lost (!) for about twelve hours in the Low Archipelago, but by God's blessing had quiet weather all the time ; and once, in a squall, we cam' so near gaun heels ower hurdies, that I really dinnae ken why we didnae a' thegither. Hence, as I say, a great desire to put our eggs in different baskets, particularly on the Pacific (aw-haw-haw) Pacific Ocean.

You can have no idea what a mean time we have had, owing to incidental beastlinesses, nor what a glorious, owing to the intrinsic interest of these isles. I hope the book will be a good one ; nor do I really very much doubt that—the stuff is so curious ; what I wonder is, if the public will rise to it. A copy of my journal, or as much of it as is made, shall go to you also ; it is, of course, quite imperfect, much being to be added and corrected ; but O, for the eggs in the different baskets.

All the rest are well enough, and all have enjoyed the cruise so far, in spite of its drawbacks. We have had an awfae' time in some ways, Mr. Baxter ; and if I wasnae sic a verra patient man (when I ken that I *have* to be) there wad hae been a braw row ; and ance if I hadnae happened to be on deck about three in the marnin', I *think* there would have been *murder* done. The American Mairchant Marine is a kent service ; ye'll have heard its praise, I'm thinkin' ; an' if ye never did, ye can get *Twa Years Before the Mast*, by Dana, whaur forbye a great deal o' pleisure, ye 'll get a' the needcessary information. Love to your father and all the family.—Ever your affectionate friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[Miss Boodle had made Mr. Stevenson a present of a paper-cutter when he left Bournemouth ; and it is in the character of the paper-cutter that he now writes to her :]

TAITI, October 10th, 1888.

DEAR GIVER,—I am at a loss to conceive your object in giving me to a person so locomotory as my proprietor. The number of thousand miles that I have travelled, the strange bed-fellows with which I have been made acquainted, I lack the requisite literary talent to make clear to your imagination. I speak of bed-fellows ; pocket-fellows would be a more exact expression, for the place of my abode is in my master's right-hand trouser-pocket ; and there, as he waded on the resounding beaches of Nukahiva, or in the shallow tepid water on the reef of Fakarava, I have been overwhelmed by and buried among all manner of abominable South Sea shells, beautiful enough in their way, I make no doubt, but singular company for any self-respecting paper-cutter. He, my master—or as I more justly call him, my bearer ; for although I occasionally serve him, does not he serve me daily and all day long, carrying me like an African potentate on my subject's legs ?—*he* is delighted with these isles, and this climate, and these savages, and a variety of other things. He now blows a flageolet with singular effects ; sometimes the poor thing appears stifled with shame, sometimes it screams with agony ; he pursues his career with truculent insensibility. Health appears to reign in the party. I was very nearly sunk in a squall. I am sorry I ever left England, for here there are no books to be had, and without books there is no stable situation for, dear Giver, your affectionate

WOODEN PAPER-CUTTER.

A neighbouring pair of scissors snips a kiss in your direction.

[The ballad referred to in the letter which follows is the *Feast of Famine* (published with others in the collection of 1890 ; " Ballads," Chatto & Windus). I never very much admired his ballads for any quality except their narrative vigor ; thinking them unequal and uncertain both in metre and style.]

TAITI, October 16th, 1888.

MY DEAR COLVIN, — The cruiser for San Francisco departs to-morrow morning bearing you some kind of a scratch. This much more important packet will travel by way of Auckland. It contains a ballant ; and I think a better ballant than I expected ever to do. I can imagine how you will wag your pow over it, and how ragged you will find it, etc., but has it not spirit all the same ? and

though the verse is not all your fancy painted it, has it not some life? And surely, as narrative, the thing has considerable merit! Read it, get a typewritten copy taken, and send me that and your opinion to the Sandwiches. I know I am only courting the most excruciating mortification; but the real cause of my sending the thing is that I could bear to go down myself, but not to have much MS. go down with me. To say truth, we are through the most dangerous; but it has left in all minds a strong sense of insecurity, and we are all for putting eggs in various baskets.

We leave here soon, bound for Uahiva, Reiatea, Bora-Bora, and the Sandwiches.

> O, how my spirit languishes
> To step ashore on the Sanguishes;
> For there my letters wait,
> There shall I know my fate.
> O, how my spirit languidges
> To step ashore on the Sanguidges.

18th.—I think we shall leave here if all is well on Monday. I am quite recovered, astonishingly recovered. It must be owned these climates and this voyage have given me more strength than I could have thought possible. And yet the sea is a terrible place, stupefying to the mind and poisonous to the temper, the sea, the motion, the lack of space, the cruel publicity, the villainous tinned foods, the sailors, the captain, the passengers—but you are amply repaid when you sight an island, and drop anchor in a new world. Much trouble has attended this trip, but I must confess more pleasure. Nor should I ever complain, as in the last few weeks, with the curing of my illness indeed, as if that were the bursting of an abscess, the cloud has risen from my spirits and to some degree from my temper. Do you know what they called the *Casco* at Fakarava? The *Silver Ship*. Is that not pretty? Pray tell Mrs. Jenkin, *die silberne Frau*, as I only learned it since I wrote her. I think of calling the book by that name: *The Cruise of the Silver Ship*—so there will be one poetic page at least—the title. At the Sandwiches we shall say farewell to the *S. S.* with mingled feelings. She is a lovely creature: the most beautiful thing at this moment in Taiti.

Well, I will take another sheet, though I know I have nothing to say. You would think I was bursting: but the voyage is all stored up for the book, which is to pay for it, we fondly hope; and the troubles of the time are not worth telling; and our news is little.

Here I conclude (Oct. 24th, I think) for we are now stored, and the Blue Peter metaphorically flies.

R. L. S.

[The second part of this letter is addressed to a young son of Mr. Archer's, with whom Stevenson, as with almost every boy he met, was on terms of special and private understanding.]

TAITI, October 17th, 1888.

DEAR ARCHER,—Though quite unable to write letters, I nobly send you a line signifying nothing. The voyage has agreed well with all; it has had its pains, and its extraordinary pleasures; nothing in the world can equal the excitement of the first time you cast anchor in some bay of a tropical island, and the boats begin to surround you, and the tattooed people swarm aboard. Tell Tomarcher, with my respex, that hide-and-seek is not equal to it; no, nor hidee-in-the-dark; which, for the matter of that, is a game for the unskilful: the artist prefers daylight, a good-sized garden, some shrubbery, an open paddock, and—come on, Macduff.

TOMARCHER, I am now a distinguished litterytour, but that was not the real bent of my genius. I was the best player of hide-and-seek going; not a good runner, I was up to every shift and dodge, I could jink very well, I could crawl without any noise through leaves, I could hide under a carrot plant, it used to be my favorite boast that I always *walked* into the den. You may care to hear, Tomarcher, about the children in these parts; their parents obey them, they do not obey their parents; and I am sorry to tell you (for I daresay you are already thinking the idea a good one) that it does not pay one halfpenny. There are three sorts of civilisation, Tomarcher: the real old-fashioned one, in which children either had to find out how to please their dear papas, or their dear papas cut their heads off. This style did very well,

but is now out of fashion. Then the modern European style: in which children have to behave reasonably well, and go to school and say their prayers, or their dear papas *will know the reason why*. This does fairly well. Then there is the South Sea Island plan, which does not do one bit. The children beat their parents here; it does not make their parents any better; so do not try it.

Dear Tomarcher, I have forgotten the address of your new house, but will send this to one of your papa's publishers. Remember us all to all of you, and believe me, yours respectably,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[The following is the draft of a proposed dedication to the South Sea travel book which was to be the fruit of the present voyages; as is explained in a note at foot.]

November 11, 1888.

TO J. A. SYMONDS.

One November night, in the village of Tautira, we sat at the high table in the hall of assembly, hearing the natives sing. It was dark in the hall, and very warm; though at times the land wind blew a little shrewdly through the chinks, and at times, through the larger openings, we could see the moonlight on the lawn. As the songs arose in the rattling Tahitian chorus, the chief translated here and there a verse. Farther on in the volume you shall read the songs themselves; and I am in hopes that not you only, but all who can find a savour in the ancient poetry of places, will read them with some pleasure. You are to conceive us, therefore, in strange circumstances and very pleasing; in a strange land and climate, the most beautiful on earth; surrounded by a foreign race that all travellers have agreed to be the most engaging; and taking a double interest in two foreign arts.

We came forth again at last, in a cloudy moonlight, on the forest lawn which is the street of Tautira. The Pacific roared outside upon the reef. Here and there one of the scattered palm-built lodges shone out under the shadow of the wood, the lamplight bursting through the crannies of the wall. We went homeward slowly, Ori a Ori carrying behind us the lantern and the chairs, properties with which we had just been enacting our part of the distinguished visitor. It was one of those moments in which minds not altogether churlish recall the names and deplore the absence of congenial friends; and it was your name that first rose upon our lips. "How Symonds would have enjoyed this evening!" said one, and then another. The word caught in my mind; I went to bed, and it was still there. The glittering, frosty solitudes in which your days are cast, arose before me: I seemed to see you walking there in the late night, under the pine-trees and the stars; and I received the image with something like remorse.

There is a modern attitude towards fortune; in this place I will not use a graver name. Staunchly to withstand her buffets and to enjoy with equanimity her favours was the code of the virtuous of old. Our fathers, it should seem, wondered and doubted how they had merited their misfortunes: we, rather how we have deserved our happiness. And we stand often abashed, and sometimes revolted, at those partialities of fate by which we profit most. It was so with me on that November night: I felt that our positions should be changed. It was you, dear Symonds, who should have gone upon that voyage and written this account. With your rich stores of knowledge, you could have remarked and understood a thousand things of interest and beauty that escaped my ignorance; and the brilliant colors of your style would have carried into a thousand sickrooms the sea air and the strong sun of tropic islands. It was otherwise decreed. But suffer me at least to connect you, if only in name and only in the fondness of imagination, with the voyage of the *Silver Ship*.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

DEAR SYMONDS,—I send you this (November 11th), the morning of its completion. If I ever write an account of this voyage, may I place this letter at the beginning? It represents—I need not tell you, for you too are an artist—a most genuine feeling, which kept me long awake last night; and though perhaps a little elaborate, I think it a good piece

of writing. We are *in heaven here*. Do not forget R. L. S.

Please keep this : I have no perfect copy.

Tautira, on the peninsula of Tahiti.

TAUTIRA, ISLAND OF TAHITI
[November, 1888].

DEAR TOMARCHER,—This is a pretty state of things ! seven o'clock and no word of breakfast ! And I was awake a good deal last night, for it was full moon, and they had made a great fire of cocoanut husks down by the sea, and as we have no blinds or shutters, this kept my room very bright. And then the rats had a wedding or a school-feast under my bed. And then I woke early, and I have nothing to read except Virgil's *Æneid*, which is not good fun on an empty stomach, and a Latin dictionary, which is good for naught, and by some humorous accident, your dear papa's article on Skerryvore. And I read the whole of that, and very impudent it is, but you must not tell your dear papa I said so, or it might come to a battle in which you might lose either a dear papa or a valued correspondent, or both, which would be prodigal. And still no breakfast ; so I said ' Let's write to Tomarcher.'

This is a much better place for children than any I have hitherto seen in these seas. The girls (and sometimes the boys) play a very elaborate kind of hopscotch. The boys play horses exactly as we do in Europe ; and have very good fun on stilts, trying to knock each other down, in which they do not often succeed. The children of all ages go to church and are allowed to do what they please, running about the aisles, rolling balls, stealing mamma's bonnet and publicly sitting on it, and at last going to sleep in the middle of the floor. I forgot to say that the whips to play horses, and the balls to roll about the church—at least I never saw them used elsewhere—grow ready made on trees ; which is rough on toy-shops. The whips are so good that I wanted to play horses myself ; but no such luck ! my hair is grey, and I am a great, big, ugly man. The balls are rather hard, but very light and quite round. When you grow up and become offensively rich, you can charter a ship in the port of London, and have it come back to you entirely loaded with these balls ; when you could satisfy your mind as to their character, and give them away when done with to your uncles and aunts. But what I really wanted to tell you was this : besides the tree-top toys (Hush-a-by, toy-shop, on the tree-top !), I have seen some real *made* toys, the first hitherto observed in the South Seas.

This was how. You are to imagine a four-wheeled gig ; one horse ; in the front seat two Tahiti natives, in their Sunday clothes, blue coat, white shirt, kilt (a little longer than the Scotch) of a blue stuff with big white or yellow flowers, legs and feet bare ; in the back seat me and my wife, who is a friend of yours ; under our feet, plenty of lunch and things ; among us a great deal of fun in broken Tahitian, one of the natives, the sub-chief of the village, being a great ally of mine. Indeed we have exchanged names ; so that he is now called Rui, the nearest they can come to Louis, for they have no *l* and no *s* in their language. Rui is six feet three in his stockings, and a magnificent man. We all have straw hats, for the sun is strong. We drive between the sea, which makes a great noise, and the mountains ; the road is cut through a forest mostly of fruit trees, the very creepers, which take the place of our ivy, heavy with a great and delicious fruit, bigger than your head and far nicer, called Barbedine. Presently we came to a house in a pretty garden, quite by itself, very nicely kept, the doors and windows open, no one about, and no noise but that of the sea. It looked like a house in a fairy-tale, and just beyond we must ford a river, and there we saw the inhabitants. Just in the mouth of the river, where it met the sea waves, they were ducking and bathing and screaming together like a covey of birds : seven or eight little naked brown boys and girls as happy as the day was long ; and on the banks of the stream beside them, real toys—toy ships, full rigged, and with their sails set, though they were lying in the dust on their beam ends. And then I knew for sure they were all children in a fairy-story, living alone together in that lonely house with the only toys in all the island ; and that I had myself driven, in my four-wheeled gig, into a corner of the fairy-story, and the

question was, should I get out again? But it was all right; I guess only one of the wheels of the gig had got into the fairy-story; and the next jolt the whole thing vanished, and we drove on in our sea-side forest as before, and I have the honor to be Tomarcher's valued correspondent, TERIITERA, which he was previously known as

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

YACHT CASCO, AT SEA, 14th January, 1889.

MY DEAR COLVIN,—20 days out from Papeete. Yes, sir, all that, and only (for a guess) in 4° north or at the best 4°30′, though already the wind seems to smell a little of the North Pole. My handwriting you must take as you get, for we are speeding along through a nasty swell, and I can only keep my place at the table by means of a foot against the divan, the unoccupied hand meanwhile gripping the ink-bottle. As we begin (so very slowly) to draw near to seven months of correspondence, we are all in some fear; and I want to have letters written before I shall be plunged into that boiling pot of disagreeables which I constantly expect at Honolulu. What is needful can be added there.

We were kept two months at Tautira in the house of my dear old friend, Ori a Ori, till both the masts of this invaluable yacht had been repaired. It was all for the best: Tautira being the most beautiful spot, and its people the most amiable, I have ever found. Besides which, the climate suited me to the ground; I actually went sea-bathing almost every day, and in our feasts (we are all huge eaters in Taiarapu) have been known to apply four times for pig. And then again I got wonderful materials for my book, collected songs and legends on the spot; songs still sung in chorus by perhaps a hundred persons, not two of whom can agree on their translation; legends, on which I have seen half-a-dozen seniors sitting in conclave and debating what came next. Once I went a day's journey to the other side of the island to Tati, the high chief of the Tevas—*my* chief that is, for I am now a Teva and Teriitera at your service—to collect more and correct what I had already. In the meanwhile I got on with my work, almost finished the *Master of Ballantrae*, which contains more human work than anything of mine but *Kidnapped*, and wrote the half of another ballad, the 'Song of Rahero,' on a Taiarapu legend of my own clan, sir—not so much fire as the *Feast of Famine*, but promising to be more even and correct. But the best fortune of our stay at Tautira was my knowledge of Ori himself, one of the finest creatures extant. The day of our parting was a sad one. We deduced from it a rule for travellers: not to stay two months in one place – which is to cultivate regrets.

At last our contemptible ship was ready; to sea we went, bound for Honolulu and the letter bag, on Christmas Day; and from then to now have experienced every sort of minor misfortune, squalls, calms, contrary winds and seas, pertinacious rains, declining stores, till we came almost to regard ourselves as in the case of Vanderdecken. Three days ago our luck seemed to improve, we struck a leading breeze, got creditably through the doldrums, and just as we looked to have the N.E. trades and a straight run, the rains and squalls and calms began again about midnight, and this morning, though there is breeze enough to send us along, we are beaten back by an obnoxious swell out of the north. Here is a page of complaint, when a verse of thanksgiving had perhaps been more in place. For all this time we must have been skirting past dangerous weather, in the tail and circumference of hurricanes, and getting only annoyance where we should have had peril, and ill-humour instead of fear.

I wonder if I have managed to give you any news this time, or whether the usual damn hangs over my letter? 'The midwife whispered, Be thou dull!' or at least inexplicit. Anyway I have tried my best, am exhausted with the effort, and fall back into the land of generalities. I cannot tell you how often we have planned our arrival at the Monument: two nights ago, the 12th January, we had it all planned out, arrived in the lights and whirl of Waterloo, hailed a hansom, span up Waterloo Road, over the bridge, etc., etc., and hailed the monument gate in triumph and with indescribable delight. My dear Custodian, I always think we are too sparing of assurances: Cordelia

is only to be excused by Regan and Goneril in the same nursery ; I wish to tell you that the longer I live, the more dear do you become to me, nor does my heart own any stronger sentiment. If the bloody schooner didn't send me flying in every sort of direction at the same time, I would say better what I feel so much ; but really if you were here, you would not be writing letters, I believe ; and even I, though of a more marine constitution, am much perturbed with this bobbery and wish—O ye gods, how I wish—that it was done, and we had arrived, and I had Pandora's Box (my mail bag) in hand, and was in the lively hope of something eatable for dinner instead of salt horse, tinned mutton, duff without any plums, and pie fruit, which now make up our whole repertory. O Pandora's Box ! I wonder what you will contain. As like as not you will contain but little money ; if that be so, we shall have to retire to 'Frisco in the *Casco*, and thence by sea *viâ* Panama to Southampton, where we should arrive in April. I would like fine to see you on the tug : ten years older both of us than the last time you came to welcome Fanny and me to England. If we have money, however, we shall do a little differently : send the *Casco* away from Honolulu empty of its high-born lessees, for that voyage to 'Frisco is one long dead beat in foul and at last in cold weather ; stay awhile behind, follow by steamer, cross the States by train, stay awhile in New York on business, and arrive probably by the German Line in Southampton. But all this is a question of money. We shall have to lie very dark awhile to recruit our finances : what comes from the book of the cruise, I do not want to touch until the capital is repaid. R. L. S.

Honolulu, February 8th, 1889.

My Dear Charles [Baxter],—Here we are at Honolulu, and have dismissed the yacht, and lie here until April anyway, in a fine state of haze, which I am yet in hopes some letter of yours (still on the way) may dissipate. No money, and not one word as to money ! However, I have got the yacht paid off in triumph, I think ; and though we stay here impignorate, it should not be for long, even if you bring us no extra help from home. The cruise has been a great success, both as to matter, fun, and health ; and yet, Lord, man ! we're pleased to be ashore ! Yon was a very fine voyage from Tahiti up here, but—the dry land's a fine place too, and we don't mind squalls any longer, and eh, man, that's a great thing. Blow, blow, thou wintry wind, thou hast done me no appreciable harm beyond a few grey hairs ! Altogether, this foolhardy venture is achieved ; and if I have but nine months of life and any kind of health, I shall have both eaten my cake and got it back again with usury. But, man, there have been days when I felt guilty, and thought I was in no position for the head of a house.

Your letter and accounts is doubtless at S. F., and will reach me in course. My wife is no great shakes ; she is the one who has suffered most. My mother has had a Huge Old Time ; Lloyd is first chop ; I so well that I do not know myself—sea-bathing, if you please, and what is far more dangerous, entertaining and being entertained by His Majesty here, who is a very fine intelligent fellow, but O, Charles ! what a crop for the drink ! He carries it too like a mountain with a sparrow on its shoulders. We calculated five bottles of champagne in three hours and-a-half (afternoon) and the sovereign quite presentable, although perceptibly more dignified at the end. . . . .

The extraordinary health I enjoy and variety of interests I find among these islands would tempt me to remain here ; only for Lloyd, who is not well placed in such countries for a permanency ; and a little for Colvin, to whom I feel I owe a sort of filial duty. And these two considerations will no doubt bring me back—to go to bed again—in England. I will write again soon and beg for all news of the Henleys and all friends.—Yours ever affectionately, R. L. S.

Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands,
February, 1889.

My dear Bob [Stevenson],—My extremely foolhardy venture is practically over. How foolhardy it was I don't think I realized. We had a very small schooner, and, like most yachts overrigged and over-sparred, and like many American yachts on a very dangerous sail plan. . . .

The waters we sailed in are, of course, entirely unlighted, and very badly charted; in the Dangerous Archipelago through which we were fools enough to go, we were perfectly in ignorance of where we were for a whole night and half the next day, and this in the midst of invisible islands and rapid and variable currents; and we were lucky when we found our whereabouts at last. We have twice had all we wanted in the way of squalls; once, as I came on deck, I found the green sea over the cockpit coamings and running down the companion like a brook to meet me; at that same moment the foresail sheet jammed and the captain had no knife; this was the only occasion on the cruise that ever I set a hand to a rope, but I worked like a Trojan, judging the possibility of hæmorrhage better than the certainty of drowning. Another time I saw a rather singular thing: our whole ship's company as pale as paper from the captain to the cook; we had a black squall astern on the port and a white squall ahead to starboard; the complication passed off innocuous, the black squall only fetching us with its tail, and the white one slewing off somewhere else. Twice we were a long while (days) in the close vicinity of hurricane weather, but again luck prevailed, and we saw none of it. These are dangers incident to these seas and small craft. What was an amazement, and at the same time a powerful stroke of luck, both our masts were rotten, and we found it out—I was going to say in time, but it was stranger and luckier than that. The head of the mainmast hung over so that hands were afraid to go to the helm; and less than three weeks before—I am not sure it was more than a fortnight—we had been nearly twelve hours beating off the lee shore of Eimeo (or Moorea, next island to Tahiti) in half a gale of wind with a violent head sea; she would neither tack nor wear once, and had to be boxed off with the mainsail; you can imagine what an ungodly show of kites we carried—and yet the mast stood. The very day after that, in the southern bight of Tahiti, we had a near squeak, the wind suddenly coming calm; the reefs were close in, with, my eye! what a surf! The pilot thought we were gone, and the captain had a boat cleared, when a lucky squall came to our rescue. My wife, hearing the order given about the boats, remarked to my mother, 'Isn't that nice? we shall soon be ashore!' Thus does the female mind unconsciously skirt along the verge of eternity. Our voyage up here was most disastrous—calms, squalls, head sea, waterspouts of rain, hurricane weather all about, and we in the midst of the hurricane season, when even the hopeful builder and owner of the yacht had pronounced these seas unfit for her. We ran out of food, and were quite given up for lost in Honolulu: people had ceased to speak to Belle * about the Casco, as a deadly object.

But the perils of the deep were part of the programme; and though I am very glad to be done with them for a while and comfortably ashore, where a squall does not matter a snuff to any one, I feel pretty sure I shall want to get to sea again ere long. The dreadful risk I took was financial, and double-headed. First, I had to sink a lot of money in the cruise, and if I didn't get health, how was I to get it back? I have got health to a wonderful extent; and as I have the most interesting matter for my book, bar accidents, I ought to get all I have laid out and a profit. But second (what I own I never considered till too late), there was the danger of collisions, of damages and heavy repairs, of disablement, towing, and salvage; indeed, the cruise might have turned round and cost me double. Nor will this danger be quite over till I hear the yacht is in San Francisco; for though I have shaken the dust of her deck from my feet, I fear (as a point of law) she is still mine till she gets there.

From my point of view, up to now the cruise has been a wonderful success. I never knew the world was so amusing. On the last voyage we had grown so used to sea-life that no one wearied, though it lasted a full month, except Fanny, who is always ill. All the time our visits to the islands have been more like dreams than realities: the people, the life, the beachcombers, the old stories and songs I have picked up, so interesting; the climate, the scenery, and (in some places) the women

* Stevenson's stepdaughter, Mrs. Strong, who was at this time living at Honolulu, and joined his party and family for good and all when they continued their voyage on from thence.

so beautiful. The women are handsomest in Tahiti; the men in the Marquesas, both as fine types as can be imagined. Lloyd reminds me, I have not told you one characteristic incident of the cruise from a semi-naval point of view. One night we were going ashore in Anaho Bay; the most awful noise on deck; the breakers distinctly audible in the cabin; and there I had to sit below, entertaining in my best style a negroid native chieftain, much the worse for rum! You can imagine the evening's pleasure.

This naval report on cruising in the South Seas would be incomplete without one other trait. On our voyage up here I came one day into the dining-room, the hatch in the floor was open, the ship's boy was below with a baler, and two of the hands were carrying buckets as for a fire; this meant that the pumps had ceased working.

One stirring day was that in which we sighted Hawaii. It blew fair, but very strong; we carried jib, foresail, and mainsail, all single-reefed, and she carried her lee rail under water and flew. The swell, the heaviest I have ever been out in—I tried in vain to estimate the height, *at least* fifteen feet—came tearing after us about a point and a half off the wind. We had the best hand—old Louis—at the wheel; and, really, he did nobly, and had noble luck, for it never caught us once. At times it seemed we must have it; Louis would look over his shoulder with the queerest look and dive down his neck into his shoulders; and then it missed us somehow, and only sprays came over our quarter, turning the little outside lane of deck into a mill race as deep as to the cockpit coamings. I never remember anything more delightful and exciting. Pretty soon after we were lying absolutely becalmed under the lee of Hawaii, of which we had been warned; and the captain never confessed he had done it on purpose, but when accused, he smiled. Really, I suppose he did quite right, for we stood committed to a dangerous race, and to bring her to the wind would have been rather a heart-sickening manœuvre.

R. L. S.

[At Honolulu Stevenson found awaiting him among the accumulations of the mail-bag, two letters of friendly homage—the first, I think, he had received from any foreign *confrère*—addressed to him by a distinguished young French scholar and man of letters, M. Marcel Schwob.

HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS,
February 8th, 1889.

M. SCHWOB.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you—from the midst of such a flurry as you can imagine, with seven months' accumulated correspondence on my table—for your two friendly and clever letters. Pray write me again. I shall be home in May or June, and not improbably shall come to Paris in the summer. Then we can talk; or in the interval I may be able to write, which is to-day out of the question. Pray take a word from a man of crushing occupations, and count it as a volume. Your little *conte* is delightful. Ah yes, you are right, I love the eighteenth century; and so do you, and have not listened to its voice in vain.—The Hunted One,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

HONOLULU, April 2nd, 1889.

MY DEAR COLVIN,—I am beginning to be ashamed of writing on to you without the least acknowledgement, like a tramp; but I do not care—I am hardened; and whatever be the cause of your silence, I mean to write till all is blue. I am outright ashamed of my news, which is that we are not coming home for another year. I cannot but hope it may continue the vast improvement of my health; I think it good for Fanny and Lloyd; and we have all a taste for this wandering and dangerous life. My mother I send home, to my relief, as this part of our cruise will be (if we can carry it out) rather difficult in places. Here is the idea: about the middle of June (unless the Boston Board objects) we sail from Honolulu in the missionary ship (barquentine auxiliary steamer) *Morning Star*: she takes us through the Gilberts and Marshalls, and drops us (this is my great idea) on Ponapue, one of the volcanic islands of the Carolines. Here we stay marooned among a doubtful population, with a Spanish vice-governor and five native kings, and a sprinkling of missionaries, all at loggerheads, on the chance of fetching a passage to Sydney in a trader, a labor ship or (may-

be, but this appears too bright) a ship of war. If we can't get the *Morning Star* (and the Board has many reasons that I can see for refusing its permission) I mean to try to fetch Fiji, hire a schooner there, do the Fijis and Friendlies, hit the course of the *Richmond* at Tonga Tabu, make back by Tahiti, and so to S. F., and home: perhaps in June, 1890. For the latter part of the cruise will likely be the same in either case. You can see for yourself how much variety and adventure this promises: and that it is not devoid of danger at the best, but if we can pull it off in safety, gives me a fine book of travel, and Lloyd a fine lecture and diorama, which should vastly better our finances. I feel as if I were untrue to friendship; believe me, Colvin, when I look forward to this absence of another year, my conscience sinks at thought of the Monument; but I think you will pardon me if you consider how much this tropical weather mends my health. Remember me as I was at home, and think of me sea-bathing and walking about, as jolly as a sandboy; you will own the temptation is strong; and as the scheme, bar fatal accidents, is bound to pay in the bargain, sooner or later, it seems it would be madness to come home now, with an imperfect book, no illustrations to speak of, no diorama, and perhaps fall sick again by autumn. I do not think I delude myself when I say the tendency to catarrh has visibly diminished.

It is a singular thing that as I was packing up old papers ere I left Skerryvore, I came on the prophecies of a drunken Highland Sybil, when I was seventeen. She said I was to be very happy, to visit America, and *to be much upon the sea*. It seems as if it were coming true with a vengeance. Also, do you remember my strong, old, rooted belief that I shall die by drowning? I don't want that to come true, though it is an easy death; but it occurs to me oddly, with these long chances in front. I cannot say why I like the sea; no man is more cynically and constantly alive to its perils; I regard it as the highest form of gambling; and yet I love the sea as much as I hate gambling. Fine, clean emotions; a world all and always beautiful; air better than wine; interest unflagging: there is upon the whole no better life. Yours ever, R. L. S.

HONOLULU, April 6th, 1889.

MY DEAR MISS BOODLE,—The family seems to say I am the man, or rather, mine is the voice; for as to gratitude, we are all in a concatenation. Nobody writes a better letter than my gamekeeper; so gay, so pleasant, so engagingly particular, answering (by some delicate instinct) all the questions she suggests. It is a shame you should get such a poor return as I can make, from a mind essentially and originally incapable of the art epistolary. I would let the paper-cutter take my place; but I am sorry to say, the little wooden seaman did after the manner of seamen, and deserted in the Societies. The place he seems to have stayed at—seems, for his absence was not observed till we were near the Equator—was Tautira, and, I assure you, he displayed good taste, Tautira being as 'nigh hand heaven' as a paper-cutter or anybody has a right to expect.

I think all our friends will be very angry with us, and I give the grounds of their probable displeasure bluntly—we are not coming home for another year. My mother returns next month. Fanny, Lloyd, and I push on again among the islands on a trading schooner, *The Equator*—first for the Gilbert group, which we shall have an opportunity to explore thoroughly; then, if occasion serve, to the Marshalls and Carolines; and if occasion (or money) fail, to Samoa, and back to Tahiti. I own we are deserters, but we have excuses. You cannot conceive how these climates agree with the wretched house-plant of Skerryvore; he wonders to find himself sea-bathing, and cutting about the world loose, like a grown-up person. They agree with Fanny too, who does not suffer from her rheumatism, and with Lloyd also. And the interest of the islands is endless, and the sea, though I own it is a fearsome place, is very delightful. We had applied for places in the American missionary ship, the *Morning Star*, but this trading schooner is a far preferable idea, giving us more time and a thousandfold more liberty; so we determined to cut off the missionaries with a shilling.

The Sandwich Islands do not interest us very much; we live here, oppressed with civilisation, and look for good things in the future. But it would surprise you if you came out to-night from Honolulu

(all shining with electric lights, and all in a bustle from the arrival of the mail, which is to carry you these lines) and crossed the long wooden causeway along the beach, and came out on the road through Kapiolani park, and seeing a gate in the palings, with a tub of gold-fish by the wayside, entered casually in. The buildings stand in these groups by the edge of the beach, where an angry little spitfire sea continually spirts and thrashes with impotent irascibility; the big seas breaking further out upon the reef. The first is a small house, with a very large summer parlour, or *lanai*, as they call it here, roofed, but practically open. There you will find the lamps burning and the family sitting about the table, dinner just done; my mother, my wife, Lloyd, Bell, my wife's daughter, Austin her child, and to-night (by way of rarity) a guest. All about the walls our South Sea curiosities, war clubs, idols, pearl shells, stone axes, etc., and the walls are only a small part of a lanai, the rest being glazed or latticed windows, or mere open space. You will see there no sign of the Squire, however; and being a person of a humane disposition, you will only glance in over the balcony railing at the merry-makers in the summer parlour, and proceed further afield after the Exile. You look round, there is beautiful green turf, many trees of an outlandish sort that drop thorns—look out if your feet are bare; but I beg your pardon, you have not been long enough in the South Seas—and many oleanders in full flower. The next group of buildings is ramshackle, and quite dark; you make out a coach-house door, and look in—only some cocoanuts; you try round to the left and come to the sea front, where Venus and the moon are making luminous tracks on the water, and a great swell rolls and shines on the outer reef, and here is another door—all these places open from the outside—and you go in, and find photography, tubs of water, negatives steeping, a tap, and a chair and an inkbottle, where my wife is supposed to write; round a little further, a third door, entering which you find a picture upon the easel and a table sticky with paints; a fourth door admits you to a sort of court, where there is a hen sitting—I believe on a fallacious egg. No sign of the Squire in all this. But right opposite the studio door you have observed a third little house, from whose open door lamplight streams and makes hay of the strong moonlight shadows. You had supposed it made no part of the grounds, for a fence runs round it lined with oleander; but as the Squire is nowhere else, is it not just possible he may be here? It is a grim little wooden shanty; cobwebs bedeck it; friendly mice inhabit its recesses; the mailed cockroach walks upon the wall; so also, I regret to say, the scorpion. Herein are two pallet beds, two mosquito curtains, strung to the pitchboards of the roof, two tables laden with books and manuscripts, three chairs, and, in one of the beds, the Squire busy writing to yourself, as it chances, and just at this moment somewhat bitten by mosquitoes. He has just set fire to the insect powder, and will be all right in no time; but just now he contemplates large white blisters, and would like to scratch them, but knows better. The house is not bare; it has been inhabited by Kanakas, and—you know what children are!—the bare wood walls are pasted over with pages from the *Graphic*, *Harper's Weekly*, etc. The floor is matted, and I am bound to say the matting is filthy. There are two windows and two doors, one of which is condemned; on the panels of that last a sheet of paper is pinned up, and covered with writing. I cull a few plums:—

'A duck hammock for each person.

A patent organ like the commandant's at Taiahae.

Cheap and bad cigars for presents.

Revolvers.

Permanganate of potass.

Liniment for the head and sulphur.

Fine tooth-comb.'

What do you think this is? Simply life in the South Seas foreshortened. These are a few of our desiderata for the next trip, which we jot down as they occur.

There, I have really done my best and tried to send something like a letter—one letter in return for all your dozens. Pray remember us all to yourself, Mrs. Boodle, and the rest of your house. I do hope your mother will be better when this comes. I shall write and give you a new address when I have made up my mind as to the most probable, and I do beg you will con-

tinue to write from time to time and give us airs from home. To-morrow—think of it—I must be off by a quarter to eight to drive into the palace and breakfast with his Hawaiian Majesty at 8.30 ; I shall be dead indeed. Please give my news to Scott, I trust he is better : give him my warm regards. To you we all send all kinds of things, and I am the absentee Squire,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[The allusions in the latter half of this letter are to the departure for Europe of the young Hawaiian princess Kaiulani (see the poem beginning 'When from Her Land to Mine She Goes,' in *Songs of Travel*, p. 47) ; and to the circumstances of the great hurricane at Apia, on March 15, 1889.]

HONOLULU (about) 20th May '89.

MY DEAR LOW,—. . . The goods have come ; many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.—I have at length finished the Master ; it has been a sore cross to me ; but now he is buried, his body's under hatches,—his soul, if there is any hell to go to, gone to hell ; and I forgive him ; it is harder to forgive Burlingame for having induced me to begin the publication, or myself for suffering the induction.—Yes, I think Hole has done finely ; it will be one of the most adequately illustrated books of our generation ; he gets the note, he tells the story—*my* story : I know only one failure—the Master standing on the beach.—You must have a letter for me at Sydney—till further notice. Remember me to Mrs. Will. H., the godlike sculptor, and any of the faithful. If you want to cease to be a republican, see my little Kaiulani, as she goes through—but she is gone already. You will die a red ; I wear the colours of that little royal maiden, *Nous allons chanter à la ronde, si vous voulez !* only she is not blonde by several chalks, though she is but a half-blood, and the wrong half Edinburgh Scots like mysel'. But, O, Low, I love the Polynesian : this civilisation of ours is a dingy, ungentlemanly business ; it drops out too much of man, and too much of that the very beauty of the poor beast ; who has his beauties in spite of Zola and Co. As usual here is a whole letter with no news ; I am a bloodless, inhuman dog ; and no doubt Zola is a better correspondent.—Long live your fine old English admiral—yours, I mean—the U.S.A. one at Samoa ; I wept tears and loved myself and mankind when I read of him : he is not too much civilised. And there was Gordon, too ; and there are others, beyond question. But if you could live, the only white folk, in a Polynesian village ; and drink that warm, light *vin du pays* of human affection, and enjoy that simple dignity of all about you—I will not gush, for I am now in my fortieth year, which seems highly unjust, but there it is, Mr. Low, and the Lord enlighten your affectionate. R. L. S.

[The following two letters, one to his wife and one to me, were written during and immediately after Stevenson's trip to the noted leper settlement, the scene of Father Damien's labors, at Molokai.]

No date. (The latter part of May.)
KALAWAO, MOLOKAI [May, 1889].

DEAR FANNY,—I had a lovely sail up. Captain Cameron and Mr. Gilfillan, both born in the States, yet the first still with a strong Highland, and the second still with a strong Lowland accent, were good company, the night was warm, the victuals plain but good. Mr. Gilfillan gave me his berth, and I slept well, though I heard the sisters sick in the next stateroom, poor souls. Heavy rolling woke me in the morning ; I turned in all standing, so went right on the upper deck. The day was on the peep out of a low morning bank, and we were wallowing along under stupendous cliffs. As the lights brightened, we could see certain abutments and buttresses on their front where wood clustered and grass grew brightly. But the whole brow seemed quite impassable, and my heart sank at the sight. Two thousand feet of rock making 19° (the Captain guesses) seemed quite beyond my powers. However, I had come so far ; and to tell you the truth, I was so cowed with fear and disgust that I dared not go back on the adventure in the interests of my own self-respect. Presently we came up with the leper promontory : lowland, quite bare and bleak and harsh, a little town of

wooden houses, two churches, a landing stair, all unsightly, sour, northerly, lying athwart the sunrise, with the great wall of the pali cutting the world out on the south. Our lepers were sent on the first boat, about a dozen, one poor child very horrid, one white man, leaving a large grown family behind him in Honolulu, and then into the second stepped the sisters and myself. I do not know how it would have been with me had the sisters not been there. My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point; but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out; and when I found that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself; then I felt as right as a trivet, only a little crushed to be there so uselessly. I thought it was a sin and a shame she should feel unhappy; I turned round to her, and said something like this: 'Ladies, God Himself is here to give you welcome. I'm sure it is good for me to be beside you; I hope it will be blessed to me; I thank you for myself and the good you do me.' It seemed to cheer her up; but indeed I had scarce said it when we were at the landing-stairs and there was a great crowd, hundreds of (God save us!) pantomine masks in poor human flesh, waiting to receive the sisters and the new patients. Every hand was offered; I had gloves, but I had made up my mind on the boat's voyage *not* to give my hand, that seemed less offensive than the gloves. So the sisters and I went up among that crew, and presently I got aside (for I felt I had no business there) and set off on foot across the promontory, carrying my wrap and the camera. All horror was quite gone from me; to see these dread creatures smile and look happy was beautiful. On my way through Kalaupapa I was exchanging cheerful *alohas* with the patients coming galloping over on their horses; I was stopping to gossip at house-doors; I was happy, only ashamed of myself that I was here for no good. One woman was pretty, and spoke good English, and was infinitely engaging and (in the old phrase) towardly; she thought I was the new white patient; and when she found I was only a visitor, a curious change came in her face and voice—the only sad thing, morally sad, I mean—that I met that morning. But for all that, they tell me none want to leave. Beyond Kalaupapa the houses became rare; dry stone dykes, grassy, stoney land, one sick pandanus; a dreary country; from overhead in the little clinging woods shogs of the pali chirruping of birds fell; the low sun was right in my face; the trade blew pure and cool and delicious; I felt as right as ninepence, and stopped and chatted with the patients whom I still met on their horses, with not the least disgust. About half-way over, I met the superintendent (a leper) with a horse for me, and O wasn't I glad! But the horse was one of those curious, dogged, cranky brutes that alway dully want to go somewhere else, and my traffic with him completed my crushing fatigue. I got to the guest-house, an empty house with several rooms, kitchen, bath, etc. There was no one there, and I let the horse go loose in the garden, lay down on the bed, and fell asleep.

Dr. Swift woke me and gave me breakfast, then I came back and slept again while he was at the dispensary, and he woke me for dinner; and I came back and slept again, and he woke me about six for supper; and then in about an hour I felt tired again, and came up to my solitary guest-house, played the flageolet, and am now writing to you. As yet, you see, I have seen nothing of the settlement, and my crushing fatigue (though I believe that was moral and a measure of my cowardice) and the doctor's opinion make me think the pali hopeless. 'You don't look a strong man,' said the doctor; 'but are you sound?' I told him the truth; then he said it was out of the question, and if I were to get up at all, I must be carried up. But, as it seems, men as well as horses continually fall on this ascent: the doctor goes up with a change of clothes—it is plain that to be carried would in itself be very fatiguing to both mind and body; and I should then be at the beginning of thirteen miles of mountain road to be ridden against time. How should I come through? I hope you will think me right in my decision: I mean to stay, and shall not be back in Honolulu till Saturday, June first. You must all do the best you can to make ready. . . . Dr. S. has a wife and an infant son, beginning to toddle and run,

and they live here as composed as brick and mortar; at least the wife does, a Kentucky German, a fine enough creature I believe, who was quite amazed at the sisters shedding tears! How strange is mankind!——too, a good fellow I think, and far from a stupid, kept up his hard Lowland Scottish talk in the boat while the sister was covering her face; but I believe he knew, and did it (partly) in embarrassment, and part perhaps in mistaken kindness. And that was one reason, too, why I made my speech to them. Partly, too, I did it, because I was ashamed to do so, and remembered one of my golden rules, 'When you are ashamed to speak, speak up at once.' But, mind you, that rule is only golden with strangers; with your own folks, there are other considerations. This is a strange place to be in. A bell has been sounded at intervals while I wrote, now all is still but a musical humming of the sea, not unlike the sound of telegraph wires; the night is quite cool and pitch dark, with a small fine rain; one light over in the leper settlement, one cricket whistling in the garden, my lamp here by my bedside, and my pen cheaping between my inky fingers.

Next day, lovely morning, slept all night, 80° in the shade, strong, sweet, Anaho trade-wind.

HONOLULU, May or June, 1889.

MY DEAR COLVIN,—I am just home after twelve days journey to Molokai, seven of them at the leper settlement, where I can only say that the sight of so much courage, cheerfulness and devotion, strung me too high to mind the infinite pity and horror of the sights. I used to ride over from Kalawao to Kalaupapa (about three miles across the promontory, the cliff-wall, ivied with forest and yet inaccessible from steepness, on my left), go to the Sisters' home which is a miracle of neatness, play a game of croquet with seven leper girls (90° in the shade), get a little old-maid meal served me by the Sisters, and ride home again, tired enough but not too tired. The girls have all dolls, and love dressing them. You who know so many ladies delicately clad, and they who know so many dressmakers, please make it known it would be an acceptable gift to send scraps for doll dressmaking to the Reverend Sister Maryanne, Bishop Home, Kalaupapa, Molokai, Hawaiian Islands.

I have seen sights that cannot be told, and heard stories that cannot be repeated: yet I never admired my poor race so much, nor (strange as it may seem) loved life more than in the settlement. A horror of moral beauty broods over the place: that's like bad Victor Hugo, but it is the only way I can express the sense that lived with me all these days. And this even though it was in great part Catholic, and my sympathies flew never with so much difficulty as towards Catholic virtues. The pass-book kept with heaven stirs me to anger and laughter. One of the sisters calls the place "the ticket-office to heaven." Well, what is the odds? They do their darg, and do it with kindness and efficiency incredible; and we must take folk's virtues as we find them, and love the better part. Of old Damien, whose weaknesses and worse perhaps I heard fully, I think only the more. It was a European peasant: dirty, bigotted, untruthful, unwise, tricky, but superb with generosity, residual candour and fundamental good-humour: convince him he had done wrong (it might take hours of insult) and he would undo what he had done and like his corrector better. A man, with all the grime and paltriness of mankind, but a saint and hero all the more for that. The place as regards scenery is grand, gloomy and bleak. Mighty mountain walls descending sheer along the whole face of the island into a sea unusually deep; the front of the mountain ivied and furred with clinging forest, one iridescent cliff: about half-way from east to west, the low, bare stony promontory edged in between the cliff and the ocean; the two little towns (Kalawao and Kalaupapa) seated on either side of it, as bare almost as bathing machines upon a beach; and the population—gorgons and chimæras dire. All this tear of the nerves, I bore admirably; and the day after I got away, rode twenty miles along the opposite coast and up into the mountains: they call it twenty, I am doubtful of the figures: I should guess it nearer twelve; but let me take credit for what residents allege; and I was riding again

the day after, so I need say no more about health. Honolulu does not agree with me at all; I am always out of sorts there, with slight headache, blood to the head, etc. I had a good deal of work to do and did it with miserable difficulty; and yet all the time I have been gaining strength as you see, which is highly encouraging. By the time I am done with this cruise I shall have the material for a very singular book of travels: names of strange stories and characters, cannibals, pirates, ancient legends, old Polynesian poetry; never was so generous a farrago. I am going down now to get the story of a shipwrecked family, who were fifteen months on an island with a murderer: there is a specimen. The Pacific is a strange place, the nineteenth century only exists there in spots; all round, it is a no man's land of the ages, a stir-about of epochs and races, barbarisms and civilisations, virtues and crimes.

It is good of you to let me stay longer, but if I had known how ill you were, I should be now on my way home. I had chartered my schooner and made all arrangements before (at last) we got definite news. I feel highly guilty; I should be back to insult and worry you a little. Our address till further notice is to be c/o R. Towns & Co., Sydney. That is final; I only got the arrangement made yesterday; but you may now publish it abroad. Yours ever, R. L. S.

[The following was written to his old friend of Cornhill Magazine days, Mr. James Payn, on receiving in Hawaii ill news of that gentleman's health.]

Honolulu, H. I., June 13th, 1889.

My Dear James Payn, — I get sad news of you here at my offsetting for further voyages; I wish I could say what I feel. Since there was never any man less deserved this calamity; for I have heard you speak time and again, and I remember nothing that was unkind, nothing that was untrue, nothing that was not helpful, from your lips. It is the ill-talkers that should hear no more. God knows, I know no word of consolation; but I do feel your trouble. You are the more open to letters now; let me talk to you for two pages; I have nothing but happiness to tell; and you may bless God you are a man so sound-hearted that (even in the freshness of your calamity) I can come to you with my own good fortune unashamed and secure of sympathy. It is a good thing to be a good man, whether deaf or whether dumb; and of all our fellow-craftsmen (whom yet they count a jealous race), I never knew one but gave you the name of honesty and kindness: come to think of it gravely, this is better than the finest hearing. We are all on the march to deafness, blindness, and all conceivable and fatal disabilities; we shall not all get there with a report so good. My good news is a health astonishingly reinstated. This climate; these voyagings; these landfalls at dawn; new islands peaking from the morning bank; new forested harbours; new passing alarms of squalls and surf; new interests of gentle natives,—the whole tale of my life is better to me than any poem. I am fresh just now from the leper settlement of Molokai, playing croquet with seven leper girls, sitting and yarning with old, blind, leper beach-combers in the hospital, sickened with the spectacle of abhorrent suffering and deformation amongst the patients, touched to the heart by the sight of lovely and effective virtues in their helpers: no stranger time have I ever had, nor any so moving; I do not think it a little thing to be deaf, God knows, and God defend me from the same!—but to be a leper, or one of the self-condemned, how much more awful! and yet there's a way there also. 'There are Molokais everywhere,' said Mr. Dutton, Father Damien's dresser; you are but new landed in yours; and my dear and kind adviser, I wish you, with all my soul, that patience and courage which you will require. Think of me meanwhile on a trading schooner, bound for the Gilbert Islands, thereafter for the Marshalls, with a diet of fish and cocoanut before me; bound on a cruise of—well, of investigation to what islands we can reach, and to get (some day or other) to Sydney, where a letter addressed to the care of R. Towns & Co. will find me sooner or later; and if it contain any good news, whether of your welfare or the courage with which you bear the contrary, will do me good.—Yours affectionately (although so near a stranger),

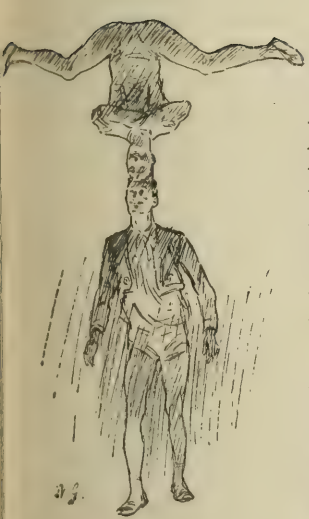
Robert Louis Stevenson.



THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

By Edwin Milton Royle

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GLACKENS



THE Vaudeville Theatre is an American invention. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world. It is neither the Café Chantant, the English music-hall, nor the German garden. What has been called by a variety of names, but has remained always and everywhere pretty much the same—reeky with smoke, damp with libations, gay with the informalities of the half-world — is now doing business with us under the patronage of the royal American family.

Having expurgated and rehabilitated the tawdry thing, the American invites in the family and neighbors, hands over to them beautiful theatres, lavishly decorated and appointed, nails up everywhere church and army regulations, and in the exuberance of his gayety passes around ice-water. He hasn't painted out the French name, but that is because he has been, as usual, in a hurry. Fourteen years ago this may have been a dream in a Yankee's brain ; now it is a part of us. The strictly professional world has been looking for the balloon to come down, for the fad to die out, for the impossible thing to stop, but year by year these theatres increase and multiply, till now they flourish the country over.

Sometimes the vaudeville theatre is an individual and independent enterprise ; more often it belongs to a circuit. The patronage, expenses, and receipts are enormous. One circuit will speak for all. It has a theatre in New York, one in Philadelphia, one in Boston, and one in Providence, and they give no Sunday performances ; and yet these four theatres entertain over 5,000,000 people every year, give employment to 350 attachés and to 3,500 actors. Four thousand people pass in and out of each one of these theatres daily. Ten thousand dollars are distributed each week in salaries to the actors and $3,500 to the attachés. Take one theatre for example, the house in Boston. It is open the year round and it costs $7,000 a week to keep it open, while its patrons will average 25,000 every week. On a holiday it will play to from ten to twelve thousand people. How is it possible ?



Persons who secrete campaign rations about them, and camp there from 9.30 A.M. to 10.30 P.M.—Page 486.

A holiday to an American is a serious affair, so the doors of the theatre are open and the performance begins when most people are eating breakfast; 9.30 A.M. is not too soon for the man who pursues pleasure with the same intensity he puts into business. There are no reserved seats, so one must come first to be first served. One may go in at 9.30 A.M. and stay until 10.30 at night. If he leaves his seat, though, the nearest standing Socialist drops into it and he must wait for a vacancy in order to sit down again.

Not over two per cent. of an audience remains longer than to see the performance through once, but there are persons who secrete campaign rations about them, and camp there from 9.30 A.M. to 10.30 P.M., thereby surviving all of the acts twice and most of them four or five times. The management calculate to sell out the house two and a half times on ordinary days and four times on holidays, and it is this system that makes such enormous receipts possible. Of course I have taken the circuit which is representative of the vaudeville idea at its best, but it is not alone in its standards or success, and what I have said about the houses in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia applies more or less to all the principal cities of the country, and in a less degree of course to the houses in the smaller cities.

Some of these theatres are never closed the year round. Some are content with three matinees a week in addition to their night performances. Others open their doors about noon and close them at 10.30 at night. These are called "continuous" houses. It is manifest, I think, that the vaudeville theatre is playing an important part in the amusement world and in our national life. Perhaps we should be grateful. At present it would seem that the moral tone of a theatre is in the inverse ratio of the price of admission. The higher the price, the lower the tone. It is certain that plays are tolerated and even acclaimed on the New York stage today which would have been removed with tongs half a dozen years ago.

On the eighteenth day of last April the member of Parliament for Flintshire made a formal query in the House of Commons in relation to the drama, asking "if the Government will, in view of the depraving nature of several plays now on the stage, consider the advisability of controlling theatres by licenses." The honorable member appeared to think one censorship in the person of the Lord Chamberlain not enough for the growing necessities of London. As we are no longer manufacturers but importers of plays, and largely by way of London, it is not strange that there should be some talk here of a legal censorship for our playhouses.



Begged me "to soften the asperities."—Page 488.

So far as the vaudeville theatres are concerned, one might as well ask for a censorship of a "family magazine." It would be a work of supererogation. The local manager of every vaudeville house is its censor, and he lives up to his position laboriously and, I may say, religiously. The bill changes usually from week to week. It is the solemn duty of this austere personage to sit through the first performance of every week and to let no guilty word or look escape. But this is precautionary only.



A Ballad Singer.

"You are to distinctly understand," say the first words of the contracts of a certain circuit, "that the management conducts this house upon a high plane of respectability and moral cleanliness," etc.

But long before the performer has entered the dressing-rooms, he has been made acquainted with the following legend which everywhere adorns the walls:

NOTICE TO PERFORMERS.

You are hereby warned that your act must be free from all vulgarity and suggestiveness in words, action, and costume, while playing in any of Mr. ——'s houses, and all vulgar, double-meaning and profane words and songs must be cut out of your act before the first performance. If you are in doubt as to what is right or wrong, submit it to the resident manager at rehearsal.

Such words as Liar, Slob, Son-of-a-Gun, Devil, Sucker, Damn, and all other words unfit for the ears of ladies and children, also any reference to questionable streets, resorts, localities, and bar-rooms, are prohibited under fine of instant discharge.

—— ——,
General Manager.



And this is not merely a literary effort on the part of the management; it is obligatory and final. When we have about accepted as conclusive the time-honored theory that "You must give the public what it wants," and that it *wants* bilge-water in champagne glasses, we are confronted with the vaudeville theatre, no longer an experiment, but a comprehensive fact.

The funniest farce ever written could not be done at these houses if it had any of the ear-marks of the thing in vogue at many of our first-class theatres. Said a lady to me: "They (the vaudeville theatres) are the only theatres in New York where I should feel absolutely safe in taking a young girl without making preliminary inquiries. Though they may offend the taste, they never offend one's sense of decency." The vaudeville theatres may be said to have established the commercial value of decency. This is their corner-stone. They were conceived with the object of catering to ladies and children, and, strange to say, a large, if not the larger, part of their audiences is always men.

What I have said does not describe all theatres which may have "fashionable vaudeville" over their doors. Godliness has proved so profitable that there be here, as elsewhere, wolves masquerading in woollens, but the houses I have described are well known. Nor have the stringent regulations of these theatres exiled the "song-and-dance man," who was wont

to rely on risqué songs and suggestive jokes —they have only forced him to happier and saner efforts, and the result is not Calvinistic; on the contrary, nowhere are audiences jollier, quicker, and more intelligent, and the world of fashion even is not absent from these theatres primarily designed for the wholesome middle classes.

I never for a moment suspected that these admirable regulations could be meant for me, or that indeed I was in need of rules and regulations, but my self-righteousness, as was meet, met with discipline. I had a line in my little farce to this effect: "I'll have the devil's own time explaining," etc. I had become so familiar with the devil that I was not even aware of his presence, but the management unmasked me and I received a polite request (which was a command) to cast out the devil. I finally got used to substituting the word "dickens." Later on, the local manager, a big, handsome man, faultlessly attired, in person begged me "to soften the asperities." Need I add that this occurred in Boston? When I travel again I shall leave my asperities at home.



She ruled, she reigned, she triumphed.—Page 492.

A friend of mine was leaving a spacious vaudeville theatre, along with the audience, and was passing through the beautiful corridor, when one of the multitude of uniformed attachés handed him this printed notice:

Gentlemen will kindly avoid carrying cigars or cigarettes in their mouths while in the building, and greatly oblige

The Management.

My friend was guilty of carrying in his hand an unlighted cigar.

How careful of the conduct of their patrons the management is may be seen from the following printed *requests* with which the employees are armed:

Gentlemen will kindly avoid the stamping of feet and pounding of canes on the floor, and greatly oblige the Management. All applause is best shown by clapping of hands.

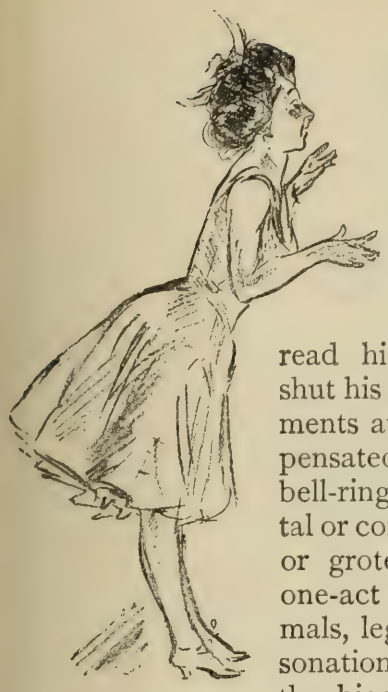
Please don't talk during acts, as it annoys those about you, and prevents a perfect hearing of the entertainment.

The Management.

When we were playing in Philadelphia a young woman was singing with what is known as the "song-sheet," at the same theatre with us. Her costume consisted of silk stockings, knee-breeches, and a velvet coat—the regulation page's dress, decorous enough to the unsanctified eye; but one day the proprietor himself happened in unexpectedly (as is his wont) and the order quick and stern went forth that the young woman was not to appear again except in skirts—her street-clothes, if she had nothing else, and street-clothes it came about.
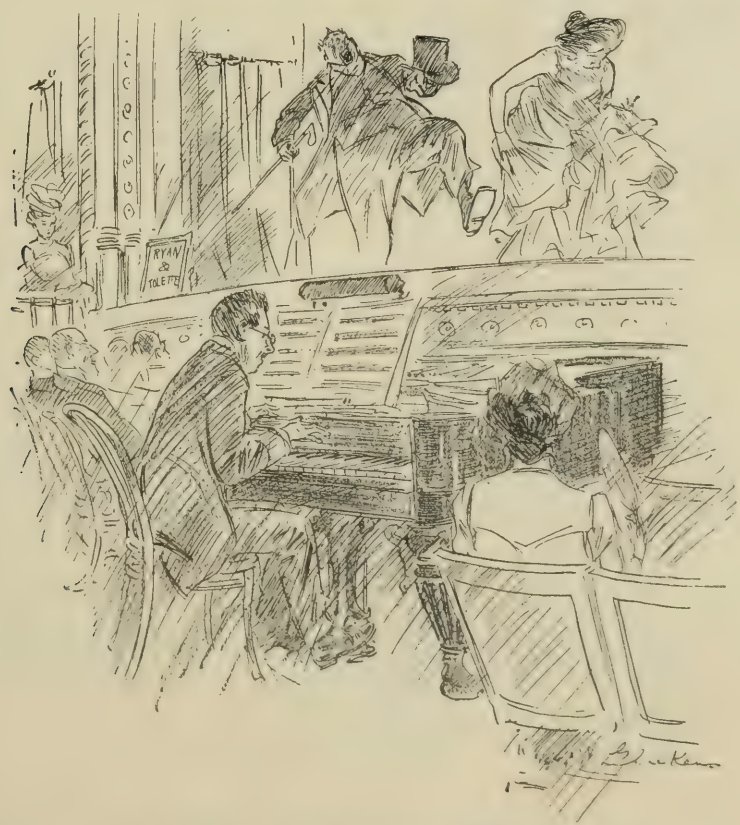
These are the chronicles of what is known among the vaudeville fraternity as "The Sunday-school Circuit," and the proprietor of "The Sunday-school Circuit" is the inventor of vaudeville as we know it. This which makes for righteousness, as is usual, makes also for great and abiding cleanliness—physical as well as moral. I almost lost things in my Philadelphia dressing-room — it was cleaned so constantly. Paternal, austere perhaps, but clean, gloriously clean!

The character of the entertainment is always the same. There is a sameness even about its infinite variety. No act or



"turn" consumes much over thirty minutes. Everyone's taste is consulted, and if one objects to the perilous feats of the acrobats or jugglers he can read his programme or shut his eyes for a few moments and he will be compensated by some sweet bell-ringing or a sentimental or comic song, graceful or grotesque dancing, a one-act farce, trained animals, legerdemain, impersonations, clay modelling, the biograph pictures, or the stories of the comic monologuist. The most serious thing about the programme is that seriousness is barred, with some melancholy results. From the artist who balances a set of parlor furniture on his nose to the academic baboon, there is one concentrated, strenuous struggle for a laugh. No artist can afford to do without it. It hangs like a solemn and awful obligation over everything. Once in a while an artist who juggles tubs on his feet is a comedian, but not always. It would seem as if a serious person would be a relief now and then. But so far the effort to introduce a serious note, even by dramatic artists, has been discouraged. I suspect the serious sketches have not been of superlative merit. Though this premium is put upon a laugh, everyone is aware of the difference between the man who rings a bell at forty paces with a rifle, and the man who smashes it with a club, and the loudest laugh is sometimes yoked with a timid salary. The man who said: "Let me get out of here or I'll lose my self-respect—I actually laughed," goes to the vaudeville theatres, too, and must be reckoned with.

So far as the character of the entertainment goes, vaudeville has the "open door." Whatever or whoever can interest an audience for thirty minutes or less, and has passed quarantine, is welcome. The conditions in the regular theatres are not encouraging to progress. To produce a play or launch a star requires capital of from $10,000 upward. There is no welcome and no encouragement. The door is shut and locked. And even with capital, the conditions are all unfavorable to



The orchestra's place is filled by pianists.—Page 493.



Singing Soubrettes.

proof. But if you can sing or dance or amuse people in any way ; if you think you can write a one-act play, the vaudeville theatre will give you a chance to prove it. One day of every week is devoted to these trials. If at this trial you interest a man who is looking for good material, he will put you in the bill for one performance, and give you a chance at an audience, which is much better. The result of this open-door attitude is a very interesting innovation in vaudeville which is more or less recent, but seems destined to last—the incursion of the dramatic artist into vaudeville.

The managers of the vaudeville theatres are not emotional persons, and there were some strictly business reasons back of the actor's entrance into vaudeville. We do not live by bread alone, but by the saving graces of the art of advertising. It was quite impossible to accentuate sixteen or eighteen features of a bill. Some one name was needed to give it character and meaning at a glance. A name that had already become familiar was preferred. The actor's name served to head the bill and expand the type and catch the eye, and hence arose the vaudeville term—"HEAD-LINER."

This word is not used in contracts, but it is established and understood, and carries with it well-recognized rights and privileges, such as being featured in the advertisements, use of the star dressing-room, and the favorite place on the bill; for it is not conducive to one's happiness or success to appear during the hours favored by the public for coming in or going out. The manager was not the loser, for many people who had never been inside a vaudeville theatre were attracted thither by the name of some well-known and favorite actor, and became permanent patrons of these houses.

At first the actor, who is sentimental rather than practical, was inclined to the belief that it was beneath his dignity to appear on the stage with "a lot of freaks," but he was tempted by salaries no one else could afford to pay (sometimes as high as $500 to $1,000 per week) and by the amount of attention afforded to the innovation by the newspapers. He was told that if he stepped from the sacred precincts of art, the door of the temple would be forever barred against him. The dignity of an artist is a serious thing, but the dignity of the dollar is also a serious thing. None of the dire suppositions happened. The door of the temple proved to be a swinging door, opening easily both ways, and the actor goes back and forth as there is demand for him and as the dollar dic-

tates. Indeed, the advertising secured by association with "a lot of freaks" oiled the door for the actor's return to the legitimate drama at an *increased salary*.

Manifestly, it has been a boon to the "legitimate" artist. To the actor who has starred; who has had the care of a large company, with its certain expenses and its uncertain receipts; who has, in addition, responsibility for his own performance and for the work of the individual members of his company and for the work of the company as a whole, vaudeville offers inducements not altogether measured in dollars and cents. He is rid not only of financial obligation, but of a thousand cares and details that twist and strain a nervous temperament. He hands over to the amiable manager the death of the widely mourned Mr. Smith, and prevalent social functions, Lent and the circus, private and public calamities, floods and railroad accidents, the blizzard of winter and the heat of summer, desolating drought and murderous rains, the crops, strikes and panics, wars and pestilences and opera. It is quite a bunch of thorns that he hands over!

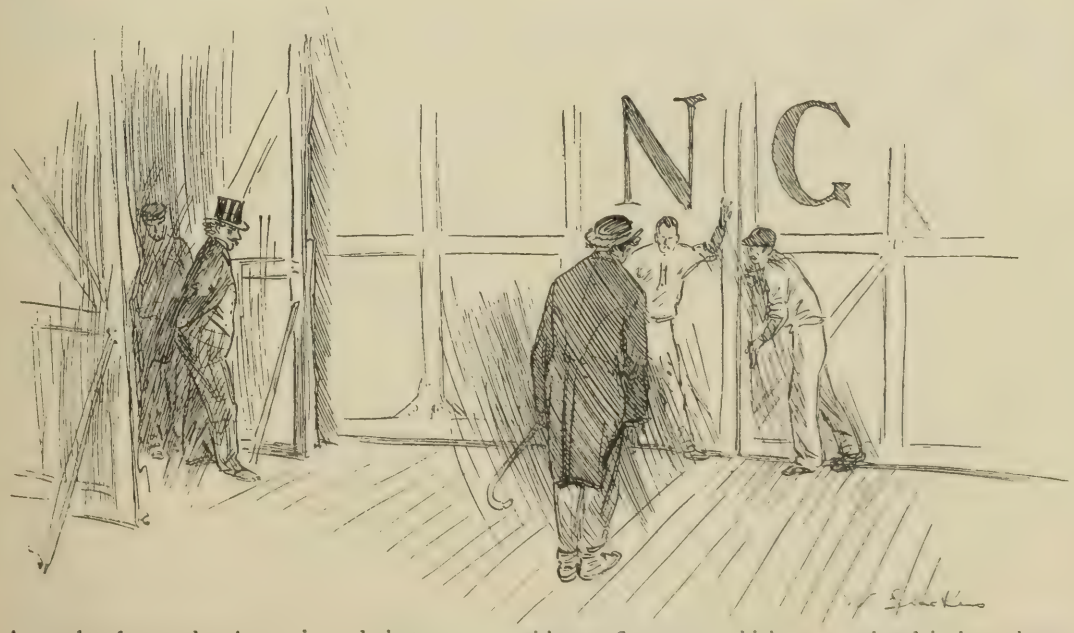
Time and terms are usually arranged by agents, who get five per cent. of the actor's salary for their services. Time and terms arranged, the rest is easy. The actor provides himself and assistants and his play or vehicle. His income and outcome are fixed, and he knows at the start whether he is to be a capitalist at the end of the year; for he runs almost no risk of not getting his salary in the well-known circuits.



The Monologuist.

It is then incumbent on him to forward property and scene-plots, photographs and cast to the theatre two weeks before he opens, and on arrival, he plays twenty or thirty minutes in the afternoon and the same at night. There his responsibility ends. It involves the trifling annoyance of dressing and making up twice a day. In and about New York the actor pays the railroad fares of himself and company, but when he goes West or South, the railroad fares (not including sleepers) are provided by the management.

The great circuit which covers the territory west of Chicago keeps an agent in New York and one in Chicago to facilitate the handling of their big interests. These gentlemen purchase tickets, arrange for sleepers, take care of baggage, and lubricate the wheels of progress from New York to San Francisco and back again.



A couple of stage hands ran in and shut you out with two flats upon which were painted in huge letters "N. G."—Page 494.



The Human Lizard and the Human Frog.—Page 494.

The actor's only duty is to live up to the schedule made and provided.

The main disadvantage of the Western trip is the loss of a week going and one coming, as there is no vaudeville theatre between Omaha and San Francisco. To avoid the loss of a week on my return I contracted for two nights at the Salt Lake Theatre. My company consisted of four people all told, and my ammunition, suited to that calibre, was three one-act plays. To give the entire evening's entertainment at a first-class theatre, at the usual prices, with four people was a novel undertaking.

I finally determined to add to my mammoth aggregation a distinctly vaudeville feature, and while in San Francisco I engaged a young woman who was to fill in the intermissions with her song-and-dance specialty. Scorning painful effort to escape the conventional, I billed her as "The Queen of Vaudeville," whatever that may mean. We were caught in a tunnel fire at Summit and delayed thirty-six hours. I threatened the railroad officials with various and awful consequences, but the best I could do was to get them to drag my theatre-trunks around the tunnel by hand over a mile and a half of mountain trail, newly made, and get me into Salt Lake just in time to miss my opening night, with a big advance sale and the heart-rendings incident to money refunded. We were in time to play the second night, but my Queen, starting from 'Frisco on a later train, had shown no signs of appearing when the curtain rose. I made the usual apologies. The evening's entertainment was half over when a carriage came tearing up to the theatre and my Queen burst into the theatre without music, trunks, costumes, make-up, supper.

She borrowed a gown from my ingenue, which was much too small for her ; a pair of slippers from my wife, which were much too big for her ; make-up from both ladies, and went on. She leaned over, whispered the key to the leader of the orchestra and began to sing. The orchestra evolved a chord now and then, jiggled and wiggled, stalled, flew the track, crawled apologetically back, did its amiable best individually, but its amiable worst collectively. No mere man could have lived through it. But the young woman justified my billing. She ruled, she reigned, she triumphed. Pluck and good humor always win, and so did the Queen of Vaudeville.

When high-class musical artists and dramatic sketches were first introduced into vaudeville, I understand policemen had to be stationed in the galleries to compel respectful attention, but now these acts are the principal features of every bill, and if they have real merit the gallery-gods are the first to appreciate it. So it would seem that vaudeville has torpedoed the ancient superstition that the manager is always forced to give the public just what it wants. At first his efforts were not taken seriously either by the actor himself or the public, and many well-known artists failed to "make good," as the expression is, largely because they used "canned" or embalmed plays; that is, hastily and crudely condensed versions of well-known plays; but many succeeded, and the result has been a large increase in the number of good one-act farces and comedies, and a distinct elevation in the performance and the patronage of the vaudeville theatres. This has been a gain to everybody concerned.



It cannot be denied that the vaude-

ville "turn" is an experience for the actor. The intense activity everywhere, orderly and systematic though it is, is confusing. The proximity to the "educated donkey," and some not so educated; the variegated and motley samples of all strange things in man and beast; the fact that the curtain never falls, and the huge machine never stops to take breath until 10.30 at night; the being associated after the style of criminals with a number, having your name or number shot into a slot in the proscenium arch to introduce you to your audience; the shortness of your reign, and the consequent necessity of capturing your audience on sight—all this, and some other things, make the first plunge unique in the actor's experience.

One comedian walks on and says, "Hello, audience!" and no further introduction is needed; for the audience is trained to the quick and sharp exigencies of the occasion, and neither slumbers nor sleeps.



Irish Comedians.

One of the first things to surprise the actor in the "continuous" house is the absence of an orchestra. The orchestra's place is filled by pianists who labor industriously five hours a day each. As they practically live at the piano, their knowledge of current music and their adaptability and skill are often surprising, but they are the most universally abused men I ever met. Everyone who comes off the stage Monday afternoon says of the pianist that he ruins their songs; he spoils their acts; he has sinister designs on their popularity, and he wishes to wreck their future. The pianist, on the other hand, says he doesn't mind his work—the five thumping, tyrannous hours—it is the excruciating agony of being compelled to sit through the efforts of the imbecile beings on the stage. It is the point of view!

The Monday-afternoon bill is a tentative one, but thereafter one's position on the bill and the time of one's performance are fixed and mathematical for the remainder of the week. The principal artists appear only twice a day, once in the afternoon and once in the evening, but there is an undivided middle, composed of artists not so independent as some others, which "does three turns" a day (more on holidays), and forms what is picturesquely known as the "supper bill." The "supper bill" explains itself. It lasts from five o'clock, say, till eight or eight-thirty. Who the singular people are who do not eat, or who would rather see the undivided middle than eat, will always be a mystery to me. But if they were not *in esse*, and in the audience, the management would certainly never retain the "supper bill."

The man who arranges the programme has to have some of the qualities of a general. To fix eighteen or nineteen different acts into the exact time allotted, and so to arrange them that the performance shall never lapse or flag; to see that the "turns" which require only a front scene can be utilized to set the stage for the "turns" which require a full stage, requires judgment and training; but there is very little confusion even at the first performance, and none thereafter.

Many of our best comedians, men and women, have come from the variety stage, and it is rather remarkable that some of our best actors have of late turned their attention to it. This interchange of courtesies has brought out some amusing contrasts. A clever comedian of a comic-opera organization was explaining to me his early experience in the "old days," when he was a song-and-dance man. "The tough manager," he said, "used to



German Dialect Comedians.

stand in the wings with a whistle, and if he didn't like your act he blew it and a couple of stage hands ran in and shut you out from your audience with two flats upon which were painted in huge letters 'N. G.,' and that was the end of your engagement." Then he proceeded to tell with honest pride of his struggles, and his rise in the world of art. "And now," said he to me, "I can say '*cawn't*' as well as you can."

Our first day in vaudeville was rich in experience for us, and particularly for one of the members of my little company. He was already busy at the dressing-table making up, when the two other occupants of his room entered—middle-aged, bald-headed, bandy-legged little men, who quickly divested themselves of their street-clothes, and then mysteriously disappeared from sight. Suddenly a deep-drawn sigh welled up from the floor, and turning to see what had become of his companions, the actor saw a good-humored face peering up out of a green-striped bundle of assorted legs and arms. He was face to face with the Human Lizard, and his partner in the Batrachian business, the Human Frog.



"Good Lord! what are you doing?" exclaimed Mr. Roberts.

"Loosenin' up!"—laconically.

"But do you always do that?"

"Yes. *Now!*"

"Why *now?*"

"Well, I'm a little older than I was when I began this business, and yer legs git stiff, ye know. I remember when I could tie a knot in either leg without cracking a joint, but now I am four-flushing until I can get enough to retire."

"Four-flushing?"

"Yes, doin' my turn one card shy. You understand."

And the striped bundle folded in and out on itself and tied itself in bows, ascots, and four-in-hands until every joint in the actor's body was cracking in sympathy.

Meanwhile his partner was standing apart with one foot touching the low ceiling, and his hands clutching two of the clothes-hooks, striving for the fifth card to redeem *his* four-flush.

"Number fourteen!" shouts the call-boy through the door.

"That's us!"

And the four-flushers unwound and, gathering their heads and tails under their arms, glided away for the stage.

Presently they were back panting and perspiring, with the information that there was a man in one of the boxes who never turned his head to look at their act; that there was a pretty girl in another box fascinated by it; that the audience had relatives in the ice business and were incapable of a proper appreciation of the double split and the great brother double tie and slide—whatever that may be; and the two athletes passed the alcohol bottle, and slipped gracefully back into their clothes and private life.

This unique and original world has its conventions, too, quite as hard and fast as elsewhere. The vaudeville dude always bears an enormous cane with a spike in the end of it even though the style in canes may be a bamboo switch. The comedian will black his face, though he never makes the lightest pretence to negro characterization, under the delusion that the black face and kinky hair and short trousers are necessary badges of the funny man. The vaudeville "artist" and his partner will "slang" each other and indulge in brutal personalities under the theory that they are guilty of repartee; and with a few brilliant exceptions, they all steal from each other jokes and gags and songs and "business," absolutely without conscience. So that if a comedian has originated a funny story that makes a hit in New York, by the time he reaches Philadelphia he finds that another comedian has filched it and told it in Philadelphia, and the originator finds himself a dealer in second-hand goods.

It is manifest, I think, that vaudeville is very American. It touches us and our lives at many places. It appeals to the business man, tired and worn, who drops in for half an hour on his way home; to the person who has an hour or two before a train goes, or before a business appointment; to the woman who is wearied of shopping; to the children who love animals and acrobats; to the man with his sweetheart or sister; to the individual who wants to be diverted but doesn't want to think or feel; to the American of all grades and kinds who wants a great deal for his money. The vaudeville theatre belongs to the era of the department store and the short story. It may be a kind of lunch-counter art, but then art is so vague and lunch is so real.

And I think I may add that if anyone has anything exceptional in the way of art, the vaudeville door is not shut to that.



Rag-time Dance.

THE ROYAL INTENT

By William Maynadier Browne

ONE day, early in June—I cannot recall the exact date—Mrs. Timothy Fennessey, née O'Connor, presented her husband with a fine ten-pound boy. Now, the Fennesseys are of royal descent, as well as are the O'Connors. The last of the House of Fennessey (Tim was collaterally descended) was slain in battle, if I be not mistaken; still, I cannot vouch for this. He may have been assassinated, struck by lightning, or drowned in a bag, as many of Ireland's kings were. I am quite sure, however, he did not die in his bed. Very, very few of those whose names appear in the chronological table of Ireland's rulers reached so prosaic an end as natural death.

Thus, by the wedding of Mollie O'Connor with Tim Fennessey, two royal houses were united, and, as you may imagine, the Heir Apparent was a personage of no small importance.

One week after the baby's birth, his grandfather, dear old O'Connor himself, came to the office to call upon Mr. Cutting and to inform him of the new arrival. Incidentally, I had heard the news some days before, and had been from that time expecting a visit from O'Connor. So, when I saw the office-door slowly and noiselessly move inward, I was quite prepared to see the royal grandparent. But I was not prepared to see so modest an entrance—to use the parlance of the stage.

The door moved inward, gingerly, for perhaps a foot; next I caught sight of a homely, well-used hand clasped about its outer edge. Then followed a much-brushed, tall silk hat of ancient design and of great respectability. This hat was held by the fitting fellow of the hand I had first seen and that still grasped the door-rim. Now, from between the two, came in the white-halo-ed, wrinkled face of Michael J., lineal descendant of Roderic, last King of Ireland.

"Mr. Cuttin', sor," I heard in a husky, happy, excited whisper; "are you busy, sor?" Mr. Cutting looked up from his desk and called out in his brusque, pleasant way:

"Hello! That you, Michael? Not too busy to see *you*. Come right in." Then followed the real entrance; for what I have thus far described might better be called "an appearance," to again use the vernacular of the stage. With hurried, tender steps, O'Connor almost danced across the room to where Mr. Cutting was seated. His face was completely covered with one expansive smile of radiant happiness, and, as if to even emphasize this, when he had reached his short journey's end, he upraised both his hands, the right one still grasping the royal headgear, and exclaimed in tones of awe at his own joy:

"Oh my, oh my, oh my! Shure, Mr. Cuttin', you should see him!"

"Who?" replied Mr. Cutting, laconically, and with careful indifference to grammar.

"The little felly. Mollie, me daughter, that is now Mrs. Fennessey, do be afther havin' a fine boy. Ah-h! He is a marvil."

"And how is Mollie?" asked Mr. Cutting.

"Shure Mollie's well. She is a fine, strong girl." O'Connor dismissed the interpolation with a kindly wave of the hand and immediately returned to the main proposition. "But the little felly!" At this point he so far forgot himself as to pull his chair close to Mr. Cutting's and to place one of his honest hands on that gentleman's knee. Mr. Cutting quietly allowed his own to rest for a moment upon that of his old friend, and said:

"Tell me all about him, Mike."

In response to this invitation, O'Connor gave his enthusiasm, and his narrative and descriptive powers full rein. "Well, Mr. Cuttin', sor," he began, with manifest determination to do the subject full justice; "as I said before, he is a marvil. Listen, now; yister' mawnin' I wint, as is me custom, to see Mollie an' the little felly."

Here Mr. Cutting, with gentle malice aforethought, again checked the flow, as

he gravely winked at me, aside. "By the way, how is Tim Fennessey?" he asked.

"Just the same," O'Connor replied to the interruption. "He do be doin' his worruk as ushal—but wid wan per-petchill grin on him." The old man paused long enough to chuckle, then proceeded: "Shure we all av us has that. But lemme till ye, sor. When I leaned over to look at him——"

"Who?" said Mr. Cutting again, keenly enjoying the narration, and evidently anxious to have no mistake or lapse in its progression.

"The little felly, av course," said O'Connor, for once, I believe, doubting Mr. Cutting's mental capacity. "Begorra, phwat do you think, sor? Up kem the two little fists av him—the two to wanst, moind you—an' him but wan week ould!—an' grab me be me whishkers, here. Thin he pulled *an'* he pulled. Well, Mr. Cuttin', sor, what wid de drag on me hair, an' the joy in me heart, I akchilly cried. Then the ould woman—she is mostly at Mollie's now, except whin I needs me meals—you know how modthers is, sor—she sez to me, 'Michael, dear,' she sez, 'go away now, you, from the child. You are annoyin' him,' she sez; an' all the while me unabil to move." O'Connor threw both hands in the air, and then let them fall softly on his knees as he added, earnestly, "He will be a grand man, sor. So, whisper! I kem to emply you." As he finished, he leaned back in his chair with an air of importance hitherto quite foreign to him.

"How so?" asked Mr. Cutting, his face abeam with lack of calculation.

Just here I must digress. Up to this point O'Connor had entirely ignored my presence in the office. He hadn't even looked my way, though I knew him well and deserved better treatment at his hands in return for the few favors I had been able to do him in the past. Still, I was quite alive to his mental condition, entirely due to "the little felly," and knowing, as I did, that all Mr. Cutting's labors in his behalf had been labors of love, and, too, I confess, because I wished to call O'Connor's attention to myself, I could not resist a chance remark. So, when Mr. Cutting asked, "How so?" I interjected, before O'Connor had time to reply:

"As referee—between him and the little fellow." The effect upon O'Connor was instantaneous. He whipped round upon me, stared an instant, and then burst into unconstrained laughter. Mr. Cutting and I joined him, while the old man rose from his seat and slapped his bended knees with delight. Then he crossed to my desk, his hand clumsily extended and apology in every line of his good face.

"Good-morning, sor," he said, as I rose to shake hands with him, "I forgot me manners lately, sor, but—but me moind is occypied, sor." Then, with his free hand across his mouth (I still held the other) he laughed again until he found the breath to say:

"A referee bechune the little felly an' me! Ye young divvil!"—the last remark being accented by an entirely playful poke upon my shoulder. An instant afterward he was all contrition and further apology, which I checked by reminding him of his intention to "emply" Mr. Cutting. At my reminder, he re-crossed to my senior, and resumed his seat and his earnestness with noticeable celerity.

"'Tis this, sor," he began, out of breath from his laughing, but becoming at once grave; "since the little felly kem, I have been sayin' to meself, constant, 'some day you will die.' All men does, some day, sor, God rest their souls! And then—well, Mr. Cuttin', sor, 'tis me juty to make me will."

I saw Mr. Cutting wince a little at the premonition of the responsibility that must inevitably come to him. I knew that, busy man as he was, he could refuse O'Connor nothing, whether of time or thought. Indeed, I doubt if anybody except O'Connor could have made an inroad upon Mr. Cutting's hours and brain on this particular day. At the moment of O'Connor's calling, Mr. Cutting was in the intricate midst of a complicated contract he was drawing for the Traction Co., of which he was counsel. Still, as every man to be thoroughly able must, he possessed the three qualities of patience, kindness of heart, and never-failing sense of humor. So he said:

"Well, Michael, if you want to make your will, I will do my best to draw it up for you. But a will is a pretty important matter."

"That's why I come to you, sor," said O'Connor, simply. I saw Mr. Cutting's eyes glisten with pleasure as he answered:

"Tell me what you want done with your property."

"That's what I don't know, sor," was O'Connor's reply. Here seemed to be a hopeless situation, until it cleared when the old man, after pulling at his beard for a while, added: "I do be thinkin' about the little felly."

"Yes?" said Mr. Cutting, with all the encouragement rising inflection can give.

"Thin," O'Connor responded, "there's the ould woman, who has been a good wife to me." Here he ruminated, his hardened hand across his seasoned lips. At length he added: "No man could ask a betther, God knows. An', thin, there's Mollie, me daughter—a shweet, good gurrul, an' his modther. But I was thinkin' about the little felly—" O'Connor's supply of speech became temporarily exhausted and the sound of his voice ceased with a long sigh of inability to further express himself.

"There may, some day, be other little fellies—or fillies," suggested Mr. Cutting, unable to resist the temptation.

"That's so-o," said O'Connor, thoughtfully. "Shure I forgot that." He leaned back in his chair and considered.

"You love them all, Michael," Mr. Cutting interposed. "Your wife and your daughter as well as your grandson?"

The reply came quickly. "I do that, sor. God bless them, ivery wan. That's what's perplexin' me, sor." Sweeter and better perplexity could no man have. Kindly anxiety overspread the old face.

"You have, of course, entire confidence in your son-in-law?" The question was a steady one, fully anticipating the answer that came at once:

"I'd thrust Tim wid me life. He is a good man, an' a kind man—an' he niver drinks."

"Then, Michael," said Mr. Cutting, gravely and after no slight pause, "the best will you can make is no will."

"How is that?"

"In the first place," Mr. Cutting explained, "if you make no will, it can't be broken." This was a bull that decidedly impressed the would-be client.

"That's thrue, sor," he replied, reflectively.

"In the second place," Mr. Cutting continued, "by leaving no will, those you love will, I believe, benefit by your estate precisely as you would wish them to. The law provides for just that."

O'Connor pondered long. At last he said:

"Well, Mr. Cuttin', sor, if all I need is the law, I'm sorry I bodthered *you*." I ducked into the recesses of my roll-top desk, whence, after an interval, during which I could almost hear Mr. Cutting restraining his laughter (as I was mine), he replied:

"No bother at all, Michael." Then he added, after a sigh, "I believe I have advised you for the best."

"Ye have that, sor. And I knowed you would." Thus the matter of the will was closed, and nothing further was said regarding it. But I thought I could see there was something more on O'Connor's mind. I knew the unfinished contract was on Mr. Cutting's, though he sat and patiently awaited further developments, meanwhile passing his thumb and forefinger along a lead-pencil, which, in the passing, he turned and turned, alternately resting point and end upon the blotter on his desk. During this, O'Connor, seated on the edge of his chair, hesitated whether to rise and go, or to further unburden his mind. Mr. Cutting relieved the situation.

"What is the little boy's name, Mike?" he asked.

"Shure 'tis that I wished to exshplain, sor," O'Connor hastened to reply, his hesitation gone on the instant. "Whin he was born I sez to my wife, 'Bridget Ann,' I sez, 'we will name him Hinry Haitch Cuttin',' I sez. 'We will do no such thing,' she sez. 'Tim an' Mollie will name the child. 'Tis no affair ov ours,' she sez. So, sor—well—" O'Connor's finish was tinged with regret, and accented by a hopeless wave of the hands.

"And your wife was entirely right, Michael," Mr. Cutting answered, quickly; "although I appreciate and thank you for the compliment you wished to pay me." He was now making marks on his blotter, the pencil in position to jot down a memorandum. "What name did his mother give him?" As the reply came,

I saw him let the pencil fall. There was no need of a memorandum.

"Michael Joseph, after mesilf, sor." O'Connor looked very sheepish, but there was an undernote of pleasure in his answer.

"Eminently proper, and the best name he could have," said Mr. Cutting, rising, and thus supplying the necessary fillip to his client's readiness to depart. He walked to the door with the old man, his hand on the royal shoulder, and bade him a warm "good-by," sending his kindest regards and best wishes to all the members of the Royal Family, especially the Heir Apparent.

Then, assuming his most professional manner, and to my surprise making ready to go out, Mr. Cutting remarked to me :

"I shall leave the drawing-up of the contract until my return. I am now going out to luncheon. I may be a little longer than usual because, incidentally, I shall select a silver utensil for one Michael Joseph O'Connor, Junior, and give directions in regard to a suitable inscription to be thereupon engraved."

As he opened the door to leave the office, out broke his pleasant laugh, and I heard it continuing for some moments after the sound of his foot-fall upon the stone hallway had died out in the distance.

It must have been two months after this—indeed, I am sure it was in August, because Mr. Cutting was away on his vacation, and I was alone in the office—that O'Connor called again. I should state, though, in passing, that he had called once in the meantime to thank Mr. Cutting for a certain silver mug, duly inscribed :

MICHAEL JOSEPH O'CONNOR, JUNIOR
FROM HIS AND HIS
GRANDFATHER'S FRIEND
HENRY HARTWELL CUTTING.

I have an idea, although I have no word or proof of any kind to uphold it, that O'Connor regarded the omission of "*Esq.*" after "*Cutting*" as an oversight. Still, he was royally pleased by the gift, and assured Mr. Cutting it should be kept with the greatest care among the most cherished of the family possessions, and at this point, I remember, Mr. Cutting had occasion again to advise his client, and to the effect that if the "little felly" were not to make actual, daily use of the gift—not only as a utensil, but also to bite, pound, dent and treat at will—he, the "little felly," would never acquire real affection for it. Mr. Cutting further explained that it was from such treatment and familiarity real affection sprang ; and that he wanted the recipient to come to love the gift—and the giver, too, perhaps, some day. This advice the client accepted with entire faith in its wisdom ; as a good client should always accept advice from a good counsellor. But all this was during O'Connor's intermediate visit—not at the time to which I refer.

That time was on a very hot day in August ; in fact, it was, as O'Connor tersely put it, when he had seated himself beside me, "too hot altogither."

"Mr. Cutting is away, sor?" was his next remark, made with an inflection that showed it to be not only a statement but an interrogatory as well, intended to serve as an introduction to matters of import. I replied, accordingly :

"Yes, Mr. Cutting is on his vacation. Is there anything *I* can do for you?"

O'Connor's method of approach melted at once into complete confidence. You may well imagine my pleasure at being consulted, as follows, in my senior's absence :

"It was you I wished to see, sor," the old man went on, placing his tall hat on my desk and his moist red handkerchief within the hat. "Ye have been a friend to me more than once, and I wish your advice." He slowly drew an honest, well-worn wallet from his hip pocket. I protested. "Ye are a young felly, sor, and this is different," he said. "'Tis me intention to pay you for the service I ask."

From "young felly" to "little felly" was a quick mental transition, and instantly I grasped the opportunity that would enable me, as well as the senior counsel, to bear gifts to the Heir Apparent, so I said :

"Well, Mr. O'Connor, if you wish to employ me, of course—" I paused, while he extracted and laid upon my desk a battered ten dollar bill. I immediately secluded it.

In justice to my poor self I must digress once more. The "little felly" now

possesses, in addition to a silver mug, (and the "mug" Heaven gave him as a lineal descendant) a silver spoon and a silver fork of no mean dimensions, suitably inscribed. However, that is nobody's business but my own. Probably that is why I tell it. I never could keep my business to myself, any more than I now can O'Connor's.

" 'Tis like this, sor," the old fellow proceeded. " I have it in me moind to go to th' ould counthree. I kem over whin I was a lad, so-o—well, sor, there is much I dishremember now. But I would like some day to tell the little felly all about it, and—" Here he paused a moment. "Me sister is there, too," he added, " and sor, well—I would be afther askin' you to arrange the thrip for me. I wish to have it done decent, d'ye moind, and, whishper ! I don't know the ropes mesilf, and I don't want the odthers to know I don't know them, d'ye moind ? "

Here was confidence from a client, indeed.

Never mind about the succeeding details, consisting of a letter of credit, exchange, passage, and an excellent stateroom in the second cabin. To all these details I attended personally, and can and do vouch for their careful accomplishment.

On a certain day I shall never forget—it was in the latter part of the same August—I stood looking out of the window of our office. From it I had a clear view of the harbor and of the vessels that came to and left it. Soon, a Cunarder glided into my vista, and, passing out, left a quickly lost picture of white wake, purple sea, and low hanging gray smoke. But the thought in my heart as I stood and watched remains :

" God bless his kindly old heart ! and God grant he may return safe and sound to the 'little felly.' "

I speak of it as a thought. It must have been a prayer, so quickly was it answered. As I stood watching the slow blending of the smoke with the mellow light of the afternoon, I heard behind me a gentle, initiatory cough.

I turned. There stood O'Connor himself, hat in hand, in the centre of the office. I can tell you nothing of his entrance.

" What in the world ! " I exclaimed and asked.

He hung his dear old head, and fingered the rim of the same tall hat I knew so well, while he slowly passed it round and round between his hands. At last he spoke. His voice was all appeal ; without a tone of assertion :

" I decided not to go."

" Why ? "

" The little felly."

" You went aboard ? "

" Yis."

I ventured, from intuition, " But at the last moment you felt homesick ? Is that it ? "

He answered me over a half-turned, bashful, aged, and patient shoulder.

"Yis."

" So you left the boat before she sailed ? "

" Jist that."

" And your baggage? "

" It's gone—wid the boat. But—but that's no differ."

Once more—never mind about the details. We had a long talk, our client and I. I learned that his wife and daughter, Tim Fennessey, too, had parted from him at his own request, a quarter of an hour before the sailing of the liner—" To have no scene," he said—and finally I learned what I could do in his behalf. It was to ease his return to his own people.

"Now, sor," he said, at the close of our interview, " will you be so kind as to go before me and warn me wife ? "

" Tell her you changed your mind at the last moment ? Is that it ? " I asked.

" Yis, sor, 'tis jist that." Then, he added, with the first semblance of assertiveness, " And it was me right."

" Unquestionably," I answered. Then I suggested that we start on our journey, at the end of which I was to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Royal Consort.

During our walk through the almost deserted streets, where the heat of the passing day still hung in sluggish malignity, we had plenty of time for further consultation. Old O'Connor at my side, but never once in step, gave me minute instructions.

"You see, sor," he said, by way of additional explanation, " the windie from me

place looks to the harbor, and we can see the steamboats as they comes and goes. 'Twas all arranged the little felly should be in wan o' the windies to see me as I wint away; well, when the orf'cer o' the boat sez that all thim that wasn't intendin' to go should go back to the dock, I sez to mesilf, "*Are* you intendin' to go?" Thin I thinks to mesilf, 'Shure some odther day will do as well and 'tis as well to wait until the little felly is big enough to go with me and see for himself,' dye moind? Wid that I walks off av the boat and comes to your offus."

"Leaving your baggage on board," I added.

"Yis, sor—but that's no differ—shure the duds was all new, and I care little for thim." His eagerness increased as we neared his home, down on the wharf, and above his junk-store and saloon. So our conferences came in short sentences.

"I will get your baggage back," I began.

"Can you do that, sor?"

"Certainly. I will see the steamship company." He sighed comfortably.

"Thank you, sor. 'Twill be a favor to me. But, whishper! When we reaches my place, I will shtand outside forninst the corner. Thin, do you go inside and exshplain to me wife and prepare her for me return, do ye see?"

I quite understood, and said so. As we turned our last corner, we caught the soft caress of a gentle, belated sea-breeze, and I felt my heart uplift and my brain clear.

"Go on, now, you," was his parting instruction. "I will wait here till ye come back and tell me."

You may be sure I made my way to the royal mansion as quickly as the temperature would permit. In response to my knock at the inner door, it was opened by Mrs. O'Connor herself. She greeted me with quiet, simple courtesy and, as soon as I was seated and she had remarked upon the heat of the day (her remarks fitting exactly into my own opinion of the weather) she asked, before I had time to even set the wheels of my diplomacy in motion:

"Is Michael on the corner, sor?"

"Yes," I gasped, any further need for diplomacy gone.

"Tell him, sor, if you will kindly, that Tim and Mollie is here, and the baby, and we have supper most ready and is waiting for him."

"You knew, then?" I asked, weakly.

"Shure we all av us see him leave the boat, sor. We niver thought he'd go. And thank you, kindly, sor, for your trouble." Mrs. O'Connor crossed with me to the door, and a minute smile just beginning at the corners of her shrewd, old mouth let me out.

I soon came back to my principal in the affair. "Everything is all right," I said to him, and with the usual presumption of an ambassador, added, "I have fixed it. You needn't worry."

"God bless you, sor," he said as he grasped my hand. "I'll be in again soon to see you, sor. And now I—I think I will be gettin' home."

So we parted, he to his loved domain, I to my club.

I don't know the rest of the story.

IN THE SMALL HOURS

By Brander Matthews

SUDDENLY he found himself wide awake. He had been lost in sleep, dreamless and spaceless; and now, without warning, his slumber had left him abruptly and for no reason that he could guess. Although he strained his ear he caught the echo of no unusual sound. He listened in vague doubt whether there might not be someone moving about in the apartment; but he could hear nothing except the shrill creak of the brakes of a train on the elevated railroad nearly a block away. Wilson Carpenter was in the habit of observing his own feelings, and he was surprised to note that he did not really expect to detect any physical cause for his unexpected awakening. Sleep had left him as inexplicably as it had swiftly.

He lay there in bed with no restlessness; he heard the regular breathing of his wife, who was sleeping at his side; he saw the faint illumination from the door open into the next room where the baby was also asleep. He looked toward the window, but no ray of light was yet visible; and he guessed it to be about four o'clock in the morning, perhaps a little earlier. In that case he had not been in bed more than two or three hours at the most. He wondered why he had waked thus unexpectedly, since he had had a fatiguing day. Perhaps it was the excitement—there was no doubt that he had had his full share of excitement that evening—and he thrilled again as he recalled the delicious sensation of dull dread yielding at last to the certainty of success.

He had played for a heavy stake and he had won. That was just what he had been doing—gambling with fate, throwing dice with fortune itself. That was what every dramatic author had to do every time he brought out a new play. The production of a piece at an important New York theatre was a venture as aleatory almost as cutting a pack of cards, and the odds were always against the dramatist. And as the young man quietly recalled the events of the evening it seemed to him that the excitement of those who engineer corners in Wall Street must be like his own anxiety while the future of his drama hung in the balance, only theirs could not but be less keen than his, less poignant, for he was playing his game with men and women, while what they touched were but inanimate stocks. His winning depended upon the actors and actresses who had bodied forth his conception. A single lapse of memory or a single slip of the tongue, and the very sceptical audience of the first night might laugh in the wrong place, and so cut themselves off from sympathy; and all his labor would go for nothing, and all his hopes would shrivel before his eyes. Of a truth it is the ordeal by fire that the dramatist must undergo; and there had been moments that long swift evening when he had felt as though he were tied to the stake, and awaiting only the haggard squaw who was to apply the torch.

Now the trial was over and the cause was gained. There had been too many war-pieces of late, so the croakers urged, and the public would not stand another drama of the rebellion. But he had not been greatly discouraged, for in his play the military scenes were but the setting for a story of everyday heroism, of human conflict, of man's conquest of himself. It was the simple strength of this story that had caught the spectators before the first act was half over, and held them breathless as situation followed situation. At the adroitly spaced comic scenes the audience had gladly relaxed, joyously relieving the emotional strain with welcome laughter. The future of the play was beyond all question; of that the author felt assured, judging not so much by the mere applause as by the tensity of the interest aroused, and by the long-drawn sigh of suspense he had heard so often in the course of the evening. He did not dread the acrid criticisms he knew he should find in some of the morning papers, the writers of which would be bitterer than usual, since

the writer of the new play had been a newspaper man himself.

The author of "A Bold Stroke" knew what its success meant to him. It meant a fortune. The play would perhaps run the season out in New York, and this was only the middle of October. With matinées on Wednesday as well as on Saturday, two hundred performances in the city were not impossible. Then next season there would be at least two companies on the road. He ought to make $25,000 by the piece, and perhaps more. The long struggle just to keep his head above water, just to get his daily bread, just to make both ends meet—that was over forever. He could move out of the little Harlem flat to which he had brought his bride two years before; and he could soon get her the house she was longing for somewhere in the country, near New York, where the baby could grow up under the trees.

The success of the play meant more than mere money, so the ambitious young author was thinking as he lay there sleepless. It meant praise, too—and praise was pleasant. It meant recognition—and recognition was better than praise, for it would open other opportunities. The money he made by the play would give him a home, and also leisure for thought and for adequate preparation before he began his next piece. He had done his best in writing the war-drama; he had spared no pains and neglected no possibility of improvement; it was as good as he could make it. But there were other plays he had in mind, making a different appeal, quieter than his military piece, subtler; and these he could now risk writing, since the managers would believe in him after the triumph of "A Bold Stroke."

It would be possible for him hereafter to do what he wanted to do and what he believed himself best fitted to do. It had always seemed to him that New York opened an infinity of vistas to the dramatist. He intended to seize some of this opulent material and to set on the stage the life of the great city as he had seen it during his five years of journalism. He knew that it did a man good to be a reporter for a little while, if he had the courage to cut himself loose before it was too late, before journalism had corroded its stigma. His reporting had taken him into strange places now and again; but it had also taken him into the homes of the plain people who make New York what it is. Society, as Society was described in the Sunday papers, he knew little about, and he cared less; he was not a snob, if he knew himself. But humanity was unfailingly interesting and unendingly instructive; and it was more interesting, and more instructive in the factories and in the tenements than it was in the immense mansions on Lenox Hill.

His work as a reporter had not only sharpened his eyes and broadened his sympathies; it had led him to see things that made him think. He had not inherited his New England conscience for nothing; and his college studies in sociology, that seemed so bare to him as an undergraduate, had taken on a new aspect since he had seen for himself the actual working of the inexorable laws of life. To sneer at the reformers who were endeavoring to make the world better had not been easy for him, even he was straining to achieve the false brilliance of the star-reporter; and now that he was free to say what he thought, he was going to seize the first opportunity to help along the good cause, to show those rich enough to sit in the good seats in the theatre that the boy perched up in the gallery in his shirt-sleeves was also a man and a brother.

The young playwright held that a play ought to be amusing, of course, but he held also that it might give the spectators something to think about after they got home. He was going to utilize his opportunity to show how many failures there are, and how many there must be, if the fittest is to survive, and how hard it is to fail, how bitter, how pitiful! With an effort he refrained from saying out loud enough to waken his wife the quotation that floated back to his memory:

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

His own success, now it had come, found him wondering at it. He was a modest young fellow at bottom, and he really did not know why he had attained the prize so many were striving to grasp. Probably it was due to the sturdiness of

the stock he came from ; and he was glad that his ancestors had lived cleanly and had left him a healthy body and a sober mind. His father and his mother had survived long enough to see him through college and started in newspaper work in New York. They had been old-fashioned in their ways, and he was aware that they might not have approved altogether of his choice of a profession, since it would have seemed very strange to them that a son of theirs should earn his living by writing plays. Yet he grieved that they had gone before he was able to repay any of the sacrifices they had made for him ; it was the one blot on his good fortune that he could not share it with them in the future.

The future! Yes, the future was in his power at last. As he lay there in the darkness he said to himself that all his ambitions were now almost within his grasp. He was young and well educated ; he had proved ability and true courage ; he had friends ; he had a wife whom he loved and who loved him ; his first-born was a son, already almost able to walk. Never before had his prospects appeared so smiling, and never before had he foreseen how his hopes might be fulfilled. And yet, now as he thought of the future, for the first time his pulse did not beat faster. When it was plain to him that he might soon have the most of the things he cared for, he found himself asking whether, after all, he really did care for them so much. He was happy, but just then his happiness was passive. The future might be left to take care of itself all in good time. He was wide awake, yet he had almost the languor of slumber ; it surprised him to find himself thus unenergetic and not wanting to be roused to battle, even if the enemy were in sight. He thought of the Nirvana that the oriental philosophers sought to gain as the final good ; and he asked himself if perhaps the West had not still something to learn from the East.

Afar, in the silence of the night, he heard the faint clang of an ambulance-bell, and he began to think of the huge city now sunk in slumber all around him. He had nearly four million fellow-citizens ; and in an hour or two or three they would awaken and go forth to labor. They would fill the day with struggle, vying one with another, each trying to make his footing secure ; and now and again one of them would fall and be crushed to the ground. They would go to bed again at night, wearied out, and they would sleep again, and waken again, and begin the battle again. Most of them would take part in the combat all in vain, since only a few of them could hope to escape from the fight unvanquished. Most of them would fall by the wayside or be trampled under foot on the high road. Most of them would be beaten in the battle and would drop out of the fight, wounded unto death. And for the first time all this ceaseless turmoil and unending warfare seemed to him futile and purposeless.

What was victory but a chance to engage again in the combat? To win to-day was but to have a right to enter the fray again to-morrow. His triumph that evening in the theatre only opened the door for him ; and if he was to hold his own he must make ready to wrestle again and again. Each time the effort would be harder than the last. And at the end, what? He would be richer in money, perhaps, but just then money seemed to have no absolute value. He would do good perhaps ; but perhaps also he might do harm, for he knew himself not to be infallible. He would not be more contented, he feared, for he had discovered already that although success is less bitter than failure, it rarely brings complete satisfaction. If it were contentment that he really was seeking, why not be satisfied now with what he had won? Why not quit? Why not step out of the ranks and throw down his musket and get out of the way and leave the fighting to those who had a stomach for it?

As he asked himself these questions a gray shroud of melancholy was wrapped about him and all the brightness of youth was quenched in him. Probably this was the inevitable reaction after the strain of his long effort. But none the less it left him looking forward to the end of his life and he saw himself withered and racked with pain ; he saw his young wife worn and ugly, perhaps dead—and the ghastly vision of the grave glimpsed before him ; he saw his boy dead also, dead in youth ; and he saw himself left alone and lonely in his old age, and still struggling, struggling, struggling in vain and forever.

Then he became more morbid even and he felt he was truly alone now, as every one of us must be always. He loved his wife and she loved him, and there was sympathy and understanding between them; but he doubted if he really knew her, for he felt sure she did not really know him. There were thoughts in his heart sometimes that he was glad she did not guess; and no doubt she had emotions and sentiments she did not reveal to him. After all, every human being must be a self-contained and repellent entity; and no two of them can ever feel alike or think alike. He and his wife came of different stocks, with a different training, with a different experience of life, with different ideals; and although they were united in love, they could not but be separate and distinct to all eternity. And as his wife was of another sex from his, so his boy was of another generation, certain to grow up with other tastes and other aspirations.

Wilson Carpenter's marriage had been happy and his boy was all he could wish, —and yet—and yet—Is this all that life can give a man? A little joy for the few who are fortunate, a little pleasure, and then—and then— For the first time he understood how it was that a happy man sometimes commits suicide. And he smiled as he thought that if he wished to choose death at the instant of life when the outsider would suppose his future to be brightest, now was the moment. He knew that there ought to be a revolver in the upper drawer of the table at the side of the bed. He turned gently; and then he lay back again, smiling bitterly at his own foolishness.

A heavy wagon rumbled along down the next street, and he heard also the whistle of a train on the river-front. These signs of returning day did not interest him at that moment when—so it seemed to him, although he was aware this was perfectly unreasonable—when he was at a crisis in his life.

Then there came to him another quatrain of Omar's, a quatrain he had often quoted with joy in its stern vigor and its lofty resolve:

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

And youth came to his rescue again, and hope rose within him once more; and his interest in the eternal conflict of humanity sprang up as keen as ever.

The mood of craven surrender passed from him as abruptly as it had come, leaving him older, and with a vague impression as though he had had a strange and unnatural experience. He knew again that life is infinitely various, and that it is worth while for its own sake; and he wondered how it was that he had ever doubted it. Even if struggle is the rule of our existence in this world, the fight is its own reward; it brings its own guerdon; it gives a zest to life; and sometimes it even takes the sting from defeat. The ardor of the combat is bracing; and fate is a foeman worthy of every man's steel.

So long as a man does his best always, his pay is secure; and the ultimate success or failure matters little after all, for though he be the sport of circumstance, he is the master of himself. To be alone even—in youth or in age—is not the worst thing that can befall, if a man is not ashamed of the companionship of his own soul. If his spirit is unafraid and ready to brave the bludgeon of chance, then has man a stanch friend in himself, and he can boldly front whatever the future has in store for him. Only a thin-blooded weakling casts down his weapons for nothing and flees around the arena; the least that a man of even ordinary courage can do is to stand to his arms and to fight for his life to the end.

Wilson Carpenter had no idea how long it was that he had been lying awake motionless, staring at the ceiling. There were signs of dawn now, and he heard a cart rattle briskly up to the house next door.

Perhaps his wife heard this also, for she turned and put out one arm caressingly, smiling at him in her sleep. He took her hand in his, gently, and held it. Peace descended upon him and his brain ceased to torment itself with the future or with the present, or with the past.

He was conscious of no effort not to think, nor indeed of any unfulfilled desire on his part. It seemed to him that he was floating lazily on a summer sea, not becalmed but bound for no destination. And before he knew it, he was again asleep.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE recent announcements by several men of science that they believe that they have sure proofs of the immortality of the soul may not be so important as they seem to the gentlemen who make them, but at least they are interesting. The proofs that are relied upon are chiefly communications received through mediums, which are said to be so remarkable in the knowledge which they imply, that those who receive them are driven to conclude that they come from the spirits of persons who lately lived on earth. To the average observer spiritualism seems a labyrinth of frauds and mysteries, some deep, some shallow, wherein those who wander grope from delusion to delusion, and arrive nowhere. The cry is not so much that all spiritualism is false, as that whether false or not it is all unprofitable. That is the usual attitude the intelligent public has toward it, and it is based on observation which is wide if not profound. For though we hear of reputations damaged and lives apparently misdirected as a result of spiritualistic experiments, we rarely hear of persons whom spiritualism has helped. The quest seems trivial and disconcerting; not useful.

A Vain Seeking

Few of us think that spiritualism will ever prove the immortality of the soul to the satisfaction of the scientific mind. Still when Professor Hyslop of Columbia University declares that that very thing is about to be done, we are quite ready to give him our attention. We have heard before of Mrs. Piper, the Cambridge medium, who has been for ten or twelve years in the charge of the Psychical Research Society. We know that she is looked upon as a remarkable medium, and that the closest watching for years past has failed to detect her in deceit. It is through her Professor Hyslop says that the proofs which he finds satisfactory have come. They have come then by a notable and reputable route, and they are indorsed by an observer whose indorsement is probably as good as can be given, for Professor Hyslop is not only a man of high character but of a ripe experience in matters of this sort. Psychology is his specialty. He knows the tricks of commercial spiritualism, and has often detected and exposed them. It is human to err, and it is entirely possible that his certainties may turn vague on exposure, and that his conclusions will not stand; but certainly his proofs deserve and will receive respectful inspection.

But, of course, the question is not whether or not we are going to believe the soul immortal, but merely whether we shall consider that these newly advertised proofs of it are worth anything. Most of us instinctively believe in a future life as it is, and will go on believing in it however new proofs may triumph or fail. We think there must be a future life. It is not improbable. What is grossly improbable is that there is none. The wonder is not that there should seem to be feeble glimmerings of intercourse between us who are still here and those who have gone before. The wonder is that it has proved to be so extraordinarily difficult to speak across a grave. Professor Hyslop has probability overwhelmingly with him in his general contention. If we are not agitated by his promises and impatient to read his disclosures, it is because proofs of the sort he deals with have heretofore been inconclusive and disappointing. For some reason the life of earth seems to have been isolated. We scarcely even dream of what life may have preceded it, and though we do dream much about the life that is to follow, we gather surprisingly little information about it. Still, all knowledge is hidden from man until he finds it out. It is not forbidden to him to discover the secrets of earth; who shall say that it is unlawful to go farther, if he can, and pry into the mysteries that seem to lie outside of earth? Is it trespassing to seek for sure tokens of another life? Who shall say so? The most that conservative observers may say is that, so far, spiritualism has seemed trivial, misleading, and inexpedient. That demoralization, if not madness, has seemed to lie that way; and that

those who have been content to go about their business here, taking the future life on trust, have seemed to fare better than those who have directed earthly energies into a search for proofs of unearthly facts.

It may be that science is about to buttress the edifice that faith has reared; but proofs or no proofs, most of us will continue to read "to be continued" at the bottom of the page of this life, and simply wait, each for himself, for the page to be turned. The story does not conclude: it simply breaks off. Of course there will be more of it.

Militarism and Women

DURING the recent war with Spain, a statement often made was that women were more in favor of it than men. If its truth or falsity cannot be determined, one may wonder at least how there could have been the slightest justification for it. Hardly any fact in history thrusts itself to the front more persistently and conspicuously than the evils that war brings upon women. Not even the men that bear the brunt of battle pay a greater tribute to Mars than they. To be sure, they do not to-day as in the past fall a prey to a savage soldiery. "Civilized warfare" has done much for them, as it has for men. But there are still moral, intellectual, and economic effects that ought to make them all members of peace societies and ardent advocates of international arbitration.

Several hundred thousand men cannot be withdrawn from the industrial pursuits of a country and assigned to the work of destruction, or to preparations for it, without a profound disturbance. The greatest harm thus wrought is not the enormous waste, positive and negative—the unproductive consumption, as the economists call it, and the check to the production of so many toilers; it is the diversion of women from the lighter duties that belong to them to the heavier ones that belong to men. Whenever or wherever war has levied on the workshop and the field, they have had to fill the vacant places. It is not the savage alone that becomes lost to the feeling of courtesy and humanity and turns his women into beasts of burden. The most enlightened nations commit the same barbarous offence. The drain upon the English working-classes during the Napoleonic wars forced even young children into the exhausting work of adults, leading to a physical degeneracy that was thought to threaten the primacy of the Anglo-Saxon. How many American tourists in Europe realize the terrible significance of the spectacle of women toiling in the fields or dragging through the streets a heavily laden cart? To most of them it seems rather picturesque and attractive. Yet it is the reverse of the medal that commemorates some great battle or some military genius.

In all militant countries, the soldier is the ideal man. His is the most honorable business. Whoever does not bear arms or is unable to endure the hardships of a campaign sinks to a lower level. But no class is thrust into a more intolerable position by this false test of social worth than women. A double stigma attaches to them—that of weakness and that of toilers. Only as mothers of soldiers do they hold a place in public esteem. Napoleon's idea of the noblest woman was she that bore the greatest number of children for his armies. The idea of the present Emperor of Germany is much the same. "*Kueche, Kirche, Kinder*," is the alliterative description attributed to him of the narrow sphere in which he would have them move. Little wonder, therefore, that the condition of the women in the military countries of Europe differs but little from that ignoble ideal. Little wonder, too, that American women that transplant themselves by marriage to the countries where it prevails often find that they have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage.

It is a commonplace of sociology that intellectual as well as political despotism is born of war. When a nation is engaged in a desperate struggle with an enemy, the central power must be invested, under penalty of defeat, with all the authority needful to wield effectively the resources of the state. Besides drafting soldiers and levying taxes, it crushes opposition and criticism. The result is that in countries like Russia and Germany, freedom of thought and action has still to be won. Especially is it so in all that relates, even remotely, to politics. But the rights denied to women include many not denied to men. Despite German universities, German science, German philosophy, and German culture in every direction, about which so much is said in glowing praise, the women of the Fatherland are still in the shackles forged by feudalism and despotism. The temples of learning are closed against them. The right of the toilers among them to become associated together to better their condition is

repressed. Only as they move in the narrow circle drawn by the soldier can they escape the look of amazement that might be bestowed upon any freak of nature.

Militarism works equal havoc in the moral and spiritual domain. Recently Count Tolstoi described the deplorable condition of the inhabitants of the famous black-earth region. The startling feature of his powerful picture of these victims of military despotism was the apathy, melancholy, and fatalism that have seized them. Perhaps the Russian women do not have to bear more than the men; but since they belong to the more fragile sex, they are less able to bear it. As in France during the last years of the Grand Monarch, the share of the fruits of toil taken by the government to support armies of soldiers and officials has become so large that these unfortunate people are constantly on the verge of starvation. Their normal diet is a third less than sufficient to maintain health and strength. They are not simply weakened by the lack of food—they are paralyzed by the outlook that however much they may exert themselves, they cannot better their condition. "Why should we trouble ourselves?" they say. "We shall not get fat. If we can only live." Bending under this despairing thought, they take little interest in their task. They avail themselves of no discovery and no invention that will make it easier or more profitable. With their primitive plough and staggering horse, they move slowly and drearily over their fields, glad when night comes to deliver them from their thraldom and sad when morning breaks to renew it. The priests themselves testify to their indifference to the consolations of religion. Aside from their desire to get enough to keep them alive, they have no other but to forget their sufferings and disappointments. When surcease is not sought in the natural sleep that comes from heavy toil, it is sought in deep draughts of Russian spirits.

The degradation of character due to militarism takes many forms. There is the vicious ethics of war carried into social and industrial life. The deceit and fraud, more common in militant countries than in pacific, are evils that women must endure with men. There are the callousness and cruelty of war, from which they suffer far more than men. There is, finally, the moral laxity of war. The full story of the sufferings of women from this cause cannot be written. The standing armies of Europe spread a poison that penetrates the remotest corner of the social fabric. No class escapes it. The gallantry of officers is notorious. Not less so are their mercenary marriages. Among the rank and file occur those illegitimate unions common to every garrison town. Among the toilers the same evil prevails. Militarism acts directly and indirectly to make them unwilling to assume the responsibilities of marriage. How serious this evil has become may be gathered from the report of Dr. Hirscherberg, of Berlin. In that city alone in 1897, 8,000 victims of these *Arbeiter-Ehen*, as they are called, who had been deserted by their companions, appealed for public relief. In 1895 the number reached 12,000. But Berlin is not the only capital thronging with these unfortunates. They crowd the dark corners of the cities of all the militant countries of Europe.

THE FIELD OF ART

ART IN THE SCHOOLS—FIRST CONSIDERATIONS.

IT is not this year for the first time that the Regents of the University of New York State have prepared valuable photographs for distribution among the schools of the State. Now, however, there comes a "tentative list" of similar photographs, and this brings up in a forcible way the old question, whether there is any such thing possible as teaching art in the schools, and if so, how it may best be undertaken.

Some preliminary definitions seem to be required, however. The question as to the fitness of the photograph for this purpose is nearly always stated, as if the graphic and plastic arts were expressible in terms of the literary art. Unfortunately, this is not true at all. Indeed, the student of those arts of non-literary expression is apt to go rather too far in asserting the falsity of it.

When the student first perceives clearly that each of the fine arts differs very widely from all the others, he is very apt to assume too much importance for his own differentiation of those arts. He sees such striking differences that he ignores resemblances and similarities; or he is very ready to do so. It is evident to him that the piece of literature needs a subject of the nature of narrative, or description, or exhortation, or prayer, or jest, and that the dignity or meanness of the subject has much to do with the artistical result. Then it appears to him that music requires no subject of that character; that music goes to work in another way and addresses the spirit of man, not by relating or describing, not by appeals to morals or to memory. He hardly disputes Arnold's dictum that poetry is "a criticism of life;" referring only to the same author's explanation of criticism and to the further elucidation of the thought which is contained in the phrases "We turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us;" but he reflects that he would be a rash critic who should try to judge any piece of music in that way. This is clear to the mind of the student; but still he ponders over the graphic arts, over sculpture and painting, in all their forms, wondering why those arts seem to him halfway between literature and music, having less to do with preaching or portraiture than the one, and more, it seems, than the other. He finds that painters are more concerned with light and shade, and also more busy with composition and the leading lines and, again, more thoughtful of bringing whites prettily together, than they are of telling any story or influencing any person's conduct. And the sculptors are concerned with dignity of form, and care as little about whether they deal with piety or with passion as do the musical composers.

He reflects upon architecture, too, if his imagination and memory take him so far out of the present time that architecture seems to him a fine art at all; and he asks: What is the "subject" of that work of art which exists in the interior of Aya Sophia, and which one sees as he enters it by the *Porta Basilica?* It is, indeed, not surprising that some writers are always at work, comparing architecture and music. Suppose that one were to try to give in words that impressive effect of the inside of the great church. He would have either to describe the effect produced upon him, thus translating from one language into another, or he would have so to combine thoughts, expressed in words, as to give the same impression of awe-inspiring dignity, mingled with grace, with charm, with what one might call suavity. In order to produce this effect upon the reader of a prose passage or a piece of verse, the writer would have to take a subject other than that afforded by the mere description of a building. In other words, he could not translate; the language would break down under him; he could not give the same impression in the language of words which the artist has given in the language of space, of masses, of delicate tones, of light and shade. And he would recall the fact that the time was when Aya Sophia gave also an impression of soft blooming color, of which now only a slight indication remains.

It is not then essential that the work of art in architecture should have a subject in the sense in which the work of art in literature must have a subject. Unless our logic is too

rapid for us, it would seem that the same rule must apply in the case of any comparison between two of the fine arts, and that it does not follow from the need of a subject in literature, as of narrative in one poem, of description in another, of patriotism, mingled with exhortation to courage, in a third, and so on, that a painting must needs have similar subject. And the first painting that the student meets as he enters a gallery of pictures will very likely be a landscape, and he will at once see that in this picture there is no narration, no morality, no piety, no appeal to the spirit—nothing but description, and a description admittedly so slight and cursory, so deliberately incomplete, that it may almost be dismissed as not of weight in the consideration of the picture's value. And yet a picture must represent something natural, something tangible; it cannot go straight to the emotions as music can, but has to act through memory and knowledge. And the student is left wondering, as we found him wondering a few lines above, whether painting be, indeed, half way between music and literature in requiring less subject of the kind that is not merely artistic than the one art, and more than the other.

II

THE question is rather What is the practice of the artist than What ought to be the practice of the artist. When, in some future epoch of thought, these questions about fine art shall be more generally understood by the writers and thinkers than they now are, it may become possible for some Ruskin of the future to preach an acceptable creed as to the proper mission of the artist; but it has not been possible for the Ruskins of the past or of the present to do so, simply because they have failed to understand the conditions under which the artist does his work. There is very little use in exhorting a man to better things until you are able to sympathize with what he is already engaged upon. Now, it requires but a limited observation of artists to ascertain that they are little occupied in narration, in description, in preaching, in devotion, or in jesting; but a very long continued and minute observance of their ways will leave the beholder in the same mind about these, and more and more convinced that artists are chiefly occupied in producing works of art and nothing else. And what are the works of art which they are trying to produce? In the matter of painting, which is our present subject, it is unfortunate that the word *impression* has been used in a special sense as describing the way of work of a certain special body of painters, because it more accurately described the way in which most painters work than any other single word will suggest it. The object of the landscape-painter is commonly to paint something upon his canvas which will convey to the spectator an impression which he, the landscape-painter, has already received from external nature. That impression may have come upon him during the watches of the night, as he thought about what he had seen by day; or it may have come upon him instantaneously as he faced a piece of hill-side with trees, or a single old tree. Suppose it even to be a sunset sky, with miles of ocean illuminated by the colored fire above; it is with no hope of adequately representing that sea and sky that he sits down to paint, but he proposes to paint an impression which that sea and sky have made upon his sensitive mind, and which he thinks will be interesting when painted. That, then, is the landscape-painter's subject. Not the whole truth, nor even any essential part of the truth, about a hay-stack or a mountain-range, but an interesting artistic impression made upon the artist's mind by the hay-stack or the mountain-range. Here, as in literature, there are nobler subjects and less noble subjects; but here much less than in literature is the nobility of the work of art affected by the nobility of the subject. In two pictures by Homer Martin, one represents the stretch of an Adirondack lake, with mountain and forest and a great wealth of varied cloud-form in the sky above; while the other represents only the ridge of a hill seen from a point so low that the ridge cuts the sky and nothing else is seen against the sky but the tops of a few trees which grow on the farther slope. It is impossible to say which of the two pictures is the nobler. The bigger and fuller picture may, indeed, be a greater work of art than the smaller one could ever be, and yet that is so very small a fact! What the artist has done is, first, to make a design out of the material afforded him by a broad landscape and the varied sky, and in the other instance to make a design out of a monotonous grassy slope, a few tree-tops, left unaccounted for except by the beholder's intelligence, and a very uniform gray firmament beyond. Who shall say which is the nobler design of the two?

Mr. George Moore has published an essay well worthy of consideration, in which he undertakes to show that the "failure of the nineteenth century" in painting is that it has assumed the necessity of taking a subject in the literary sense, in the moral sense, in the sense of those frequenters of picture-galleries who prefer the picture which is to them the most like a novel, or a pathetic poem in words. The assumption is, and it is certainly a safe one, that those persons who are attracted to these pictures in order that they may study archæology or feel a religious thrill, or be made curious and inclined to look up the facts in either story, or, finally, to feel the domestic pathos of the scene at the sick child's bedside—those students of art are on the wrong track, and will never discover what, in most cases, the painter is after when he paints a picture. Italian art and Dutch art had died before "the subject" had appeared, and it was not until the end of the eighteenth century that this evil thing "really began to make itself felt, and like the potato blight, it soon became clear that it had come to stay." And the conclusion is that if the painter would now produce pictures worthy of himself he must reject the temptation to attract spectators by tickling their feelings or showing off his learning, and must paint pictures with painter's subjects only.

III

THE argument continually carries us away into a seeming denial to the graphic arts of all subject of any sort other than the painter's subject pure and simple, that is to say, form expressed on a flat surface, light and shade, tints and gradations, and color. And yet we cannot be quite satisfied with this conclusion in view of the fact that the great painters of the past, the men whom Mr. Moore cites throughout his article named above as regardless of "the subject in the modern sense," still painted humanity, and that with interest. The thought expressed in the discussion given above, if it stands alone and by itself, is likely to mislead the student in this way, that he will suppose that the artist in color or light and shade is indifferent to human interest. But this is not exactly so, and an anecdote, nothing in itself, may illustrate this fact. It is only a few days ago that a certain wide reader, one who has much knowledge of men and of affairs, a traveller, too, and a student, but an artist always and primarily, an artist of forty years' constant practice, meditation, and severe training, alone with a friend, was talking to him of Mr. Kipling's recent poem about the torpedo-boats, and the destruction of the enemy's ships by night—and, as this seemed to interest neither party very much, our artist's friend turned to that other poem of Mr. Kipling's which begins with the couplet:

> This 'appened in a battle to a batt'ry of the corps,
> Which is first among the women an' amazin' first in war.

To the second poem the instantaneous response was made that that indeed was worth reading, that there was human interest in that. Now, this remark would have been of no special value to our present argument had it come from the lips of a literary man, or of a sociologist, a philanthropist, or what you please, except the man who did actually say it, namely, an artist with the brush and with colors. That this painter, living almost exclusively the life of a painter, should have felt the need of human interest in the one case and the presence of it, even in the rough soldiering and coarse-grained emotions of the other, is notable, in a way. But observe that the comment was made upon two poems and not upon two paintings. Had the same two subjects been painted, the case might have been very different, because the picture of the great fleet and the destroying torpedo-boats might have been immeasurably more powerful from every point of view from which a picture should be judged than the picture which would illustrate the incident on the battle-field.

> Nearer the wheeling beams that spell
> The council of our foes.——

What those two lines in the poem express, and express well for a piece of wording, the picture might easily make a principal incident and a principal part of its subject—its artistical subject. The blaze of the search-lights half illuminating the ocean and leaving the rest of it the darker by contrast, while the fatal torpedo-boat eludes the light and is dimly recognized by the path it has drawn of ripples and foam which themselves catch what little light is diffused through the damp atmosphere from the white beams which pierce the darkness; all this would be a picture, and this which is here described would be the sufficient subject of the picture. On the other hand,

the battle-field scene might easily be the stupidest thing possible; red uniforms, with dust and horses of several colors, the gleam of light on the guns and accoutrements; all of this is artistic subject, indeed, but it is of the slightest and most commonplace kind, and unless treated with wonderful technical skill, would fail to command much respect. Unquestionably, the "human interest," if strongly felt by the painter in this case, might be effective to give personality to the driver, to the driver's brother, and even to the slaughtered horse, and a dramatic composition might possibly be made out of that which, in almost any painter's hands, would become a mere narrative picture of the kind most commonly in evidence and most to be deprecated.

And yet there is "human interest" to be found in pictures which are none the worse for having it. The discussion of these is simply the most difficult task that is set to one who would write about the art of painting. Let us take Paul Baudry's picture of Charlotte Corday. The scene is a very small room with a low dado for the protection of the wall, as befits a bath-room. On the left is the bath-tub with high straight sides, and filled with the sheet, the *fond de bain*, so commonly in use even now on the continent of Europe. Beside the bath-tub, a rough wooden box has been "up-ended" and carries, like a little table, an old-fashioned round ink-stand, a sheet of paper, and a quill pen. A short plank which has been lying across the foot of the bath-tub has tipped into the tub, carrying with it some sheets of paper. A chair which has been standing by the side of the bath-tub is overset. With the chair has fallen a garment which still partly covers it; and a plumed hat fills the extreme right-hand lower corner of the picture. A map of France, as large as the wall of the small chamber allows, hangs opposite to the spectator and to the eye of the person occupying the bath-tub. The well-known facts are that Marat, while following the prescription of his physicians and taking the long-continued bath prescribed, was occupied in writing, and that Charlotte Corday, on her persistent demand, was admitted that she might lodge with him some complaint, and that she then stabbed him to the heart. Of the dying or the dead Marat, nothing is seen but the foreshortened face, one shoulder, and the long bare arms; the handle of the deadly knife projects and is relieved against the livid flesh. The resolute woman stands against the window-jamb, and in full light, relieved by her own and the wall's shadow cast upon the map and the dado behind. Her figure is tall and massive; she is dressed in a gown with strongly marked stripes and wears a voluminously folded handkerchief around her shoulders and neck; her hair is loosened; her figure dominates the picture and seems to reduce everything else to an accessory. The face of the slayer is set, as if with the resolution she has just acted on, and with terror as to what is now to follow. The eyes are wide open and the action of the right hand, with clenched fingers, shows how, in relinquishing the haft of the knife, the muscles have convulsively closed again as if it were still retained by their clutch.

The thing to observe here is the presence of the human interest demanded, and that in a very concentrated form, indeed; but also the relatively larger value of the artistic language in which the story has been told, and of the smaller value, relatively, of the human interest itself. Let us admit that the picture is a nobler work of art because of this expression of human interest—the striking down of the tyrant, the momentary victory of the heroine, the approaching cruel punishment of that heroine—patience, resignation, resolution, patriotism, and just enough of questioning as to the glory and value of the great French Revolution. All this, which in a poem would be insisted on, dwelt upon, which would form the one "subject" of the work of art, here, in the picture, forms but a part of the subject, and in the opinion of every artist, the inferior, secondary part. The chief subject is, after all, form, line and mass, light and shade, and color. The result is better for having the human interest; the work of art is nobler than if the same light and shade and color were investing walls and draperies where no human interest existed; and the conclusion seems to be that what is valuable in the picture is primarily the two human beings as visible objects, and the strong contrast between them in their represented action, their pose, their coloring—that is, in the outward aspect of their life; and, secondly, the organized light and shade of which these human figures form the chief and ruling part. And the lesson to learn seems to be that the language of painting is so immensely more important, relatively, than the language of literature, that the rules of judgment, applied to the one art, fail lamentably when they are tried upon the other.

R. S.



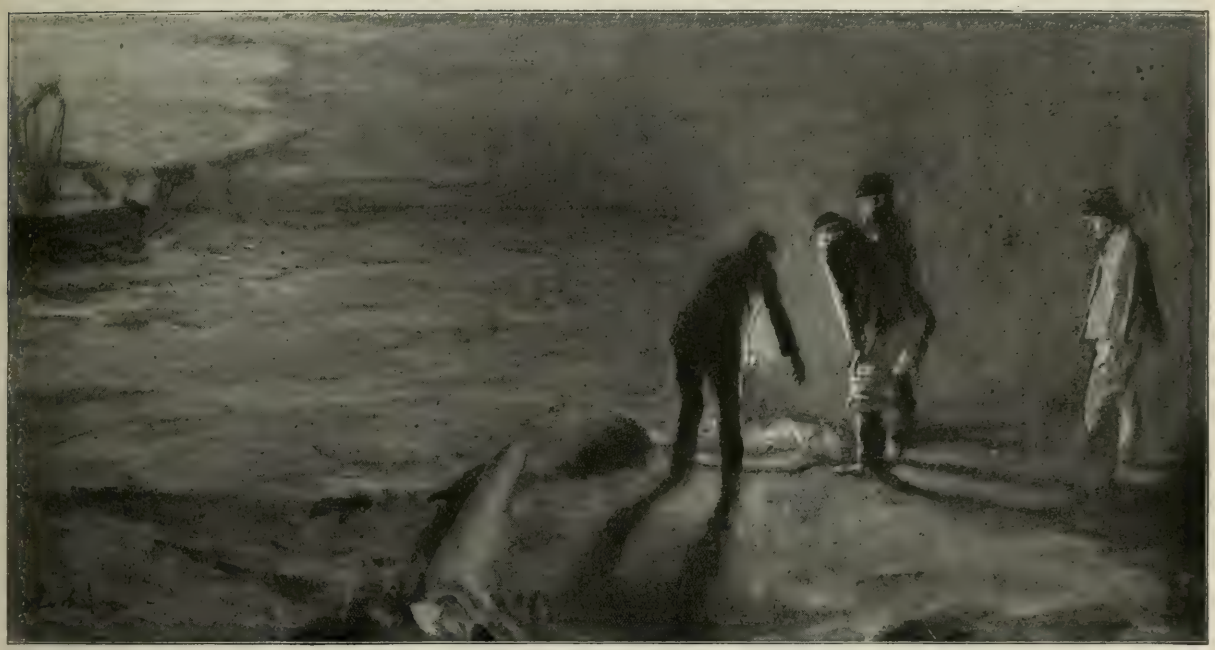
Drawn by H. W. Ditzler.

A RESCUE.

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Finding a Body on the Beach.

THE GREAT NOVEMBER STORM OF 1898

By Sylvester Baxter

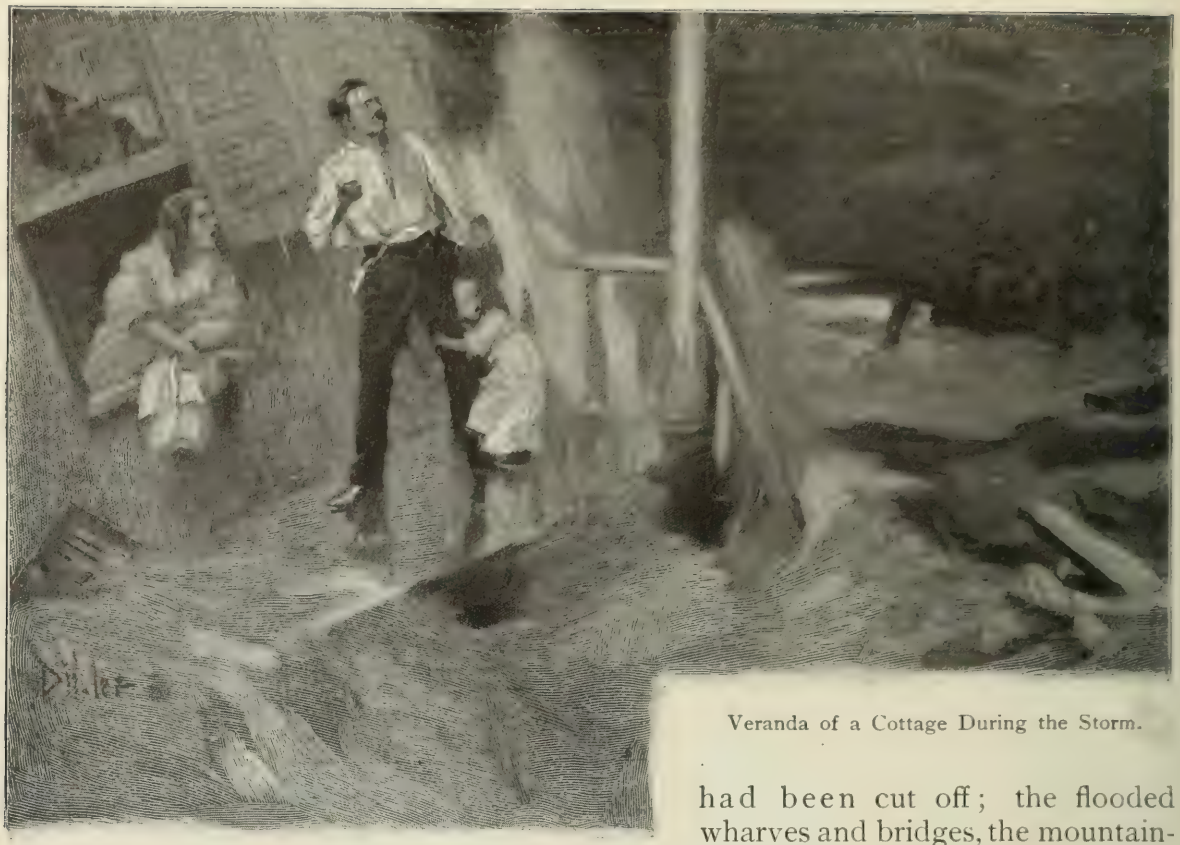
ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. W. DITZLER

ON the Massachusetts seaboard, on Saturday, November 26, 1898, the air was murky and ominously still, and was filled with the penetrating chill that meant snow, much snow. Something unusual was manifestly impending, but nobody dreamed what was really at hand. The people of New England are accustomed to weather in infinite fluctuations, and they have learned to resign themselves to the many afflictions of their capricious climate, finding compensation in the wide range of delights that it also brings to their beautiful land. A snow-storm at that time of year was, of course, nothing unusual. But the fury of what now came was unprecedented, and with it began a winter of severity unparalleled in the history of the continent.

The brooding calm of the day, with air like fluid ice, was the hush of Nature before the hurricane that was speeding up from the tropics, sucking into its vortex the arctic cold of the northeast and cloaking itself in a thick mantle of snow that wrapped a white terror about its fearsome doings. With it came the most awful calamity ever known on the New England coast.

The snow began falling soon after sundown, sparse and indolent at first. By ten o'clock the very air itself seemed turned to

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Veranda of a Cottage During the Storm.

snow, and the gale was fast increasing. Before midnight the wind had risen to seventy-five and eighty miles an hour. Everywhere the steam-railways and the street-railways had abandoned operations. For the first time since the introduction of electric traction, the street-car service had yielded to the weather. All night long and all through Sunday the air was filled with the clamor of the storm. Few ventured out and no one could move far through the drifts and the madly driven snow. People penned in their homes thought of the ships at sea, whither the thoughts of coast-folk always turn in stress of weather. But there had been warning of what might come, and it was commonly believed that nearly all craft along shore had made safe harbor.

Sunday night the wind died away and on Monday morning the world began to learn what had happened. From delightful autumn weather, New England had been plunged into the severest depths of winter. In the tidings of the day the inconveniences of the public first found emphasis—how people had been kept from getting home, how passengers in late trains and street-cars had passed weary hours, sleepless and hungry; how the milk-supply had been cut off; the flooded wharves and bridges, the mountainous drifts blocking the thoroughfares. In one street-railway waiting-room in Boston the passengers from stalled cars had crowded the place so that they were forced to stand on their feet from midnight until nearly dark on Sunday before they dared venture into the drifted streets. There was not even room for them to sit on the floor. Fortunately the luncheon-counter kept them from hunger. So passed the time just inland. But where land and water meet it was a different story.

The news of widespread disaster came in slowly, hour after hour, and day after day. Communication was broken all along the coast; wires were down and trains were not only stalled in drifts that choked the cuts, but miles and miles of track were washed away. The country was wasted and devastated as by warfare. It was a week or more before traffic was fully resumed, for a second storm blocked the work. So while the public soon knew that an appalling calamity had befallen, people were slow in realizing the tremendous nature of it: the frightful havoc it had wrought; how it had wrecked ships and destroyed lives by the hundred; how it had laid waste the coast; how it had carved the shore into new shapes and graven new contours in the depths of the sea.



Launching a Life-boat.

It might be too much to say that it was the greatest storm ever known on the New England coast. The gale of April 16, 1851, that destroyed the first light-house on Minot's Ledge, drove the sea a few inches higher onto the land. And near the beginning of the century a long northeast gale so piled up the water in the bay that a brig, torn from her moorings, was driven straight across the submerged Charles River bridge. But the storm of 1898 was certainly the most disastrous that New England ever knew. A cyclone that tears its way through a populous town is vastly more terrible than when it ploughs across an open prairie. So this gale found a vast deal more to wreck than any of its predecessors.

The sea is the great summer spectacle of New England. People flock from all parts of the country to enjoy its charms—its blue expanse dotted by white sails, its soft breezes, its fleecy surges sparkling in the sunshine. These holiday-makers have little thought of its savage moods, of the terror of it, of the tragedies the winter enacts upon the stage of their summer theatre. The abodes of pleasure-seekers fringe the entire coast of Massachusetts wherever accessible: summer villas, cottages, and hotels. People now linger by the sea later in the year than they were wont to, loving its pleasant autumn moods. Even many of these little cottages whose contracted sites bring their doors to within a few rods of the beach were still tenanted at the ending of November. The owners of others had gone to the shore that Saturday to look after things, and not a few sportsmen had repaired to their shooting-huts on the beaches and among sand-dunes to stay over Sunday. Frightful experiences were universal among all these people, perilous adventures were many, and fatal happenings were not wanting. The storm left the coast strewn with the wreckage of houses as well as of ships; few were the structures by the water-side that stood the gale unharmed. In a cottage on the Revere shore a man who was sleeping soundly through the storm was aroused by a terrible crash, and he found a great raft thrown across the veranda and against his front door. In another, on Sunday morning, the household were seated at breakfast and enjoying the spectacle of the surf before the window, deeming themselves beyond the danger-line. Suddenly the table rose before them, the floor beneath them followed, and the sea entered in!

Along the South Shore, in Plymouth County, the devastation was terrific. People, surprised by the sea in the night, had to struggle for long distances through the water, the stronger holding the weaker out of the greedy waves. A man and his wife, with a friend visiting them, were driven from their house. They fled through the water, often waist-deep, the two men holding the woman between them by the hands. When they thought themselves nearly safe a great wave wrenched them apart and bore the woman out to sea, to be tossed back bruised and dead. Four young men on a gunning-trip, camping on an island in the North River, were driven from their wrecked hut to perish in the



Signalling.



Hoisting Signal of Distress on a Disabled Light-ship.

flood. In one of these South Shore towns so much property was destroyed that the impoverished people could not afford their customary Christmas celebration, and the usual church festivities were given up.

Cape Cod was in the direct line of the storm-centre. The destruction there was frightful. Railway tracks were washed away, roads and bridges were destroyed, fields were laid waste, meadows were buried in sand washed in by the sea, and many houses were wrecked. In Provincetown harbor, almost land-locked and famous for its excellence, every vessel was blown ashore, and every wharf was destroyed except one that was under construction. At times the gale reached a height of one hundred and twenty miles an hour, or more. The force of the gusts was tremendous. At the life-saving station at Highland Light, nine hundred feet from low-water mark, a pebble hurled from the beach by the wind went through a window, leaving a hole as clean-cut as if made by a rifle-shot. The awful loss of life along shore made the days seem like one unending funeral for the people of the lower Cape towns, the sea constantly casting up its dead, and scores of relatives and friends of the lost by the Portland coming and going on their melancholy errands.

The force of winds and waves and currents wrought mighty changes along shore. Magical were the transformations in the face of Nature. Plymouth Beach, a treasured feature of the town's public park system, was moved bodily inland for some distance; the course of Eel River was changed, the stream breaking through the middle of the beach, dividing it into two



Drawn by H. W. Ditzler.

Rescuing Sailors from the Rigging.

sections, while the old bed was filled solidly in. All along the coast the sea broke through here and there, scooping out new bays and inlets, and covering good land with sand and gravel. Costly cranberry meadows on Cape Cod, created with infinite pains, were thus ruined. At Marshfield, the celebrated dyke that for nearly a half-century had shielded a bit of Holland in New England from the attacks of the sea, was entirely demolished. In consequence, the salt water, at flood tide, now spreads three miles farther inland than the former coast-line. Many square miles of "dyke-land"—the scene of the late Miss Maria Poole's delightful story, "In a Dyke Shanty"—are submerged, ruining thousands of acres of extraordinarily rich meadow. In Vineyard and Nantucket sounds there was a universal shifting of the labyrinth of channels that thread the dangerous shoals, making necessary an entire recharting of the commerce-thronged waters.

The storm made some extraordinary compensations for the immense damage it worked. A man on Cape Cod owned a salt marsh that was of little value. The sea broke in upon it, and when the storm had cleared the owner found his land transformed into the finest kind of a cranberry meadow, lacking little but the planting. A layer of sand had been distributed evenly over the marsh, covering it just as bogs have to be covered for the purpose. With Aladdin-like hand Nature had done the cartage over night that commonly demands much toil, time, and expense.

The work of the storm at Nantasket Beach amply compensated the public for the damage of $300,000, or so, inflicted upon shore-property. The superb stretch of beach was swept clean of the hideous fringe of shanties and other structural abominations that disfigured it, making the time opportune for the appropriation of the place for public domain. Steps were therefore taken that assured the incorporation of the beach into the incomparable metropolitan park system of Greater Boston as the second great ocean-side pleasure-ground for the New England metropolis.

A benefit to shipping interests, wrought on the Scituate shore, was of titanic character. The construction of an artificial harbor at Scituate has long been urged upon the national authorities, but the difficulty of the problem prevented its realization. Now the mighty enginery of Nature came to the aid of man. In its tranquil course from the westward the North River, historic for the old-time shipbuilding and iron-manufacturing industries along its banks, turns southward within a few rods of the ocean. For several miles it is separated from the sea by a long and narrow neck of bluffs and beach and stony ridge, its estuary thus forming a lagoon several miles long, that finally connects with the ocean by a shallow passage. At the very spot that had been selected as the most desirable site for the new harbor, the storm concentrated its strength with an energy equivalent to a horse-power of incalculable thousands. A few hours saw the completion of a work that, under human engineering, would have taken several years and an enormous outlay. An admirable channel, one hundred and fifty feet wide and sixteen feet deep at low water, had been excavated directly between the open sea and a great, perfectly enclosed basin thousands of acres in extent. When the sea broke through, it formed the new harbor-entrance a short distance to the southward of the Third cliff in Scituate, and its waters obliterated two islands in the river—one of them that where the four young men were lost.

Harbors were largely a mockery in the hurricane. What happened at Provincetown found its parallel in various other havens that are perfectly safe under nearly all circumstances. It was at Provincetown that the hearts of spectators were torn by the spectacle of a great four-masted schooner ashore in an inaccessible place, the seven men in the rigging slowly perishing before their eyes. Every craft at Vineyard Haven was wrecked. At Tarpaulin cove—on the opposite side of the sound, where it was more sheltered—the three-masted schooner Lunet was driven ashore and all hands lost.

There were wrecks of a most curious nature. One occurred on the lawn of a sea-side villa. The pilot-boat Columbia, newest of the Boston fleet, was bound into port, all her pilots having boarded incoming vessels before the storm came on. She was lost with all hands. Her hull

went ashore at Scituate and came crashing down on top of a sea-side house. The steamship John J. Hill, hailing from Bay City, Michigan, had a most astonishing experience. This craft was making her first regular voyage on salt water, having recently come from the Great Lakes. Bound to Nova Scotia from New York, she had put into Boston Bay for shelter. The gale drove her ashore at Quincy and carried her across the Wollaston marshes until her bow was almost thrust into the woods. Her case resembled those of vessels carried far inland by a tropical cyclone. All hands stayed aboard, and in the driving snow they had no idea where they had struck. When the tide had ebbed they clambered down to the solid land where their craft stood unharmed. At the next course of high tides the steamer was floated out to deep water in a special channel excavated through the marsh to her extraordinary berth.

It is at such times that the superb machinery of the vast humane and commerce-guarding organism that enchains the coast enters upon its most strenuous activity. Certain elements, to be sure, are of slight avail for such moments. The gleaming lights are masked by the flying snow, and in the clamor of the storm the signals of whistle, bell, and horn are as silence. But all keep up their action for the moment when they may serve. At such a crisis not every part of the vast mechanism can stand the strain. The liquid mineral called water has a terrific momentum in a great gale. Equivalent masses of ice could hardly come with more destructive impact. It is not to be wondered that the end of the hurricane saw Nantucket and Vineyard sounds cleared of nearly every buoy and light-ship. It was a perilous time for the light-ships. Particularly thrilling was the experience of Number 47, on the Pollock Rip station at the easterly entrance of Nantucket Sound on the verge of the open Atlantic. It is the practice to build the new light-ships as steamers, so that in time of storm the power of their screws can, in a measure, counteract the strain at their cables. Number 47, however, was not of this type, and had she been it might have served little in her peculiar situation. At Pollock Rip there is a strong ebb-current from the westward out of the sound. The light-ship held to her moorings all right until after the turn of the tide on Sunday, when the current, running against the sea, slatted her around most frightfully. A gigantic sea struck her just as she had begun to fall back from the impulse of the current that had thrown her toward it. The great mooring-chain was of two-inch steel, the links weighing twenty-five pounds each. But the force of the shock snapped the chain at the windlass. The light-ship was hurled into the breakers of Stone Horse shoal, where she struck bottom three times, but only lightly, as it happily chanced. Then for five days she drifted before the wind, kept afloat by good seamanship. Two hundred miles away, off the Delaware, she was picked up by the Belgian steamer Switzerland. She was back upon her station sixteen days after she had gone adrift, unharmed by her adventure.

Never before had the valiant army of the life-saving service been put to such a test. Military heroism pales itself beside that of men who unflinchingly face the long torments of gale and frost, braving through day and night the cutting blasts as they make their perilous patrols, and then, when the moment for conflict comes, adventuring their puny human strength against the huge energies of the elements. One of the glorious struggles was that made by two life-saving companies to rescue the remnant of the crew of a coal-barge, the Lucy A. Nichols, that had escaped to Black Rock on the Cohassett shore, and found shelter in the stone hut of a fishing club there, when their vessel struck and went to pieces. The Cohassett company had no sooner got their boat into the surf when the sea hurled her back, end over end, spilling the men into the water, whence all were rescued from the shore. The Hull company managed to reach the rock from windward and brought the sailors safely to land. Another great feat was that of the rescue of seven men from the rigging of the three-masted schooner Amelia G. Ireland, off Gay Head. When first launched the life-boat was thrown back and tossed onto the beach, where it was blown for twenty rods like a feather. Seven vain attempts were made ; the eighth succeeded and the vessel was reached. The life-savers were on

duty from eleven o'clock Saturday night until five o'clock Sunday morning, although several had received painful injuries. Of such are the humble heroes to whom fame comes not.

The three-master Clara Leavitt struck off Gay Head at about the same time. All hands were lost but a boy whom the life-savers picked out of the wreckage on the shore. He remembered little of the disaster. He saw nobody after the vessel struck, and inside of five minutes she had gone to pieces.

When the great coastwise packet steamboat Portland was reported missing it was hoped that she might be heard from safe in the open sea, but knowing ones felt that a steamer of her type had little chance for safety in that storm, for she was of the same general pattern as the Long Island Sound boats—a sidewheeler, with deck-houses in three tiers. While she was stanch enough for ordinarily bad weather, only a propeller of the ocean-going type, such as the Buffalo-Duluth boats of the lakes, could be suitable to a route like that between Boston and Portland, all the way through the open sea. At first it was supposed that only about twenty-five passengers had been carried to their death by the terrible blunder that took her out from Boston in face of danger-signals. But the total loss of life turned out to be over one hundred and seventy-five, the crew alone numbering about sixty. Probably the greater number of the passengers were returning to homes or business, from a celebration of the uncommonly pleasant Thanksgiving of two days before.

The reporting of the storm developed many splendid examples of good work on the part of the newspaper men, bright and active young fellows fired with the zeal of service to their journals and the public. Except in actual warfare, the reporters and correspondents seldom encounter the exciting events they chronicle. But their work brings them close after, and in following the trails of disaster by land and sea, in spanning broken communications, and in getting their news back to the home office, they found in this widespread calamity an abundant field for the exercise of the hardy virtues. The greatest feat was that which brought to Boston the first news of the Portland's wreck. Charles F. Ward was the district correspondent for the *Boston Herald*, on the south side of Cape Cod. On Sunday morning he found the rail and telegraph communication cut off. Feeling that there must be disasters along the shore, he drove from his home at Chatham twenty miles up the Cape to Hyannis. There he found the telegraph line that runs down the Cape still open, and he called up friends at different points to learn the news. On Monday he received from Truro some meagre facts about wreckage from a large steamer coming ashore, including the tonnage-mark, "2283 tons," that identified it completely with the Portland. Appreciating that he was the exclusive possessor of news of transcendent importance, he determined to get it to Boston as best he might. A special working-train was about starting up the line from Hyannis, and this took him as far as East Sandwich. Here there was a great wash-out, and he had to walk several miles to Sandwich. Thence a carriage took him to Buzzard's Bay, where he had to wait for the Tuesday morning train to Boston. At half-past eleven o'clock that forenoon he reached the office with his news, thoroughly exhausted by the strain and hardships of his journey.

Only some of the upper works of the Portland, with a small proportion of the bodies of the lost, came ashore. Just how and where she went down will probably never be known. Expert theories differ, but the best reasoning indicates that she was lost in the open sea, rather than by striking near the Cape. Some hold that she was sunk by collision—perhaps with the Pentagoet—a small wooden screw-steamer, once the Bibb of the United States Survey, and afterward a gun-boat in the Civil War. The last heard from the Pentagoet she was reported seen forty-two miles east of Boston light-ship shortly before the storm came up. Several big coal-laden schooners in the bay at the time were never heard from, and it seems more likely that the Portland might have been sunk by collision with one of these.

Stellwagen's Bank lies between Cape Cod and Cape Ann, but much nearer the former. The venerable hydrographer, Captain George Eldridge, was on the Bibb

in 1855–56 as "commander's counsel" when the bank was discovered and was named in honor of Commander Stellwagen. Captain Eldridge is an eminent authority on tides and currents. Just after the storm he gave elaborate reasons for believing that the Portland had foundered in the terrible breakers raised by the strong current that runs out of Massachusetts and Cape Cod bays in such a storm, in the slue between Stellwagen's Bank and the Cape. He said: "It is possible that the fishermen may at some day not far distant sweep the Portland with their trawls." A few months later the trawls of a fishing schooner brought up from Stellwagen's Bank, at a point near the inner edge and well within the line of Cape Cod, some electric-light fixtures and other wreckage that were identified as from the Portland. While this indicated that she possibly might have gone down there, it also seems possible that only some of her upper works were carried away at that point. It is doubtful if a superstructure so comparatively light could have stood the force of the wind alone, to say nothing of the sea, that night.

The property-loss in the storm mounts into the millions. The loss of life can never be exactly determined. It is known that over five hundred persons perished—more than were killed in battle on our side in the recent war with Spain.



NARCISSUS

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

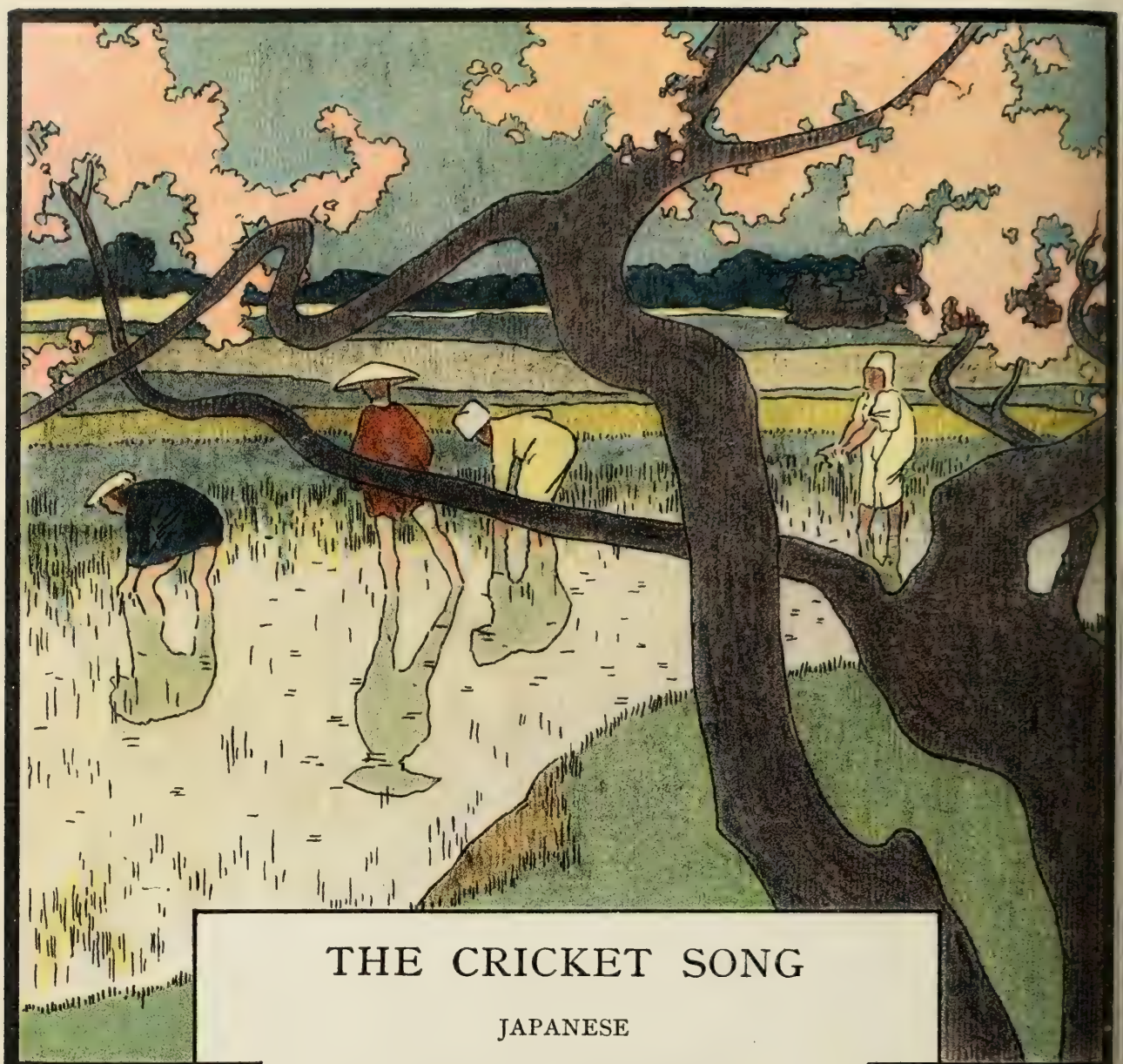
SINCE the great glad greeting of dawn from the eastern hills
Triumphant ran with a shout to the woods below,
With the song in his ears of the clearly clamoring rills
He has lain, like a man of snow,
Slender and straight as the joyous immortals are made,
Born of woman, but born with the grace of a God.
Unheeded airs caressingly cool have played
With his hair, and the nymphs have trod
Close to his side, and have kissed him, waiting to flee—
But Narcissus, what recketh he?



In the pool where the lithe fish flashes and slips
From his covert to snap at the careless fluttering flies,
Narcissus has seen the curve of his drooping lips,
And, like mirrored miniature heavens, his shining eyes.
And a flush like a dew-dipped rose has dyed the pool,
He has laid his cheek to the ripples cool;
Brow touches brow, lips lips, and his eyes of violet roam
Down through the crystal depths. In the darkening dome
The stars shine forth from their faint far ways,
Trimming their lamps, and from the purple haze
The moon, cloud veiled, her circle just complete,
Wan as a travail-spent mother, plants her feet
On the carpeted hills, and fearful of change
Seeks her reflected face in the sea's southward range—
But Narcissus, what recketh he?

Narcissus, Narcissus, where is thy boyish bloom,
Thy long, slim form that lay beside the pool,
And the lips cold smiling to their smiling image cool?
Narcissus!

Only a strange, indefinite perfume,
And a dim white spot in the night when soft airs blow;
A flower, bending, bending low
Its petals and its yellow heart to where the waters flow;
Its scent the winds have borne
Through the pearl-gray east to the arms of morn,
To faint and to die in the wakening light—
But of time's swift flight, the dawn and the noon and the night,
The sun's gold glory, the moon's white mystery,
Narcissus, what recketh he?



THE CRICKET SONG

JAPANESE

By R. H. Stoddard

HERE in my lonely cottage,
Now winter winds are cold,
I hearken to the crickets,
And sigh that I am old.

I hear their small bells tinkle,
Like beads of silver rain
That break on the brooks in summer,
And dream I am young again.

I see my native rice-fields
Flushed with streams in spring
And I hear the frogs, so many
The waters seem to sing.

Sweet are the rivers of Settsu,
The rice-streams sweetest of all,
For there all day in the sunlight
The cherry blossoms fall.

Nothing falls here save snowflakes,
Blown from the wintry sky;
No light here save from embers
That sullenly smouldering die:

No sound save the bells of my crickets,
Somewhere in the darkness rung,
And the sigh of the poor old singer
For something that still is young!



PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

By Alfred Stieglitz

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

ABOUT ten years ago the movement toward pictorial photography evolved itself out of the confusion in which photography had been born, and took a definite shape in which it could be pursued as such by those who loved art and sought some medium other than brush or pencil through which to give expression to their ideas. Before that time pictorial photography, as the term was then understood, was looked upon as the bastard of science and art, hampered and held back by the one, denied and ridiculed by the other. It must not be thought from this statement that no really artistic photographic work had been done, for that would be a misconception; but the point is that though some excellent pictures had been produced previously, there was no organized movement recognized as such.

Let me here call attention to one of the most universally popular mistakes that have to do with photography—that of classing supposedly excellent work as professional, and using the term amateur to convey the idea of immature productions and to excuse atrociously poor photographs. As a matter of fact nearly all the greatest work is being, and has always been done, by those who are following photography for the love of it, and not merely for financial reasons. As the name implies, an amateur is one who works for love; and viewed in this light the incorrectness of the popular classification is readily apparent.

Pictures, even extremely poor ones, have invariably some measure of attraction. The savage knows no other way to perpetuate the history of his race; the most highly civilized has selected this method as being the most quickly and generally comprehensible. Owing, therefore, to the universal interest in pictures and the almost universal desire to produce them, the placing in the hands of the general public a means of making pictures with but little labor and requiring less knowledge has of necessity been followed by the production of millions of photographs. It is due to this fatal facility that photography as a picture-making medium has fallen into disrepute in so many quarters; and because there are few people who are not familiar with scores of inferior photographs the popular verdict finds all photographers professionals or "fiends."

Nothing could be farther from the truth than this, and in the photographic world to-day there are recognized but three classes of photographers—the ignorant, the purely technical, and the artistic. To the pursuit, the first bring nothing but what is not desirable; the second, a purely technical education obtained after years of study; and the third bring the feeling and inspiration of the artist, to which is added afterward the purely technical knowledge. This class devote the best part of their lives to the work, and it is only after an intimate acquaintance with them and their productions that the casual observer comes to realize the fact that the ability to make a truly artistic photograph is not acquired off-hand, but is the result of an artistic instinct coupled with years of labor. It will help to a better understanding of this point to quote the language of a great authority on pictorial photography, one to whom it owes more than to any other man, Dr. P. H. Emerson. In his work, "Naturalistic Photography," he says: "Photography has been called an irresponsive medium. This is much the same as calling it a mechanical process. A great paradox which has been combated is the assumption that because photography is not 'hand-work,' as the public say—though we find there is very much 'hand-work' *and* head-work in it—therefore it is not an art language. This is a fallacy born of thoughtlessness. The painter learns his technique in order to speak, and he considers painting a mental process. So with photography, speaking artistically of it, it is a very severe mental process, and taxes all the artist's energies



Gossip, Katwyk.

Carbon, on etching paper. Silver Medal, New York, 1898. London Salon, 1896.

even after he has mastered technique. The point is, *what you have to say and how to say it.* The originality of a work of art refers to the originality of the thing expressed and the way it is expressed, whether it be in poetry, photography, or painting. That one technique is more difficult than another to learn no one will deny; but the greatest thoughts have been expressed by means of the simplest technique, writing."

In the infancy of photography, as applied to the making of pictures, it was generally supposed that after the selection of the subjects, the posing, lighting, exposure, and development, every succeeding step was purely mechanical, requiring little or no thought. The result of this was the inevitable one of stamping on every picture thus produced the brand of mechanism, the crude stiffness and vulgarity of chromos, and other like productions.

Within the last few years, or since the more serious of the photographic workers began to realize the great possibilities of the medium in which they worked on the one hand, and its demands on the other, and brought to their labors a knowledge of art and its great principles, there has been a marked change in all this. Lens, camera, plate, developing-baths, printing process, and the like are used by them simply as tools for the elaboration of their ideas, and not as tyrants to enslave and dwarf them, as had been the case.

The statement that the photographic apparatus, lens, camera, plate, etc., are pliant tools and not mechanical tyrants, will even to-day come as a shock to many who have tacitly accepted the popular verdict to the contrary. It must be admitted that this verdict was based upon a great mass of the evidence—mechanical professional work. This evidence, however, was not of the best kind to support such a verdict. It unquestionably established that nine-tenths of the photographic work put before the public was purely mechanical; but to argue therefrom that all photographic work *must* therefore be mechanical was to argue from the premise to an inconsequent conclusion, a fact that a brief examination of some of the photographic processes will demonstrate beyond contradiction. Consider, for example, the question of the development of a plate. The accepted idea is that it is simply immersed in a developing solution, allowed to develop to a certain point, and fixed; and that, beyond a care that it be not over-developed or fogged, nothing further is required. This, however, is far from the truth. The photographer has his developing solutions, his restrainers, his forcing

baths, and the like, and in order to turn out a plate whose tonal values will be relatively true he must resort to local development. This, of course, requires a knowledge of and feeling for the comprehensive and beautiful tonality of nature. As it has never been possible to establish a scientifically correct scale of values between the high lights and the deep shadows, the photographer, like the painter, has to depend upon his observation of and feeling for nature in the production of a picture. Therefore he develops one part of his negative, restrains another, forces a third, and so on; keeping all the while a proper relation between the different parts, in order that the whole may be harmonious in tone. This will illustrate the plastic nature of plate development. It will also show that the photographer must be familiar not only with the positive, but also with the negative value of tones. The turning out of prints likewise is a plastic and not a mechanical process. It is true that it can be made mechanical by the craftsman, just as the brush becomes a mechanical agent in the hands of the mere copyist who turns out hundreds of paint-covered canvases without being entitled to be ranked as an artist; but in proper hands print-making is essentially plastic in its nature.



A German Country Road.

Experiment in toning aristo paper with platinum, introduced by Mr. Stieglitz. Exhibited in London at the "Royal" Exhibition in 1887.

An examination of either the platinum or the gum process, the two great printing media of the day, will at once demonstrate that what has already been asserted of the plate is even more true of these. Most of the really great work of the day is done in one or the other of these processes, because of the great facility they afford in this direction, a facility which students of the subject are beginning to realize is almost unlimited. In the former process, after the print has been made, it is developed locally, as was the plate. With the actual beauties of the original scene, and its tonal values ever before the mind's eye during the development, the print is so developed as to render all these as they impressed the maker of the print; and as no two people are ever impressed in quite the same way, no two interpretations will ever be alike. To this is due the fact that from their pictures it is as easy a matter to recognize the style of the leading workers in the photographic world as it is to recognize that of Rembrandt or Reynolds. In engraving, art stops when the engraver finishes his work, and from that time on the process becomes a mechanical one; and to change the results the plate must be altered. With the skilled photographer, on the contrary, a variety of interpretations may be given of a plate or negative without any alterations whatever in the negative, which may at any time be used for striking off a quantity of purely mechanical prints. The latest experiments with the platinum process have opened up an entirely new field—that of local brush development with different solutions, so as to produce colors and impart to the finished picture all the characteristics of a tinted wash-drawing. This process, which has not yet been perfected, has excited much interest, and bids fair to result in some very beautiful work. By the method of local treatment above referred to almost



Mending Nets.

Carbon, on etching paper. London Salon, 1897. Silver Medal, England, 1894.



Snow, Foreground Study.
London Salon, 1897.

absolute control of tonality, atmosphere, and the like is given to the photographer, on whose knowledge and taste depends the picture's final artistic charm or inartistic offensiveness.

In the "gum-process," long ago discarded by old-time photographers as worthless, because not facile from the mechanical point of view, but revived of recent years, the artist has a medium that permits the production of any effect desired. These effects are invariably so "unphotographic" in the popular sense of that word as to be decried as illegitimate by those ignorant of the method of producing them. In this process the photographer prepares his own paper, using any kind of surface most suited to the result wanted, from the even-surfaced plate paper to rough drawing parchment; he is also at liberty to select the color in which he wishes to finish his picture, and can produce at will an india-ink, red-chalk, or any other color desired. The print having been made he moistens it, and with a spray of water or brush can thin-out, shade, or remove any



A September Landscape.

From negative printed in black bichromate of gum on toned paper.

portion of its surface. Besides this, by a system of recoating, printing-over, etc., he can combine almost any tone or color-effect. Two of the accompanying illustrations are from bichromate-of-gum prints, one in india-ink on buff paper, the other on rough drawing paper, also in india.

"Retouching," says Dr. Emerson, "is the process by which a good, bad, or indifferent photograph is converted into a bad drawing or painting." It was invariably inartistic, generally destructive of values, and always unphotographic, and has to-day almost disappeared.

With the appreciation of the plastic nature of the photographic processes came the improvement in the methods above described and the introduction of many others. With them the art-movement, as such, took a more definite shape, and, though yet in its infancy, gives promise of a robust maturity. The men who were responsible for all this were masters and at the same time innovators, and while they

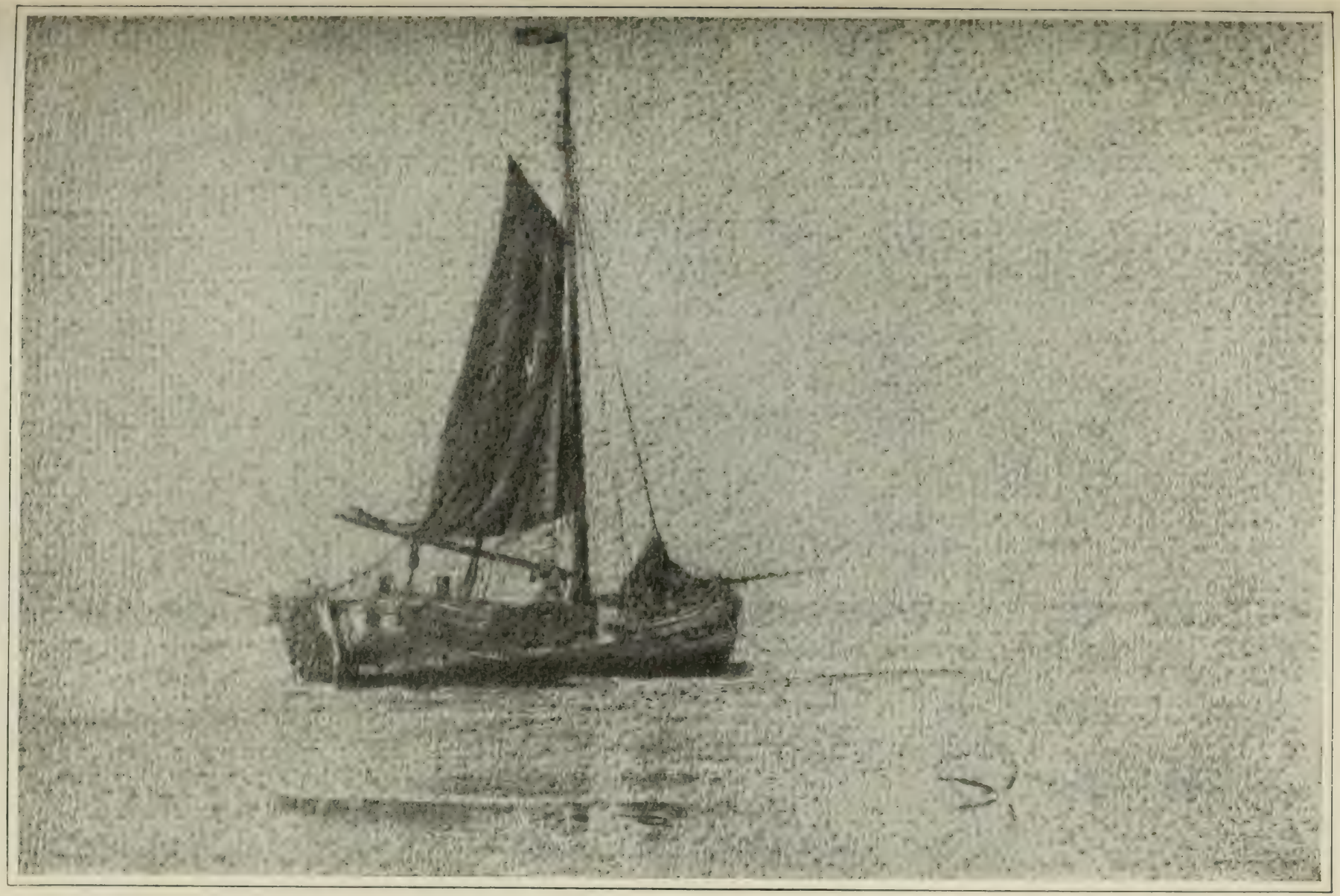


Portrait of a Baby.

Manipulated platinum—brush developed.

realized that, like the painter and the engraver their art had its limitations, they also appreciated what up to their time was not generally supposed to be the fact, that the accessories necessary for the production of a photograph admitted of the giving expression to individual and original ideas in an original and distinct manner, and that photographs could be realistic and impressionistic just as their maker was moved by one or the other influence.

A cursory review of the magazines and papers the world over that devote their energies and columns to art and its progress will convince the reader that to-day pictorial photography is established on a firm and artistic basis. In nearly every art-centre exhibitions of photographs are shown that have been judged by juries composed of artists and those familiar with the technique of photography, and passed upon as to their purely artistic merit; while in Munich, the art-centre of Germany, the "Secessionists," a body of artists comprising the most advanced and gifted men of their times, who (as the name indicates they have broken away from the narrow rules of custom and tradition) have admitted the claims of the pictorial photograph to be judged on its merits as a work of art independently, and without considering the fact that it has been produced through the medium of the camera. And that the art-loving public is rapidly coming to appreciate this is evidenced by the fact that there are many private art collections to-day that number among their pictures original photographs that have been purchased because of their real artistic merit. The significance of this will be the more marked when the prices paid for some of these pictures are considered, it being not an unusual thing to hear of a single photograph having been sold to some collector



At Anchor.

Gum print—India ink—rough Whatman paper. Silver medal, Toronto, 1896.



Winter, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Carbon—etching paper. Silver medal, New York, 1894. Silver medal, Vienna, 1896.

for upward of one hundred dollars. Of the permanent merit of these pictures posterity must be the judge, as is the case with every production in any branch of art designed to endure beyond the period of a generation.

The field open to pictorial photography is to-day practically unlimited. To the general public that acquires its knowledge of the scope and limitations of modern photography from professional show windows and photo-supply cases, the statement that the photographer of to-day enters practically nearly every field that the painter treads, barring that of color, will come as something of a revelation. Yet such is the case: portrait work, genre-studies, landscapes, and marine, these and a thousand other subjects occupy his attention. Every phase of light and atmos-

phere is studied from its artistic point of view, and as a result we have the beautiful night pictures, actually taken at the time depicted, storm scenes, approaching storms, marvellous sunset-skies, all of which are already familiar to magazine readers And it is not sufficient that these pictures be true in their rendering of tonal-values of the place and hour they portray, but they must also be so as to the correctness of their composition. In order to produce them their maker must be quite as familiar with the laws of composition as is the landscape or portrait painter; a fact not generally understood. Metropolitan scenes, homely in themselves, have been presented in such a way as to impart to them a permanent value because of the poetic conception of the subject displayed in their rendering. In portraiture, retouching and the vulgar "shine" have been entirely done away with, and instead we have portraits that are strong with the characteristic traits of the sitter. In this department head-rests, artificial backgrounds, carved chairs, and the like are now to be found only in the workshops of the inartistic craftsman, that class of so-called portrait photographers whose sole claim to the artistic is the glaring sign hung without their shops bearing the legend, "*Artistic Photographs Made Within.*" The attitude of the general public toward modern photography was never better illustrated than by the remark of an art student at a recent exhibition The speaker had gone from "gum-print" to "platinum," and from landscape to genre-study, with evident and ever-increasing surprise; had noted that instead of being purely mechanical, the printing processes were distinctly individual, and that the negative never twice yielded the same sort of print; had seen how wonderfully true the tonal renderings, how strong the portraits, how free from the stiff, characterless countenance of the average professional work, and in a word how full of feeling and thought was every picture shown. Then came the words, "*But this is not photography!*" Was this true? No! For years the photographer has moved onward first by steps, and finally by strides and leaps, and, though the world knew but little of his work, advanced and improved till he has brought his art to its present state of perfection. This is the real photography, the photography of to-day; and that which the world is accustomed to regard as pictorial photography is not the real photography, but an ignorant imposition.



A Decorative Panel.
Carbon—etching paper. "Royal" Medal, London, 1896.



"But what you want to do is to get right with the people."—Page 545.

THE MAN ON HORSEBACK

By William Allen White

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

BESIDE the Missouri River there is a busy city. At the outskirts of the city there is a beautiful suburb called Brookdale Park. In Brookdale Park there is a wide lawn, shaded here and there by tall elm-trees. Upon the wide lawn there is a sprawling gray stone castle. In the great castle there is a room, lined with leather and decorated with long rows of books, most of which stand in unbroken sets. In one of the books—a fat book bound in morocco—is the steel-engraved picture of a man with scraggly, unkempt beard and keen dark eyes. The picture shows the man wearing a black string necktie and a Prince Albert coat, after the exact fashion of the coats and ties in all the other pictures in the book. Under the picture is a cramped fac-simile of a signature written with a stub-pen, without a curve or flourish. On the opposite page is the title of the volume, "Makers of the Mighty West," and near it is the page number, 983, and then follows this sketch:

"JOAB T. BARTON—FINANCIER.

"Joab Teal Barton was born in Huron County, Ohio, in 1838, of poor but honest parents. He was educated in the country schools and spent a few months in Miami Academy before the breaking out of the war. He entered the Seventh Regiment of Ohio Volunteers and served his country four years, taking part in the battles of the Wilderness and in the campaign

that ended at Appomattox Court House. He came west at the close of the war, and 1866 found him at Hannibal, Missouri, where, being without employment and funds, he accepted a position as brakeman on the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad. Promotions came rapidly, and three years later as a conductor Mr. Barton ran the first train into Denver. A year later he was made trainmaster, and in 1872 he was superintendent of the Missouri Valley Division of the Hannibal and St. Joe, and in 1875 he became traffic manager of the Corn Belt system when it was known as the Leavenworth and Solomon Valley. The road at that time began at the Missouri River, and, as its directors used to say, lost itself in the sage-brush near what is now Abilene. To-day, when Joab T. Barton, President and General Manager of the close corporation which controls this mighty national highway, issues a system pass, it is good from the Great Lakes to the Pacific, and from the Missouri River to the Gulf.

"But the management of this vast enterprise consumes only a part of the man's energy. Being public-spirited, he organized the company which was granted the franchise for the water-works system that his home city enjoys, and his efforts were instrumental in getting Eastern capital to put down the first street railway in the city in 1876. That street railway was operated by three mules, yet it was the beginning from which the magnificent transportation system known as the West Side Electric Railway sprang. This is one of the enterprises to which Mr. Barton gives much of his attention. He is also a large owner of the stock of the Missouri Valley Gas Heating and Electric Company, and his real estate holdings are found all over the city.

"Personally the subject of this sketch is quiet and unassuming. He shrinks from publicity, and prefers the society of his intimate friends to the hubbub attendant upon a political career. He has fixed convictions, and cares nothing for the plaudits of the multitude. He is said to be a loyal ally, and a sleepless enemy. In 1870 he married Miss Mary Stone at Denver, and one child, George M., born in 1872, is the fruit of this union."

Now it may be proved easily that Joab T. Barton owned this book, this room, this house, and this lawn. For all practical purposes he owned the soul of Brookdale Park, and there were five ably edited newspapers in the city which insisted that Joab T. Barton might as well have a warranty deed to the city, and there were two hundred thousand people who were supposed to go to bed at night in the belief that when they got up in the morning they might find that "Old Joab," as they called him, had dug up and carted away the Missouri River. For Barton was the town bogy-man.

People blamed him for every evil thing that happened in the community. If a bank failed, they said Old Joab wrecked it. If a street-car killed a man, Old Joab was committing his daily homicide. If men couldn't pay their bills at the end of the month, they laid their failures to Old Joab's extortionate charges for light and water. At different times he had been called an octopus, an incubus, a vampire, and a hydra-headed monster.

As for Mrs. Barton (she that was Mary Stone) she never read the papers, even though her husband bought one—type, presses, editor and all—that the family might enjoy the news of the day without wading through columns filled with abuse of the head of the household. Under the circumstances, the purchase of the newspaper was a wanton waste of money, for young George M. Barton read all the other papers at the club, and enjoyed the remarks about his father immensely. The young man did not take his father seriously. He played chess in the middle of the day and refused to go to meetings of directors where he didn't know the rules of the game, and often renigged and did other embarrassing things. He drank some hot, rebellious liquor, but not too much, and winked pleasantly at policemen who had been of service to him. He knew the names of the street-car conductors and the elevator-boys with whom he rode, and if he went to the boiler-makers' ball, he didn't conceal it from the patronesses of the dances given by the Colonial Dames. He was rated as a good fellow by those who knew him, and by his father's friends he was accounted worthless, but not a spendthrift. The elder Barton seemed to be concealing an expression of unspeak-

able fatigue whenever the boy came into his office, or whenever the youth's name was mentioned there.

Joab Barton had long since ceased to be surprised at anything that his son might say or do; and yet when he saw his son wearing a Civic Federation button, and met his name in the list of members of the Committee of Safety, the father was irritated. For the Committee of Safety of a majority of the councilmen and the mayor and the city counsellor, and he considered enough enough. Two bills were before the council for consideration at the time young Barton donned the Federation button; one, known as the Barton bill, merely extended a twenty years franchise to the West Side Electric Railway. The other, known as the Federation bill, granted the extended franchise, but



"Oh, Mr. Barton, how do you do?"—Page 546.

was at that time engaged in prosecuting, for election frauds, some gentlemen whom, for good and sufficient reasons, Joab T. Barton had seen fit to take into the employ of the West Side Electric Railway. Apparently the Civic Federation was organized under a charter to make Joab T. Barton's life a burden. When the boy went into it the Federation was giving life to a movement which demanded that Barton pay the city for the renewal of his expiring street railway franchise—a demand which Barton frankly called robbery; for he had already paid the election expenses required Barton to provide transfer privileges, three-cent fares to school-children, and to pay to the City Library Fund one per cent. of the company's earnings after the earnings reached ten per cent. Public feeling was at a boiling-point. Open charges of official corruption were being made. The newspapers were indulging in bitter editorials with nonpareil slugs between the lines. And George Barton suavely wore his blue and white Federation button, and referred to his father jocularly as "the Oppressor of the Poor."

Young George Barton considered his

membership in the Federation a joke. He found the Federation at his club, with the occasional cocktail and the billiard-cue, and took the Federation with the other things, because they were easier to embrace than to avoid. He gave it about as much thought as he gave to the affair with Mrs. Kelsey at Manitou. Mrs. Kelsey was a blondined lady, who drove bobtailed horses in silver-mounted harness hitched to outlandish rigs. George had met her somewhat informally before she found Kelsey. At Manitou, with a maid and a nurse for her two overdressed children, Mrs. Kelsey was the queen of something like one hundred linear feet of veranda at the barny summer hotel. The affair between the youth and "our lady of the sawdust," as George was wont to call her, was really trivial. A handsome young man with unlimited credit is a decorative appurtenance to a high yellow and black English cart. And when the owner of the cart puts just a little too much padding—not much too much, but just a little too much—on her hips and at her bust, and lays one thin hair-line too much of black on her eyebrows and under her eyes—and when the lady after doing these things adds three unnecessary carats to the weight of her diamond earrings, she may ornament her equipage with a young man a trifle too youthful and a trifle too careless of the amenities, even if she does have to pay the price. But as at a summer-resort the price of these things is not so high as it is elsewhere in the world, Mrs. Kelsey paid it; and as for George Barton, he sent the account home to his parents. His father's estimate of the importance of the affair was gathered from the size of the florist's bill. It was under two hundred dollars, and the father was not disturbed. But when the Manitou gossip filtered into her home, George's mother went to bed and remained there a week in rage and humiliation. After that Mrs. Barton carried with her a hatred for Mrs. Kelsey and a fear of her that distinguished Mrs. Kelsey from the throng of strangers beyond the pale, and brought her into the circle of Mrs. Barton's intimate enemies. Barton and Jim Kelsey had been friends for ten years. Kelsey had been a section boss on the Corn Belt, and had prospered after constructing two or three branch lines for the system in the eighties. Later he had moved to the city, and had turned a more or less honest penny in cedar block paving; still later he went into asphalt paving and kept in the State Senate and in the city council, half a dozen foremen, a superintendent, and friends innumerable who acted with Barton's friends in the Legislature. If Barton's son wished to be pleasant to Jim Kelsey's new wife and Tom Hubbard's children, Joab T. Barton saw no reason for a demonstration of grief, if Jim did not complain. But Mrs. Barton gave more importance than her husband to Mrs. Kelsey's social impossibility, and since George Barton's return from Manitou, Mrs. Barton had felt an uneasiness lest the idle hours the boy spent with Mrs. Kelsey should affect the family's status in society. Yet so long as Mrs. Barton had the gray stone castle in Brookdale Park, the command of the incomes from a fortune that piled into the teens among the millions, and so long as she had the advantage of having entered the portals of the town's aristocracy, just before the boom widened the threshold, she was firmly established. This fact of her absolute social security was one of the many important things that Mrs. Barton did not know. Bright-eyed, fluffy-haired Mrs. Kelsey, who had struggled bravely for several years to keep the gentlemen of her acquaintance from saying "Hello" to her on the street, was shrewd enough to know what Mrs. Joab Barton did not know—that to land and to have money to bank up and keep the tide back was to have her feet upon a rock. Mrs. Barton always harbored a fear that she would betray the fact of her humble origin. Her mother once presided at the lunch-counter in Sharon Springs, and her father used to work on the cinder-pit at the round-house; and although the family came up in the world so rapidly that the child wore silk dresses before she was sixteen, her girlhood was spent in a family where nothing was thought of leaving the soap in the water or of sweeping dirt under the cupboard. So existence with Mrs. Barton was a constant struggle against reversion to type. In her twenties and thirties she wore the longest possible sealskins, and the most dazzling jewels. In her forties she built the castle in Brookdale Park

and covered it with towers, swelling balconies, bulging windows and ginger-bread confections of architecture, until the house seemed inflated with sinful pride to the bursting-point.

The year before the Manitou incident ruffled her, Mrs. Barton had begun to find solace in severe simplicity. She came to worship austerity as madly and as abjectly as she had worshipped flash and show. Thereafter the footman went in black, the silver came off the harness, the front of the house was straightened. The towers were scraped away; the débris of bric-a-brac was swept out of the halls and reception-rooms, and life became a serious business to her. Yet eight years before she had beamed with joy that the newspaper printed her name among the patronesses of the Harvard Glee Club's annual entertainment. She had been reading the society columns of that paper every Sunday for years, familiarizing herself with the important names, and when she saw the excellent company she was in as a patroness, Mrs. Barton was sure for the first time that she had arrived. But she knew how thin her veneer was and she always feared it would crack and show the truth.

It was a vain house, an arrogant house, was this house of Barton. It stood amid the turmoil and the hubbub of a bitter contest with the people, when calamity fell and brought mourning with it. The news of George Barton's sudden death appearing on the first page of the morning papers, under one of the four flash-heads that greeted the reader's eyes, brought a shock with it, for the very papers which contained the news of the death crowded the account of it down to half a column, in order to print fiery communications from leading citizens and tax-payers, protesting against the passage of the Barton bill. The council was to cast its final vote in the matter on the evening of the next day. In their newspaper protests the citizens took for granted that the council would stand by Joab T. Barton in the street railway matter, as the council had protected him in the water-works bond proposition, in his gas and electric lighting schemes, in his river-front right-of-way grab, and in all the matters wherein the welfare of the people and the interests of Joab T. Barton had stood in opposition.

Therefore the town did not mourn with the Bartons. When death came to them and smote them dumb the town forgot them. The mourning in the town was for the young life that was cut off; for the smile that was chilled; for the boyish heart that was still; for the loss of the warm hand's clasp, and the eternal silence of a cheery voice. But for the living—for old Joab and his proud wife—the world forgot that they were coming through the great shadow, where the high and the lowly, the worldly and the righteous, the saints and those who are unclean, grope and stretch out their hands, and where all are kith and kin in the Democracy of Despair. But over the great house in Brookdale Park there hung a dreadful silence. Now and again the creak of a door would shatter it; the thud of a booted foot upon a heavy hall-rug told of the florist's invasion. The day-light darted impertinently through the hush of the darkened rooms; the master of the house, alone in the library, could feel rather than hear the servants gliding by his door. The whispering of visitors in the hall below sounded to Barton like an agitation in some cave of bats. He sat in a leather chair for hours, staring at the frescoed pattern on the ceiling. By mid-day his nerves had set him walking. For a time he paced the room; tiring of it, he went down the stairs and slipped past the parlor, and the neighbors saw the gray-clad human pendulum swing for two hours from end to end of the long veranda. An instinct for work nagged at Joab Barton, and the instinct brought the bitter knowledge that the incentive for work was gone. The day before he would not have owned that all his labor was for his son; but as the father walked his weary round that day there came a mighty press of grief upon him and he was sick—sick in the very flesh—at the stress of it. In that hour it was not the loss of one whom he loved that lashed his spirit; perhaps it was pride, perhaps it was the uprooting of the unspoken hopes that nature plants and nourishes in the breasts of fathers, though they know it not; perhaps it was the smarting of the blow that death deals to those near the swath of the sickle; perhaps it was—God knows what. But some mighty force came to the father there and he wrestled with a growing impulse which

he put from him, when it first came. But as the shadows lengthened upon the lawn, all his sinews seemed to be pulling against his iron will. Time and again he passed the closed door of the parlor and beat off the impulse to enter the silent room and throw himself beside the body and let loose the throbbing tide of sorrow that pulsed within him. His sense of loneliness had been growing as he faced his future, and realized its emptiness; and, as he looked back and measured the brief span of years that had enclosed the boy's short life, this sense of loneliness grew deeper and deeper, tearing into the core of his soul. The sunlight of the day in which he had been walking burned him like a fire at the constantly recurring thought that the boy had passed forever out of it and out of all that was quickening in the world. Every sense lashed him to a madness, and when the loneliness became utter, when from the abyss of his future a great black cloud rose and enveloped him, Joab Barton entered the hall and tiptoed to the parlor-door as one ashamed. He turned the knob of the door softly and went in, his frame convulsing with grief. The stifling odor of the room choked him. He paused till his eyes adjusted themselves to the semi-darkness. He saw that the room was a veritable mass of lilies. Everywhere the whiteness of the flowers beat upon him and the artificiality of the place, the ostentation of the garish spectacle which money had made, mocked the anguish that had led him to the room. His eyes, revolting from the ghastly flowers, fell upon the dead boy's face. Barton lifted his arms high above his head in a spasm of anguish, and groaned as he turned away—his sorrow unspent, his soul unsatisfied. The hatred of all the world and its affairs burned his vitals like an adder's sting. After the impotent spasm of his passion had gone, Barton stood in the darkened room a long time with his fingers locked behind him.

Again and again the sight and the odor of the flowers nauseated him. A loathing of everything his money had brought came upon him, and following that came a doubt that his own life had been spent wisely. He stood by the coffin for many minutes. And then he passed an hour walking beside the form among the flowers. In that hour the busy years of his life went by in review. A strange psychological disorder was upon him, and whatever period in his life he tried to recall; whatever deed he dwelt upon, whatever point of his career he examined, the lapping of waters—sweet and sybillant, upon a skiff-side — broke in upon his reverie and brought him back to the days of his youth—to the days when he lived out of doors and tramped in fields and through grassy meadows; when he was brother to all the gentle-folk of wood and stream. And so it fell out that by degrees Joab Barton's heart understood the heart of his son, and he saw the good that was in the life that had passed. With his widened understanding came a warm love for the boy, and then with the whisper of the water still in his ears, the father gave up a pride in his own achievements. He was inspired to do some fine act of charity to perpetuate the dead boy's name. It seemed to Barton that he was but doing for the boy that which death had robbed the boy of the time and opportunity to do for himself. This brought peace to the father, and he hugged the inspiration fondly. The waters ceased lapping then, and Barton walked out into the light of the waning day with a mellow heart, almost rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. His transformation seemed as wonderful to him as that which befell Aaron's rod.

He went to the library, and before he took his chair he saw Lawton, the attorney for his street railway system, coming up the curved stone path to the house. Barton guessed his mission. He felt that it concerned the matters pending in the city council. When Lawton came into the room Barton was sitting listlessly, looking at the floor. He did not rise. After a few formal words the attorney broke the ice.

"Mr. Barton, things are going to pieces down town. The council's against us."

"I suppose so," returned Barton, not lifting his head.

"Jim Kelsey's flown the coop with his seven men, and that's got the mayor scared; and the fellows who are under obligations to us are getting panicky. They want some assurance that we're going to win, or they'll pull out. I don't

know what to do?" There was a question in the last sentence. Barton answered it with a sigh as he put his head on his hand.

"Well, I don't, either."

Lawton was clearly absorbed in the fight. Yet he did not wish to intrude too grossly upon Barton's sorrow. There was a pause. When Lawton saw that Barton was not going to break it, the attorney ventured:

"Kelsey's the key; get him back and you're all right."

"What ails Jim?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, Mr. Barton; he's wearing a Federation button to-day, and the fellows say he's been consorting with the Truly Good and his gang for a month on the quiet. I had a talk with him this morning, but he began telling me about what the people demand, and the people's rights, and the need of your friends getting you down next to the grass roots. I asked him who'd put up for him and left him."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Barton, turning his heavy eyes toward Lawton.

"Mr. Barton, suppose you have a talk with Jim, you understand him."

This closed a deep silence.

"I don't care what he does," sighed Barton.

But Lawton persisted, telling Barton that the fight had gone so far that many of Barton's friends had cast their fortunes with him for success, and urging him to make some effort in their behalf. The result of the conference was this: That Barton, weary of the persistence of his lawyer, and to be rid of the man for the hour, consented to see James Kelsey that night.

Twilight was falling when Kelsey entered the Barton house. Kelsey was a large man. He bumped into the furniture of the lower hall, and his voice dropped into a whisper that penetrated the quiet rooms like the hiss of escaping steam. Ascending he thumped each foot twice on every stair, once with his heel, once with his toe. That was because he tried to walk slowly, out of respect for the family's sorrow. Barton, still sitting by his desk where the attorney had left him, heard Kelsey at the door, and querulously cried "Come in!"

Kelsey entered the room ready for a struggle with Barton. The contractor had deliberately broken a ten years' alliance. He was prepared to hear a number of disagreeable things. Barton turned his face from his old ally and said, with a long breath:

"Sit down, Jim."

From a seat by the window Kelsey, who had struck a match, began his charge with: "Don't object to smokin', do you?" This came from between teeth that were biting a cigar. Kelsey was leaning well back in a deep chair and added:

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Barton, about George. He was a terrible good boy. My wife was tellin' me to-day how good he was to her at Manitou last summer. She said he was the best-hearted boy she'd ever saw. Well, it's the way of the world, I guess."

Barton made no reply. He walked to a window. The mantel-clock ticked ten minutes before Barton came back to his desk and rested his head on his hand. He began jabbing his pen in a glass of shot, not looking at Kelsey. Kelsey wished to be polite. He waited the first five of the ten minutes to give Barton the advantage of opening the controversy. During the last three minutes Kelsey began to suspect that Barton was planning some vicious trick, and that the silence was a part of a plan to outwit him. He decided to take the bit in his teeth.

"Well, sir, they sent me out to see you —what is it?"

Barton kept on trifling with the pen and the shot-glass, apparently giving his undivided thought to it, and replied:

"So they sent you out, did they?"

"They said you wanted to talk over the West Side Franchise business with me."

"So that's what you came for, is it?"

"It is." Kelsey was braced for the crisis. He crossed his legs and clasped his hands over a knee. Barton put down his pen. He let his eyes wander idly over his desk and said:

"All right then—talk!"

No word was emphasized.

"Well, what shall I say? Do you want to know what I think of this business?"

Barton nodded a weary head. His eyes were not lifted. Kelsey rose, walked to a smouldering grate-fire and punched it. He faced Barton and spoke:

"Lookee here, Barton, me and you's been together in a lot of things for ten years. I've been a friend of yours and I am now. See here—what you need is someone to tell you the truth. The fellows in your office slop over you and lie to you. I won't. You've got to get down to the grass roots. Excuse me for sayin' it at such a time as this—but what you want to do is to get right with the people. They think you're an old hog. They say that you want the earth with a fence around it and the taxes paid. And this franchise proposition of yours has got 'em wild."

"Well let 'em get wild and stay wild," replied Barton. His tone was dead, but he lifted his eyes to his companion's.

"That's all right to say, Joab Barton, but the people are after you now in earnest. And they're goin' to get you. More than that they're goin' to rip every man up the back who stands with you. They're out for blood, and you better pick your tree; I did. Had to. You wouldn't blame me if you knew how things are going down town this week."

Barton's eyes were staring keenly at Kelsey. He spoke mechanically. "Pull 'er wide open, old man. Straight track ahead."

"Now, I suppose you're mad. All right, get mad. But I'm right here to tell you it'll be the costliest thing you ever got. This franchise ordinance will be beaten. That's dead open and shut. And it's the first thing you've lost in ten years. If they down you now, the whole kit and boodle will quit you; and you won't amount to more'n a feather fan in a cyclone. The people want to look at the books of this county anyway; and if you don't meet 'em half way in this you're a busted community, politically—or I'm a goat."

Barton looked up quickly and prefaced his remarks with a little nervous cough that he used when about to enter an important discussion.

"Well, say, Jim, what do they want? How would you go at it to get them?"

After the answer came, Barton beat spiritedly on his table with his wiry fingers, and said:

"Well, Jim, you could just as well have the $100,000 that I'd lose in ten years on your compromise, yourself!"

"Oh, that's all right, Barton. But I'm like old Tom Wharton; I've got money enough to afford the luxury of being honest. But that ain't the point. I can't go into this thing—now honest. As I was tellin' my wife this mornin', if a fellow amounts to anything in this man's town, he's got to get in with the best people. They're agin you, Joab—dead set agin you. That's the point. And what's more, they really cut the ice."

Barton could see even a small straw then. He grabbed it.

"Your wife agrees with you?"

"You're mighty right she agrees with me, and I'd take her judgment before I would any man's in this town." Kelsey knocked the ashes from his cigar and put it back at a reflective angle in his mouth, and added, as he threw a leg over the arm of his chair: "I've got money enough now to put her right in the best society in this town. But she don't care a cent for it; throws 'em all down. What she's after is this cold-nosed Brookdale outfit; they make me hurt, but if she wants 'em they're hers. And she knows and I know and you know, that it's Katy bar the door if Jim Kelsey isn't as straight as a string. And what's more, the people are with this outfit and it's the only way you can win. You can't beat the people; they've got the votes. And now's the time for you to get right, Joab T. Barton, or the devil will be to pay and the note past due." Kelsey's eyes twinkled as he finished speaking; for the Irish are never so merry as when they are dealing their hardest blows. There was no shadow of yielding in Kelsey's eyes.

Kelsey's words served only to awaken a fighting devil in Barton's heart that had held domain there for thirty years. It was a shrewd, merciless devil that loved a fight for the sake of winning, and it had been the motor that had pushed Joab T. Barton the whole way along his road to riches and power. This devil had been watching Kelsey from the moment he entered Barton's room, even when the stricken father loathed the world of affairs. This under-consciousness must have seen that Kelsey, who for years had been loyal to Barton, was moving by some new and unknown lever. Slowly as the habit of a lifetime took possession of Barton, his subconscious reasoning merged into the con-

scious, and he was as alert as a tiger. Barton's mind worked in vivid, heat-lightning flashes of intuition. In one of these illumined seconds he suspected that Kelsey's new wife was his lever. The reply to his question about her agreement with her husband convinced Barton. When Kelsey had ceased speaking, Barton rose languidly, stretched himself, walked over to Kelsey and began purring:

"Oh, well, Jim, don't take it so hard; you're all right. Go on down town and tell the fellows not to get too far away from me. I'll be decent enough, Jim. But I can't talk it over now." Barton said these last words intentionally, and even while he spoke a stunning blow fell upon him as his grief came back to him. He did not wince, but went on—"Women are pretty smart, Jim, smarter than we are at times. Your wife may be right—I don't know, I don't know."

He had managed, by that indescribable pantomime that one uses to dismiss a guest, to get Kelsey on his feet and near the door as the sentence closed. A few formal words ended the meeting.

Barton walked to the grate and jabbed the fire until it blazed. He stood in the flare of light for two or three minutes, with two perpendicular ridges cut in his brow. He was taking mental invoice of Mrs. Kelsey. He recalled mechanically how all the men in the office had sniffed the year before, when she had married Kelsey. Barton remembered that many intangible things had been left unsaid about her. He peered intently into the image of her face as he remembered seeing it upon the street. It occurred to him that he had never met her at an evening gathering; he saw that she was not in society, and deducing from Kelsey's words about her, he concluded that she was forcing Kelsey into the respectability of the Civic Federation, to pave her way to social recognition. When Barton went over the ground again, and felt sure of his woman and of the force that was leading her, he stepped to the telephone and asked her to come to his house that evening. It was Barton's habit to strike like a thunderbolt.

It was not anxiety lest she should fail him that set Barton tearing papers on his desk to bits, while he waited. It was the chilling sense of anguish which he was strangling. This racked his nerves, but as he sat before the sinking fire, his sorrow was numbed by the spirit of combat that was grappling him body and soul. And the hand that touched the electric-light button, at the sound of a woman's voice in the hall, was of iron. Mrs. Kelsey entered in a whirlwind of invisible silks. She fluttered across the room to Barton, and took his hand in both of hers and held it for nearly a second, sighing before she spoke.

"Oh, Mr. Barton how do you do? Tell me, how is your wife? Poor, poor George!" Mrs. Kelsey caught her breath on something that might have been a sob. At the formal reply she continued:

"You know, Mr. Barton, she never called on me, but, in times like this, neighbors can't stand on ceremony. I'm so glad you sent for me, I do hope I can do something." Barton found a chair for her. "Mr. Barton, I've been trying so hard to keep up and be brave all day. But you are his father and you will understand, when I tell you that George was the noblest boy I ever knew—like a benediction I used to think, and now——" A bediamonded hand held her lace handkerchief to her eyes a moment. She straightened up presently and said, in a calm voice:

"You will pardon my weakness, I know, Mr. Barton. I came thinking I might help you; that I might do something. And here I am only making it harder for you."

Barton had been watching her out of eyes shaded by his hand. His features had not moved during her speech. He answered, "Not at all, Mrs. Kelsey, not at all." Then he cleared his throat and said:

"It was of another matter that I wished to speak, one that concerns me deeply. I want your help. It is in the West Side Franchise business that comes before the council to-morrow night."

"Yes," returned Mrs. Kelsey with the sweetest imaginable bell-like voice, and with an enticing rising inflection.

Barton went on in a dry, dead intonation: "Yes, Mrs. Kelsey, Jim's against me, and I want your help."

"Why did you think I could help you, Mr. Barton? Mr. Kelsey never comes to

me for advice in those matters, and he's not a member of the council, either."

Barton caught her eye and held it till it dropped.

"Mrs. Kelsey, you are making a mistake. Jim can cat's-paw for those Civic Federation fellows all he pleases, but they will not admit him to fellowship with them, nor will their wives know you. You're on the wrong track. I can help you."

Mrs. Kelsey leaned forward, put her elbow on her chair-arm and her chin in her hand. She fixed Barton on the prongs of a questioning gaze. She was trying to probe him to see what truth was there. It is the habit of women who have been mistaken often.

"Can't we have an understanding?" asked Barton. "You can help me, and my wife and I can do more in two months to get you what you want than the Civic Federation will do in a dozen years. Mrs. Kelsey, I'm a plain man. I always speak right out. Now then (the little cough put the comma in here), if you'll see that Jim's friends in the council vote for my Franchise bill, I'll see that every house in Brookdale Park is open to you before snow falls. I give you my word."

Mrs. Kelsey did not take her eyes from Barton's face. She was thinking. The thought uppermost in her mind was that the council would vote the following evening, and that it would be a year before Mrs. Barton could come out of mourning to fulfil the compact. Barton divined some obstacle like this and repeated:

"I give you my word, Mrs. Kelsey."

To Joab T. Barton that sentence was a solemn obligation. Even those who hated him, never claimed that he would break a promise or forget it. Mrs. Kelsey nodded absently and said, in a preoccupied tone, as she went on searching for some way to bind the bargain:

"Yes, I know."

The answer revealed so much of the woman's past to Barton that he would have winced if he had been of flesh and blood. "Well?" he asked. The silence continued. But when Barton saw Mrs. Kelsey moisten her lips and heard her expell the faintest little sigh, he knew that some decision had been reached. He was too wise to put another interrogation. Mrs. Kelsey dropped her eyes, and put the ferule of her umbrella on her glossy shoe-tip and began, in a mellow voice that had a show of pathos in it:

"Mr. Barton, I'm not the kind of a woman you have taken me for. I can't enter into a cold-blooded deal like that. I love to do things for my friends. It gives me pleasure to help them. I thought the world of George, Mr. Barton. I would have done anything in the world for him that a mother would do. He was just a boy. I want to be friends with his father and mother. If you come to me as a friend and ask this that you do, I'll help you. I don't want any reward—only to be considered your friend."

Barton could see whither she was drifting. The President of the West Side Electric Railway Company did not recoil at her audacity, and George Barton's father was dumb. The President of the West Side Railway Company saw only the great game that had been almost lost, now almost won. The lust to win tingled through his veins. He filled a pause with:

"I understand exactly."

"Do you?" she inquired. She was screwing her courage to the point. To be accepted as the friend of the Bartons in a great family crisis like this would put Mrs. Kelsey's social status beyond question. After that, she believed that she could take care of herself.

"I knew you would understand when I told you. George's father must have understood. And it is for George's sake that I want to be friends with you—you and his poor heart-broken mother. I want to comfort her. I want you to let me come to-morrow and help her through that terrible ordeal. I want to be here in the house, to receive the curious strangers, to shield her; to let her lean upon me for her boy's sake. It will comfort me—you don't know how much."

He did not answer. She feared she had moved too suddenly; that Barton, being unprepared, would refuse her request. Wishing to clinch the proposition, she spoke through her handkerchief:

"And don't—don't you think—Mr. Barton," a bubble of sobs broke the sentence, "that Jim Kelsey wouldn't brave the whole world for anyone who was that good to me. Oh, Jim is so good to me, Mr. Barton, so good."

It was not Mrs. Kelsey's grief that moved Barton. For he looked up at her quickly, and when he saw that her eyes were dry, he knew that he was facing a business proposition. Mrs. Kelsey did not meet his gaze, but her eyes fell, coyly enough perhaps to have deceived a meaner judge of human nature into parleying and haggling for better terms. Joab Barton consumed one—two—three—four—five minutes in debate with the devil before Mrs. Kelsey got her answer. In that five minutes Barton looked at the naked facts in the case. He took into account his wife's hatred for Mrs. Kelsey. He saw clearly that he was trading his wife's peace of mind for votes to pass the Franchise bill. He knew that such a course would be abhorrent to his son. But the spirit of the fight was so big in him that he put by his wife's scruples as the whims of a foolish woman, and passed over what might have been his son's objections as the quibblings of a sentimental boy. As for his own high purposes of the earlier hours of the day, he saw in them only the vaporings of an unbalanced mind. Still it took time to settle these things, and while they were settling Mrs. Kelsey composed herself and waited her answer patiently. Barton had been drumming on his desk with the long thin blade of a paper-knife, and he did not lift his eyes from the tip of the blade as he said:

"Very well, Mrs. Kelsey, very well," and then added: "Will that be all?"

"No, I think not," replied Mrs. Kelsey, as if trying to recall the last article on a shopping list. "Mrs. Barton and I should have an understanding, and there will be no better time than now. I believe I would send for Mrs. Barton, if I were you."

Mrs. Barton came into the room, her large figure trembling, and her head, that was crowned with crimping-pins, nodding as in a palsy. The brown wrinkles in her face were drawn and deepened, and there was a pitiable abandonment to grief in her wrinkled clothes. If the stricken mother's heart was clutched by surprise or anger, When she recognized Mrs. Kelsey, her heavy face did not show it. She seemed to have reached a point where her body did not repeat the agonized writhings of her soul.

"Well, Joab, what is it?" was her greeting.

When she heard her husband's disagreeable prefatory cough she must have known that his words would be painful to her. But she seemed none the less ready to hear them.

"Mrs. Barton," began her husband, "you know Mrs. Kelsey." The wife made a trembling acknowledgment to Mrs. Kelsey's effusion. "Mrs. Kelsey," continued Barton, "is going to place us greatly in her debt. And in a way that nothing except a manifestation of our gratitude can repay her. I have had a talk with Mrs. Kelsey, and she tells me that she considers it important to be here to-morrow, to represent us during the morning and to be with us during the afternoon. I have pledged her your consent. Considering the debt we owe her I could do nothing else."

It was a long speech; but Barton had braced himself for it, and said it carefully and slowly, as though he were dictating it to his stenographer. Mrs. Barton, who had seated herself before the message started, seemed to be on the point of speaking once or twice during the recitation, but checked herself, and when her husband ceased talking she replied:

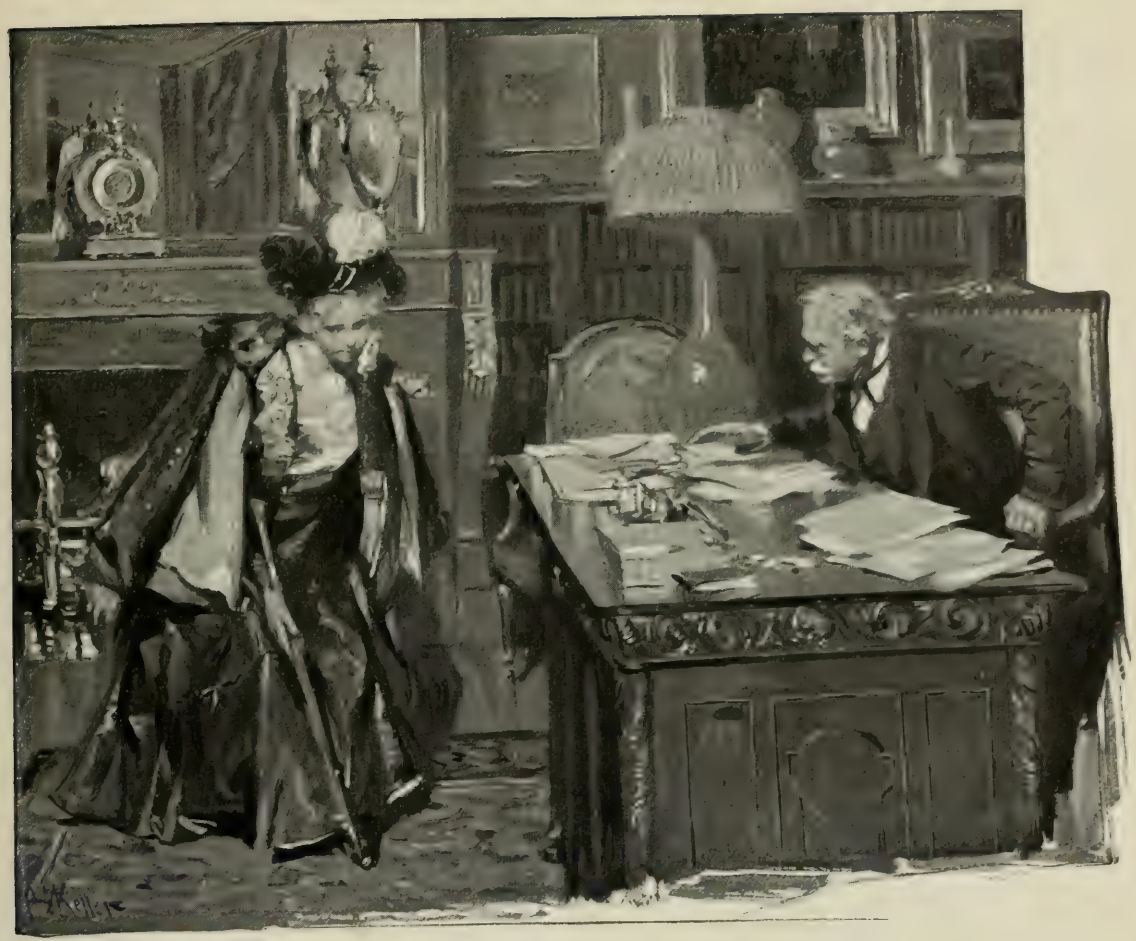
"It's just as you say, Joab."

Mrs. Kelsey, rising to go, said: "I'm so glad, Mrs. Barton, that you will let me do something to help you in your trouble."

Mrs. Kelsey approached the elder woman, and brought with her the odor of violet and the irritating rustle of silk. There was a creaking mechanism about her gestures and in her manner that rasped the nerves of the heart-broken mother. In a second she lost her self-control. Anger made her joints rigid as she stood before her husband; but her voice quavered and broke and ran the gamut along its short register as she spoke:

"Joab Barton, do you know what that—that—that creature is?" She pointed to Mrs. Kelsey. "What she has done? That's the person that tagged after George in Manitou and tried to bring him to her level. Let her in the house? That woman—that—that——"

Barton did not stop drumming with his knife upon his desk. Mrs. Kelsey stood motionless near the grate. In the help-



"I'll see that every house in Brookdale Park is open to you."—Page 547.

lessness of her rage, the mother turned, as if to step toward the younger woman, and cried:

"How dare you come here! How dare you! Isn't it enough for you to hound my boy in life? Are you going to——" But Mrs. Barton did not finish the sentence. She lost voice in a burst of tears. And Mrs. Kelsey exclaimed, in the calmest and sweetest tone:

"My poor dear woman, you don't realize what you are saying and you cannot know what you are talking about. Why, I loved George like he was my own child."

The violet perfume from the handkerchief at Mrs. Kelsey's eyes stimulated the rage of the mother and she found speech.

"Don't I know what I'm talking about? Don't I?" Mrs. Barton trembled, not with the palsy of grief but with pent-up wrath, which passed away as she turned to her husband:

"For God's sake, Joab, are you going to do this? Don't, don't, Joab; please don't. Not now—any time but now."

Barton again spoke in his emotionless voice.

"You don't understand. It is a matter of business—purely business. And I must have my way. What time in the morning shall Mrs. Kelsey call?"

Probably Mrs. Barton had met the look before that came into her husband's face. She stood and stared at him hopelessly, and moaned:

"Oh, God! Business! Business!"

At the door, before she closed it behind her, the mother broke into tears. And they heard her heavy footsteps in the hall and on the stairs. Her cry came back to them:

"George! George! Oh, George!"

Through the stillness of the house came the click of the parlor-door, and after the two above stairs heard a wild, piteous burst of sorrow the house grew quiet, and the clock-ticks came into the silence and startled them.

. . . . . .

The *Morning Times*, which told of the pomp and splendor of George Barton's

funeral, published, under the caption of "The Man on Horseback," a double-leaded editorial which Joab T. Barton did not read. Yet it contained much of interest to him and to all good citizens. The editorial ran thus :

"Last night the city council passed Joab T. Barton's ordinance granting him a renewal of his street railway franchises in this city for twenty years. The ordinance was passed just as it came from the law department of the West Side Electric Railway Company, without an ink-scratch on the twenty-five handsome green type-written pages. It was passed by a majority of five, the exact majority that the West Side people boasted it would have six months ago. There was in it not one concession to the people. For three months the citizens of this town have made public sentiment against this nefarious measure so plain that no one has disputed it. If there had been the slightest remnant left of the institution of a government by the people, Joab T. Barton would have paid the city some adequate return for the great concession he has wrested from the people through chicanery and corruption.

"But the vote last night has demonstrated that this town no longer enjoys popular government. This town, its citizens, its property, real and personal, and the hereditaments thereunto appertaining, are the chattels of Joab T. Barton. He not only owns the executive and legislative branches of the civil government, but the judiciary is recruited from his law offices. He can give us water or not at his will; he can furnish us with light or not, at his will. He can bid us walk, and there is no recourse from his edict. By a scratch of his pen he can increase freight-rates on his great railroad system, putting the necessaries of life out of the reach of one third of the population in the city, and no State Legislature dare check his avarice. There has been much talk about the coming revolution that is to destroy property rights and overthrow free government. The talk is idle. A silent revolution has been accomplished. Our dictator is here. Napoleon's monarchy had only limited powers compared with those which Joab T. Barton controls. What a farce are these empty forms of popular government.



"Well, Joab, what is it?" was her greeting.—Page 548.



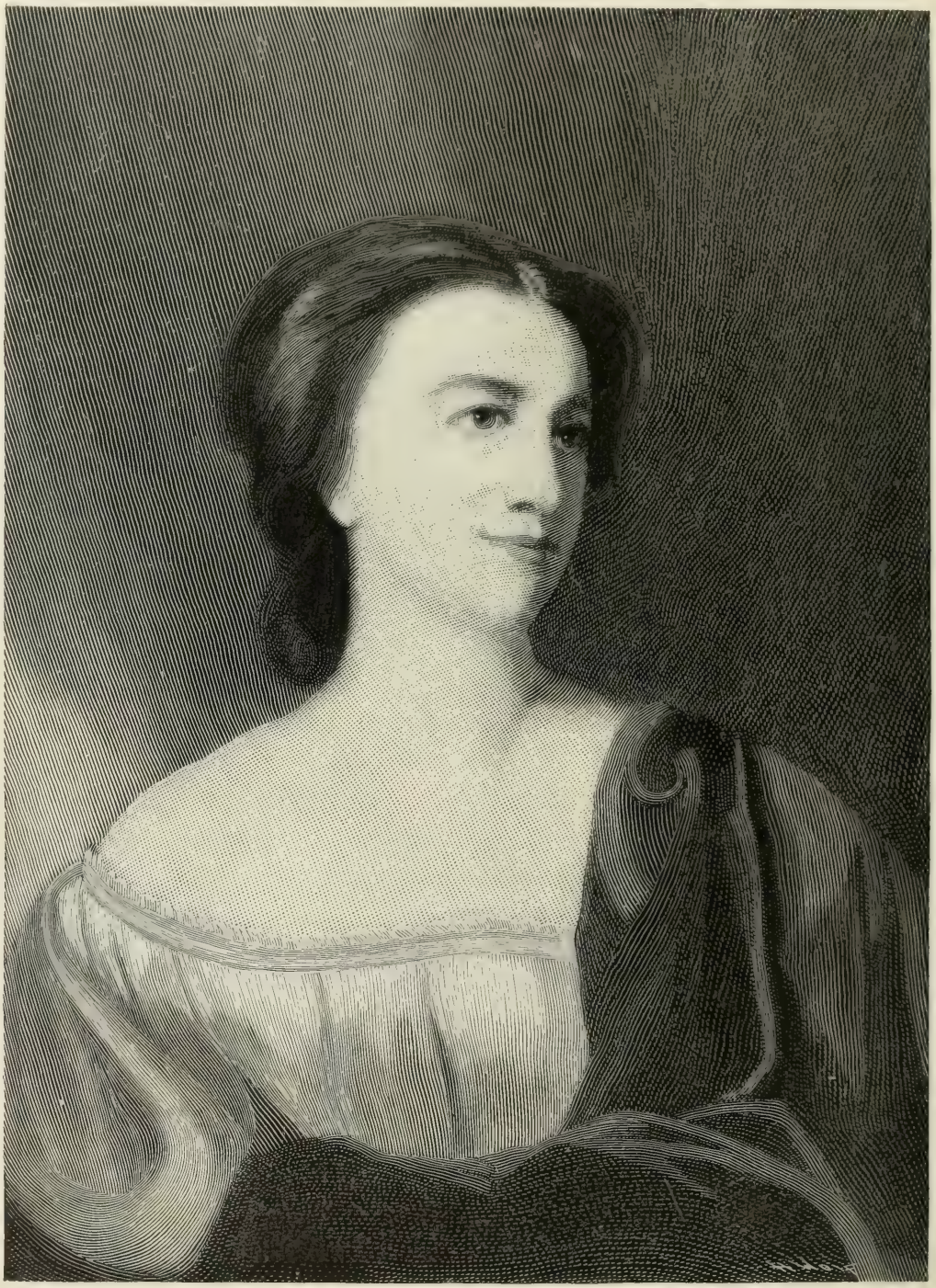
"Oh, God! Business! Business!"—Page 549.

"Out of the mad struggle for commercial supremacy—a struggle that has cost America a thousand times more lives, and better lives than the revolutionary guillotine took from France—has risen in every American city, and in many American States, some bloodless, greedy, brutal incarnation of the spirit of the times, like Joab T. Barton. He is THE MAN ON HORSEBACK."

THE SUICIDE

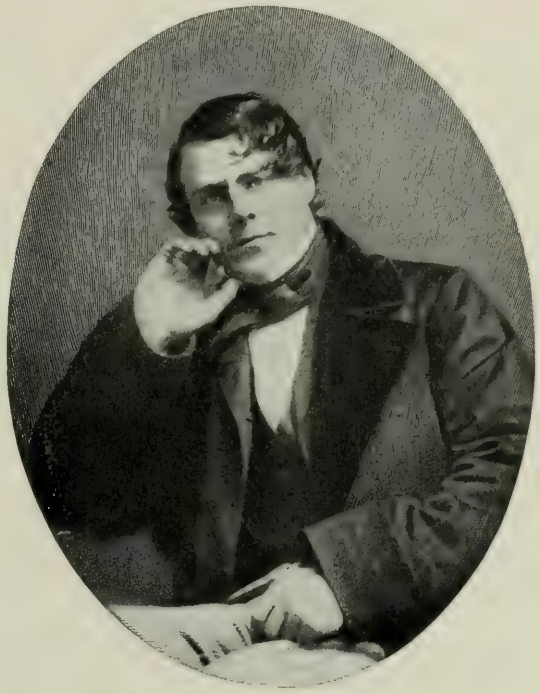
By Edwin Markham

TOIL-WORN, but trusting Zeno's mad belief,
A soul went wailing from the world of grief:
  A wild hope led the way,
  Then suddenly—dismay!
  Lo, the old load was There—
  The duty, the despair!
Nothing had changed: still only one escape
From its old self into the angel shape.



MRS. JOHN DREW

Engraved by Henry Wolf after a painting by Sully in 1864
Now in possession of John Drew Esq.



John Drew, Sr.

From a photograph in the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

[The notes accompanying the illustrations are by Douglas Taylor, Esq.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. JOHN DREW

[SECOND PAPER]

NEXT, I was offered an engagement at the Park Theatre, New York. That was the goal of my ambition. I went there, and during the season played every variety of character; but *Fortunio* was a big success. The Park had a right, from time beyond computation, to close for two months from the first of July, if they desired; well, they did desire it, and did it. Some few of us went to Baltimore, to play at the Front Street Theatre; but they did not want us there. Mr. E. N. Thayer, who was managing Peele's Museum for the owners, came to me and proposed that we should act there, such pieces as required only three or four persons. In desperation, we agreed. He was to have two shares, in virtue of his rig-out, the bills and managing. I was to have two shares, being leading lady; Mr. Hunt one, and my mother one. The opening night I was dressing for "The Swiss Cottage" very dejectedly, when my sister Georgia, who was looking through a hole in the green curtains, came in and said, excitedly, "Oh, Louise, there are quite a number of people in, and one gentleman in full dress." After this I dressed with great alacrity, sustained by my sister's jumbled statements of the increasing audience. We acted with en-



Mrs. John Drew.

From a miniature in possession of John Drew, Esq.

thusiasm, and greatly pleased the company in "The Lecture Room." After the entertainment was over, Mr. Thayer sat before a table on the stage, with the receipts of the night before him, and solemnly handed each person his or her share or shares, in specie (and very welcome it was to all). This ceremony occurred nightly, and, unlike most ceremonials, never became tiresome. We played for over four weeks with increasing attractiveness, and regretted being summoned to the reopening of the Park. There was some talk about not returning, but the Park was a power then! The next season they clos[illegible] for six weeks in the winter, and I went to the Bowery, where John R. Scott, James W. Wallack, Jr., Mrs. Herring (a great local favorite), and myself played ten acts of tragedy and comedy nightly for two weeks. Then "Beauty and the Beast" was produced. J. W. Wallack, Jr., as *The Beast*, Mr. Charles Hill as *Sir Aldgate Pump*, Mr. Gates as *John Quill*, and myself as *Beauty*. It was quite successful. In the summer we went to the Albany Museum. My heart sank when I saw the place; but everything prospered there after this, and I have reason to look back upon the time spent in Albany with gratitude. After the lapse of one year's absence I returned to the Park, acting everything. They always had some very good actors there, but their utility people were the worst ever seen. Acted with Mr. Macready, James Anderson, John Collins, J. B. Booth, etc. Macready was a dreadful man to act with; you had the pleasant sensation of knowing that you were doing nothing that he wanted you to do, though following strictly his instructions. He would press you down with his hand on your head, and tell you, in an undertone, to stand up! Mr. Macready was a terribly nervous actor; any little thing which happened unexpectedly irritated him beyond endurance. One night,



Mrs. John Drew as *Mrs. Malaprop*

From a photograph, copyrighted, 1896, by B. J. Falk, New York

Characters in Two Plays by:

John Drew, Frank Drew, } brothers.

Mrs. J. Drew, Miss Kinlock, } sisters.

Mrs. George Kinlock, } Mother of Mrs. Drew.

From a play-bill in the collection of John Drew, Esq.

WHEATLEY AND DREW'S
ARCH ST. THEATRE

MANAGERS, - - - { WM. WHEATLEY JOHN DREW.

AGAIN

RESTORED!

To-Night, Tuesday, Oct. 10, 1854

SHAKSPERE'S

PECULIAR & POPULAR
COMEDY
OF
ERRORS

Will be repeated for the Second Time this Season, and for the

80th Time by the Star Company

Antipholus of Ephesus	Mr. WM. WHEATLEY
Dromio of Ephesus	Mr. JOHN DREW
Antipholus of Syracuse	Mr. SHEWELL
Dromio of Syracuse	Mr. F. N. DREW
Duke of Ephesus	Mr. DOLMAN
Egeon	Mr. GILE
Angelo	Mr. BANGS
Chares	Mr. STEPHENS
Cleon	Mr. HALL
Dr. Pinch	Mr. FISHER
1st Officer	Mr. REILLY
Servant	Mr. CATERSON
Attendants	Messrs. JACKSON, MOORE and MATTHEWS
Abbess	Mrs. WILKS
Adriana	Mrs. JOHN DREW
Lucinia	Mrs. KINLOCK
Liebia	Miss BERNARD
Bridget	Mrs. LINDEN
Attendants, Executioner, Sisters of the Convent, &c., by the Troupe of Auxiliaries.	

PREVIOUS TO THE COMEDY,

OVERTURE—"La Bayadère," (Auber,) - - - - ORCHESTRA

SCHOTTISCH POLKA—A la Paydent, Miss C. LUDLAM & Mons. ZAVYSTOWSKI

OVERTURE—"Der Freischutz," (Weber,) - - - ORCHESTRA

To conclude with the Intereing French Drama called

SATAN IN PARIS!

[illegible]	Mrs. JOHN DREW
Count Henry de Bouvliel	Mr. DOLMAN
Count Vanilla	Mr. JOHN DREW
Capt Garconade	Mr. SHEWELL
Dupliment	Mr. FISHER
Creguet	Mr. F. N. DREW
Chechore	Mr. HALL
Francais	Mr. CATERSON
Pierre	Mr. MATTHEWS
Loupre	Mr. STEPHENS
Chaumiere	Mr. MAY
Corporal	Mr. FRANCIS
Mad. Dantelle	Miss C BERNARD
Mad. Luceval	Mrs. KINLOCK
Mad. De Sircourt	Mrs. WILKS
Madeline	Miss G. KINLOCK
Thieves, Peasants, Guards, &c.	

TO-MORROW, (WEDNESDAY,) first time by the Star Company, SHAKSPERE'S Tragedy of

OTHELLO, with the Laughable Farce of the GOOD FOR NOTHING.

STAGE DIRECTOR, - - - - - - - - MR. J. B ADDIS

Boxes and Parquet	25 Cents	Whole Private Box	$3.00
Secured Seats	37½ "	Gallery	12½ Cents
Orchestra Stalls	50 "	Gallery for Colored Persons	25 "
Seats in Private Box	75 "	Private Box in Gallery, for Colored Persons, 37½ Cts.	

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance to commence at half-past 7.

BOX OFFICE OPEN FROM 10 A. M. UNTIL 3 P. M.

TREASURER, - - - - - - - J. INGLES MATTHIAS

Brewst Steam-Power Job Printin Office, Ledger Buildings, Philada



Tyrone Power.*

From an engraving by J. Sands, after a painting by J. Simpson. In the collection of Douglas Taylor, Esq.

at the Park, "Macbeth" was the play. Mrs. Sloman, an old-fashioned actress, dressed *Lady Macbeth* in the manner which prevailed in her early life—in black velvet, point lace and pearl beads. In the murder scene part of Macready's dress caught on the tassels of her pearl girdle; the string broke, the beads fell on the floor, softly, with a pretty rhythmic sound, distinctly heard through the intense silence of the scene. This so exasperated Mr. Macready that he was almost frantic, until, with the final line of the scene, "Wake, Duncan, with the knocking, oh! would thou couldst," he threw Mrs. Sloman off the stage, with words which I hope were unheard by the public, and were certainly unfit for publication.

After this I went to New Orleans, to Ludlow & Smith, proverbially the closest pair in the profession. They gave me $35 per week, a larger salary than they ever gave Mrs. Farren. Mr. Chippendale was there, too, and we acted together all the popular small comedies of the day, now forgotten by all. Some seasons previous to this I went to Chicago, to open the first theatre built there, by Mr. John Rice, who

* The Waterford boy, Tyrone Power, tried the army and navy. Early in life, was sent to South Africa, but soon returned, and in his twentieth year, in 1815, became an actor, struggling in light comedy and as general utility man in small London and country theatres for ten or twelve years, with a brief retirement about 1819 and 1820.

In 1827, much to his disgust and against his remonstrances, he was cast for an Irish character which made such a hit he thereafter became exclusively an Irish comedian—dwarfing his predecessors, Irish Johnstone and Connor, and even obliterating Moody, the first stage Irishman.

Murtoch Delany, *Bulgruddery*, *Dr. O'Toole*, and *Major O'Flaherty* became famous; his own plays of "St. Patrick's Eve," "Rory O'More," and "Flannigan and the Fairies" added to his celebrity, and the Haymarket gladly paid him £150 a week in 1834, when a dozen years before he had received but three.

He became immensely popular in America, which he visited in 1833, 1836, and 1839; and his well-known book, "Impressions of America," shows a hearty appreciation of the country and his many warm friends here.

Besides being the best *Sir Lucius*, *Paddy O'Rafferty*, *Tim Moore*, and *Sir Patrick O'Plenipo* ever seen, his genial personal character and the talents he exhibited as playwriter, poet, and novelist made his visits here reciprocally delightful, and the loss of the steamship President in March, 1841, caused genuine mourning on both sides of the ocean, for the brilliant actor and gentleman who sank with her.



Mrs. John Drew.

From a photograph by W. L. Germon, Philadelphia. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

afterward became one of the valued citizens of that rising city, and ultimately the mayor, and then one of the representatives of the State in Congress. He was the best man I ever knew, the very embodiment of justice and common-sense.

In 1848 I married Mr. George Mossop. He died a few months after in Albany, and in 1850 I was married to Mr. John Drew, although the marriage was not made public for some months, as I had several engagements to fulfil before I could join him. Then we went to Chicago for the season, and Buffalo, then to Albany. We went in the summer to New York, to act small comedies at Niblo's. In the company were W. R. Blake and wife, Lester Wallack, Mrs. Stephens, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Mr. Drew, and myself. We played in conjunction with Signor Soto, Mons. Meyé, Mlle. Leontine, and Mlle. Dreux—a dancing party, brought to the country for Niblo's by Mr. J. H. Hackett. Six weeks comprised the season—then we went to Philadelphia, to the old Chestnut Street Theatre.

The season opened with Cibber's comedy of "She Would and She Would Not," with the following distribution of characters:

Don Manuel	Mr. John Gilbert
Don Philip	Mr. Dickerson
Don Octavio	Mr. Eytinge
Trappanti	Mr. John Drew
Soto	Mr. J. S. Clarke
Hypolita	Mrs. John Drew
Flora	Miss Celia Logan
Rosaro	Mrs. Gladstone
Viletta	Miss Lizzie Steel

Not one person had ever acted in the play before, or ever seen it acted. It was very successful. The farce was "The Miseries of Human Life," with Mr. Drew,



John Drew, Sr.*

From a photograph in the collection of Louis Evan Shipman, Esq.

Mr. Thayer, and myself. When the season was nearly ended we withdrew from the company, and transferred our services to the Arch Street Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Hemphill. The lease was offered to Mr. William Wheatley and John Drew. They accepted it, and the following season opened as Wheatley & Drew's Arch Street Theatre. I didn't play during the early part of the season, and Mrs. D. P. Bowers was engaged, whose recent death must be deplored by all who knew her.

At the end of their second season John Drew retired from the concern, and J. S. Clarke came into it. John and I travelled in 1857, came back to Philadelphia in the spring, and joined Mrs. Bowers's company at the Walnut Street Theatre. Mr. Drew, accompanied by my mother, paid a visit to England and Ireland. I took the leading position at the Walnut, and they returned in the winter, when Mr. Drew played a long engagement at the Walnut.

(It is proper here to say that I had three children in these five years—Louisa, John, and Georgie.) The next season I was engaged at the Arch by Wheatley & Clarke. We brought out "The Sea of Ice" and "The Naiad Queen," having before that produced "The American Cousin," "Pauvrette," and "The Octoroon," in all of which I sustained the principal female characters. In the meantime Mr. Drew went to Australia, via

* Mr. John Drew was not only a renowned personator of Irish characters, but an admirable actor of light eccentric comedy parts, which he often played in the early portion of his too brief career. In New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Albany and other cities where he was an especial favorite, he was more closely identified with "Handy Andy," *Dr. O'Toole*, *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, "The Irish Emigrant," and other popular representations of Irishmen than any actor since the days of Tyrone Power. Philadelphia may be claimed as the home of John Drew, and the Arch Street Theatre saw its halcyon days under the excellent management of Mr. Drew and his partner, William Wheatley.

Mr. Drew was born in Dublin, September 3, 1827, and died in Philadelphia, May 21, 1862.



James Edward Murdoch.*

From a lithograph, after a daguerreotype by McClees & Germon, in the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

California, and from there to England, acting most successfully in all the cities.

In 1860 it was proposed by the stockholders of the Arch that I should assume the management, and in 1861 the theatre was opened as Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre. A good deal was done to beautify the theatre. It was a hard season to meet. I borrowed money every week to meet the salaries. Mr. Drew returned just after Christmas, and acted one hundred nights, then went to New York on business, returned, and died, after three days' illness, in May, 1862. The next season I got on rather better, and then it was determined by the stockholders to pull down and rebuild the theatre from the stage to the front. This was done in the summer, and we opened the third season with the Richings Opera Company. Wallack, Davenport, Edwin Booth, and a number of the best stars acted here, and it was a very fine season, enabling me to pay back all the money I had borrowed for the first, which gave me great joy in the doing.

Mr. E. L. Davenport was a very fine actor. I first met him at the old Chestnut Street Theatre, when he was a very handsome young man. Even at that time he was very versatile, and always continued so—to his detriment, it was thought. When he had the new Chestnut I saw him play *Sir Giles Overreach* in a masterly manner. As *Sir Giles* Mr. Davenport surpassed even the elder Booth, and to those who remember that great actor nothing can be said beyond that.

Edwin Booth had a very sweet character and a charming manner at rehearsals, which he detested. I think, after *Hamlet*, his *Bertuccio* in the "Fool's Revenge"

* James Edward Murdoch, one of the finest elocutionists and light comedians of the American stage, born January 25, 1811, first became celebrated as leading juvenile at the Chestnut Street Theatre in his native city, where he supported Fanny Kemble in 1833. He afterward was stage manager of that theatre, and later, in 1841, of the National Theatre, Boston. Until 1858 he performed at intervals in the leading theatres of the United States, achieving an unsurpassed reputation in *Young Mirabel*, *Claude*, *Rover*, *Vapid*, *Benedick*, *Orlando*, *Evelyn*, and *Mercutio*, and in these especial characters he was fortunate enough to please the English critics on his visit in 1856.

The breaking out of the Civil War in 1861 brought him from his Ohio farm, to which he had retired in 1858, and with patriotic zeal he devoted three years to reading and lecturing for the various sanitary commissions or entertaining the sick and wounded at the soldiers' hospitals. Mr. Murdoch's last performances were at the grand dramatic festival in Cincinnati in 1883, and he died in that city May 19, 1893.

was his finest representation. He threw his whole soul into it, and it was, indeed, a performance to be remembered.

For about eight years fortune favored me. The great little actress Lotta acted with me for several years—long engagements, which were never enough for the and called the theatre a "combination theatre;" but it never did so well as before. The public seemed to miss the old favorites, and not to care for the new ones. I clung with such tenacity to the old customs that we were the last to take up *matinées*. There were two new theatres on Chestnut Street



WHEATLEY'S

ARCH ST. THEATRE

SOLE LESSEE, - - - - W. WHEATLEY
ACTING AND STAGE MANAGER, - - W. S. FREDERICKS

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 14th, '57

Will be presented, after many months of preparation, and for the

FIFTH TIME,

The Celebrated Scenic and Beautifully Poetic and Legendary Play, entitled The

NAIAD QUEEN

OR, THE NYMPHS OF THE RHINE!

PRODUCED IN A STYLE OF UNEQUALED

GRANDEUR AND DAZZLING BEAUTY!

And with that general attention to detail peculiar to this Establishment. The

Gorgeous Scenery, by the Talented Artists, Mr. John Wiser and Mr. Thos. Glessing.

Mechanism, by Mr. Jos. Strahan; Costumes, by Mr. Frank Johnson; Appointments, by Mr. Charles Long.

MORTALS.

Sir Rupert, the Fearnought ..... Mr. DOLMAN
Rinaldo, the Honorable ..... Mr. STEARNS
Rudolpho, the Wise, (his first appearance) ..... Mr. WALLACE
Manfredi, the Ready ..... Mr. REILLY
Rolando, the Disconsolate ..... Mr. MORROW
Baron of Lauchausen ..... Mr. BRADLEY
Schnappe, Squire to Sir Rupert ..... Mr. J. S. CLARKE
Lady Una ..... Mrs. H. A. PERRY
Bridget ..... Mrs. THAYER

IMMORTALS.

Lurline, Queen of the Naiads ..... Mrs. JOHN DREW
Idex ..... Miss ANNA CRUISE
Tulvia ..... Miss H. BAKER
Sparkle, (her first appearance at this Theatre) .. Miss ELLA WARREN
Spray ..... Miss C. LUDLAM

Corrilla ..... Miss C. REED
Brilliant ..... Miss A. ATKINS
Dewdrop ..... Miss A. COOPER
Sprinkle ..... Miss L. COOPER
Limpid ..... Miss J. MILLER

Naiads, Fyrens, &c., &c.

DEMONS OF THE RHINE.

Amphibeu, (his first appearance in several years) .. Mr. H. CALLADINE
Black Fin ..... Mr. ANDREWS
Goggle Eye ..... Mr. WEST
Phantom Face ..... Mr. MOORE
Scaly Skin ..... Mr. WILSON
Sorrel Top ..... Mr. PARKER
Carbuncle ..... Mr. JONES
Fin Back ..... Mr. MORTON

Attendant Demons, &c.

In the course of the Romance, the following Music will be sung:

SONG & CHORUS—"To-morrow and To-morrow," Sir Rupert and Chorus. INVISIBLE CHORUS—"In our Coral Caves." SONG—"Where the Bee Sucks," Idex. DUET—"Come o'er the Moonlit Sea," Idex and Tulvia. DUET & CHORUS—"See, Sister, See," Idex, Schnappe and Chorus SONG—"Give me back my Arab Steed," Idex. FINALE—"On the Banks of the Rhine." In the Second Act,

GRAND PAS DE DEUX—"Las Naiads," Miss C. Ludlam and Miss Ella Warren

Play Bill of Arch Street Theatre, May 14, 1857.

In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

public's satisfaction or my own. During this time many of my company went to New York—Mr. F. F. Mackay, Louis James, Robert Craig, who was one of the most talented young men I ever met, Charlotte Thompson, Stuart Robson, Miss Fannie Davenport, etc. Several became stars. About this time I concluded to follow the example of all the other theatres in the city, and ceased to have a stock company, and one in Broad Street. They eventually became as one, having the same manager. Thus they and the old Walnut and new Park got all the best stars or combinations, and we were obliged to put up with what they kindly left. Then the people began to find out that the theatre was "out of the way"—"it was too far uptown" (there are now six theatres very much above it, "uptown"). My only remaining great



John R. Scott as *Pierre.**

From a lithograph, by A Newsam, after a painting by T. Sully, Jr., in the collection of Peter Gilsey Esq.

attraction was Mr. Jefferson. Just before one of his engagements, as he and I with two other parties were sitting in the office, a lady came up to the window of the box-office to get seats. "Oh! papa told us (she was about fifty) we must be sure to see Mr. Jefferson; but please give us three good seats, down low, because papa told us they were all old people, so we want to get as close as we can to hear them!" This observation occasioned much mirth, for the "old people" consisted of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Florence, Mr. Frank C. Bangs, Mr. Jack Barnes, and myself. In 1880 or 1881 I engaged with Mr. Jefferson to travel with him and act *Mrs. Malaprop* in "The Rivals," and from that time till 1892 continued to do so. From the time when Mr. William Florence was engaged, we did nothing but "The Rivals," and, occasionally, "The Heir-at-Law." Poor Mr. Florence, he was the best *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* I ever saw.

He obtained more effect out of the text than anybody reading it would think possible. Our first cast of the comedy was as follows:

Sir Anthony	Mr Fred. Robinson
Captain Absolute	Mr. Maurice Barrymore
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Mr. Waverly
Falkland	Mr. Taylor
Fag	Mr. Tom Jefferson
David	Mr. Gallagher
Mrs. Malaprop	Mrs. John Drew
Lydia	Miss Rosa Rand
Lucy	Miss Paul
Bob Acres	Mr Joseph Jefferson

* John R. Scott, a talented, robust tragedian and melodramatic actor of the Forrest school, was born in the birthplace of many eminent American actors, Philadelphia, October 17, 1808. His early career was a series of struggles from his first appearance in 1827, until 1846, when he visited England, playing at the Princess Theatre in London in 1847, and returned to the Old Bowery, where he had been for years the favorite of the east side theatre-goers. He remained at the Bowery, with the exception of brief starring visits South and West, till 1852, then joined Purdy's National Theatre until his death, which occurred March 2, 1856, and which was hastened by his unfortunate social habits and indulgence.

In early life he had supported Forrest with great effect, and in later years performed many of Forrest's parts with power and vigor especially *Pierre* in "Venice Preserved," *Damon*, *Virginius*, *Macbeth*, and *Carwin*.

WHEATLEY & CLARKE'S

ARCH ST. THEATRE

ACTING AND STAGE MANAGER, - - - - - W. S. FREDERICKS

SECOND WEEK

OF THE

GLORIOUSLY SUCCESSFUL COMEDY,

Taken from a Play entitled "ROCHESTER," by the celebrated MOXEBIFF, which has achieved a most Triumphant Success of over 50 NIGHTS AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, and still attracting CROWDED HOUSES at that Establishment. It has been carefully revised, altered, and adapted to the requirements of the present Stage, and called

FAST MEN

OF THE

OLDEN TIME!

This side-splitting Comedy nightly increases in attraction, and is now stamped in the estimation of the CROWDS who have witnessed the Fun upon Fun with which it abounds, will be presented, for the Ninth Time, this

TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 29, '59,

WITH

Entirely New Scenery, by J. WISER; New and Characteristic Costumes, by F. JOHNSON; New Appointments, by T. BARRETT; New Dances, by W. WOOD; and Music Arranged by CHAS. R. DODWORTH.

EVERY ARTIST IN THE THEATRE will be included in the Complete and Powerful Cast.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester ..... Mr WHEATLEY
George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham ..... Mr DOLMAN
Lycurgus Muddle, a specimen of the Genus Dogberry ..... Mr JOHN GILBERT
Amen Squeak, a Parish Beadle ..... Mr. S. D. JOHNSON
Charles II, King of England ..... Mr McCULLOUGH
Starvemouse, a Miser ..... Mr WALLIS
Jeremiah Thin, his man ..... Mr STEARNS
Balaam, Valet to Rochester ..... Mr REILLY
Dunstable, a Stroling Actor ..... Mr G. STODDART
Joskin ..... Mr LITTLE

Gruff Barney ..... Mr BRADLEY
First Courtier ..... Mr SAPHORE
Second Courtier ..... Mr LESLIE

Countess of Lovelaugh ..... Mrs JOHN DREW
Lady Gay ..... Miss EMMA TAYLOR
Silvia Golden, an Heiress, ward to Starvemouse ..... Mrs. GEO. STODDART
Aunt Rebecca ..... Mrs JOHN GILBERT
Bell, Bar Maid at the Horne Inn ..... Miss K. NAGLE

Peasants, Dancers, Courtiers.

Play Bill of the Arch Street Theatre, November 29, 1859.

In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

I forget how many miles Mr. Barnes computed we had travelled the season he was with us, but I know he said 19,000 and some.

Every season was a happy one. The latter part of the time Mr. Jefferson was busy on his delightful autobiography, and used occasionally to read it to us. We generally travelled in our own car, and enjoyed "every comfort of home," in the true sense of the word—not as depicted in the farce.

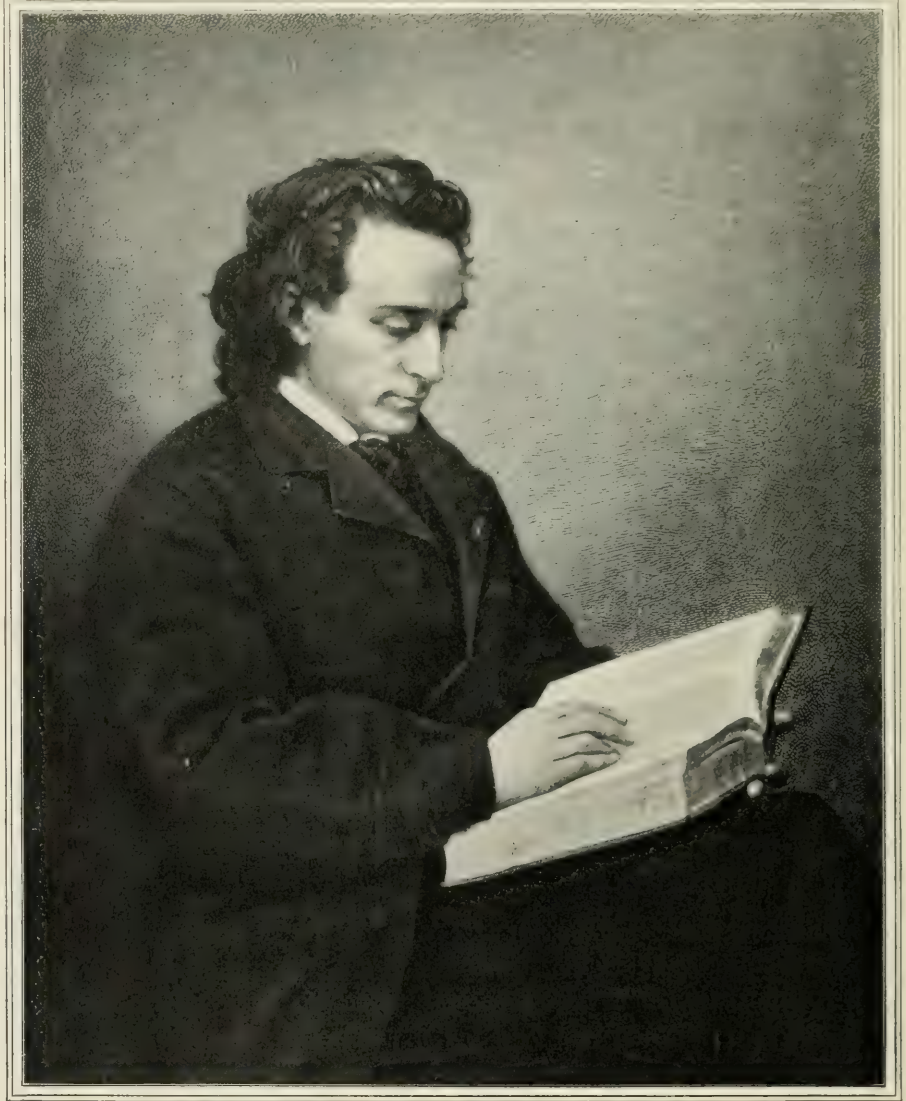
To return to the subject of the Arch Street Theatre: when I returned there in 1892, at the close of the season, I found the business of the season had been so very poor; and as the outlook for the next season was no better, I concluded to give it up (if the stockholders would permit me to do so), and I wrote to the Board of Agents to that effect, and they agreed to my wish. And I must here pay a merited acknowledgment of the continued kindness and good-will shown me by that board, in every way and at all times; for which I tender them my sincere thanks and best wishes through all time. After this resignation had been accepted, the ladies of Philadelphia tendered me a reception, which was largely attended, at the Art Club.

Soon after this a testimonial was arranged to be given me at the Academy of Music, on which occasion the utmost good-will was



Mr. John Drew as *Sir Andrew Aguecheek.*

From an engraving published by Johnson & Co. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.



Edwin Booth.

From a photograph by Brady. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

Edwin Booth, named by his eccentric father after his then admiration—Forrest—changed afterward in temporary anger to Edwin Thomas, has filled too large a space to require more than passing mention. The *Bertuccio*, *Iago*, *Ruy Blas*, *Richelieu*, and *Don Cæsar*, of the stage and the ideal *Hamlet* of the cultured and intelligent lover of the drama, has been portrayed recently by Irving, Winter, Barrett, Hutton, Bispham, Young, Hill and a dozen other writers, and his sweet simple manners, brilliant talents and genial generosity extolled by numberless admirers. His gentle spirit departed June 7, 1890.



William Charles Macready.*

From a lithograph by Aug. Lemoine. In the collection of Douglas Taylor, Esq.

shown me by the entire profession. The Lyceum Company came on and played a short comedy. Mr. Crane and his company played one act of "The Senator," Mr. and Mrs. Kendall appeared in "A Happy Pair;" and we concluded the bill with the second act of "The Rivals," with Mr. Jefferson, Maurice Barrymore, Louis James, Roland Reed, Miss Viola Allen, and myself. It was a memorable night for me.

The next thing was, what was I to do with myself! I couldn't live in Philadelphia in the manner in which I had always lived; couldn't afford it. So I moved to New York, after nearly forty years of housekeeping in Philadelphia. It was a terrible wrench! To look about for "something to do" at seventy-two years of age! But I was still in the possession of splendid health, good spirits, and the love of my two remaining children. My adopted son, Sidney White, for many years known as Sidney Drew, immediately undertook to make a five weeks' engagement; and as the terms were financially a certainty, I accepted and played for the five weeks with great success in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Harlem. Then three weeks in New York, at the Standard Theatre, as the theatrical *Mother-in-Law* in "An Arabian Night," in conjunction with Joseph Holland, Miss Evelyn, and Agnes Miller, under the management of Charles Frohman.

The next season I went out as a sort of star, under engagement to Sidney. We penetrated from San Francisco to New Orleans; but it was a losing season to me. Of course, if the money did not come in, and it did not, I couldn't get it. So in June I came home to my son John, with whom and his dear wife I have lived ever since, varying the scene by occasionally acting in Philadelphia, Boston, Saratoga, and New York.

About three years before I gave up man-



Mr. John Drew as *Handy Andy*.

From a photograph by Germon, Philadelphia. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq.

* William Charles Macready, born March 3, 1793, was well educated in his native London and at Rugby, with a view to the practice of law, but his father's ill-success at management in the provinces drove him to the stage, and at the age of sixteen he essayed *Romeo* successfully in Birmingham. Three years after he performed *Orestes* at Covent Garden and soon became the leading tragedian of England, filling, for over twenty years, the place held before by Edmund Kean and the Kembles, and after his retirement in 1851, by Phelps and Irving.

This acknowledged leader and pride of the British stage also won the admiration of the more cultured citizens during his three visits to America in 1826, 1843, and 1848. The last visit, however, closed with the unhappy quarrel with Forrest and consequent terrible riot in Astor Place. Full of mannerisms, with peculiar voice and homely visage, his genius, industry, and wonderful ability as an artist kept him in the front and defied all opposition, or even competition. He left the stage in the height of his power and popularity at the age of fifty-eight, living in quiet retirement with his books and studies and eminent friends until his death in 1873.

His range extended through the higher walks of tragedy and melodrama, his most appreciated parts being *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Werner*, *Wallace*, *Richard II.*, *Rob Roy*, *Virginius*, and *Richelieu*. Of the last three he was the original performer, and also of *Gisippus*, *William Tell*, *Alfred Evelyn*, and *Claude Melnotte*.

His eccentricities of temper are best indicated by his published diary, a strange compound of piety, petulance, and penitence.



E. L. Davenport.*

From a photograph. In the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq

agement, I acted for the testimonial benefit given by the citizens of Philadelphia to their representative actor, Mr. James E. Murdoch. Mrs. D. P. Bowers acted *Mrs. Haller* in (a most extraordinary arrangement of the play) "The Stranger," Mr. Murdoch as the stranger, followed by a three-act version of "The School for Scandal," with Mr. Murdoch as *Charles Surface*, Mr. George Holland as *Sir Peter Teazle*, Mr. Drew as *Joseph Surface*, and myself as *Lady Teazle*. I clung to this part—after marriage giving up all young parts—in Philadelphia, because the public seemed to like to see it.

Mr. Murdoch was in his day one of the most delightful of actors. His *Charles Surface*, *Young Mirabel*, *Don Felix*, *Vapid*, etc., have never been exceeded in excellence. He was also a very fine

* Edward Loomis Davenport, one of the most versatile and talented of our American actors, was a Boston boy, born in 1816. In the early forties he was a favorite stock actor at the Bowery, joining Mrs. Mowatt on her starring tour, commencing in 1845 and performing with her most of the time until 1854, mainly in England, where both were well received. He played leading and alternate business with Macready on the latter's farewell engagement at the Haymarket in 1851. His repertory included widely divergent parts, from *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Brutus*, and *Pescara*, to *William* ("Black Eyed Susan"), *Bill Sykes*, *Hezekiah Pokeabout*, *Captain Hawskley*, and *Sir Harcourt Courtley*. In all he was equalled by few and in many excelled by none. A fondness for occasional management caused the loss of most of his hard earned and deserved gains, and in his later years he formed part of such combinations as the "Wallack-Davenport" and "Barrett Davenport and Bangs" starring sets. This most worthy gentleman and admirable actor died on September 1, 1877, at his daughter Fanny's residence in Canton, Pa.



William Florence and Joseph Jefferson.

From a photograph by Falk.

Joseph Jefferson (Our Joe), fourth of the Jeffersons and third of the Josephs, was born in Philadelphia, February 20, 1829. His first recorded appearance, witnessed by Mrs. John Drew, was when tumbled out of a bag at T. D. Rice's benefit in 1833 at the Washington Theatre, with the following couplet introduced in his famous song by the negro delineator: "Ladies and gemmen, I'd have you for to know I've got a little darkey here to jump Jim Crow," which Joe did, imitating perfectly his sable carrier.

His barn-storming struggle in the West and South, and adventures in Mexico, as well as later triumphs in England, Australia, and through the Union, are familiar to all his myriad of admirers through his own charming autobiography. In this city his first comic part was at Chanfrau's National Theatre (the old Chatham) in September, 1849, with his stepbrother, Charley Burke, and Mrs. Barney Williams, but his great success was not to come until October 10, 1858, when Laura Keene presented "Our American Cousin." After that enormous run he joined the new enterprise of Stuart and Boucicault called the Winter Garden Theatre (where the Grand Central Hotel now stands), and made a series of hits as *Caleb Plummer*, *Dr. Pangloss*, *Salem Scudder*, *Newman Noggs*, and *Rip Van Winkle*, establishing his reputation as the first comedian of the age. In 1866 he adopted Boucicault's revised version of "Rip," making an immense success with it, first in England and then at home, and has adhered to it ever since, occasionally performing *Bob Acres* by way of variety.

Hamlet. I knew him well from 1840 up to the time just mentioned. He was a delightful companion—would talk far into the night upon any congenial subject, the theatre being the most favorite topic. He would recite whole poems, and his vocabulary was of the richest description. I never heard him make use of an oath or a slang word in my life, and in youth he possessed the greatest spirits. Though he came on the stage a very young man, in the American company at the Arch he hadn't a tone of Mr. Forrest—a rare thing in an American actor at that time, all being imitations, more or less consciously, of that great actor. Mr. Murdoch was himself alone, not imitating anybody in the least, though his style was modelled on the Kemble School. He lost his only son in the late Civil War. He took great interest in the conduct of the war, and was a thorough American in heart and soul. How fast we are all dying off, to be sure! I only know one person who is my senior in the profession, Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder, and I think it is two years since she acted, though she looks equal to any fatigue. It is one of the ills of this life that when we live so long as she and I have done we survive our children. She has buried several sons, and, like myself, now lives in her grandchildren. The keenest sorrow of my life came to me in '93, when my dearest daughter, Georgie, died in California, whither she had gone in search of health, and only found death. My eldest daughter died some five years ago, and now my son John is the only remaining link with his father's memory. I look on him with considerable pride—not personal, for I had nothing to do with his professional advancement, as he came to Daly's Theatre when just twenty-one, and remained there till a few seasons ago, under a much more energetic and capable manager than myself.



Silver Ewer and Goblets, Presented to Mrs. John Drew on Accession to the Management of the Arch Street Theatre, 1861.



Presented to Mrs. John Drew by the stockholders of the Arch Street Theatre, 1861.

And now let me devote a few lines to the late John Drew, now deceased thirty-four years. I don't think there are many persons surviving him now who remember him well, and he was worth remembering; one of the best actors I ever saw, in a long list of the most varied description. Had he lived to be forty-five, he would have been a great actor. But too early a success was his ruin; it left him nothing to do. Why should he study when he was assured on all sides (except my own) that he was as near perfection as was possible for man to be! So he finished his brief and brilliant career at thirty-four years of age, about the age when men generally study most steadily and aspire most ambitiously.

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cause a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not 'Good-Night,' but in some brighter clime,
Bid me 'Good-Morning.'"

[The verse above, from Mrs. Barbauld's poem, my mother bade me inscribe on her tomb, which is now being done in Glenwood Cemetery, Philadelphia. JOHN DREW.]

TEARS

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

WHEN I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

THE

LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

LIFE IN SAMOA: NOVEMBER, 1890—DECEMBER, 1894

FROM November, 1890, until his death, four years later, Stevenson lived in his island home on the mountain-side above Apia, without change except for two or three excursions to Sydney and Auckland, and one, in 1893, to Honolulu. His life there was brimful of interest and occupation. With all the zest and energy of his nature he played a threefold part: as planter, settler, and leading white resident; as unofficial politician and political critic; and as man of letters. In the first of these characters he had to superintend the building of the handsome new house which in course of time was made ready for his occupation, with the clearing of the jungle and planting and management of the land—but these latter cares devolved, after awhile, almost entirely on his wife, who has a special gift in such matters, and on his step-son and daughter. He ruled in a spirit of affectionate kindness, tempered with firm justice, a kind of feudal clan of servants and retainers whom he by degrees gathered about him; while among both white residents and visitors from a distance he exercised a social hospitality which increased with every year. The name the natives knew him by was Tusitala, Teller of Tales, and he was supposed by them to be the master of an inexhaustible store of wealth, perhaps even to be the holder of the magic bottle of his own tale, "The Bottle Imp." In matters political, he was drawn into interference by the evils which he saw arising from the fact that these small and remote islands had in recent years become the scene of political intrigue and rivalry carried on by three great world-powers against each other, with scant regard to the wishes and welfare of the native population. His action embroiled him more or less seriously for a time with most of the white officials in the island, and at one period of the struggle he believed himself threatened with deportation. Whether all his own steps on that petty but extremely complicated political scene were judicious is more than can be said; but impartial witnesses agree that his criticisms of official action were in the main just, and that his efforts were all in the direction of peace and concord; while the course of recent events has tended strongly to confirm his judgment and testify to his foresight. In the third field, in his own special life's work of literature, his activity in these days was more strenuous than ever. His habit was to begin work at six in the morning, or earlier, continuing with scarce an interruption till the mid-day meal, and often resuming again until four or five in the afternoon. In addition to the various forms of historical or contemporary romance and tale which constituted his main work and source of income, he was busy with the record of his Pacific experiences, with a history of the local troubles, and with the annals of his own Scottish forebears. He had come by this time to suffer much from writer's cramp, and in all his work, as well as in his correspondence, his labors were greatly lightened by the affectionate services of his step-daughter, Mrs. Strong, who had become, as has been said, a member of the household in 1889, and who now proved herself an indefatigable amanuensis and helper.

From the date of his final settlement at Samoa, Stevenson made a habit of setting down his every-day doings and feelings in journal-letters which he made up and sent off monthly to myself. Such parts of this correspondence as seemed likely to be of general interest have already been published separately.* The letters which now follow are selected from those which he addressed in the same years to other corre-

* "Vailima Letters:" Methuen, 1895.

spondents, old and new; some to intimates of earlier days with whom he desired to keep in touch; some to strangers whose acquaintance he sought to make from his place of exile, or who wrote thither doing him homage and begging to make his; some to editors and publishers on literary affairs and projects. Scarce any writer has had so loyal or so devoted a following among the men of letters of a generation younger than his own, and of these several are among the most frequent of his new correspondents. Speaking generally, these miscellaneous letters from Samoa are much less full than the "Vailima Letters," already published, of the island politics and purely local interests which in these years claimed so much of his attention. They give a larger place to literature and home-thoughts, to chance moods and speculations, and to personal and general interests outside the islands. The writer has lost, he will be found averring, our European perspective. Signs that this was indeed to some extent the case may perhaps be noticed here and there; but he had certainly lost none of the vividness and variety of his interests, and none of his old attaching power of giving utterance to the warmth of heart and feeling that was in him.

I have divided these letters from Samoa into two periods: one of just over two years, November, 1890, to December, 1892, and a second of two years all but one month from January, 1893, to December, 1894. The first of these was the happiest part of his life at Vailima, alike as to health, productive power, and inward satisfaction. After the renewed attack of illness which had brought him down at Sydney in the spring of 1890, he had for almost two years no relapse, and found himself able to live a life of comparative freedom and activity in the open air, to ride, bathe, and boat with freedom, and to work harder than most men are accustomed to work in full health. Within the period covered by this first division, he had been able to write the greater part of the *Wrecker* and nearly the whole of the South-Sea book (the latter a heavy strain for a disappointing result); to compose his *Footnote to History*—an appeal to the European powers, and especially to Germany, for a wiser handling of the Samoan difficulties, but an appeal which for the time being failed of its effect—and at the same time to produce his best piece of Polynesian fiction in *The Beach of Falesà*, and all but the best of his Scottish romances in *Catriona*.

The intention announced in the following letter was only carried out to the extent of finishing one paper, "My First Book," and beginning a few others—"Genesis of the Master of Ballantrae," "Rosa Quo Locorum," etc. (See Edinburgh ed. *Miscellanies*, vol. iv.) The "long experience of gambling places" is a phrase which must not be misunderstood. Stevenson loved risk, but hated gambling for money, and had known the tables only as a looker-on during holiday or invalid travels as a boy and young man. "Tamate" is the native (Rarotongan) word for teacher, used especially as a name for the famous missionary pioneer, the Revd. James Chalmers.

VAILIMA [December, 1890].

MY DEAR BURLINGAME,—By some diabolical accident, I have mislaid your last. What was in it? I know not, and here I am caught unexpectedly by the American mail, a week earlier than by computation. The computation, not the mail, is supposed to be in error. The vols. of *Scribner's* have arrived, and present a noble appearance in my house, which is not a noble structure at present. But by autumn we hope to be sprawling in our verandah, twelve feet, sir, by eighty-eight in front, and seventy-two on the flank; view of the sea and mountains, sunrise, moonrise, and the German fleet at anchor three miles away in Apia harbour. I hope some day to offer you a bowl of kava there, or a slice of a pineapple, or some lemonade from my own hedge. 'I know a hedge where the lemons grow.'—*Shakespeare.* My house at this moment smells of them strong; and the rain, which a while ago roared there, now rings in minute drops upon the iron roof. I have no *Wrecker* for you this mail, other things having engaged me. I was on the whole rather relieved you did not vote for regular papers, as I feared the traces. It is my design from time to time to write a paper of a reminiscential (beastly word) description; some of them I could scarce pub-

lish from different considerations; but some of them—for instance, my long experience of gambling places—Homburg, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, old Monaco, and new Monte Carlo—would make good magazine padding, if I got the stuff handled the right way. I never could fathom why verse was put in magazines; it has something to do with the making-up, has it not? I am scribbling a lot just now; if you are taken badly that way, apply to the South Seas. I could send you some, I believe, anyway, only none of it is thoroughly ripe. If you have kept back the volume of ballads, I'll soon make it a respectable size if this fit continue. By the next mail you may expect some more *Wrecker*, or I shall be displeased. Probably no more than a chapter, however, for it is a hard one, and I am denuded of my proofs, my collaborator having walked away with them to England; hence some trouble in catching the just note.

I am a mere farmer; my talk, which would scarce interest you on Broadway, is all of puapua, and tuitui, and black boys, and planting, and weeding, and axes and cutlasses; my hands are covered with blisters and full of thorns; letters are, doubtless, a fine thing, so are beer and skittles, but give me farming in the tropics for real interest. Life goes in enchantment; I come home to find I am late for dinner; and when I go to bed at night I could cry for the weariness of my loins and thighs. Do not speak to me of vexation, the life brims with it, but with living interest fairly.

Christmas I go to Auckland, to meet Tamate,* the new Guinea missionary, a man I love. The rest of my life is a prospect of much rain, much weeding and making of paths, a little letters, and devilish little to eat.—I am, my dear Burlingame, with messages to all whom it may concern, very sincerely yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

VAILIMA, APIA, SAMOA,
December 29th, 1890.

MY DEAR HENRY JAMES,—It is terrible how little everybody writes, and how much of that little disappears in the capacious maw of the Post Office. Many letters, both from and to me, I now know to have been lost in transit: my eye is on the Sydney Post Office, a large, ungainly structure with a tower, as being not a hundred miles from the scene of disappearance; but then I have no proof. The *Tragic Muse* you announced to me as coming; I had already ordered it from a Sydney bookseller; about two months ago he advised me that his copy was in the post; and I am still tragically museless.

News, news, news. What do we know of yours? What do you care for ours? We are in the midst of the rainy season, and dwell among alarms of hurricanes, in a very unsafe little two-storied wooden box, 650 feet above and about three miles from the sea beach. Behind us, till the other slope of the island, desert forest, peaks, and loud torrents; in front, green slopes to the sea, some fifty miles of which we dominate. We see the ships as they go out and in to the dangerous roadstead of Apia; and if they lie far out, we can even see their topmasts while they are at anchor. Of sounds of men, beyond those of our own labourers, there reach us, at very long intervals, salutes from the warships in harbour, the bell of the cathedral church, and the low of the conch shell calling the labour boys on the German plantations. Yesterday, which was Sunday—the *quantième* is most likely erroneous; you can now correct it—we had a visitor—Baker of Tonga. Heard you ever of him? He is a great man here, he is accused of theft, rape, judicial murder, private poisoning, abortion, misappropriation of public monies—oddly enough, not forgery, nor arson: you would be amused if you knew how thick the accusations fly in this South Sea world. I make no doubt my own character is something illustrious; or if not yet, there is a good time coming.

But all our resources have not of late been Pacific. We have had enlightened society: Lafarge the painter, and your friend Henry Adams: a great privilege—would it might endure. I would go oftener to see them, but the place is awkward to reach on horseback; I had to swim my horse the last time I went to dinner; and as I have not yet returned the clothes I had to borrow, I dare not return in the same plight: it seems inevitable—as soon as the wash comes in, I plump straight into

* The Revd. Dr. Chalmers, of Rarotongan and New Guinea fame.

the American consul's shirt or trousers! They, I believe, would come oftener to see me but for the horrid doubt that weighs upon our commissariat department; we have *often* almost nothing to eat; a guest would simply break the bank; my wife and I have dined on one avocado pear; I have several times dined on hard bread and onions. What would you do with a guest at such narrow seasons? eat him? or serve up a labour boy fricasseed?

Work? work is now arrested, but I have written, I should think, about thirty chapters of the *South Sea Book;* they will all want rehandling, I daresay. Gracious, what a strain is a long book! The time it took me to design this volume, before I could dream of putting pen to paper, was excessive, and then think of writing a book of travels on the spot, when I am continually extending my information, revising my opinions, and seeing the most finely finished portions of my work come part by part in pieces. Very soon I shall have no opinions left. And without an opinion, how to string artistically vast accumulations of fact? Darwin said no one could observe without a theory; I suppose he was right, 'tis a fine point of metaphysic; but I will take my oath, no man can write without one—at least the way he would like to; and my theories melt, melt, melt, and as they melt the thaw-waters wash down my writing, and leave unideal tracts —wastes instead of cultivated farms.

Kipling is by far the most promising young man who has appeared since—ahem—I appeared. He amazes me by his precocity and various endowment. But he alarms me by his copiousness and haste. He should shield his fire with both hands 'and draw up all his strength and sweetness in one ball.' ('Draw all his strength and all His sweetness up into one ball'? I cannot remember Marvel's words.) So the critics have been saying to me; but I was never capable of—and surely never guilty of—such a debauch of production. At this rate his works will soon fill the habitable globe; and surely he was armed for better conflicts than these succinct sketches and flying leaves of verse? I look on, I admire, I rejoice for myself; but in a kind of ambition we all have for our tongue and literature I am wounded. If I had this man's fertility and courage, it seems to me I could heave a pyramid.

Well, we begin to be the old fogies now; and it was high time *something* rose to take our places. Certainly Kipling has the gifts; the fairy godmothers were all tipsy at his christening: what will he do with them?

I am going to manage to send a long letter every month to Colvin, which I dare say, if it is ever of the least interest, he will let you see. My wife has had an abscess in her ear, but she is now better, and I hope will be reasonably right. We are a very crazy people to lead so rough a life, but we manage excellently: she is handy and inventive, and I have one quality, I don't grumble. The nearest I came was the other day; when I had finished dinner, I thought awhile, then had my horse saddled, rode down to Apia, and dined again—I must say with unblunted appetite; that is my best excuse. Good-bye, my dear James, find an hour to write to us, and register your letter.—Yours affectionately, R. L. S.

[The next is written to a young friend and visitor of Bournemouth days, Miss May Rawlinson, on the news of her engagement.]

To Miss Rawlinson

VAILIMA, APIA, SAMOA, April, 1891.

MY DEAR MAY,—I never think of you by any more ceremonial name, so I will not pretend. There is not much chance that I shall forget you until the time comes for me to forget all this little turmoil in a corner (though indeed I have been in several corners) of an inconsiderable planet. You remain in my mind for a good reason, having given me (in so short a time) the most delightful pleasure. I shall remember, and you must still be beautiful. The truth is, you must grow more so, or you will soon be less. It is not so easy to be a flower, even when you bear a flower's name. And if I admired you so much, and still remember you, it is not because of your face, but because you were then worthy of it, as you must still continue.

Will you give my heartiest congratulations to Mr. S. He has my admiration; he is a brave man; when I was young,

I should have run away from the sight of you, pierced with the sense of my unfitness. He is more wise and manly. What a good husband he will have to be! And you—what a good wife! Carry your love tenderly. I will never forgive him—or you—it is in both your hands—if the face that once gladdened my heart should be changed into one sour or sorrowful.

What a person you are to give flowers! It was so I first heard of you; and now you are giving the May flower!

Yes, Skerryvore has passed; it was, for us. But I wish you could see us in our new home on the mountain, in the middle of great woods, and looking far out over the Pacific. When Mr. S. is very rich, he must bring you round the world and let you see it, and see the old gentleman and the old lady. I mean to live quite a long while yet, and my wife must do the same, or else I couldn't manage it; so, you see, you will have plenty of time; and it's a pity not to see the most beautiful places, and the most beautiful people moving there, and the real stars and moon overhead, instead of the tin imitations that preside over London. I do not think my wife very well; but I am in hopes she will now have a little rest. It has been a hard business, above all for her; we lived four months in a hurricane season in a miserable house, overborne with work, ill-fed, continually worried, drowned in perpetual rain, beaten upon by wind, so that we must sit in the dark in the evenings; and then I ran away, and she had a month of it alone. Things go better now; the back of the work is broken; and we are still foolish enough to look forward to a little peace. I am a very different person from the prisoner of Skerryvore. The other day I was three-and-twenty hours in an open boat; it made me pretty ill; but fancy its not killing me half-way! It is like a fairy story that I should have recovered liberty and strength, and should go round again among my fellow-men, boating, riding, bathing, toiling hard with a wood-knife in the forest. I can wish you nothing more delightful than my fortune in life; I wish it you; and better, if the thing be possible.

Lloyd is tinkling below me on the typewriter; my wife has just left the room; she asks me to say she would have written had she been well enough, and hopes to do it still—Accept the best wishes of your admirer,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[Stevenson had been reading Mr. James's "Lesson of the Master;" Adela Chart is the heroine of the second story in that collection, called "The Marriage."]

[VAILIMA, SAMOA, October, 1891.]

MY DEAR HENRY JAMES,—From this perturbed and hunted being, expect but a line, and that line shall be but a whoop for Adela. O she's delicious, delicious; I could live and die with Adela—die, rather the better of the two; you never did a straighter thing, and never will.

David Balfour, second part of *Kidnapped*, is on the stocks at last; and is not bad, I think. As for *The Wrecker*, it's a machine, you know—don't expect aught else—a machine, and a police machine; but I believe the end is one of the most genuine butcheries in literature; and we point to our machine with a modest pride, as the only police machine without a villain. Our criminals are a most pleasing crew, and leave the dock with scarce a stain upon their character.

What a different line of country to be trying to draw Adela, and trying to write the last four chapters of *The Wrecker!* Heavens, it's like two centuries; and ours is such rude, transpontine business, aiming only at a certain fervor of conviction and sense of energy and violence in the men; and yours is so neat and bright and of so exquisite a surface! Seems dreadful to send such a book to such an author; but your name is on the list. And we do modestly ask you to consider the chapters on the *Norah Creina* with the study of Captain Nares, and the formentioned last four, with their brutality of substance and the curious (and perhaps unsound) technical manœuvre of running the story together to a point as we go along, the narrative becoming more succinct and the details fining off with every page.—Sworn affidavit of R. L. S.

No person now alive has beaten Adela: I adore Adela and her Maker. Sic subscrib. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A Sublime Poem to follow.

Adela, Adela, Adela Chart,
What have you done to my elderly heart?
Of all the ladies of paper and ink
I count you the paragon, call you the pink.
The word of your brother depicts you in part:
'You raving maniac!' Adela Chart;
But in all the asylums that cumber the ground,
So delightful a maniac was ne'er to be found.

I pore on you, dote on you, clasp you to heart,
I laud, love, and laugh at you, Adela Chart,
And thank my dear maker the while I admire
That I can be neither your husband nor sire.

Your husband's, your sire's were a difficult part;
You're a byway to suicide, Adela Chart;
But to read of, depicted by exquisite James,
O, sure you're the flower and quintessence of dames.

Eructavit cor meum.

My heart was inditing a goodly matter about Adela Chart.

Though oft I've been touched by the volatile dart,
To none have I grovelled but Adela Chart.
There are passable ladies, no question, in art—
But where is the marrow of Adela Chart?
I dreamed that to Tyburn I passed in the cart—
I dreamed I was married to Adela Chart:
From the first I awoke with a palpable start,
The second dumfoundered me, Adela Chart!

Another verse bursts from me, you see; no end to the violence of the Muse.

[The following is in answer to an application for an autograph from a young gentleman in the United States:]

To Fred Orr, Esq.

VAILIMA, UPOLU, SAMOA,
November 28th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—Your obliging communication is to hand. I am glad to find that you have read some of my books, and to see that you spell my name right. This is a point (for some reason) of great difficulty; and I believe that a gentleman who can spell Stevenson with a v at sixteen, should have a show for the Presidency before fifty. By that time

I, nearer to the wayside inn,

predict that you will have outgrown your taste for autographs, but perhaps your son may have inherited the collection, and on the morning of the great day will recall my prophecy to your mind. And in the papers of 1921 (say) this letter may arouse a smile.

Whatever you do, read something else besides novels and newspapers; the first are good enough when they are good; the second, at their best, are worth nothing. Read great books of literature and history; try to understand the Roman Empire and the Middle Ages; be sure you do not understand when you dislike them; condemnation is non-comprehension. And if you know something of these two periods, you will know a little more about to-day, and may be a good President.

I send you my best wishes, and am yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
Author of a vast quantity of little books.

[The next letter announces to his *New York* publishers the beginning of his volume on the troubles of Samoa, "*A Footnote to History.*"]

[VAILIMA, December, 1891.]

MY DEAR BURLINGAME,—The end of the *Wrecker* having but just come in you will, I daresay, be appalled to receive three (possibly four) chapters of a new book of the least attractive sort: a history of nowhere in a corner, for no time to mention, running to a volume! Well, it may very likely be an illusion; it is very likely no one could possibly wish to read it, but I wish to publish it. If you don't cotton to the idea, kindly set it up at my expense, and let me know your terms for publishing. The great affair to me is to have per return (if it might be) four or five—better say half a dozen—sets of the roughest proofs that can be drawn. There are a good many men here whom I want to read the blessed thing, and not one would have the energy to read MS. At the same time, if you care to glance at it, and have the time, I should be very glad of your opinion as to whether I have made any step at all towards possibly inducing folk at home to read matter so extraneous and outlandish. I become heavy and owlish; years sit upon me; it begins to seem to me to be a man's business to leave off his damnable faces and say his say. Else I could have made it pungent and light and lively. In considering, kindly forget that I am R. L. S.; think of the four chapters as a book you are read-

ing by an inhabitant of our 'lovely but fatil' islands; and see if it could possibly amuse the hebetated public. I have to publish anyway, you understand; I have a purpose beyond; I am concerned for some of the parties to this quarrel. What I want to hear is from curiosity; what I want you to judge of is what we are to do with the book in a business sense. To me it is not business at all; I had meant originally to lay all the profits to the credit of Samoa; when it comes to the pinch of writing, I judge this unfair—I give too much—and I mean to keep (if there be any profit at all) one-half for the artizan; the rest I shall hold over to give to the Samoans *for that which I choose and against work done*. I think I have never heard of greater insolence than to attempt such a subject; yet the tale is so strange and mixed, and the people so oddly charactered—above all, the whites—and the high note of the hurricane and the warships is so well prepared to take popular interest, and the latter part is so directly in the day's movement, that I am not without hope but some may read it; and if they don't, a murrain on them! Here is, for the first time, a tale of Greeks—Homeric Greeks—mingled with moderns, and all true; Odysseus alongside of Rajah Brooke, proportion *gardée;* and all true. Here is for the first time since the Greeks (that I remember) the history of a handful of men, where all know each other in the eyes, and live close in a few acres, narrated at length, and with the seriousness of history. Talk of the modern novel; here is a modern history. And if I had the misfortune to found a school, the legitimate historian might lie down and die, for he could never overtake his material. Here is a little tale that has not 'caret'-ed its 'vates'; 'sacer' is another point. R. L. S.

[The following is the first of several letters to Mr. J. M. Barrie, for whose work Stevenson had a warm admiration, and with whom he soon established, by correspondence, a cordial friendship.]

Vailima, Samoa, February, 1892.

Dear Mr. Barrie,—This is at least the 3d letter I have written you, but my correspondence has a bad habit of not getting so far as the post. That which I possess of manhood turns pale before the business of the address and envelope. But I hope to be more fortunate with this: for, besides the usual and often recurrent desire to thank you for your work—you are one of four that have come to the front since I was watching and had a corner of my own to watch, and there is no reason, unless it be in these mysterious tides that ebb and flow, and make and mar and murder the works of poor scribblers, why you should not do work of the best order. The tides have borne away my sentence, of which I was weary at any rate, and between authors I may allow myself so much freedom as to leave it pending. We are both Scots besides, and I suspect both rather Scoty Scots; my own Scotchness tends to intermittency, but is at times erisypelitous — if that be rightly spelt. Lastly, I have gathered we had both made our stages in the metropolis of the winds: our Virgil's 'grey metropolis,' and I count that a lasting bond. No place so brands a man.

Finally, I feel it a sort of duty to you to report progress. This may be an error, but I believed I detected your hand in an article—it may be an illusion, it may have been by one of those industrious insects who catch up and reproduce the handling of each emergent man—but I'll still hope it was yours — and hope it may please you to hear that the continuation of *Kidnapped* is under way. I have not yet got to Alan, so I do not know if he is still alive, but David seems to have a kick or two in his shanks. I was pleased to see how the Anglo-Saxon theory fell into the trap: I gave my Lowlander a Gaelic name, and even commented on the fact in the text; yet almost all critics recognized in Alan and David a Saxon and a Celt. I know not about England: in Scotland at least, where Gaelic was spoken in Fife little over the century ago, and in Galloway not much earlier, I deny that there exists such a thing as a pure Saxon, and I think it more than questionable if there be such a thing as a pure Celt.

But what have you to do with this? and what have I? Let us continue to inscribe our little bits of tales, and let the

heathen rage! Yours, with sincere interest in your career,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[The projected visit of Mr. Kipling, with his wife and brother-in-law, to Samoa, which is mentioned toward the close of the following letter, never took place; much to the regret of both authors.]

[VAILIMA, March, 1892.]

MY DEAR MRS. FAIRCHILD,—I am guilty in your sight, but my affairs besiege me. The chief-justiceship of a family of nineteen persons is in itself no sinecure, and sometimes occupies me for days: two weeks ago for four days almost entirely, and for two days entirely. Besides which, I have in the last few months written all but one chapter of a *History of Samoa* for the last eight or nine years; and while I was unavoidably delayed in the writing of this, awaiting material, put in one-half of *David Balfour*, the sequel to *Kidnapped*. Add the ordinary impediments of life, and admire my busyness. I am now an old but healthy skeleton, and degenerate much towards the machine. By six, at work; stopped at half-past ten to give a history lesson to a step-grandson; eleven, lunch; after lunch we have a musical performance till two; then to work again; bath, 4.40; dinner, five; cards in the evening till eight; and then to bed—only I have no bed, only a chest with a mat and blankets—and read myself to sleep. This is the routine, but often sadly interrupted. Then you may see me sitting on the floor of my verandah haranguing and being harangued by squatting chiefs on a question of a road; or more privately holding an inquiry into some dispute among our familiars, myself on my bed, the boys on the floor—for when it comes to the judicial I play dignity—or else going down to Apia on some more or less unsatisfactory errand. Altogether it is a life that suits me, but it absorbs me like an ocean. That is what I have always envied and admired in Scott; with all that immensity of work and study, his mind kept flexible, glancing to all points of natural interest. But the lean hot spirits, such as mine, become hypnotised with their bit occupations—if I may use Scotch to you—it is so far more scornful than any English idiom. Well, I can't help being a skeleton, and you are to take this devious passage for an apology.

I thought Aladdin capital fun; but why, in fortune, did he pretend it was moral at the end? The so-called nineteenth century, *où va-t-il se nicher?* 'Tis a trifle, but Pyle would do well to knock the passage out, and leave his boguey tale a boguey tale, and a good one at that.

The arrival of your box was altogether a great success to the castaways. You have no idea where we live. Do you know in all these islands there are not five hundred whites, and no postal delivery, and only one village—it is no more—and would be a mean enough village in Europe? We were asked the other day if Vailima were the name of our post town, and we laughed. Do you know, though we are but three miles from the village metropolis, we have no road to it, and our goods are brought on the pack-saddle? And do you know—or I should rather say, can you believe—or (in the famous old Tichborne trial phrase) would you be surprised to learn, that all you have read of Vailima—or Subpriorsford as I call it—is entirely false, and we have no ice-machine and no electric light, and no water supply but the cistern of the heavens, and but one public room, and scarce a bedroom apiece? But, of course, it is well known that I have made enormous sums by my evanescent literature, and you will smile at my false humility. The point, however, is much on our minds just now. We are expecting an invasion of Kiplings; very glad we shall be to see them; but two of the party are ladies, and I tell you we had to hold a council of war to stow them. You European ladies are so particular; with all of mine, sleeping has long become a public function, as with natives and those who go down much into the sea in ships. . . .

With love to Fairchild and the Huge Schoolboy, I am, my dear Mrs. Fairchild, yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[The first sentences of the following refer to the "Footnote to History;" Chapter X. of which, relating to the hurricane of 1889, was first published in the *Scots Observer*, edited by Mr. Henley.]

[Vailima, March, 1892]

My dear Burlingame, — Herewith Chapters IX. and X., and I am left face to face with the horrors and dilemmas of the present regimen : pray for those that go down to the sea in ships. I have promised Henley shall have a chance to publish the Hurricane chapter if he like, so please let the slips be sent *quam primum* to C. Baxter, W.S., 11 S. Charlotte Street, Edinburgh. I got on mighty quick with that chapter—about five days of the toughest kind of work. God forbid I should ever have such another pirn to wind. When I invent a language there shall be a direct and an indirect pronoun differently declined—then writing would be some fun.

Direct	Indirect
He	Tu
Him	Tum
His	Tus

Ex. : *He* seized *tum* by *tus* throat ; but *tu* at the same moment caught *him* by *his* hair. A fellow could write hurricanes with an inflection like that ! Yet there would be difficulties too.

Do what you please about *The Beach ;* and I give you *carte blanche* to write in the matter to Baxter—or telegraph if the time press—to delay the English contingent. Herewith the two lost slips of the *Wrecker.* I cannot go beyond. By the way, pray compliment the printers on the proofs of the Samoa racket, but hint to them that it is most unbusiness-like and unscholarly to clip the edges of the galleys ; these proofs should really have been sent me on large paper ; and I and my friends here are all put to a great deal of trouble and confusion by the mistake. For, as you must conceive, in a matter so contested and complicated, the number of corrections and the length of explanations is considerable.

Please add to my former orders—

Le chevalier des Touches } by Barbey d'Aurévilly.
Les Diaboliques . . }

Correspondence de Henri Beyle (Stendahl).

Yours sincerely,
R. L. Stevenson.

[Stevenson's correspondent in this case is an artisan, Mr. T. W. Dover, who had been struck by the truth of a remark in his essay on "Beggars," that it is only or mainly the poor who habitually give to the poor ; and who wrote to ask whether it was from experience that R. L. S. knew this.]

Vailima Plantation, Upolu, Samoa,
June 20th, 1892.

Sir,—In reply to your very interesting letter, I cannot fairly say that I have ever been poor, or known what it was to want a meal. I have been reduced, however, to a very small sum of money, with no apparent prospect of increasing it ; and at that time I reduced myself to practically one meal a day, with the most disgusting consequences to my health. At this time I lodged in the house of a working-man, and associated much with others. At the same time, from my youth up, I have always been a good deal and rather intimately thrown among the working-classes, partly as a civil engineer in out-of-the-way places, partly from a strong and, I hope, not ill-favoured sentiment of curiosity. But the place where, perhaps, I was most struck with the fact upon which you comment was the house of a friend, who was exceedingly poor, in fact, I may say destitute, and who lived in the attic of a very tall house entirely inhabited by persons in varying stages of poverty. As he was also in ill-health, I made a habit of passing my afternoon with him, and when there it was my part to answer the door. The steady procession of people begging, and the expectant and confident manner in which they presented themselves, struck me more and more daily ; and I could not but remember with surprise that though my father lived but a few streets away in a fine house, beggars scarce came to the door once a fortnight or a month. From that time forward I made it my business to inquire, and in the stories which I am very fond of hearing from all sorts and conditions of men, learnt that in the time of their distress it was always from the poor they sought assistance, and almost always from the poor they got it.

Trusting I have now satisfactorily answered your question, which I thank you for asking, I remain, with sincere compliments,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

VAILIMA PLANTATION, UPOLU,
SAMOAN ISLAND 18th July 1892.

MY DEAR CHARLES [BAXTER],— . . . I have been now for some time contending with powers and principalities, and I have never once seen one of my own letters to the *Times*. So when you see something in the papers that you think might interest the exiles of Upolu, do not think twice, out with your saxpence, and send it flying to Vailima. Of what you say of the past, eh, man, it was a queer time, and awful miserable, but there's no sense in denying it was awful fun. Do you mind the youth in Highland garb and the tableful of coppers? Do you mind the SIGNAL of Waterloo Place?—Hey, how the blood stands to the heart at such a memory!—Hae ye the notes o't? Gie's them.—Gude's sake, man, gie's the notes, o't; I mind ye made a tüne o't an' played it on your pinanny; gie's the notes. Dear Lord, that past.

Glad to hear Henley's prospects are fair: his new volume is the work of a real poet. He is one of those who can make a noise of his own with words, and in whom experience strikes an individual note. There is perhaps no more genuine poet living, bar the Big Guns. In case I cannot overtake an acknowledgment to himself by this mail, please let him hear of my pleasure and admiration. How poorly —— compares! He is all smart journalism and cleverness: it is all bright and shallow and limpid, like a business paper—a good one, *s'entend;* but there is no blot of heart's blood and the Old Night: there are no harmonics, there is scarce harmony to his music; and in Henley—all of these; a touch, a sense within sense, a sound outside the sound, the shadow of the inscrutable, eloquent beyond all definition. The First London Voluntary knocked me wholly.—Ever yours affectionately, my dear Charles,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Kind memories to your father and all friends.

To W. E. Henley.

VAILIMA PLANTATION, UPOLU, SAMOA,
August 1st, 1892.

MY DEAR HENLEY,—It is impossible to let your new volume pass in silence. I have not received the same thrill of poetry since George Meredith's *Joy of Earth* volume and *Love in a Valley;* and I do not know that even that was so intimate and deep. Again and again I take the book down and read, and my blood is fired as it used to be in youth. *Andante con moto* in the *Voluntaries*, and the thing about the trees at night (No. XXIV. I think) are up to date my favourites. I did not guess you were so great a magician; these are new tunes, this is an undertone of the true Apollo; these are not verse, they are poetry—inventions, creations, in language. I thank you for the joy you have given me, and remain your old friend and present huge admirer,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The hand is really the hand of Esau, but under a course of threatened scrivener's cramp.

For the next edition of the Book of Verses, pray accept an emendation. Last three lines of Echoes No. XLIV. read—

> But life in act? How should the grave
> Be victor over these,
> Mother, a mother of men?

The two vocatives scatter the effect of this inimitable close. If you insist on the longer line, equip 'grave' with an epithet.

R. L. S.

[VAILIMA, August, 1892.]

MY DEAR MRS. FAIRCHILD,—Thank you a thousand times for your letter. You are the Angel of (the sort of) Information (that I care about); I appoint you successor to the newspaper press; and I beg of you, whenever you wish to gird at the age, or think the bugs out of proportion to the roses, or despair, or enjoy any cosmic or epochal emotion, to sit down again and write to the Hermit of Samoa.

What do I think of it all? Well, I love the romantic solemnity of youth; and even in this form, although not without laughter, I have to love it still. They are such ducks! But what are they made of? We were just as solemn as that about atheism and the stars and humanity; but we were all for belief anyway—we held atheism and sociology (of which none of us, nor indeed anybody, knew anything)

for a gospel and an iron rule of life ; and it was lucky enough, or there would have been more windows broken. What is apt to puzzle one at first sight in the New Youth is that, with such rickety and risky problems always at heart, they should not plunge down a Niagara of Dissolution. But let us remember the high practical timidity of youth. I was a particularly brave boy—it is, I think, of myself, looking back—and plunged into adventures and experiments, and ran risks that it still surprises me to recall. But, dear me, what a fear I was in of that strange blind machinery in the midst of which I stood ; and with what a compressed heart and what empty lungs I would touch a new crank and await developments ! I do not mean to say I do not fear life still ; I do ; and that terror (for an adventurer like myself) is still one of the chief joys of living. But it was different indeed while I was yet girt with the priceless robes of inexperience ; then the fear was exquisite and infinite. And so, when you see all these little Ibsens, who seem at once so dry and so excitable, and faint in swathes over a play (I suppose—for a wager) that would seem to me merely tedious, smile behind your hand, and remember the little dears are all in a blue funk.

It must be very funny, and to a spectator like yourself I almost envy it. But never get desperate ; human nature is human nature ; and the Roman Empire, since the Romans founded it and made our European human nature what it is, bids fair to go on and to be true to itself. These little bodies will all grow up and become men and women, and have heaps of fun ; nay, and are having it now ; and whatever happens to the fashion of the age, it makes no difference—there are always high and brave and amusing lives to be lived ; and a change of key, however exotic, does not exclude melody. Even Chinamen, hard as we find it to believe, enjoy being Chinese. And the Chinaman stands alone to be unthinkable ; naturally enough, as the representative of the only other great civilisation. Take my people here at my doors ; their life is a very good one ; it is quite thinkable, quite acceptable to us. And the little dears will be soon skating on the other foot ; sooner or later, in each generation, the one-half of them at least begin to remember all the material they had rejected when first they made and nailed up their little theory of life ; and these become reactionaries or conservatives, and the ship of man begins to fill upon the other tack.

Here is a sermon, by your leave ! It is your own fault, you have amused and interested me so much by your breath of the New Youth, which comes to me from so far away, where I live up here in my mountain, and secret messengers bring me letters from rebels, and the government sometimes seizes them, and generally grumbles in its beard that Stevenson should really be deported. O, my life is the more lively, never fear !

It has recently been most amusingly varied by a visit from Lady Jersey. I took her over mysteriously (under the pseudonym of my cousin, Miss Amelia Balfour) to visit Mataafa, our rebel ; and we had great fun, and wrote a Ouida novel on our life here, in which every author had to describe himself in the Ouida glamour, and of which—for the Jerseys intend printing it—I must let you have a copy. My wife's chapter, and my description of myself, should, I think, amuse you. But there were finer touches still ; as when Belle and Lady Jersey came out to brush their teeth in front of the rebel King's palace, and the night guard squatted opposite on the grass and watched the process ; or when I and my interpreter, and the King with his secretary, mysteriously disappeared to conspire. —Ever yours sincerely,

R. L. Stevenson.

Vailima Plantation, Samoan Islands,
November 1st, 1892.

Dear Mr. Barrie, — I can scarce thank you sufficiently for your extremely amusing letter. No, *The Auld Licht Idyls* never reached me—I wish it had, and I wonder extremely whether it would not be good for me to have a pennyworth of the Auld Licht pulpit. It is a singular thing that I should live here in the South Seas under conditions so new and so striking, and yet my imagination so continually inhabit that cold old huddle of grey hills from which we come. I have just finished *David Balfour ;* I have another book on the stocks, *The Young Chevalier*,

which is to be part in France and part in Scotland, and to deal with Prince Charlie about the year 1749 ; and now what have I done but begun a third which is to be all moorland together, and is to have for a centrepiece a figure that I think you will appreciate — that of the immortal Braxfield—Braxfield himself is my *grand premier*, or since you are so much involved in the British drama, let me say my heavy lead. . . .

Your description of your dealings with Lord Rintoul are frightfully unconscientious. You should never write about anybody until you persuade yourself at least for the moment that you love him, above all anybody on whom your plot revolves. It will always make a hole in the book ; and if he has anything to do with the mechanism, prove a stick in your machinery. But you know all this better than I do, and it is one of your most promising traits that you do not take your powers too seriously. The *Little Minister* ought to have ended badly ; we all know it did ; and we are infinitely grateful to you for the grace and good feeling with which you lied about it. If you had told the truth, I for one could never have forgiven you. As you had conceived and written the earlier parts, the truth about the end, though indisputably true to fact, would have been a lie, or what is worse, a discord in art. If you are going to make a book end badly, it must end badly from the beginning. Now your book began to end well. You let yourself fall in love with, and fondle, and smile at your puppets. Once you had done that your honour was committed—at the cost of truth to life you were bound to save them. It is the blot on *Richard Feverel*, for instance, that it begins to end well and then tricks you and ends ill. But in that case there is worse behind, for the ill ending does not inherently issue from the plot — the story *had*, in fact, *ended well* and the great last interview between Richard and Lucy—and the blind, illogical bullet which smashes all has no more to do between the boards than a fly has to do with the room into whose open window it comes buzzing. It *might* have so happened ; it needed not; and unless needs must, we have no right to pain our readers. I have had a heavy case of conscience of the same kind about my Braxfield story. Braxfield —only his name is Hermiston—has a son who is condemned to death ; plainly, there is a fine tempting fitness about this ; and I meant he was to hang. But now on considering my minor characters, I saw there were five people who would—in a sense who must — break prison and attempt his rescue. They were capable, hardy folks, too, who might very well succeed. Why should they not then ? Why should not young Hermiston escape clear out of the country ? and be happy, if he could, with his—— But soft ! I will not betray my secret or my heroine. Suffice it to breathe in your ear that she was what Hardy calls (and others in their plain way don't) a Pure Woman. Much virtue in a capital letter, such as yours was.

Write to me again in my infinite distance. Tell me about your new book. No harm in telling *me ;* I am too far off to be indiscreet ; there are too few near me who would care to hear. I am rushes by the riverside, and the stream is in Babylon : breathe your secrets to me fearlessly ; and if the Trade Wind caught and carried them away, there are none to catch them nearer than Australia, unless it were the Tropic Birds. In the unavoidable absence of my amanuensis, who is buying eels for dinner, I have thus concluded my despatch, like St. Paul, with my own hand. —Yours very truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

To J. M. Barrie.

[VAILIMA, December, 1892.]

DEAR J. M. BARRIE,—You will be sick of me soon ; I cannot help it. I have been off my work for some time, and reread the *Edinburgh Eleven*, and had a great mind to write a parody and give you all your sauce back again, and see how you would like it yourself. And then I read (for the first time—I know not how) the *Window in Thrums ;* I don't say that it is better than the *Minister ;* it's less of a tale—and there is a beauty, a material beauty, of the tale *ipse*, which clever critics now-a-days long and love to forget; it has more real flaws ; but somehow it is —well, I read it last anyway, and it's by Barrie. And he's the man for my money. The glove is a great page ; it is startlingly

original, and as true as death and judgment. Tibbie Birse in the Bural is great, but I think it was a journalist that got in the word "official." The same character plainly had a word to say to Thomas Haggard. Thomas affects me as a lie—I beg your pardon ; doubtless he was somebody you knew, that leads people so far astray. The actual is not the true.

I am proud to think you are a Scotchman—though to be sure I know nothing of that country, being only an English tourist, quo' Gavin Ogilvy. I commend the hard case of Mr. Gavin Ogilvy to J. M. Barrie, whose work is to me a source of living pleasure and heartfelt national pride. There are two of us now that the Shirra might have patted on the head. And please do not think, when I thus seem to bracket myself with you, that I am wholly blinded with vanity. Jess is beyond my frontier line ; I could not touch her skirt ; I have no such glamour of twilight on my pen. I am a capable artist ; but it begins to look to me as if you were a man of genius. Take care of yourself for my sake. It's a devilish hard thing for a man who writes so many novels as I do, that I should get so few to read. And I can read yours, and I love them.

A pity for you that my amanuensis is not on stock to-day, and my own hand perceptibly worse than usual.

Yours,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

December 5th, 1892.

P.S.—We have, for a wonder of wonders, visitors here. They are a mother and daughter by the name of Fraser. They seem to know you, and I must say I feel as if I rather knew you myself since the daughter acted you for my entertainment one afternoon. This is put in malice prepense in the hopes of stirring you up to be lively on the subject of the Frasers. And anyway you will have the fun of seeing her act me before you are very much older. Then tell me your health is not strong—Man, come out here and try the Prophet's chamber. The whole family smoke, and that all day long, except when they are suffering from the practice and have sworn off. But reassure yourself, these revivals never last long. There's only one bad point to us—we do rise early. The Amanuensis states that you are a lover of silence—and that ours is a noisy house—and she is a chatterbox—I am not answerable for these statements, though I do think there is a touch of garrulity about my premises. We have so little to talk about you see. The house is three miles from town in the midst of great silent forests. There is a burn close by, and when we are not talking you can hear the burn and the birds and the sea breaking on the coast three miles away and six hundred feet below us, and about three times a month a bell—I don't know where the bell is nor who rings it, it may be the bell in Hans Andersen's story for all I know. It is never hot here—86 in the shade is about our hottest—and it is never cold except just in the early mornings. Take it for all in all, I suppose this island climate to be by far the healthiest in the world—even the influenza entirely lost its sting. Only two patients died and one was a man nearly eighty and the other a child below four months. I won't tell you if it is beautiful, for I want you to come here and see for yourself. Everybody on the premises except my wife has some Scotch blood in their veins—I beg your pardon—except the natives—and then my wife is a Dutchwoman—and the natives are the next thing conceivable to Highlanders before the forty-five. We would have some grand cracks ! R. L. S.

Come, it will broaden your mind, and be the making of me.

[This journal-letter to Mr. Barrie covers a period of a month. In the interval between two of its parts (August 6th–August 12th), the news of Mr. Barrie's engagement and marriage, which took place soon after his recovery from a dangerous illness, had reached Samoa.]

Vailima, July 13th, 1894.

My dear Barrie,—This is the last effort of an ulcerated conscience. I have been so long owing you a letter, I have heard so much of you, fresh from the press, from my mother and Graham Balfour, that I have to write a letter no later than to-day, or perish in my shame. But the deuce of it is, my dear fellow, that you write such a very good letter that I am ashamed

to exhibit myself before my junior (which you are, after all) in the light of the dreary idiot I feel. Understand that there will be nothing funny in the following pages. If I can manage to be rationally coherent, I shall be more than satisfied.

In the first place, I have had the extreme satisfaction to be shown that photograph of your mother. It bears evident traces of the hand of an amateur. How is it that amateurs invariably take better photographs than professionals? I must qualify invariably. My own negatives have always represented a province of chaos and old night in which you might dimly perceive fleecy spots of twilight, representing nothing; so that, if I am right in supposing the portrait of your mother to be yours, I must salute you as my superior. Is that your mother's breakfast? Or is it only afternoon tea? If the first, do let me recommend to Mrs. Barrie to add an egg to her ordinary. Which, if you please, I will ask her to eat to the honour of her son, and I am sure she will live much longer for it, to enjoy his fresh successes. I never in my life saw anything more deliciously characteristic. I declare I can hear her speak. I wonder my mother could resist the temptation of your proposed visit to Kirriemuir, which it was like your kindness to propose. By the way, I was twice in Kirriemuir, I believe in the year '71, when I was going on a visit to Glenogil. It was Kirriemuir, was it not? I have a distinct recollection of an inn at the end—I think the upper end—of an irregular open place or square, in which I always see your characters evolve. But, indeed, I did not pay much attention; being all bent upon my visit to a shooting-box where I should fish a real trout-stream, and I believe preserved. I did, too, and it was a charming stream, clear as crystal, without a trace of peat—a strange thing in Scotland—and alive with trout; the name of it I cannot remember, it was something like the Queen's River, and in some hazy way connected with memories of Mary Queen of Scots. It formed an epoch in my life, being the end of all my trout-fishing. I had always been accustomed to pause and very laboriously to kill every fish as I took it. But in the Queen's River I took so good a basket that I forgot these niceties; and when I sat down, in a hard rain shower, under a bank, to take my sandwiches and sherry, lo! and behold, there was the basketful of trouts still kicking in their agony. I had a very unpleasant conversation with my conscience. All that afternoon I persevered in fishing, brought home my basket in triumph, and sometime that night, 'in the wee sma' hours ayont the twal,' I finally foreswore the gentle craft of fishing. I daresay your local knowledge may identify this historic river; I wish it could go farther and identify also that particular Free kirk in which I sat and groaned on Sunday. While my hand is in I must tell you a story. At that antique epoch you must not fall into the vulgar error that I was myself ancient. I was, on the contrary, very young, very green, and (what you will appreciate, Mr. Barrie) very shy. There came one day to lunch at the house two very formidable old ladies—or one very formidable and the other what you please—answering to the honoured and historic name of the Miss Carnegie Arbuthnots of Balnamoon. At table I was exceedingly funny, and entertained the company with tales of geese and bubbly-jocks. I was great in the expression of my terror for these bipeds, and suddenly this horrid, severe, and eminently matronly old lady put up a pair of gold eye-glasses, looked at me awhile in silence, and pronounced, in a clangerous voice, her verdict. 'You give me very much the effect of a coward, Mr. Stevenson!' I had very nearly left two vices behind me at Glenogil; fishing, and jesting at table. And of one thing you may be very sure, my lips were no more opened at that meal.

July 29th.

No, Barrie, 'tis in vain they try to alarm me with their bulletins. No doubt, you're ill, and unco ill, I believe; but I have been so often in the same case that I know pleurisy and pneumonia are in vain against Scotsmen who can write. (I once could.) You cannot imagine probably how near me this common calamity brings you. *Ce que j'ai toussé dans ma vie!* How often and how long have I been on the rack at night and learned to appreciate that noble passage in the Psalms when somebody or other is said to be more set on something than they 'who dig for hid

treasures—yea, than those who long for the morning'—for all the world, as you have been racked and you have longed. Keep your heart up, and you'll do. Tell that to your mother, if you are still in any danger or suffering. And by the way, if you are at all like me—and I tell myself you are very like me—be sure there is only one thing good for you, and that is the sea in hot climates. Mount, sir, into 'a little frigot' of 5000 tons or so, and steer peremptorily for the tropics; and what if the ancient mariner, who guides your frigot, should startle the silence of the ocean with the cry of land ho!—say, when the day is dawning—and you should see the turquoise mountain tops of Upolu coming hand over fist above the horizon? Mr. Barrie, sir, 'tis then there would be larks! And though I cannot be certain that our climate would suit you (for it does not suit some), I am sure as death the voyage would do you good—would do you *Best*—and if Samoa didn't do, you needn't stay beyond the month, and I should have had another pleasure in my life, which is a serious consideration for me. I take this as the hand of the Lord preparing your way to Vailima—in the desert, certainly—in the desert of Cough and by the ghoul-haunted woodland of Fever—but whither that way points there can be no question—and there will be a meeting of the twa Hoasting Scots Makers in spite of fate, fortune, and the Devil. *Absit omen.*

My dear Barrie, I am a little in the dark about this new work of yours: what is to become of me afterwards? You say carefully—methought anxiously—that I was no longer me when I grew up? I cannot bear this suspense: what is it? It's no forgery? And AM I HANGIT? These are the elements of a very pretty lawsuit which you had better come to Samoa to compromise. I am enjoying a great pleasure that I had long looked forward to, reading Orme's *History of Indostan;* I had been looking out for it everywhere; but at last, in four volumes, large quarto, beautiful type and page, and with a delectable set of maps and plans, and all the names of the places wrongly spelled—it came to Samoa, little Barrie. I tell you frankly you had better come soon. I am sair failed a'ready; and what I may be if you continue to dally, I dread to conceive. I may be speechless; already, or at least for a month or so, I'm little better than a teetoller—I beg pardon, a teetotaller. It is not exactly physical, for I am in good health, working four or five hours a day in my plantation, and intending to ride a paper-chase next Sunday—ay, man, that's a fact, and I havena had the hert to breathe it to my mother yet—the obligation's poleetical, for I am trying every means to live well with my German neighbours—and O Barrie, but it's no easy! I think they are going to annex; and that's another reason to hurry up your visit, for if the Herrs come I'll have to leave. They are such a stiff-backed and sour-natured people; people with permanent hot-coppers, scouring to find offence, exulting to take it. To be sure, there are many exceptions. And the whole of the above must be regarded as private—strictly private. Breathe it not in Kirriemuir: tell it not to the daughters of Dundee! What a nice extract this would make for the daily papers! and how it would facilitate my position here! . . .

August 5th.

This is Sunday, the Lord's Day. 'The hour of attack approaches.' And it is a singular consideration what I risk; I may yet be the subject of a tract, and a good tract too—such as one which I remember reading with recreant awe and rising hair in my youth, of a boy who was a very good boy, and went to Sunday Schule, and one day kipped from it, and went and actually bathed, and was dashed over a waterfall, and he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. A dangerous trade, that, and one that I have to practise. I'll put in a word when I get home again, to tell you whether I'm killed or not. 'Accident in the (Paper) Hunting Field: death of a notorious author. We deeply regret to announce the death of the most unpopular man in Samoa, who broke his neck at the descent of Magagi, from the misconduct of his little raving lunatic of an old beast of a pony. It is proposed to commemorate the incident by the erection of a suitable pile. The design (by our local architect, Mr. Walker) is highly artificial, with a rich and voluminous Crockett at each corner, a small but im-

pervious Barrièer at the entrance, an arch at the top, an Archer of a pleasing but solid character at the bottom ; the colour will be genuine William-Black ; and Lang, lang may the ladies sit wi' their fans in their hands.' Well, well, they may sit as they sat for me, and little they'll wreck, the ungrateful jauds! Muckle they cared about Tusitala when they had him! But now ye can see the difference ; now, leddies, ye can repent, when ower late, o' your former cauldness and what ye'll perhaps allow me to ca' your *tepeedity!* He was beautiful as the day, but his day is done! And perhaps, as he was maybe gettin' a wee thing fly-blawn, it's nane too shüne.

MONDAY, August 6th, 1894.

Well, sir, I have escaped the dangerous conjunction of the widow's only son and the Sabbath Day. We had a most enjoyable time, and Lloyd and I were 3 and 4 to arrive ; I will not tell here what interval had elapsed between our arrival and the arrival of 1 and 2 ; the question, sir, is otiose and malign ; it deserves, it shall have no answer. And now without further delay to the main purpose of this hasty note. We received and we have already in fact distributed the gorgeous fabrics of Kirriemuir. Whether from the splendour of the robes themselves, or from the direct nature of the compliments with which you had directed us to accompany the presentations, one young lady blushed as she received the proofs of your munificence. . . .

Bad ink, and the dregs of it at that, but the heart in the right place. Still very cordially interested in my Barrie and wishing him well through his sickness, which is of the body, and long defended from mine, which is of the head, and by the impolite might be described as idiocy. The whole head is useless, and the whole sitting part painful : reason, the recent Paper Chase.

There was racing and chasing in Vailile plantation,
And vastly we enjoyed it,
But, alas! for the state of my foundation,
For it wholly has destroyed it.

Come, my mind is looking up. The above is wholly impromptu.

On oath,
TUSITALA.

August 12th, 1894.

And here, Mr. Barrie, is news with a vengeance. Mother Hubbard's dog is well again—what did I tell you? Pleurisy, pneumonia, and all that kind of truck is quite unavailing against a Scotchman who can write—and not only that but it appears the perfidious dog is married. This incident, so far as I remember, is omitted from the original epic—

She went to the graveyard
To see him get *him* buried,
And when she came back
The Deil had got merried.

It now remains to inform you that I have taken what we call here 'German offence' at not receiving cards, and that the only reparation I will accept is that Mrs. Barrie shall incontinently, upon the receipt of this, Take and Bring you to Vailima in order to apologise and be pardoned for this offence. The commentary of Tamaitai upon the event was brief but pregnant: 'Well, it's a comfort our guest-room is furnished for two.'

This letter, about nothing, has already endured too long. I shall just present the family to Mrs. Barrie—Tamaitai, Tamaitai Matua, Teuila, Palema, Loia, and with an extra low bow, Yours,

TUSITALA.

To James Payn

VAILIMA, SAMOA, Nov. 4th, 1894.

MY DEAR JAMES PAYN,—I am asked to relate to you a little incident of domestic life at Vailima. I had read your *Gleams of Memory*, No. 1 ; it then went to my wife, to Osbourne, to the cousin that is within my gates, and to my respected amanuensis, Mrs. Strong. Sunday approached. In the course of the afternoon I was attracted to the great 'all—the winders is by Vanderputty, which upon entering I beheld a memorable scene. The floor was bestrewn with the forms of midshipmen from the *Curacoa*—'boldly say a wilderness of gunroom'—and in the midst of this sat Mrs. Strong throned on the sofa and reading aloud *Gleams of Memory*. They had just come the length of your immortal definition of boyhood in the concrete, and I had the pleasure to see the whole party dissolve under its influence

with inextinguishable laughter. I thought this was not half bad for arthritic gout! Depend upon it, sir, when I go into the arthritic gout business, I shall be done with literature, or at least with the funny business. It is quite true I have my battle-fields behind me. I have done perhaps as much work as anybody else under the most deplorable conditions. But two things fail to be noticed: In the first place, I never was in actual pain; and in the second, I was never funny. I'll tell you the worst day that I remember. I had a hæmorrhage, and was not allowed to speak; then, induced by the devil, or an errant doctor, I was led to partake of that bowl which neither cheers nor inebriates—the castor-oil bowl. Now, when castor-oil goes right, it is one thing; but when it goes wrong, it is another. And it went wrong with me that day. The waves of faintness and nausea succeeded each other for twelve hours, and I do feel a legitimate pride in thinking that I stuck to my work all through and wrote a good deal of Admiral Guinea (which I might just as well not have written for all the reward it ever brought me) in spite of the barbarous bad conditions. I think that is my great boast; and it seems a little thing alongside of your *Gleams of Memory* illustrated by spasms of arthritic gout. We really should have an order of merit in the trade of letters. For valour, Scott would have had it; Pope too; myself on the strength of that castor oil; and James Payn would be a Knight Commander. The worst of it is, though Lang tells me you exhibit the courage of Huish, that not even an order can alleviate the wretched annoyance of the business. I have always said that there is nothing like pain; toothache, dumbague, arthritic gout, it does not matter what you call it, if the screw is put upon the nerves sufficiently strong, there is nothing left in heaven or in earth that can interest the sufferer. Still, even to this there is the consolation that it cannot last for ever. Either you will be relieved and have a good hour again before the sun goes down, or else you will be liberated. It is something after all (although not much) to think that you are leaving a brave example; that other literary men love to remember, as I am sure they will love to remember, everything about you—your sweetness, your brightness, your helpfulness to all of us, and in particular those one or two really adequate and noble papers which you have been privileged to write during these last years. With the heartiest and kindest goodwill, I remain, yours ever, R. L. S.

[The next, and last, letter is to Mr. Gosse, dated also only three days before the writer's death. It acknowledged the dedication to "Tusitala" of that gentleman's volume of poems "In Russet and Silver," just received.]

To E. Gosse

VAILIMA, SAMOA, 1st December, 1894

I AM AFRAID, MY DEAR WEG, that this must be the result of bribery and corruption! The volume to which the dedication stands as preface seems to me to stand alone in your work; it is so natural, so personal, so sincere, so articulate in substance, and what you always were sure of—so rich in adornment.

Let me speak first of the dedication. I thank you for it from the heart. It is beautifully said, beautifully and kindly felt; and I should be a churl indeed if I were not grateful, and an ass if I were not proud. I remember when Symonds dedicated a book to me; I wrote and told him of 'the pang of gratified vanity' with which I had read it. The pang was present again, but how much more sober and autumnal—like your volume. Let me tell you a story, or remind you of a story. In the year of grace something or other, anything between '76 and '78, I mentioned to you, in my usual autobiographical and inconsiderate manner, that I was hard up. You said promptly that you had a balance at your banker's, and could make it convenient to let me have a cheque, and I accepted and got the money—how much was it?—twenty, or perhaps thirty pounds? I know not—but it was a great convenience. The same evening, or the next day, I fell in conversation (in my usual autobiographical and . . . see above) with a denizen of the Savile Club, name now gone from me, only his figure and a dim three-quarter view of his face remaining. To him I mentioned that you had given me a loan, remarking

easily that of course it didn't matter to you. Whereupon he read me a lecture, and told me how it really stood with you financially. He was pretty serious, fearing, as I could not help perceiving, that I should take too light a view of the responsibility and the service (I was always thought too light—the irresponsible jester—you remember. O, *quantum mutatus ab illo!*) If I remember rightly, the money was repaid before the end of the week—or to be more exact and a trifle pedantic, the se'night—but the service has never been forgotten; and I send you back this piece of ancient history, *consule Planco*, as a salute for your dedication, and propose that we should drink the health of the nameless one who opened my eyes as to the true nature of what you did for me on that occasion.

But here comes my Amanuensis, so we'll get on more swimmingly now. You will understand perhaps that what so particularly pleased me in the new volume, what seems to me to have so personal and original a note, are the middle-aged pieces in the beginning. The whole of them, I may say, though I must own an especial liking to—

> I yearn not for the fighting fate,
> That holds and hath achieved;
> I live to watch and meditate
> And dream—and be deceived.

You take the change gallantly. Not I, I must confess. It is all very well to talk of renunciation, and of course it has to be done. But, for my part, give me a roaring toothache! I do like to be deceived and to dream, but I have very little use for either watching or meditation. I was not born for age. And, curiously enough, I seem to see a contrary drift in my work from that which is so remarkable in yours. You are going on sedately travelling through your ages, decently changing with the years to the proper tune. And here am I, quite out of my true course, and with nothing in my foolish elderly head but love-stories. This must repose upon some curious distinction of temperaments. I gather from a phrase, boldly autobiographical, that you are—well, not precisely growing thin. Can that be the difference?

It is rather funny that this matter should come up just now, as I am at present engaged in treating a severe case of middle age in one of my stories—'The Justice-Clerk.' The case is that of a woman, and I think that I am doing her justice. You will be interested, I believe, to see the difference in our treatments. *Secreta Vitæ* comes nearer to the case of my poor Kirstie. Come to think of it, Gosse, I believe the main distinction is that you have a family growing up around you, and I am a childless, rather bitter, very clear-eyed, blighted youth. I have in fact lost the path that makes it easy and natural for you to descend the hill. I am going at it straight. And where I have to go down it is a precipice.

I must not forget to give you a word of thanks for *An English Village*. It reminds me strongly of Keats, which is enough to say; and I was particularly pleased with the petulant sincerity of the concluding sentiment.

Well, my dear Gosse, here's wishing you all health and prosperity, as well as to the mistress and the bairns. May you live long, since it seems as if you would continue to enjoy life. May you write many more books as good as this one—only there's one thing impossible, you can never write another dedication that can give the same pleasure to the vanished

TUSITALA.

THE END

THE PARIS OF HONORÉ DE BALZAC

By Benjamin Ellis Martin and Charlotte M. Martin

Illustrations by J. Fulleylove

SET in the front wall of a commonplace house, in the broad main street of sunny Tours, a tablet records the birth of Balzac in that house, on the 27th Floréal, *an VII.* of the Republic—May 16, 1799—the day of Saint-Honoré, a saint whose name happened to hit the fancy of the parents, and they gave it to their son. Many a secluded corner of the town, many a nook within and about its cathedral of Saint-Gatien, many a portrait of its priests, has been brought into his books. And he has portrayed, with his artist-hand, the country round about, of the broad Loire and of bright Touraine, always vivid in his boyish reminiscences. In his life and his work, however, he was, first and always, a Parisian. To the great town, with all its mysteries and its possibilities, his favorite creations surely found their way, however far from it they started, drawn thither, as was drawn and held their creator, by its unconquerable authority.

His father had been a lawyer, forced for safety during the Revolution into army service, and when he was ordered from Tours, in 1814, to take charge of the commissariat of the First Division of the Army in Paris, he brought his family with him. Their abode was in rue de Thorigny, one of the old Marais streets, and the boy, nearly fifteen, was put to school in the same street, and later in rue Saint-Louis, hard by. Transformed as is this quarter, there yet remain many of the magnificent mansions with which it was built up in the days of its grandeur, and their ample halls and rooms and gardens serve admirably now as schools for boys and for girls. The young Honoré and his Louis Lambert are one in their pitiful memories of these schools and of their earlier schooling at the seminary of Vendôme.

To please his father, the boy, when almost eighteen, went through the law-course of the Sorbonne and the Collège de France. To please himself he listened, for the sake of their literary charm, to the lectures of Villemain and Cousin and Guizot, and would rehearse them with passion when he got home. But he had no love for the arid literature of the law, and was wont to linger, in his daily walks along the quays and across the bridges to and from his lecture-rooms, over the book-stalls, spending his modest allowance for old books, which he had learned already to select for their worth.

These studies ended, he entered the law-office of M. de Merville, a friend of his father, with whom Eugène Scribe had just before finished his time, and to whom Jules Janin came for his training, a little later. And these three, unknown to one another, were, as it happened, of the same mind in their revolt against the drudgery of the desk, and against the servitude of the attorney, coupled with certain competence as it might be; and in their preference for that career of letters, which might mean greater toil, but which brought immediate freedom and promised not far-off fame, and perhaps fortune, too.

The elder Balzac, severely practical, dreamed no dreams, and was horrified by his son's refusal to pursue the profession appointed for him. He foretold speedy starvation, and—perhaps to prepare Honoré for it—allowed him to try his experiment, for two years, on a hundred francs or less a month. So, the family having to leave Paris early in 1820, a garret—literally—was rented for the young author, and poorly furnished by his mother, a painstaking, hard-working, fussy old lady, who looked on him as a little boy all her life long, who drudged for him to his last days, and who felt it to be her duty to discipline him to hardship in these early days!

This attic-room was at the top of the old house No. 9 rue Lesdiguières, which was swept away by the cutting of broad boulevard Henri IV. in 1866–67, its site



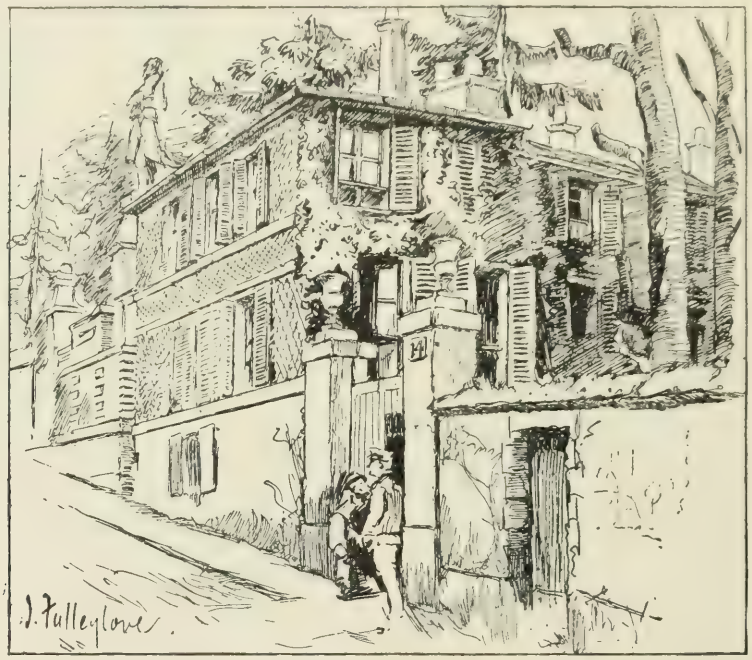
Rue Visconti.

being in the very middle of this new street. To wax sentimental—as has a recent writer—over the present No. 9 as Balzac's abode is touching, but hardly worth while, that house having no interest for us beyond that of being of the style and the period of Balzac's house, and serving to show the shabbiness of his surroundings.

These did not touch the young author, whose garret's rental was within his reach, as was the *Librairie de Monsieur* — he gives it the old Bourbon name—to be near which he had selected his quarters. This was the Library of the Arsenal, still open to students as in his days there, in the building begun by François I. for the casting of cannon, which he made lighter and easier of carriage, and the casting of which exploded the Arsenal within twenty years, and with it part of the adjacent Marais. The Valois kings rebuilt it, Henri IV. enlarged it, and gave it for a residence to his grand master of artillery, Sully, for whom he decorated the *salons* as we see them to-day. You may climb the grand staircase, and stand in the rooms—their gildings fresh, their paintings bright —occupied by the great minister. In the cabinet that contains his furniture and fittings is an admirable bust of the king.

And you seem to see the man himself, as he enters, his debonair swagger covering his secret shamefacedness for fear of a refusal of his stern treasurer to make the little loan for which he has again come to beg, to pay his last night's gambling or other debt of honor !

In this library by day, and in his garret by night, Balzac began that life of terrific toil from which he never ceased until death stopped his unresting hand. The novels he produced during these years were hardly noticed then, are quite unknown now : showing no art, giving no promise. He never owned them, and put them forth under grotesque pen-names, such as " Horace de Saint-Aubin," " Lord R'hoone " — an anagram of Honoré — and others equally absurd, all telling of his fondness for titles.



Les Jardies, House at Ville d'Avray, inhabited by Balzac and Gambetta.

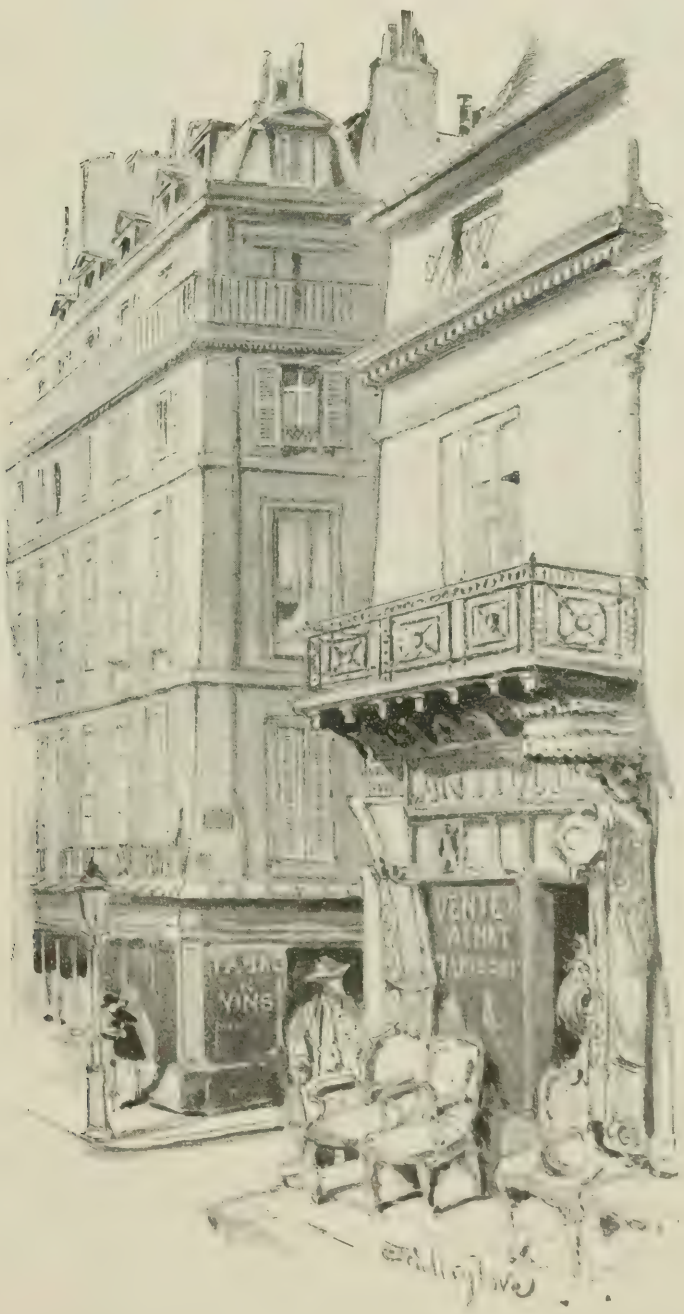
This garret, in which he lived for fifteen months, is vividly pictured in " La Peau de Chagrin," written in 1830, as Raphael's room in his early days, before he became rich and wretched. Balzac's letters to his sister Laure (Madame Laure de Surville) detail, with delightful gayety, his exposure to wind and wet within these weather-worn walls ; and his ingenious shifts in daily small expenditure of *sous* to make his income serve. He relates how he shopped, how he brought home in his pockets his scant provender, how he fetched up from the court-pump his large allowance of water. For he used it lavishly in making his coffee, that stimulation supplying the place of insufficient food, and carrying him through his nights of pen-work. Excessive excitation and excessive toil, begun thus early, went on through all his life, and he dug his too early grave with his implacable pen. His only outings, by day or by night, were the long walks that gave him his amazing acquaintance with every corner of Paris, and his solitary strolls through the great graveyard of Paris, near at hand. "*Je vais m'égayer au Père-Lachaise,*" he writes to his sister ; and there he would climb to the upper slopes, from which he saw the vast city stretched out. For he was fond of height and space, and we shall see how he sought for them in his later dwelling-places.

And in this storm-swept attic he had his first dreams of dwelling in marble halls. Extreme in everything, he could imagine no half-way house between a garret and a palace : he began in the one, he ended in the other, unable to find pause or repose in either !

Dreaming the dreams of Midas, he loved to plunge his favorite young heroes into floods of sudden soft opulence, and his longings for luxury found expression in those unceasing schemes for sudden wealth which made him a kindly mock to

his companions. His first practical project was started in 1826, during a temporary sojourn for needed rest and proper food at his father's new home in Villeparisis, eighteen miles from Paris, on the edge of the forest of Bondy. He speedily hurried back to Paris and turned printer and publisher; bringing out, among other reprints, the complete works of Molière and of La Fontaine, each with his own introduction, each in one volume—compact and inconvenient—and, at the end of the year which saw twenty copies of either sold, the entire editions were got rid of, to save storage, at the price by weight of their paper. This and other failures left him in debt, and to pay this debt and to gain quick fortune, he set up a type-foundry in partnership with a foreman of his printing-office. The young firm took the establishment at No. 17 rue des Marais-Saint-Germain, now rue Visconti; named for the famous archæologist who had lived, and in 1818 had died, in that venerable mansion hard by on the corner of rue de Seine and quai Malaquais.

Balzac's establishment, now entirely rebuilt, was as typical a setting of the scene as any ever invented by that master of scene-setting in fiction. It may be seen, as it



The Antiquary's shop of "La Peau de Chagrin," on Quai Voltaire.

stood until very lately, in its neighbor No. 15, an exact copy of this No. 17. Its frowning front, receding as it rises, is pierced with infrequent windows, and hollowed out by a huge, wide doorway, within which you may see men casting plates for the press, albeit the successors of "Balzac et Barbier" no longer set type nor print.

"Balzac H, et Barbier A, Imprimeurs, rue des Marais-Saint-Germain, 17;" so appears the firm in the Paris directory for 1827. The senior partner had not yet assumed the particle "*de*," so proudly worn in later years when, too, he is labelled in the directory "*homme-de-lettres*," the title of "*imprimeur*," on which he prided himself because it meant wealth, having lasted only until the end of 1827, or the beginning of 1828. Printing-office and type-foundry were sold at a ruinous sacrifice, and Balzac was left with debts of about 120,000 francs: a burden that nearly broke his back and his heart for many years. He never went through that narrow street without groaning for its memories; and for a long time, he told his sister, he had been tempted to kill himself, as was tempted his hero of "La Peau de Chagrin." In "Les Illusions Perdues," he has painted, in relentless detail, the cruel capacity of unpaid, or partially paid, debts, for piling up interest. But the helpless despair of David Séchard was, in Balzac himself, redeemed by a buoyant confidence that never deserted him for long. To pay his debts, he toiled as did Walter Scott, whom Balzac admired for this bondage to rectitude, as he admired his genius. All through the "Comédie Humaine" he dwells on the burden of debt, the ceaseless struggle to throw it off, by desperate, by dishonorable, expedients.

On an upper floor of his establishment, Balzac had fitted up a small but elegant apartment for his living-place, his first attempt to realize that ideal of a bachelor residence such as those in which he installed his heroes. This was furnished, of course, on credit, and when failure came, he removed his belongings to a room at No. 2 rue de Tournon—a house quite unchanged still. Here his neighbor was the editor of the *Figaro*, Henri de la Touche—his intimate friend then, later his intimate enemy; a poor creature eaten by envy, whose specialty it was to turn against former friends and to sneer at old allies.

Here Balzac finished the book begun in his former room over his works, "Les Chouans." It was published in 1829, and was the first to bear his real name as author, the first to show to the reading world of what sterling stuff he was made. That stuff was not content with the book, good as it was, and he retouched and bettered it in after years. It brought him not only readers but editors and publishers; and before the end of 1830, he had poured forth a flood of novels, tales, and studies; among them such works as "La Maison du Chat-qui-pelote," "Physiologie du Mariage," "Gobseck," "Étude de Femme," "Une passion dans le Désert," "Un Épisode sous la Terreur," "Catherine de Médicis," "Lettres sur Paris"—with "Les Chouans," seventy in all!

Werdet, one of Balzac's publishers—his sole publisher from 1834 to 1837—lived and had his shop near by, at No. 49 rue de Seine. To his house, just as it stands to-day, the always impecunious young author used to come, morning, noon, and night, for funds, in payment of work unfinished, of work not yet begun, often of work never to be done.

From rue de Tournon he removed, early in 1831, to rue Cassini, No. 1, as we find it given in the Paris *Bottin* of that year. It is a short street of one block, running from avenue de l'Observatoire to rue du Faubourg-Saint-Jacques, and takes its name appropriately from the Italian astronomer, who was installed in the Observatory, having been made a citizen of France by Colbert, Louis XIV.'s great Finance Minister. It is a secluded quarter still, with its own air of isolation and its own village atmosphere. In 1831, it was really a village, far from town, and these streets were only country lanes, bordered by infrequent cottages, dear to the weary Parisian seeking distance and quiet.

Three of them, near together here, harbored famous men at about this period, and all three have remained intact until lately for the delight of the pilgrim—that of Châteaubriand, No. 92 rue d'Enfer—a street now punningly renamed, in memory of the heroic defender of Belfort, Denfert - Rochereau — that of Victor Hugo, No. 27, rue Notre-Dame-des-



The Pension of "Le Père Goriot" (No. 24 Rue Tournefort).

Champs, and this one of Balzac. His house, destroyed only in 1899, was on the southwest corner of rue du Faubourg-Saint-Jacques and rue Cassini. It was a little cottage of two stories, with two wings and a small central body, giving on a tiny court. A misguided Paris journal has claimed, with copious letter-press and illustrations, the large building at No. 6 rue Cassini for Balzac's abode. This is a lamentable error, one of the many met with in topographical research by which the traditions of a demolished house are transplanted to an existing neighbor. This characterless No. 6 carries its own proof that Balzac could have never chosen it, even were we without the decisive proof given by the *cadastre* of the city lately unearthed by M. G. Lenôtre among the buried archives of the *Bureau des Contributions Directes*.

In the sunny apartment of the left wing dwelt Balzac and his friend, Auguste Borget; in the other wing, Jules Sandeau lived alone and lonely in his recent separation from George Sand. Their separation was not so absolute as to prevent an occasional visit from her, and an occasional dinner to her by the three men. She has described one of these wonderful dinners with much humor; telling how Balzac, when she started for her home—then on quai Saint-Michel—arrayed himself in a fantastically gorgeous dressing-gown to accompany her; boasting, as they went, of the four Arabian horses he was about to buy; which he never bought, but which he quite convinced himself, if not her, that he already owned! Says Madame Dudevant: "He would, if we had permitted him, have thus escorted us from one end of Paris to the other." He so far real-

ized his vision as to set up a tilbury and horses at this period—about 1832—and exulted in the sensation created by his magnificence as he drove, clad in his famous blue coat with shining buttons, and attended by his tiny groom, "*Grain-de-mil.*"

This equipage and that gorgeous dressing-gown were but a portion of the bizarre splendor with which Balzac loved to relieve the squalor of his debt-ridden days. Here, his creditors forgetting, by them forgotten, as he fondly hoped, hiding from his friends the furniture he had salvaged from his wreck, he wantoned in silver toilet-appliances, in dainty porcelain and *bric-à-brac;* willing to go without soup and meat—never without his coffee—that he might fill, with egregious *bibelots*, his "nest of boudoirs *à la marquise*, hung with silk and edged with lace," to use George Sand's words: boudoirs he has described in minute detail, placing them in the preposterous apartment of "La Fille aux Yeux d'Or."

In his work-room, apart and markedly simple and severe, he began that series of volumes, amazing in number and vigor, with which he was resolute to pay his enormous debts. Here, in this little wing, in the years between 1831 and 1838, he produced, among over sixty others of less note, such masterpieces as "La Peau de Chagrin," "Le Chef d'Œuvre Inconnu," "Le Curé de Tours," "Louis Lambert," "Eugènie Grandet," "Le Médecin de Campagne," "Le Père Goriot," "La Duchesse de Langeais," "Les Illusions Perdues" (first part), "Le Lys dans la Vallée," "L'Enfant Maudit," "César Birotteau," "Les Contes Drolatiques" (in three sections), "Séraphita," "La Femme de Trente Ans," and "Jésus Christ en Flandres."

In addition to his books, he did journalistic writing, chiefly for weekly papers; and in 1835, he bought up and took charge of the *Chronique de Paris*, aided by a gallant staff of the cleverest men of the day. It lived only a few months. In 1840, he started *La Revue Parisienne*, written entirely by himself. It lived three months.

When once at work, Balzac shut himself in his room, often seeing no one but his faithful servant for many weeks. His work-room was darkened from all daylight, his table lit only by steady-flamed candles, shaded with green. A cloistered monk of fiction, he was clad in his favorite robe of white cashmere, lined with white silk, open at the throat, with a silken cord about the waist, as we see him on the canvas of Louis Boulanger. He would get to his table at two in the morning and leave it at six in the evening; the entire time spent in writing new manuscript, and in his endless correction of proofs, except for an hour at six in the morning, for his bath and coffee, an hour at noon for his frugal breakfast, with frequent coffee betweentimes. At six in the evening he dined most simply, and was in bed and asleep by eight o'clock.

With no inborn literary facility, with an inborn artistic conscience that drove him on in untiring pursuit of perfection, he filled the vast chasm between his thought and its expression with countless pen-strokes, and by methods of composition all his own: the exact reverse of those of Dumas, writing at white heat, never rewriting; or of Hugo, who said, "I know not the art of soldering a beauty in the place of a defect, and I correct myself in another work." Balzac began with a short and sketchy and slip-shod skeleton, making no attempt toward sequence or style, and sent it, with all its errors, to the printer. Proofs were returned to him in small sections pasted in the centre of huge sheets; around whose wide borders soon shot from the central text rockets and squibs of the author's additions and corrections, fired by his infuriated fist. The new proofs came back on similar sheets, to be returned to the printer, again like the web and tracks of a tipsy spider. This was repeated a dozen or, it is said, a score of times, always with amplifications, until his type-setters became palsied lunatics. He overheard one of them, as he entered the office one day, say: "I've done my hour of Balzac; who takes him next?" Type-setter, publisher, author were put out of misery only when the last proof came in, at its foot the magic "*Bon à tirer.*"

This stupendous work had been preceded and was accompanied by as stupendous preparation of details. He dug deep to set the solid foundations for each structure he meant to build. "I have had to read *so many* books," he says, referring to his preliminary toil on "Louis Lambert."



Court of the Pension of "Le Père Goriot."

So real were his creations to him—more alive to his vision than visible creatures about—that he must needs name them fittingly, and house them appropriately. Invented nomenclature gave no vitality to them, in his view, and he hunted, on signs and shop-fronts wherever he went, for real names that meant life, and a special life. "A name," as he said, "which explains and pictures and proclaims him ; a name that shall be his, that could not possibly belong to any other." He revelled in his discovery of "Matifat," and "Cardot," and like oddities. He dragged Léon Gozlan through miles of streets on such a search, refusing every name they found, until he quivered and colored before "Marcas" on a tailor's sign ; it was the name he had dreamed of, and he put "Z" before it, "to add a flame, a plume, a star to the name of names!"

His scenes, too, were set for his personages with appalling care, so that, as has been well said, he sometimes chokes one with brick and mortar. He knew his Paris as Dickens knew his London, and found in unknown streets or unfrequented quarters the scenes he searched long for, the surroundings demanded by his characters. If his story were placed in a provincial town, he would write to a friend living there for a map of the neighborhood, and for accurate details of certain houses. Or, he would make hurried journeys to distant places : "I am off to Grenoble," or, "to Alençon"—he wrote to his sister—"where so-and-so lives :" one of his new personages, already a living acquaintance to him. In his artistic frenzy for fitting atmosphere he has, unconsciously, breathed his spirit of unrest into much of his narrative, and the reader plunges on breathlessly through chapterless pages of fatiguing detail.

These excursions were not his only outings in later days. He got away from his desk, during the summer months, for welcome journeys to his own Touraine, and to other lands, and for visits to old family friends. Always and everywhere he carried his work with him.

And he began to see the world of Paris, and to be seen in that world, notably in the famous *salon* of Émile de Girardin and his young wife, Delphine Gay de Girardin, where the watch-word was: "Admiration, more admiration, and still more admiration." He met well-bred women and illustrious men, whose familiar intercourse polished him, whose attentions gratified him. The pressure of his present toil removed for awhile, he was fond of emerging from his solitude, and of flashing in the light of publicity. He was an interested and an interesting talker, earnest and vehement and often excited in his utterances ; yet frank, and merry, and vivid with an "Herculean joviality." His thick fine black hair was tossed back like a mane from his noble



Temple in the Garden of Balzac's last Home.

towering brow; his nose was square at the end, his lips full and curved, and hidden partly by a small mustache. His most notable features were his eyes, brown, spotted with gold, glowing with life and light—"the eyes of a sovereign, a seer, a subjugator." A great soul shone out of them, and they redeemed and triumphed over all that was heavy in face and vulgar in body; for, with a thickness of torso like Mirabeau, and the neck of a bull, he had his own corpulence. Lamartine says that the personal impression made by Balzac was that of an element in nature; he gripped one's brain when speaking, and one's heart when silent. Moreover, it was an element good as well as strong, unable to be other than good; and his expression, we know from all who saw it, told of courage, patience, gentleness, kindliness.

He was commonly as careless of costume as a vagrant school-boy in outgrown clothes. He would rush from his desk to the printer's or race away in search of names, clad in his green hunting-jacket with its copper buttons of foxes' heads, black-and-gray-checked trousers, pleated at the waist and held down by straps passing under the huge high-quartered shoes, tied or untied as might happen, a red silk kerchief cord-like about his neck, his hat, shaggy and faded, crushed over his eyes—altogether a grotesque creature! In contrast, he was gorgeous in his gala toilet of the famous blue coat and massive gold buttons, and the historic walking-stick, always carried *en grande tenue*, its great knob aglow with jewels sent him by his countless feminine adorers.

When Balzac removed with Sandeau, in 1838, to new quarters, he kept this apartment in rue Cassini for an occasional retreat, perhaps for a friendly refuge against the creditors, who became more and more clamorous in their attentions. The two comrades furnished the lower floor of their new home most handsomely: mainly with the view of dazzling urgent publishers, who, as said Balzac, "would give me nothing for my books if they found me in a garret." Coming to drive a bargain, these guileless gentry found themselves too timid to haggle with the owners of such luxury. They could not know that that luxury was merely hired under cover of a friend's name, and lit up only by night to blind and bewilder them, while the haughty authors lived by day in bare discomfort, on a half-furnished upper floor.

Of this mansion only the site remains. It was at No. 17 rue des Batailles, on the heights of Chaillot—the suburb between Paris and Passy—and that street and the Balzac house have been cut away by the modern Avenue d'Iéna. Retired and high as it was, with its grand view over river and town, it was not high enough nor far enough away for this lover of distance and height. He soon tried again to realize his ideal of a country home by buying, in 1838, three acres of land at Ville d'Avray, a quarter near Sèvres, on the road to Versailles. On the ground was a small cottage called, in Louis XIV.'s time, *Les Jardies*, still known by that name, and notable in our time as the country-home of Léon Gambetta, wherein he died. That home remains exactly as he left it, at No. 14 rue Gambetta, Ville d'Avray, and has been placed among the national monuments of France. It is a shrine for the former followers of the great tribune, who visit it on each anniversary of his death. The statue they have erected to their leader may be most kindly passed by in silence.

The glorious view from this spot—embracing the valley of Ville d'Avray, the slopes of Meudon, the great city in the distance—was a delight to Balzac. *Les Jardies* was a tiny box, having but three rooms in its two stories, which communicated by a ladder-like staircase outside. He had tried to improve the place by a partial rebuilding, and the stairs were forgotten until it was too late to put them inside. A later tenant has enclosed that absurd outer staircase within a small addition. His garden walls gave him even more trouble, for they crumbled and slid down on the grounds of an irate neighbor. The greater part of that garden has been walled off. Yet the poor little patch was a domain in his eyes; its one tree and scattered shrubs grew to a forest in his imagination, and his fancy pictured, in that confined area, a grand plantation of pineapples, from which he was to receive a yearly income of 400,000 francs! He had fixed on the very shop on the boulevards where they were to be sold, and only Gautier's cold sense prevented the great planter, as he saw himself, from renting it before he had grown one pineapple!

His rooms were almost bare of furniture, which was suggested, rather than supplied, by his stage directions charcoaled on the plaster walls: "Rosewood panels," "Gobelins tapestries," "Venetian mirror," "An inlaid cabinet stands here," "Here hangs a Raphael." Thus he was content to camp for four or five years, hoping his house would be, and perhaps believing it was, furnished.

At this time, and for many years, Balzac rented a room over the shop of his tailor Buisson, at the present No. 112 rue de Richelieu. His letters came here always, and he used the place not only for convenience when in town, but, in connection with other shelters, for his unceasing evasion of pursuing creditors. A tailor still occupies that shop, and seems to be prosperous; probably able to collect his bills from prompter customers than was Balzac.

In 1843, forced to sell *Les Jardies*, he came back into the suburbs, to a house then No. 19 rue Basse, at Passy; now No. 47 rue Raynouard of that suburb. On the opposite side of the street, at No. 40, is a modest house, hiding behind its garden-wall. This was the unpretending home of "*Béranger, pöète à Passy*," to quote the Paris *Bottin*. No. 47 is a plain bourgeois dwelling of two stories and attic, wide and low, standing on the line of the street; in the rear is a court, and behind that court is the pavilion occupied by Balzac. He had entrance from the front, and unseen egress by a small gate on the narrow lane sunk between walls, now named rue Berton, and so by the quay into town. This was a need for his furtive goings and comings, at times.

Balzac's work-room here looked out over a superb panorama — across the winding Seine, over the Champ de Mars, and the Invalides' dome, and all southern Paris, to the hills of Meudon in the distance. This room he kept austerely furnished, as was his way; while the living apartments were crowded with the extraordinary collection of rare furniture, pictures, and costly trifles which he had begun again to bring together. To it he gave all the money he could find or get credit for, and as much thought and labor and time as to his books, although with little of the knowledge that might have saved him from frequent swindlers. It was only his intimates who were allowed to enter these rooms, and they needed, in order to enter them, or the court or the house on the street, many contrivances and passwords, frequently changed. He himself posed as *la Veuve Durand*, or as *Madame de Bruguat*, and each visitor had to ask for one of these fictitious persons; stating, with cheerful irrelevancy, "The season of plums has arrived," or "I bring laces from Belgium." Once in, they found free-hearted greeting and full-handed hospitality, and occasional little dinners. The good cheer was more toothsome, to the favored *convives*, than were the cheap acrid wines, labelled with grand names, made drinkable only by the host's fantastic fables of their vintages and their voyages; believed by *him*, at least, who dwelt always in his own domain of dreams.

These dinners were not extravagant, and there was no foolish expenditure in this household at Passy. Balzac wrote later to his niece, that his cooking there had been done only twice a week, and in the days between he was content with cold meat and salad, and that each inmate had cost him only one franc a day. For this man of lavish outlay for genuine and bogus antiques, this slave to strange extravagances and colossal debts — partly imaginary — was painfully economical in his treatment of himself. He thought of money, he wrote about money. Before him, love had been the only passion allowed in novels; he put money in its place and found romance in the Code. All through his life he worked for money to pay his debts, intent on that one duty. In October, 1844, he wrote two letters, within one week, to the woman who was to be his wife; in one of them he says that his dream, almost realized, is to earn before December the paltry twenty-thousand francs that would free him from all debt; in the other he gloats over recent purchases of *bric-à-brac*, amounting to hundreds of francs. He saw nothing comically inconsistent in the two letters.

In all his letters, the saddest reading of all letters, there is this curious commingling of the comic and the sordid. Those especially written to his devoted sister and to the devoted lady who became his wife at the last, give us most intimate acquaint-

ance with the man ; showing a *man*, indeed, strong and vehement, steadfast and patient ; above all, magnanimous. Self-assertive in his art, eager and insistent concerning it, he was quite without personal envy or self-seeking. Said Madame Dudevant : " I saw him often under the shock of great injustices, literary and personal, and I never heard him say an evil word of anyone." Nor was there any evil in his life—a life of sobriety and of chastity, as well as of toil. At the bottom of his complex nature lay a deep natural affection. This giant of letters, when nearly fifty years old, signed his letters to his mother, "*Ton fils soumis*" ; so expressing truly his feeling for her, from the day she had installed him in his mean garret, to that later day, when she fitted up his grand last mansion. In his letters to those dear to him, amid clamorous outcries about debts and discomforts, comes a deeper cry for sympathy and affection. Early in life, he wrote to his sister : " My two only and immense desires—to be famous and to be loved—will they ever be satisfied ? " To a friend he wrote : " All happiness depends on courage and work." So, out of his own mouth, we may judge this man in all fairness.

From this Passy home one night, Balzac and Théophile Gautier went to the apartment of Roger de Beauvoir, in the Hôtel de Lauzun - Pimodan, on the island of Saint-Louis ; and thence the three friends took a short flight into a hashish heaven. Their strange experiences have been told by their pens, but to us, Balzac's night of drugged dreams is not so strange as his days of unforced dreams. That which attracts us in this incident is its scene—one of the grandest of the mansions that sprang up from the thickets of Île Saint-Louis, as the *Menteur* has put it. Built in the middle years of the seventeenth century, it stands quite unchanged at No. 17 quai d'Anjou, bearing, simply and effectively, every mark of Mansart's hand in his later years. Its first owner followed his friend Fouquet to the Bastille and to Pignerol ; its next tenant came to it from a prison-cell, and went from it to the very steps of the throne. He was the superb adventurer, Antonin Nompar de Caumont, duc de Lauzun, and his family name clings still to the place and is cut in gold letters on the black marble tablet above the door. On that prettiest balcony in Paris, crowded the prettiest women of Paris, on summer nights, to look at the river fêtes got up by their showy and braggart Gascon host. Through this portal have passed Bossuet and Père Lachaise, going in to convert the plain old Huguenot mother of de Lauzun, who lived retired in her own isolated chamber through the years of her son's ups and downs. When her family had gone, came the Marquis de Richelieu, great-nephew of the great Richelieu, with the bride he had stolen from her convent at Chaillot—the daughter of Hortense Mancini, niece of Mazarin, and of her husband, it is alleged. Then came the Pimodan, who was first of that name, and who gave it to his hotel. It is an admirable relic ; its *salons*, with their frescoed ceilings and their panelled walls, are in their decoration as remarkable as those of the château of Fontainebleau, and are not surpassed by any in Paris. The mansion is well worth a visit for itself and for its memories.

Balzac's Paris—the Paris for which his pen did what Callot and Meryon did for it with their needles—has been almost entirely pickaxed out of sight and remembrance. The Revolution, wild-eyed in its mad Carmagnole, gave itself time to raze a few houses only, after clearing the ground of the Bastille, although it had meant much more destruction ; the Empire cut some new streets, and planned some new quarters ; the Bourbons came back and went away again, leaving things much as they had found them. It remained for Louis Philippe to begin " works of public utility ; " an academic phrase, which being interpreted, signified the tearing down of the old and the building up of the new, to gratify the grocers and tallow-chandlers whose chosen king he was, and to fill his own pocket. Yet much of Balzac's stage-setting remained until it was swept away by Haussmann and his master of the second Empire. Such was the wretched rue Doyenné, that " narrow ravine " between the Louvre and place du Carrousel, where Baron Hulot first saw *la Marneffe*, and where *la Cousine Bette* kept guard over her Polish artist in his

squalid garret; doubtless the very garret known to Balzac in his visits there, when it was tenanted by Arsène Houssaye, Gautier, Gavarni, and the rest of "Young France, harmless in its furies." That house, one of a block of black old eighteenth-century structures, stood where now is the trim little garden behind the preposterous statue of Gambetta.

History and fiction meet on the steps of Saint-Roch. There César Birotteau, the ambitious and unlucky perfumer, was "wounded by Napoleon," on the thirteenth Vendémiaire, the day that put the young Corsican's foot into the stirrup, and gave to the sham-heroic César that sounding phrase, always thereafter doing duty on his tongue. He was carried to his shop in rue Saint-Honoré, on the north side near to rue Castiglione, and hid and bandaged and nursed in his *entresol*. This part of rue Saint-Honoré and its length eastward, with its narrow pavement and its tall, thin houses, is still a part of the picture Balzac knew and painted; but the business district hereabout has greatly changed since his day. The avenue de l'Opéra, and all that mercantile quarter dear to the American pocket, the Bourse and the banking-houses about, date from this side of his Paris. Nucingen would be lost in his old haunts, and Lucien de Rubempré could not recognize the newspaper world of our day.

The hôtels of the Faubourg Saint-Germain—the splendid mansions of the splendid eighteenth century, where his Rastignac and his lesser pet swells lorded it—are now, in many cases, let out in apartments, their owners content with the one floor that is in keeping with their diminished fortunes. Undiminished, however, are their traditions and their prejudices, albeit "*Le Faubourg*" exists no longer, except as an attitude of mind. Yet, here, on the left bank, are still to be found some of the scenes of the "Comédie Humaine." On quai Voltaire, alongside the house in which Voltaire died, is the very same shop of the antiquary, from whom Raphael de Valentin bought the *peau de chagrin*. Balzac knew it well, doubtless was swindled there, and to-day you will find it as crowded with curiosities, as begrimed with dust, as suggestive of marvels hid in its dusky corners, as when he haunted it.

Raphael de Valentin lived in the *hôtel-garni* Saint-Quentin, rue des Cordiers. Long before his day, Rousseau had been a tenant of a dirty room in the same dirty *hôtellerie*, going there because of the scholarly neighborhood of the place, and of its memories, even at that time. Leibnitz, in 1646, had found it a village inn in a narrow lane, hardly yet a street. Gustave Planche lived there, and Hégésippe Moreau died there in 1838—a true poet, starved to death. The old inn and all its memories and the very street are vanished; and the new buildings of the Sorbonne cover their site.

"One of the most portentous settings of the scene in all the literature of fiction. In this case there is nothing superfluous; there is a profound correspondence between the background and the action." Such is the judgment of so competent a critic as Mr. Henry James, concerning the house in which is played the poignant tragedy of Père Goriot. You will, if you love Balzac, own to the truth of this statement, when you look upon this striking bit of salvage. It stands absolutely unchanged as to externals, at No. 24 rue Tournefort; a street named in honor of the great botanist who cleared the track for Linnæus. In Balzac's day, this street was known by its original name of Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève; one of the most ancient and most isolated streets on the south bank. Once only, all through the centuries, has its immemorial quiet been broken by unseemly noise, when, in the days of François I., a rowdy gambling-den there, the "*Tripôt des 11,000 Diables*," did its utmost to justify its name. The street seems to creep, in subdued self-effacement, over the brow of Mont Sainte-Geneviève; away from the Paris of shops and cabs and electric light. The house stands narrow on the street, its gable window giving scanty light to poor old Goriot's wretched garret; framed in it, one may fancy the patient face of the old man, looking out in mute bewilderment on his selfish worldly daughters. The place no longer holds the "*pension bourgeoise de deux sexes et autres*" of Madame Vauquer's—*née* Conflans—naïve description on her cards; and is now let out to families and single tenants. Its gateway stands always open, and you may enter

without let or hindrance into the court, and so through to the tiny garden behind, once the pride of Madame Vauquer, still most carefully kept up. You may peep into the small, shabby *salle-à-manger*, on the entrance floor of the house, and seem to see the convict Vautrin, manacled, in the clutch of the gens-d'armes, and, cowering before him, the vicious old maid who has betrayed him. That colossal conception of the great romancer had found his ideal hiding-place here, as had the forlorn father his hiding-place, in his self-inflicted poverty. All told, there is no more convincing pile of brick and mortar in fiction: sought out and selected by Balzac with as much care and as many journeys as given by Dickens to his hunt for exactly the right house for Sampson and Sally Brass.

While Balzac was still at Passy, after long searching for a new home, he made purchase, as early as 1846, in the new quarter near the present Parc Monceaux. That name came from an estate hereabout, once owned by Philippe Égalité; and his son, the King of the French, and the shrewdest speculator among the French, was just at this time exploiting this estate, in company with lesser speculators. The whole suburb was known as the Quartier Beaujon, from a great banker of the eighteenth century, whose grand mansion, within its own grounds, had been partly demolished by the cutting of new streets, leaving only out-buildings and a pavilion in a small garden. This was the place bought by Balzac: the house and grounds, dear as they were, costing much less, as he found, than the furniture, bronzes, porcelains, and pottery, paintings and their frames—all minutely described in the collection of *le cousin Pons*. He made a museum, indeed, of this house, bringing out all his hidden treasures from their various concealments, here and there about town. There was still a pretence of poverty regarding his new home; he would say to his friends, amazed by the display: "Nothing of all this is mine. I have furnished this house for a friend, whom I expect. I am only the guardian and doorkeeper of this hôtel."

The pretty mystery was resolved within a few months, and its solution explained Balzac's frequent and long absences from Paris, since the winter of 1842–43. These months had been passed at the home of Madame Ève de Hanska, the Polish widow who was to be his wife. Her home was in the grand château of Wierzchownie, in the Ukraine, whose present owner keeps unchanged the furniture of Balzac's apartment, where is hung his portrait by Boulanger, a gift to Madame de Hanska from her lover. And from there he brought his bride to Paris in the summer of 1850, their marriage dating from March of that year, after many years of waiting, in patient affection. She had made over—with Balzac's cordial consent—nearly the whole of her great fortune to her daughter, her only child, and to that daughter's husband, retaining but a small income for herself. It was—and the envious world owned that it was—truly a love-match. They came home to be welcomed, first of all, by Balzac's aged mother; who had, during his absence, taken charge of all the preparations, with the same anxious loving care she had given to the fitting-up of his garret thirty years before. She had carried out, in every detail, even to the arrangement of the flowers in the various rooms, the countless directions he had sent from every stage of the tedious journey from Wierzchownie.

"And so, the house being finished, death entered," goes the Turkish proverb. This undaunted mariner, after his stormy voyage, gets into port, and is shipwrecked there. His premonition of early years, written to his confident Dablin in 1830, was proven true: "I foresee the darkest of destinies for myself; that will be to die when all that I now wish for shall be about to come to me." As early as in the preceding summer of 1849, he had ceased to conceal from himself any longer the malady that others had seen coming since 1843. The long years of unbroken work, of combat without pause, of stinted sleep, of insufficient food, of inadequate exercise, of the steady stimulation of coffee, had broken the body of this athlete doubled with the monk. Years before, he had found that the inspiration for work, given by coffee, had lessened in length and strength. "It now excites my brain for only fifteen days consecutively," he had complained; protesting that Rossini was able to work for the same period on the same stimulus! So he spurred himself on, listening to none

of the warnings of worn nature nor of watchful friends. "Well, we won't talk about that now," was always his answer. "In the olden days," says Sainte-Beuve, "men wrote with their brains ; but Balzac wrote, not only with his brains, but with his blood." And now, he went to pieces all at once ; his heart and stomach could no longer do their work ; his nerves, once of steel and Manila hemp, were torn and jangled, and snapped at every strain ; his very eyesight failed him. The most pitiful words ever penned by a man-of-letters were scrawled by him, at the end of a note written by his wife to Gautier, a few weeks after their home-coming : "*Je ne puis ni lire ni écrire.*"

"On the 18th August, 1850"—writes Hugo in "Choses Vues"—"my wife, who had been during the day to call on Madame de Balzac, told me that Balzac was dying. My uncle, General Louis Hugo, was dining with us, but as soon as we rose from table, I left him and took a cab to rue Fortunée, Quartier Beaujon, where M. de Balzac lived. He had bought what remained of the hôtel of M. de Beaujon, a few buildings of which had escaped the general demolition, and out of them he had made a charming little house, elegantly furnished, with a *porte-cochère* on the street, and in place of a garden, a long, narrow, paved court-yard, with flower-beds about it here and there."

It was to No. 14, allée Fortunée, that Hugo drove. That suburban lane is now widened into rue Balzac, and where it meets rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré there is a bit of garden-wall, and set in it is a tablet recording the site of this, his last home. The house itself has quite vanished, but one can see, above that wall, the upper part of a stone pavilion with Greek columns, built by him, it is believed.

"I rang," continues Hugo ; "the moon was veiled by clouds ; the street deserted. No one came. I rang again. The gate opened ; a woman came forward, weeping. I gave my name, and was told to enter the *salon*, which was on the ground-floor. On a pedestal opposite the fireplace was the colossal bust by David. A wax-candle was burning on a handsome oval table in the middle of the room. . . . We passed along a corridor, and up a staircase carpeted in red, and crowded with works of art of all kinds—vases, pictures, statues, paintings, brackets bearing porcelains. . . . I heard a loud and difficult breathing. I was in M. de Balzac's bed-room.

"The bed was in the middle of the room. M. de Balzac lay in it, his head supported by a mound of pillows, to which had been added the red damask cushions of the sofa. His face was purple, almost black, inclining to the right. The hair was gray, and cut rather short. His eyes were open and fixed. I saw his side face only, and thus seen, he was like Napoleon. . . . I raised the coverlet and took Balzac's hand. It was moist with perspiration. I pressed it ; he made no answer to the pressure. . . ."

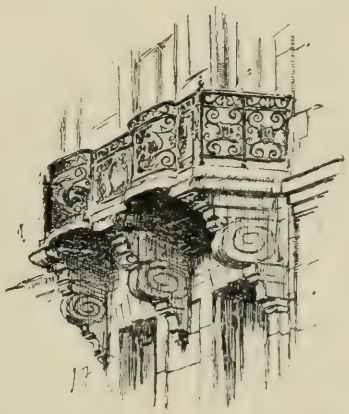
The bust that Hugo saw was done by David d'Angers ; a reduced copy surmounts Balzac's tomb. His portrait, in water-color, done, within an hour after his death, by Eugène Giraud, is a touching portrayal of the man, truer than any made during life, his widow thought. While long suffering had wasted, it had refined, his face, and into it had come youth, strength, majesty. It is the head of the Titan, who carried a pitiable burden through a life of brave labor.

Balzac's death was known in a moment, it would seem, to his creditors, and they came clamoring to the door, and invaded the house—a ravening horde, ransacking rooms and hunting for valuables. They drove the widow away, and she found a temporary home with Madame de Surville, at 47 rue des Martyrs. This house and number are yet unchanged. Cabinets and drawers were torn open, and about the grounds were scattered his letters and papers, sketches of new stories, drafts of contemplated work—all, that could be, collected by his friends, also hurrying to the spot. They found manuscripts in the shops around, ready to enwrap butter and groceries. One characteristic and most valuable letter was tracked to three places, in three pieces, by an enthusiast, who rescued the first piece just as it was twisted up and ready to light a cobbler's pipe.

"He died in the night," continues Hugo. "He was first taken to the Chapel Beaujon. . . . The funeral service took place at Saint-Philippe-du-Roule. As I stood by the coffin I remembered that there

my second daughter had been baptized. I had not been in the church since. . . . The procession crossed Paris, and went by way of the boulevards to Père-Lachaise. Rain was falling as we left the church, and when we reached the cemetery. It was one of those days when the heavens seemed to weep. We walked the whole distance. I was at the head of the coffin on the right, holding one of the silver tassels of the pall. Alexandre Dumas was on the other side. . . . When we reached the grave, which was on the brow of the hill, the crowd was immense. . . . The coffin was lowered into the grave, which is near to those of Charles Nodier and Casimir Delavigne. The priest said a last prayer and I a few words. While I was speaking the sun went down. All Paris lay before me, afar off, in the splendid mists of the sinking orb, the glow of which seemed to fall into the grave at my feet, as the dull sounds of the sods dropping on the coffin broke in upon my last words."

Yes, stretched before his grave, lies all Paris, as his Rastignac saw it, when he turned from the *fosse-commune*, into which they had just thrown the body of Père Goriot, and with his clenched fist, flung out his grand defiance toward the great, beautiful, cruel city: "*À nous deux maintenant!*"



Balcony of the Hôtel de Lauzun-Pimodan.

A SONG WITH A DISCORD

By Arthur Colton

THOUGH Winter come with dripping skies,
And laden winds and strong,
Yet I'll read summer in her eyes
Whose voice is summer's song.

Who grieves because the world is old,
Or cares how long it last,
If no gray threads are in our gold,
The shade our marbles cast.

How creeping near, we may not see?
Time's heirs are Love and I,
And spend our minted days—Ah, me!
For anything they'll buy.

THE FORMATION AND CONTROL OF TRUSTS

By Arthur T. Hadley

President of Yale University

IN the year 1898, the new companies formed in the United States for purposes of industrial consolidation had a capital of over nine hundred million dollars. When this fact first transpired, it was regarded as surprising. Now it has become commonplace. For in the earlier half of 1899, according to the careful estimate of the *Financial Chronicle*, the capital of the new companies of this character was three thousand one hundred million dollars, or more than three times that of the whole year preceding.*

It is hard at once to appreciate the magnitude of these figures. No single event of a similar character, either in the American or in the English market, has involved such large and sudden transmutations of capital. Compare the history of railroad investments. Even in the year 1887, so conspicuous in our railroad history, the new capital used in building thirteen thousand miles of line can hardly have reached seven hundred million dollars. In the whole period of rapid expansion from 1879 to 1882 the volume of new railroad securities issued did not equal the industrial issues of this single half year alone. Under such circumstances, the question of industrial consolidation becomes one of pressing importance. Is this a transient movement, or is it a manifestation of permanent tendencies? How far is it likely to go? To what limits, commercial or legal, is it subject? How are its evils to be avoided? Is it, as the socialists claim, a stepping-stone toward a new organization of industry under government authority? These are the questions which must be asked and answered.

It is safe to say at the outset that this movement is not likely to continue long at the rate which it is now maintaining. While some of the industrial issues represent an investment of new capital, a much larger number represent a conversion of old capital. To such conversion there is, of course, a natural limit, when all, or nearly all, the older enterprises in an industry have become consolidated. Of the three thousand million dollars of securities placed on the market in the first half of the current year, it is doubtful whether our thousand million, or even five hundred million, really represent new capital put into the various lines of business enterprise. Measured in dollars and cents, the industrial growth is a comparatively small element in this movement, and the financial change of form a much larger one. We may, I think, go a step farther, and say that in no small part of these enterprises the financial motive of rendering the securities marketable is at present more prominent than the industrial motive of rendering the operations of the consolidated company efficient.

Let us see what is the difference between these two kinds of motives, and how they operate at the present juncture.

A man who invests his money in a business has two distinct objects. He wishes to secure as large an income as possible; this is his industrial motive. He also wishes to be able to get his money back whenever he needs it, and if possible to get back more than he put in; this is his financial motive. The business must be profitable; the security must be marketable. To a certain extent these two things go hand in hand. An investment which has paid large and fairly regular dividends for a series of years becomes known in the local security market, and can be transferred to other hands at comparatively slight sacrifice in case the owner desires to sell it. But this is only true up to a certain point. Some of the things which make an industry

* $1,981,000,000 common stock, $1,041,000,000 preferred stock, and $120,000,000 bonds.

profitable to the individual owner tend to make its securities less marketable instead of more so. A local business which a man has under his own eye, and whose details he knows by experience, may be a very sure investment for him, and a relatively unsafe one for others; good to hold, but bad to sell. The intimate personal knowledge which is his protection becomes a possible menace to other holders. The majority of investors throughout the country cannot safely have anything to do with it. In such an industry the market value of the stock when it is sold is apt to be less than proportionate to its income-producing power.

A great many of the manufacturing industries of the country have remained in this localized condition. If we compare the past history of industrial investments and of railroad investments, we are struck with the relative narrowness of the market for the former. The securities of a good railroad could find purchasers anywhere. If the price paid for the stock was low in proportion to the return, it was only because people distrusted its future earning capacity. Even a small railroad might have a national reputation as an investment. The demand for the securities of Iowa railroads was not in any sense confined to one State or one section. As much as ninety-seven per cent. came from districts remote from Iowa. But the demand for the securities of an Iowa factory was for the most part local. Its operations were not performed under the public eye. Its stocks could therefore safely be held only by those who had private advantages for getting an inside view.

But when an industry throughout the country was consolidated, this condition rapidly changed. A very much larger public was ready to buy securities of the American Sugar Refineries Company or the American Tobacco Company than would have cared to invest in any of the individual concerns of which they were composed. The national extent of the organization gave the holder of its securities larger and steadier opportunities of converting his investment into cash than he could have had when his factory remained separate from the others; and it often, though not always, enabled him to realize a much higher price than he otherwise would have obtained. While this was not always a dominant purpose in the formation of these earlier "trusts," it was an incidental advantage by which their organizers were quick to profit. Besides the motive of economy in operation, which was first urged as the reason for entering these combinations, the motive of selling securities easily and at a high price soon took its place as one of co-ordinate importance.

Apart from this legitimate increase in the value of trust securities, due to the national extent of industry which enables them to find a market among a larger circle of investors, there is an illegitimate increase due to the opportunities which they afford for manipulation by inside rings. There is a fashion in investments as in everything else. A large section of the public buys the kind of thing that others are buying. Sometimes it has been land; sometimes it has been railroads; just now it is industrials. In a year of prosperity, with a slight tendency toward inflation, prices of all kinds of securities tend to rise. The man who has bought to be in fashion is pleased with the increase in the nominal value of his investment and buys more. Those who are connected with the management see an opportunity of disposing of some or all of their holdings to great advantage. Before the inevitable crash comes they have converted most of their capital into money; and the outside buyer is a loser. Prior to the crisis of 1873 the favorite chance for these operations was found in railroad enterprise; but railroad traffic and railroad accounts are now so much supervised that the possibility of such transactions in this field is less than it was thirty years ago. And, what is of still more importance, a series of hard experiences has made the investing public quite shy of dishonest railroads. In manipulating the stocks of "industrials," the speculator finds these obstacles less serious. The authorities have not learned to exercise adequate supervision; the public has not accustomed itself to use caution.

The buying of industrial securities simply because it is the fashion to do so is bound to come to an end. The speculation now so actively indulged in must

reach its own limit in process of time.* When the investors as a body discover that the system of first and second preferences is a fatally easy means of putting an individual security-holder at the mercy of a dishonest board of directors, we shall probably witness an apparent stoppage in the rapid process of industrial consolidation. In fact, there may be a reaction, and a reconversion of the united companies into separate ones, if, as has happened in other cases, the unreasoning fondness of the public for a particular form of investment is followed by an equally unreasoning aversion of all enterprises of this form, legitimate as well as illegitimate. Such a reaction has taken place more than once in the economic history of the nineteenth century. Over-speculation in English railroads in 1844, in American railroads in 1873, in produce warrants in 1881, in car trusts in 1886, not to mention a score of other less important instances, produced in the years immediately following an almost absolute stoppage of the issue of what had seemed previously a very promising and important form of investment or speculation.

We are safe in concluding that the rate of formation of large industrial companies will be less rapid in the future than it has been in the past. Consolidations which have been formed for selling securities and deceiving investors will cease. But there will always remain a considerable number which are formed for industrial rather than financial purposes ; and these will probably be more important twenty years hence than they are to-day. As the world moves on, the relative economy of large concerns makes itself more clearly known. The steady movement in this direction is not confined to the United States. It is just as strongly felt in England ; it is, if possible, even more strongly felt in Germany. If less is said about these industrial consolidations in Europe than in America, it is because they have proceeded more quietly and along more legitimate lines, not because they are fewer or less important. They have not advertised themselves so extensively, because they were not trying to sell their securities. This has prevented the public from knowing so much about them. It has kept them in some measure out of the market. But so far from interfering with their prominence in the actual operation of manufacture it has rather contributed to increase it.

The nature of the economy which is realized by these combinations has been set forth by so many writers that we can pass over this phase of the subject very quickly. This advantage is two-fold. In the first place, the consolidation of all competing concerns avoids many unnecessary expenses of distribution. Under the old system these expenses are very great. The multiplication of selling agencies involves much waste. Competitive advertisement is often an unnecessary and unprofitable use of money. Delivery of goods from independent producers, whether by wagon or by railroad, often costs more than the better-organized shipments of a single large concern. All of these evils can be avoided by consolidation. In the second place, a consolidated company has advantages in its power of adapting the amount of production to the needs of consumption. Where several concerns with large plants are competing and no one knows exactly what the others are doing, we are apt to have an alternation between years of over-production and years of scarcity—an alternation no less unfortunate for the public than for the parties immediately concerned. A wisely managed combination can do much to avoid this. By making its production more even it can give a constant supply of goods to the consumers and a constant opportunity of work to the laborers ; and the resulting steadiness of prices is so great an advantage to all concerned that the public can well afford to pay a very considerable profit to those whose organizing power has rendered such useful service.

This is the picture of the workings of industrial consolidation which is drawn by its most zealous defenders. It is needless to say that it represents possible rather than actual achievement ; that where one company has secured these results, five, or perhaps ten, have failed to secure them ;

* In fact, it has already begun to do so. The companies formed last year found little difficulty in selling their preferred and often their common stock at very lucrative prices. Many of those formed at the beginning of the present year could do little more than dispose of their bonds. To-day, it is no longer so easy to accomplish even this result, as the underwriters of recent issues know to their cost.

that for one combination which has earned large profits by public service, many have tried to earn large profits by public disservice and have frequently ended in loss to themselves and to the public alike.

But as long as it is possible for a well-managed consolidation to do better work for all parties than could have been done under free competition, so long we may expect to see the movement in this direction continue. Where there is a real economy to be achieved, investors will try to take advantage of the opportunity. The attempt to prohibit them from so doing is likely to prove futile. There is no better evidence of the strength of the tendency toward consolidation than is furnished by the multitude of unenforced laws and decisions intended to prevent it. When railroads were first introduced, people's minds revolted against the monopoly of transportation thereby involved. Statutes were devised to make the track free for the use of different carriers, as the public highway is free to the owners of different wagons. But the economy of having all the trains controlled by a single owner was so great that people were forced to abandon their preconceived notion of public right to the track. They still, however, tried to insist that the owners of separate railroads should compete with one another, and passed various laws to forbid the formation of pools and traffic associations. Some of these attempts have been failures from the outset; others have simply hastened the process of consolidation of the competing interests which put them beyond the reach of the special law; the few which have been effective have done a great deal of harm and almost no good. The majority of thinking men have come to the conclusion that railroads are in some sense a natural monopoly, and have classed them with water-works, gas-works, and other "quasi-public" lines of business, as an exception to the general rule of free competition. But we are now beginning to find that the same possibilities of economy which first showed themselves in these distributive enterprises may be realized also in productive industry. They are felt to a considerable degree in all kinds of enterprise involving large plant; and there is every reason to believe that the tendency toward consolidation will be as inevitable in manufacturing as in transportation. In the one case as in the other, we may expect that laws against pools will contribute to the formation of trusts, that laws against trusts will lead to actual consolidation.

On the other hand, we need not expect this process to be a sudden one. There are practical limits to the economy of consolidation, which are more effective than the legal ones. The difficulty of finding men to manage the largest of these enterprises constitutes the greatest bar to their success. Just as in an army there are many who can fill the position of captain, few who can fill that of colonel, and almost none who are competent to be generals in command—so in industrial enterprise there are many men who can manage a thousand dollars, few who can manage a million, and next to none who can manage fifty million. The mere work of centralized administration puts a tax upon the brains of men who are accustomed to a smaller range of duties, which very few find themselves able to bear.

Nor is this all. The existence of a monopoly gives its managers a wider range of questions to decide than came before any of them under the old system of free competition. Where several concerns are producing the same line of goods the price which any of them can charge is largely fixed by its competitors. It is compelled to sell at market prices. The manager concentrates his attention on economy of production, so as to be able to make a profit at those prices while his rival is perhaps making a loss. But when all of these concerns are consolidated under a single hand, the power of controlling the prices of the product is vastly greater. The manager no longer asks at what rate others are selling; he asks what the market will bear. To answer this question intelligently he must consider the future development of the industry as well as the present. The discretionary power which the absence of competition places in his hands constitutes a temptation to put prices up to a point injurious to the public and ruinous to the permanence of the consolidated company. Our past experience with industrial consolidations proves that very few men are capable of resisting

this temptation or of exercising the wider power over business which the modern system places in their hands.

The name trust, which is popularly applied to all these large aggregations of capital, was somewhat accidental in its origin. It has, however, an appropriateness which few persons realize. The managers of every consolidated enterprise, whether based on a contract, a trust agreement, or an actual consolidation, are exercising powers to benefit or injure the public which are analogous to those of a trustee. It has been said that all property is, in its wider sense, a trust in behalf of the consumer. But where competition is active, the power of using your business methods to impose high prices is so far limited that the chance for abuse of this trust is greatly lessened. It is only in the case of large combinations, with their discretionary power for good or evil, that the character of the trust reposed by society in the directors of its business enterprise makes itself really and truly felt. With these trusts, as with every other trust that deserves the name, it is hard to provide legislative machinery which will absolutely secure its fulfilment. The ability to handle any trust is the result of a long process of legal and moral education. We cannot make a law which shall allow the right exercise of a discretionary power and prohibit its wrong exercise. But it is possible to modify the existing law in a great many directions, which will hasten instead of retard the educational process. Thus far most of our statutory regulations have been in the wrong direction. We have attempted to prohibit the inevitable, and have simply favored the use of underhanded and short-sighted methods of doing things which must be done openly if they are to be done well.

To make matters move in the right direction, at least three points must be kept in view.

1. Increased responsibility on the part of boards of directors.

Where the members of a board are working for their own individual purposes, ignoring or even antagonizing the permanent interests of the investors, all the evils of industrial combination are likely to be seen at their worst, and the possibility of improvement is reduced to a minimum.

In the first place, the mere fact that the directors are allowed to ignore their narrower and clearer duties to the investors prevents them from recognizing the very existence of their wider duties to the public. They think of business as a game, which they play under certain well-defined rules. They sacrifice those whom they represent in order to win the game for themselves. This wrong underlying idea prevents them from rightly conceiving of any trust which they may handle.

In the next place, the temporary interests which the directors pursue in endeavoring to manipulate the market are not likely to coincide with the interests of the outside public, whether laborers or consumers. The interests of the speculator may be furthered by these very fluctuations in price which it is the ostensible object of the consolidation to avoid. If a business like that of the Standard Oil Company is run with a view to the permanent interests of the public, it will generally be found that prices are made relatively low and steady, and that laborers are given constant employment; but in some other cases, where the property has been subject to manipulation, the results have been just the reverse.

Finally—and this is perhaps the most important point of all— if the directors are allowed to make their money independently of the interests of the investor and consumer both, the education in political economy which should result from business success or failure is done away with. If a man is managing a business with a full sense of responsibility to those who put money into the enterprise, a failure to serve the public means, in the long run, a failure of his own purposes and ambitions. If this failure is but partial, he will learn to do better next time; if it is complete, he will give place to someone else. But if he has taken up the industry as a temporary speculation, buying the securities at prices depressed by false reports, holding for an increase of value, and selling them on false pretences to deluded investors, no lesson is learned by the management of the enterprise; and the same mistakes may be repeated indefinitely under successive boards of directors. Greater strictness with regard to the formation of new companies, increased publicity of accounts, clear recognition, legal and moral, of the

responsibility of directors who have made false reports to the stockholders—these are conditions precedent to any radical and thorough reform of existing abuses.

2. *A change in the legal character of the labor contract.*

Here we stand on more doubtful ground. It is easy to say that the present relations between large corporations and their employees are unsatisfactory. It is difficult to say just what should be done to make them better. As matters stand at present, a strike begun on trivial grounds may be allowed to interrupt the whole business of a community. The natural alternative would seem to be compulsory arbitration ; but this in practice has not worked nearly as well as could be desired. It is probable that in this respect changes in the laws must come slowly. An obligation of a consolidated company to perform continuous service must be coupled with a clearer definition of the obligations of the workman in this respect. Whatever can or cannot be done by legal enactment, society must at any rate recognize that those whom it has placed in charge of large industrial enterprises are not simply handling their own money or other people's money, but are above all things leaders of men ; and it must judge the financier, who has through his negligence allowed the business of the community to be interrupted by strikes, as it would judge the general who, in his anxiety to secure the emoluments of his office, had allowed his country to be invaded and his armies paralyzed.

3. *An increased care in the imposition of high import duties.*

In the past we have allowed the manufacturers in each line of industry a great deal of freedom to suggest what the tariff on the products of their foreign competitors should be, knowing that if it was placed too high the internal competition of new enterprises would reduce profits and prices to a not exorbitant level. Of course mistakes have been made in this matter which have caused serious and unnecessary variations in price ; but as a rule domestic competition has set moderate limits to the arbitrary results of tariff-making. When, however, domestic competition is done away with, the danger is more serious and permanent. It is hardly possible to deal very directly with the tariff question without going beyond the limits of an article like this ; but it is safe to say that in those industries which are at all thoroughly monopolized public safety will generally demand that duties be placed on a revenue higher than a protective basis. The fact that an industry can thus organize itself shows that it has outgrown the period of infancy. If it continues to demand a prohibitory tariff on its products, the presumption is that it is trying to make an arbitrary profit at the expense of the consumer.

Such are the general directions in which private corporations must expect increased restriction, as they become more or less complete monopolies. But there is a still deeper question which many are asking, and to which not a few are giving a radical answer. Will such monopolies be long allowed to remain in the hands of private corporations at all ? Is it not rather true that this consolidation is a step in the direction of state ownership of industrial enterprise ? Is not a grave crisis at hand in which there will be a decisive struggle between the forces of individualism and socialism, of property and of numbers ?

It is quite within the limits of possibility that many of these enterprises will pass into government ownership in the immediate future ; but it is highly improbable that this tendency toward consolidation is increasing the dangers of a conflict between individualists and socialists. Its net effect is to diminish these dangers by making the question of state ownership relatively unimportant to the public as a whole. This may seem like a surprising statement, but there are a great many facts to justify it. There has been of late years, in connection with these movements toward consolidation, an approximation in character between private and public business. Formerly the two were sharply distinguished ; to-day their methods are much closer to one another. Private business can do little more than pay interest on the capital involved, because of the increased intensity of modern competition. Public business can do no less than pay interest on the capital involved, because of the increased vigilance

of the taxpayers; for the taxpayers will not tolerate a deficit which increases their burdens. But obviously the position of the consumer toward a private business which pays less than four per cent. is not likely to be very different from his position toward a public business which must pay more than three. The distinction from the financial standpoint is thus reduced to a minimum; nor is it much greater, if we look at the matter from the operating standpoint. The officers of a large private corporation have almost ceased to come into direct contact with the stockholders; and to a nearly equal degree our public administrative officials who actually do the work have ceased to come into contact with the voters. The private officer no longer seeks simply to please the individual group of investors; the public official no longer strives simply to please the individual group of politicians. The man who does so is in either case charged, and rightly charged, with misunderstanding the duties of his office. The more completely the principles of civil service reform are carried out, the closer does the similarity become. The responsibility of public and private officials alike leads them to the exercise of technical skill and sound general principles of business policy, rather than to the help of influential private interests. Under these circumstances, the character of good public business and good private business becomes so nearly alike that it makes comparatively little difference to most of us whether an enterprise is conducted by our voters or by our financiers. The one question to ask is, which method produces in any case the fewer specific abuses. We may look with confidence to the time when the question of state ownership of industrial enterprises will cease to be a broad popular issue, and become a business question; which economic considerations may perhaps lead society to decide in favor of public control at one point and private control at some closely related point. There will, of course, always be a conflict between those who have more money than votes, who will desire to extend the sphere of commercial activity, and those who have more votes than money, who will desire to extend the sphere of political activity; but to the great majority of people, who have one vote and just money enough to support their families, it is not probable that this conflict will ever create a general issue of the first importance.

We may sum up our general conclusions as follows: So far as the present tendency toward industrial consolidation is a financial movement for the sake of selling securities, it is likely to be short-lived. So far as it is an industrial movement to secure economy of operation and commercial policy, it is likely to be permanent. Attempts to stop this tendency by law will probably be as futile in the field of manufacture as they have been in that of transportation. The growth of these enterprises creates a trust in a sense which is not generally appreciated; it gives their managers a discretionary power to injure the public as well as to help it. The wise exercise of this trust cannot be directly provided for by legal enactment; it must be the result of an educational process which can be furthered by widened conceptions of directors' responsibility. As this process of consolidation and of education goes on, private and public business tend to approach one another in character. The question of state ownership of industrial enterprises, instead of becoming an acute national issue, as so many now expect, will tend rather to become relatively unimportant, and may not improbably be removed altogether from the field of party politics.

THE SHIP OF STARS

By A. T. Quiller-Couch
(Q.)

XXVIII

À OUTRANCE

LIZZIE PEZZACK had put Joey to bed and was smoothing his coverlet, when she heard someone knocking. She passed out into the front room, and opened to the visitor.

On the doorstep stood a lady in deep black—Honoria. Beyond the garden-wall the lamps of her carriage blazed in the late twilight. The turf had muffled the sound of wheels; but now the jingle of shaken bits came loud through the open door.

"Ah!" said Lizzie, drawing her breath back through her teeth.

"I must speak to you, please. May I come in? I have a question. . . ."

Lizzie turned her back, struck a match and lit a candle. "What question?" she asked, with her back turned, her eyes on the flame as it sank, warming the tallow, and grew bright again.

"It's . . . it's a question," Honoria began, weakly; then shut the door behind her and advanced into the room. "Turn round and look at me. Ah, you hate me, I know!"

"Yes," Lizzie assented, slowly, "I hate you."

"But you must answer me. You see, it isn't for me alone . . . it's not a question of our hating, in a way . . . it concerns others. . . ."

"Yes?"

"But it's cowardly of me to put it so; because it concerns me, too—you don't know——"

"Maybe I do."

"But if you did—" Honoria broke off, and then plunged forward desperately. "That child of yours—his father—alone here—by ourselves. . . . Think before you refuse!"

Lizzie set down the candle and eyed her.

"And *you*," she answered at length, dragging out each word, "—*you* can come here and ask me that question?"

For a moment silence fell between them and each could hear the other's breathing. Then Honoria drew herself up and faced her honestly, casting out both hands.

"Yes, I *had* to."

"*You!* a lady——"

"Ah, but be honest with me! Lady or not, what has that to do with it? We are two women — that's where it all started, and we're kept to that."

Lizzie bent her brows. "Yes, you are right," she admitted.

"And," Honoria pursued, eagerly, "if I come here to sue you for the truth—it is you who force me."

"I?"

"By what you said that night, when George — when my husband — was drowned; when you cursed me. 'A son's a son,' you said, 'though he was my man.'"

"Did I say that?" Lizzie seemed to muse over the words. "You have suffered?" she asked.

"Yes, I have suffered."

"Ah! if I thought so! . . . But you have not. You are a hypocrite, Mrs. Vyell, and you are trying to cheat me now. You come here, not to end *that* suffering, but to force a word from me that'll put joy and hope into you; that you'll go home hugging in your heart. Oh, I know you!"

"You do not."

"I do—because I know myself. From a child I've been dirt to your pride, an item to your money. For years I've lived a shamed woman. But one thing I bought with it—one little thing. Think the price high for it—I dessay it is; but I bought and paid for it—and often when I turn it over in mind I don't count the price too dear."

"I don't understand."

"You may, if you try. What I bought was the power over you, my proud lady. While I keep tight lips I have you at

the end of a chain. You come here to-night to break it; one little word and you'll be free and glad. But no, and no, and no! You may guess till you're tired—you may be sure in your heart; but it's all no good without that little word you'll never get from me."

"You *shall* speak!"

Lizzie shrugged her shoulders and picked up the candle.

"Simme," she said, "you'd best go back to your carriage and horses. My li'l boy's in the next room, tryin' to sleep; and 'tisn' fit he heard much of this."

She passed resolutely into the bedroom, leaving her visitor to darkness. But Honoria, desperate now, pushed after her, scarcely knowing what she did or meant to do.

"You *shall* speak!"

The house-door opened and light footsteps came running through the outer room. It was little George, and he pulled at her skirts.

"Mummy, the horses are taking cold!"

But Honoria still advanced. "You *shall* speak!"

Joey catching sight of her from the bed, screamed and hid his face. To him she was a thing of horror. From the night when, thrust beneath her eyes, he had cowered by her carriage-step, she had haunted his worst dreams. And now, black-robed and terrible of face she had come to lay hands on him and carry him straight to hell.

"Mother! Take her away! take her away!"

His screams rang through the room. "Hush, dear!" cried Lizzie, running to him; and laid a hand on his shoulder.

But the child, far too terrified to know whose hand it was, flung himself from her with a wilder scream than any; flung himself all but free of the bed-clothes. As Lizzie caught and tried to hold him the thin night-shirt ripped in her fingers, laying bare the small back from shoulder to buttock.

They were woman to woman now; cast back into savagery and blindly groping for its primitive weapons. Honoria crossed the floor, not knowing what she meant to do, or might do. Lizzie sprang to defence against she knew not what. But when her enemy advanced, towering, with a healthy boy dragging at her skirts, she did the one thing she could—turned with a swift cry back upon her own crippled child and caught at the bed-clothes to cover and hide his naked deformity.

While she crouched and shielded him, silence fell on the room. She had half expected Honoria to strike her; but no blow came, nor any sound. By and by she looked up. Honoria had come to a standstill, with rigid eyes. They were fastened on the bed. Then Lizzie understood.

She had covered the child's legs from sight; but not his back—nor the brown mole on it—the large brown mole, ringed like Saturn, set obliquely between the shoulder-blades.

She rose from the bed slowly. Honoria turned on little George with a gesture as if to fling off his velvet jacket. But Lizzie stamped her foot.

"No," she commanded, hoarsely; "let be! Mine is a cripple."

"So it is true . . ." Honoria desisted; but her eyes were wide and still fixed on the bed.

"Yes, it is true. You have all the luck. Mine is a cripple."

Still Honoria stared. Lizzie gulped down something in her throat, but her voice, when she found it again, was still hoarse and strained.

"And now—go! You have learnt what you came for. You have won, because you stop at nothing. But go, before I try to kill you for the joy in your heart!"

"Joy?" Honoria put out a hand toward the bed's foot, to steady herself. It was her turn to be weak.

"Yes—joy." Lizzie stepped between her and the door, pointed a finger at her and held it pointing. "In your heart you are glad already. Wait, and in a moment I shall see it in your eyes—glad, glad! Yes, your man was worthless, and you are glad. But oh! you bitter fool!"

"Let me go, please."

"Listen a bit; no hurry now. Plenty of time to be glad; 'twas only your husband, not the man of your heart. Look at me, and answer—I don't count for much now, do I? Not much to hate in me, now you know the name of my child's father, and that 'tisn' Taffy Raymond!"

"Let me go." But seeing that Lizzie would not, she stopped and kissed her boy.

"Run out to the carriage, dear, and say I'll be coming in a minute or two." Little George clung to her wistfully, but her tone meant obedience. Lizzie stepped aside to let him pass out.

"Now," said Honoria, "the next room is best, I think. Lead me there, and I will listen."

"You may go if you like."

"No; I will listen. Between us two there is—there is——"

"*That.*" Lizzie nodded toward the child huddling low in the bed.

"That, and much more. We cannot stop at the point you've reached. Besides, I have a question to ask."

Lizzie passed before her into the front room, lit two candles and drew down the blind.

"Ask it," she said.

"How did you know that I believed the other—Mr. Raymond—to be—" She came to a halt.

"I guessed."

"What? From the beginning?"

"No; it was after a long while. And then, all of a sudden, something seemed to make me clever."

"Did you know that, believing it, I had done him a great wrong—injured his life beyond repair?"

"I knew something had happened: that he'd given up being a gentleman and taken to builder's work. I thought maybe you were at the bottom of it. Who was it told you lies about en?"

"Must I answer that?"

"No; no need. George Vyell was a nice fellow; but he was a liar. Couldn' help it, I b'lieve. But a dirty trick like that—well, well!"

Honoria started at her, confounded. "You never loved my husband?"

And Lizzie laughed—actually laughed; she was so weary. "No more than you did, my dear. Perhaps a little less. Eh, what two fools we are here, fending off the truth! Fools from the start—and now, simme, playing foolish to the end; ay, when all's said and naked atween us. Lev' us quit talkin' of George Vyell. We knawed George Vyell, you and me, too; and here we be, left to rear children by en. But the man we hated over wasn' George Vyell, but the t'other."

"Yet if—as you say—you loved him—the other one—why, when you saw his life ruined and guessed the lie that ruined it—when a word could have righted him—if you loved him——"

"Why didn' I speak? Ladies are most dull, somehow; or else you don't try to see. Or else—wasn't he near me, passing my door ivery day? Oh, I'm ignorant and selfish. But hadn't I got him near? And wouldn't that word have lost him, sent him God knows where—to *you* perhaps? You—you'd had your chance, and squandered it like a fool. I never had no chance. I courted en, but he wouldn' look at me. He'd have come to your whistle—once. Nothing to hinder but your money. And from what I can see and guess, you piled up that money in his face like a hedge. Oh, I could pity you, now! for now you'll never have 'n."

"God pity us both," said Honoria, going; but she turned at the door. "And after our marriage you took no more thought of my—of George?" The question was an afterthought; she never thought to see it stab as it did. But Lizzie caught at the table-edge, held to it swaying over a gulf of hysterics, and answered between a sob and a passing bitter laugh.

"At the last—just to try en. No harm done, as it happened. You needn' mind. He was worthless anyway."

Honoria stepped back, took her by the elbow as she swayed, and seated her in a chair; and so stood regarding her as a doctor might a patient. After a while she said:

"I think you will do me injustice, but you must believe as you like. I am not glad. I am very far from glad or happy. I doubt if I shall ever be happy again. But I do not hate you as I did."

She went out, closing the door softly.

XXIX

THE SHIP OF STARS

TAFFY guessed nothing of these passions in conflict, these weak agonies. He went about his daily work, a man grown, thinking his own thoughts; and these thoughts were of many things; but they held no room for the problem which meant

everything in life to Honoria and Lizzie — yes, and to Humility, though it haunted her in less disturbing shape. Humility pondered it quietly with a mind withdrawn while her hands moved before her on the lace-pillow; and pondering it, she resigned the solution to time; but it filled her thoughts constantly, none the less.

One noon, Taffy returned from the light-house for his dinner, to find a registered postal packet lying on the table. He glanced up and met his mother's gaze, but let the thing lie while he ate his meal, and having done, picked it up and carried it away with him unopened.

On the cliff-side, in a solitary place, he broke the seal. He guessed well enough what the packet contained; the silver medal procured for him by the too officious coroner. And the coroner, finding him obstinate against a public presentation, had forwarded the medal with an effusive letter. Taffy frowned over its opening sentences, and without reading further crumpled the paper into a tight ball. He turned to examine the medal, holding it between finger and thumb; or rather, his eyes examined it while his brain ran back along the tangled procession of hopes and blunders, wrongs and trials and lessons hardly learnt, of which this mocking piece of silver symbolized the end and the reward. In that minute he saw Honoria and George, himself and Lizzie Pezzack as figures travelling on a road that stretched back to childhood; saw behind them the anxious eyes of his parents, Sir Harry's debonair smile, the sinister face of old Squire Moyle, malevolent yet terribly afraid; saw that the moving figures could not control their steps, that the watching faces were impotent to warn; saw finally beside the roadways branching to left and right, and down these undestined and neglected avenues the ghosts of ambitions unattempted, lives not lived, all that might have been.

Well, here was the end of it, this ironical piece of silver. With sudden anger he flung it from him; sent it spinning far out over the waters. And the sea, his old sworn enemy, took the votive offering. He watched it drop—drop; saw the tiny splash as it disappeared.

And with that he shut a door and turned a key. He had other thoughts to occupy him—great thoughts. The light-house was all but built. The Chief Engineer had paid a surprise visit, praised his work, and talked about another sea-light soon to be raised on the North Welsh Coast; used words that indeed hinted, not obscurely, at promotion. And Taffy's blood tingled at the prospect. But, out of working hours, his thoughts were not of light-houses. He bought maps and charts. On Sundays he took far walks along the coast, starting at daybreak, returning as a rule long after dark, mired and foot-sore and at supper too weary to talk with his mother, whose eyes watched him always.

. . . . . .

It was a still autumn evening when Honoria came riding to visit Humility; the close of a golden day. Its gold lingered yet along the west and fell on the white-washed doorway where Humility sat with her lace-work. Behind, in the east, purple and dewy, climbed the domed shadow of the world. And over all lay that hush which the earth only knows when it rests in the few weeks after harvest. Out here, on barren cliffs above the sea, folks troubled little about harvest. But even out here they felt and knew the hush.

In sight of the whitewashed cottages Honoria slipped down from her saddle, slipped off Aide-de-camp's bridle and turned him loose to browse. With the bridle on her arm she walked forward alone. She came noiselessly on the turf and with the click of the gate her shadow fell at Humility's feet. Humility looked up and saw her standing against the sunset, in her dark habit. Even in that instant she saw also that Honoria's face, though shaded, was more beautiful than of old. "More dangerous" she told herself; and rose, knowing that the problem was to be solved at last.

"Good-evening!" she said, rising. "Oh yes—you must come inside, please; but you will have to forgive our untidiness."

Honoria followed, wondering as of old at the beautiful manners which dignified Humility's simplest words.

"I heard that you were to go."

"Yes; we have been packing for a week past. To North Wales it is—a spot as forsaken as this. But I suppose that's

the sort of spot where light-houses are useful."

The sun slanted in upon the trunks and dismantled walls ; but it blazed also upon brass window-catches, fender-knobs, door-handles—all polished and flashing like mirrors.

"I am come," said Honoria, "now at the last—to ask your pardon."

"At the last ?" Humility seemed to muse, staring down at one of the trunks ; then went on as if speaking to herself. "Yes, yes, it has been a long time."

"A long injury—a long mistake ; you must believe it was an honest mistake."

"Yes," said Humility, gravely. "I never doubted you had been misled. God forbid I should ask or seek to know how."

Honoria bowed her head.

"And," Humility pursued, "we had put ourselves in the wrong by accepting help. One sees now it is always best to be independent; though at the time it seemed a fine prospect for him. The worst was our not telling him. That was terribly unfair. As for the rest—well, after all, to know yourself guiltless is the great thing, is it not ? What others think doesn't matter in comparison with that. And then of course he knew that I, his mother, never believed the falsehood, no, not for a moment."

"But it spoiled his life ?"

Now Humility had spoken, and still stood, with her eyes resting on the trunk. Beneath its lid, she knew, and on top of Taffy's books and other treasures, lay a parcel wrapped in tissue-paper—a dog collar with the inscription "Honoria from Taffy." So, by lifting the lid of her thoughts a little—a very little—more, she might have given Honoria a glimpse of something which her actual answer, truthful as it was, concealed.

"No. I wouldn't say that. If it had spoilt his life—well, you have a child of your own and can understand. As it is, it has strengthened him, I think. He will make his mark—in a different way. Just now he is only a foreman among masons ; but he has a career opening. Yes, I can forgive you at last."

And, being Humility, she had spoken the truth. But being a woman, even in the act of pardon she could not forego a small thrust, and in giving must withhold something.

And Honoria, being a woman, divined that something was withheld.

"And Taffy—your son—do you think that *he*——?"

"He never speaks, if he thinks of it. He will be here presently. You know—do you not ?—they are to light the great lantern on the new light-house to-night for the first time. The men have moved in, and he is down with them making preparations. You have seen the notices of the Trinity Board ? They have been posted for months. Taffy is as eager over it as a boy ; but he promised to be back before sunset to drink tea with me in honor of the event ; and afterward I was to walk down to the cliff with him to see."

"Would you mind if I stayed ?"

Humility considered before answering. "I had rather you stayed. He's like a boy over this business ; but he's a man, after all."

After this they fell into quite trivial talk while Humility prepared the tea-things.

"Your mother—Mrs. Venning—how does she face this journey you are to take ?"

"You must see her," said Humility, smiling, and led her into the room where the old lady reclined in bed, with a flush on each waxen cheek. She had heard their voices.

"Bless you"—she was quite cheerful—"I'm ready to go as far as they'll carry me ! All I ask is that in the next place they'll give me a window where I can see the boy's lamp when he's built it."

Humility brought in the table and tea-things and set them out by the invalid's bed. She went out into the kitchen to look to the kettle. In that pause Honoria found it difficult to meet Mrs. Venning's eyes ; but the old lady was old enough to leave grudges to others. It was enough, in the time left to her to accept what happened and leave the responsibility to Providence.

Honoria, replying but scarcely listening to her talk, heard a footfall at the outer door—Taffy's footfall ; then the click of a latch and Humility's voice, saying, "There's a visitor, inside ; come to take tea with you."

"A visitor ?" He was standing in the

doorway. "*You?*" he said, and blushed in his surprise.

Honoria rose. "If I may," she said, and wondered if she might hold out a hand.

But he held out his, quite frankly, and laughed. "Why, of course. They will be lighting up in half an hour. We must make haste."

Once or twice during tea he stole a glance from Honoria to his mother; and each time fondly believed that it passed undetected. His talk was all about the light-house and the preparations there, and he rattled on in the highest spirits. Two of the women knew, and the third guessed, that this chatter was with him unwonted.

At length he, too, seemed to be struck by this. "But what nonsense I'm talking!" he protested, breaking off midway in a sentence and blushing again. "I can't help it, though. I'm feeling just as big as the light-house to-night, with my head wound up and turning round like the lantern!"

"And your wit occulting," suggested Honoria, in her old light manner. "What is it?—three flashes to the minute?"

He laughed and hurried them from the tea-table. Mrs. Venning bade them a merry good-by as they took leave of her.

"Come along, mother."

But Humility had changed her mind. "No," said she. "I'll wait in the doorway. I can just see the lantern from the garden gate, you know. You two can wait by the old light-house, and call to me when the time comes."

She watched them from the doorway as they took the path toward the cliff, toward the last ray of sunset fading across the dusk of the sea. The evening was warm and she sat bareheaded with her lace-work on her knee; but presently she put it down.

"I must be taking to spectacles soon," she said to herself. "My eyes are not what they used to be."

. . . . . .

Taffy and Honoria reached the old light-house and halted by its white-painted railing. Below them the new pillar stood up in full view, young and defiant. A full tide lapped its base, feeling this comely and untried adversary as a wrestler shakes hands before engaging. And from its base the column, after a gentle inward curve — enough to give it a look of lissomeness and elastic strength—sprang upright straight and firm to the lantern, ringed with a gallery and capped with a cupola of copper not yet greened by the weather; in outline as simple as a flower, in structure to the understanding eye almost as subtly organized, adapted, and pieced into growth.

"So that is your ambition now?" said Honoria, after gazing long. She added, "I do not wonder."

"It does not stop there, I'm afraid." There was a pause, as though her words had thrown him into a brown study.

"Look!" she cried. "There is someone in the lantern—with a light in his hand. He is lighting up!"

Taffy ran back a pace or two toward the cottage and shouted, waving his hand. In a moment Humility appeared at the gate and waved in answer, while the strong light flashed seaward. They listened; but if she called, the waves at their feet drowned her voice.

They turned and gazed at the light, counting, timing the flashes; two short flashes with but five seconds between, then darkness for twenty seconds, and after it a long, steady stare.

Abruptly he asked, "Would you care to cross over and see the lantern?"

"What, in the cradle?"

"I can work it easily. It's not dangerous in the least; a bit daunting perhaps."

"But I'm not easily frightened, you know. Yes, I should like it greatly."

They descended the cliff to the cable. The iron cradle stood ready as Taffy had left it when he came ashore. She stepped in lightly, scarcely touching for a second the hand he put out to guide her.

"Better sit low," he advised; and she obeyed, disposing her skirts on the floor, caked with dry mud from the workmen's boots. He followed her and launched the cradle over the deep twilight.

A faint breeze—there had been none perceptible on the ridge—played off the face of the cliffs. The forward swing of the cradle, too, raised a slight draught of air. Honoria plucked off her hat and veil and let it fan her temples.

Half-way across she said, "Isn't it like

this—in mid-air over running water—that the witches take their oaths ? "

Taffy ceased pulling on the rope. " The witches ? Yes, I remember something of the sort."

" And a word spoken so is an oath and lasts forever. Very well ; tell me what I came to ask you to-night."

" What is that ?" But he knew.

" That when you know—when I tell you I was deceived . . you will forgive." Her voice was scarcely audible.

" I forgive."

" Ah, but freely ? It is only a word I want ; but it has to last me like an oath."

" I forgive you freely. It was all a mistake."

" And you have found other ambitions ? And they satisfy you ? "

He laughed and pulled at the rope again. " They ought to," he answered, gayly, " they're big enough. Come and see."

The seaward end of the cable was attached to a doorway thirty feet above the base of the light-house. One of the under-keepers met them here with a lantern. He stared when he caught sight of the second figure in the cradle, but touched his cap to the mistress of Carwithiel.

" Here's Mrs. Vyell, Trevarthen, come to do honor to our opening night."

" Proudly welcome, ma'am," said Trevarthen. " You'll excuse the litter we're in. This here's our cellar, but you'll find things more ship-shape upstairs. Mind your head, ma'am, with the archway—better let me lead the way perhaps."

The archway was indeed low, and they were forced to crouch and almost crawl up the first short flight of steps. But after this, Honoria following Trevarthen's lantern round and up the spiral way found the roof heightening above her, and soon emerged into a gloomy chamber fitted with cupboards and water-tanks—the provision-room. From this a ladder led straight up through a man-hole in the ceiling to the light-room store, set round with shining oil-tanks and stocked with paint-pots, brushes, buckets, cans, signalling flags, coils of rope, bags of cotton-waste, tool-chests. . . . A second ladder brought them to the kitchen, and a third to the sleeping-room ; and here the light of the lantern streamed down on their heads through the open man-hole above them. They heard, too, the roar of the ventilator, and the *ting-ting*, regular and sharp, of the small bell reporting that the machinery revolved.

Above, in the blaze of the great lenses, old Pezzack and the second under-keeper welcomed them. The pair had been watching and discussing the light with true professional pride ; and Taffy drew up at the head of the ladder and stared at it and nodded his slow approbation. The glare forced Honoria back against the glass wall, and she caught at its lattice for support.

But she pulled herself together, ashamed of her weakness and glad that Taffy had not perceived it.

" This satisfies you ? " she whispered.

He faced round on her with a slow smile. " No," he said, " this light-house is useless."

" Useless ? "

" You remember the wreck—*that* wreck—the *Samaritan ?* She came ashore beneath the light-house here ; right beneath our feet ; by no fault or carelessness. A light-house on a coast like this—a coast without a harbour—is a joke set in a death-trap, to make game of dying men."

" But since the coast has no harbor——— "

" I would build one. Look at this." He pulled a pencil and paper from his pocket and rapidly sketched the outlines of the Bristol Channel. " What is that ? A bag. Suppose a vessel taken in the mouth of it ; a bag with death along the narrowing sides and death waiting at the end—no deep-water harbor—no chance anywhere. And the tides ! You know the rhyme—

> ' From Padstow Point to Lundy Light
> Is a watery grave by day or night.'

Yes, there's Lundy "—he jotted down the position of the island—" Hit off the lee of Lundy, if you can, and drop hook, and pray God it holds ! "

" But this harbor ? What would it cost ? "

" I dare say a million of money ; perhaps more. But I work it out at less—at Porthquin, for instance, or Lundy itself, or even at St. Ives."

" A million ! " she laughed. " Now I

see the boy I used to know—the boy of dreams."

He turned on her gravely. She was exceedingly beautiful, standing there, in her black habit, bareheaded in the glare of the lenses, standing with head thrown back, with eyes challenging the past, and a faint glow on either cheek. But he had no eyes for her beauty.

He opened his lips to speak. Yes, he could overwhelm her with statistics and figures, all worked out, of shipping and disasters to shipping; of wealth and senseless waste of wealth. He could bury her beneath evidence taken by Royal Commission and Parliamentary Committee, commissioners' reports, testimony of ship-owners and captains; calculated tables of tides, set of currents, prevailing winds; results of surveys hydrographical, geological, geographical; all the mass of facts he had been accumulating and brooding over for eighteen long months. But the weight of it closed his lips, and when he opened them again it was to say, "Yes, that is my dream."

At once he turned his talk upon the light revolving in their faces; began to explain the lenses and their working in short, direct sentences. She heard his voice but without following.

Pezzack and the under-keeper had drawn apart to the opposite side of the cage and were talking together. The lantern hid them, but she caught the murmur of their voices now and again. She was conscious of having let something slip—slip away from her forever. If she could but recall him, and hold him to his dream! But this man, talking in sharp sentences, each one so sharp and clear, was not the Taffy she had known or could ever know.

In the blaze of the lenses suddenly she saw the truth. He and she had changed places. She who had used to be so practical—*she* was the dreamer now; had come thither following a dream, walking in a dream. He, the dreaming boy, had become the practical man, firm, clear-sighted, direct of purpose; with a dream yet in his heart, but a dream of great action, a dream he hid from her, certainly a dream in which she had neither part nor lot. And yet she had made him what he was; not willingly, not by kindness, but by injustice. What she had given he had taken; and was a stranger to her.

Muffled wings and white breasts began to beat against the glass. A low-lying haze—a passing stratum of sea-fog—had wrapped the light-house for a while, and these were the wings and breasts of sea-birds attracted by the light. To her they were the ghosts of dead thoughts—stifled thoughts—thoughts which had never come to birth—trying to force their way into the ring of light encompassing and enwrapping her; trying desperately, but foiled by the transparent screen.

Still she heard his voice, level and masterful, sure of his subject. In the middle of one of his sentences a sharp thud sounded on the pane behind her, as sudden as the crack of a pebble and only a little duller.

"Ah, what is that?" she cried and touched his arm.

He thrust open one of the windows, stepped out upon the gallery, and returned in less than a minute with a small dead bird in his hand.

"A swallow," he said. "They have been preparing to fly for days. Summer is done, with our work here."

She shivered. "Let us go back," she said.

They descended the ladders. Trevarthen met them in the kitchen and went before them with his lantern. In a minute they were in the cradle again and swinging toward the cliff. The wisp of sea-fog had drifted past the light-house to leeward, and all was clear again. High over the cupola Cassiopeia leaned toward the pole, her breast flashing its eternal badge—the star-pointed W. Low in the north, tied—as the country tale went—to follow her motions, eternally separate, eternally true to the fixed star of her gaze, the Waggoner tilted his wheels and drove them close along and above the misty sea.

Taffy pulling on the rope, looked down upon Honoria's upturned face and saw the glimmer of starlight in her eyes; but neither guessed her thoughts nor tried to.

It was only when they stood together on the cliff-side that she broke the silence. "Look," she said, and pointed upward. "Does that remind you of anything?"

He searched his memory. "No," he confessed; "that is, if you mean Cassiopeia up yonder."

"Think!—the Ship of Stars."

"The Ship of Stars?—Yes, I remember now. There was a young sailor—with a ship of stars tattooed on his chest. He was drowned on this very coast."

"Was that a part of the story you were to tell me?"

"What story? I don't understand."

"Don't you remember that day—the morning when we began lessons together? You explained the alphabet to me, and when we came to W you said it was a ship—a ship of stars. There was a story about it, you said, and promised to tell me some day."

He laughed. "What queer things you remember!"

"But what was the story?"

"I wonder? If I ever knew, I've forgotten. I dare say I had something in my head. Now I think of it, I was always making up some foolish tale or other in those days."

Yes; he had forgotten. "I have often tried to make up a story about that ship," she said, gravely; "out of odds and ends of the stories you used to tell. I don't think I ever had the gift to invent anything on my own account. But at last, after a long while——"

"The story took shape? Tell it to me, please."

She hesitated, and broke into a bitter little laugh. "No," said she, "you never told me yours." Again it came to her with a pang that he and she had changed places. He had taken her forthrightness and left her, in exchange, his dreams. They were hers now, the gayly colored childish fancies, and she must take her way among them alone. Dreams only! but just as a while back he had started to confess *his* dream and had broken down before her, so now in turn she faltered and knew that her tongue was held.

. . . . . .

Humility rose as they entered the kitchen together. A glance as Honoria held out her hand for good-by, told her all she needed to know.

"And you are leaving in a day or two?" Honoria asked.

"Thursday next is the day fixed."

"You are very brave."

Again the two women's eyes met, and this time the younger understood. *Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God*—that which the Moabitess said for a woman's sake, women are saying for men's sake by thousands every day.

Still holding her hand, Humility drew Honoria close. "God deal kindly with you, my dear," she whispered, and kissed her.

At the gate Honoria blew a whistle, and after a few seconds Aide-de-camp came obediently out of the darkness to be bridled. This done, Taffy lent his hand and swung her into the saddle.

"Good-night and good-by!"

Taffy was the first to turn back from the gate. The beat of Aide-de-camp's hoofs reminded him of something—some music he had once heard; he could not remember where.

Humility lingered a moment longer, and followed to prepare her son's supper.

But Honoria, fleeing along the ridge, hugged one fierce thought in her defeat. The warm wind sang by her ears, the rhythm of Aide-de-camp's canter thudded upon her brain; but her heart cried back on them and louder than either:

"He is mine—mine—mine! He is mine, and always will be. He is lost to me, but I possess him. For what he is, I have made him, and at my cost he is strong."



THE REAL ONE

By Jesse Lynch Williams

Of course, I know the beginning sounds commonplace and summer-resort-ish enough: A tall girl with a quiet manner and three-quarter inch eyelashes which she worked up and down most of the time, and two able-bodied men that smoked cigarettes and wanted her.

But there is nothing usual or expected in the way it turned out, or I shouldn't take the trouble to tell you about it.

. . . . . .

Those dots mean that you may imagine the first part. How Tom—he's our cousin; that's the reason I know (but I'm the only one of the girls that does) the true inwardness of this thing, which, by the way, Tom said I could not keep from telling, but I can; I have already demonstrated it for nearly a week now—how vigorous, violent, reckless, impetuous, wilful, loud, lovable, knocking-things-over-and-not-giving-a-rap-about-it Tom Potter, who previously spent all his time fishing and golfing with the men or riding the bay mare at an outrageous rate all over the island, and scorning all gentler amusements and making himself disagreeable and disobliging to all the cottage set generally—how poor young Tommy, for he is only a boy after all—at last found himself "up against it," as he would say (though now that he is out of college we all think he ought to quit slang; it's outrageous the way he talks). I say all that part, and how wonderful and important he thought this young girl was, can be taken for granted.

Likewise about the other one, "That Englishman," as he was soon called at the hotel. He was camping, it was said, up the lake (they are always camping and killing things, these Britishers), and only came down to our island two or three times a week for the dances, and he was, apparently, the mere conventionalized Englishman of the stage, with a monocle and a title of no particular consequence. But, you may be sure, up here in our remote little island such things are rare (we are very primitive, at least we cottagers are trying to keep it so, though down around the hotel end they are putting on lugs and spoiling it), and so this Sir Charles Wilkes made somewhat of a flutter that first evening he came to the Casino and proceeded serenely to snub—much to our delight—Mrs. Ballard-Brown, who tried to interest him by telling, as usual, about her old relatives on the other side, with a view to passing the interest along to her rapidly aging daughter; then he rotated, rather patronizingly, about the room until he happened to get within the orbit of the Richardson girl. (Oh, did I tell you that her name was Ruth Richardson?) and there he stayed with a "Do you know, this is just the sort of thing I like?" expression on his face. Nobody could budge him. And after she left—Mrs. Richardson always bore her off early—he danced with no one else (I did not care, myself), which made the whole room buzz the more, and the gossips lose sleep that night, and made our Tom—you just ought to have seen Tom's face the next morning, after we told him about it at breakfast!

You see Tom did not go over to the hotel very much in the evening—I ought to have told you this—because at the beginning of the season, when he first came up to stay with us, he told everyone that he could not dance—merely to get out of being obliging, I really believe. I told him at the time he would regret telling that fib. And now he did not dare, even though he considered it very much worth while—at least we could not very well let him dance now, because, as mother said, it would give us all kinds of trouble answering questions over at our end of the island and would make all the more talk at the hotel, and I must say there was enough already.

"Let's see," they would begin, putting their heads together, as soon as breakfast was finished, those passé females with novels and work-baskets who can't do anything themselves and so spend all their

time on the big hotel veranda tearing to pieces everything everyone else does. "Let's see," they would cackle, "it's the Englishman's turn this evening, isn't it?"

"No," perhaps the big fat wheezy one would say, "he came to the Wednesday hop. It's young Potter's innings this time."

"Now, don't be too sure about that," says Mrs. Ballard-Brown (she's one of the worst), "you've noticed that he's been coming less and less since Sir Charles began. He's getting discouraged. He's such an awkward young cub, anyway."

(Very good, Mrs. B.-B. but you did not say so a year ago when you brazenly tried to throw your sharp-voiced daughter at Colonel Potter's heir, who only bowed and looked bored and distinguished and ran away and never came back, and the whole island laughed at you, Mrs. B.-B. By the by I have not mentioned that we are all very proud of Tom's looks, and what a manner too, for a boy of his age! That is, when he is willing to show it.)

"Well," the fat, wheezy one would go on, "I like young Mr. Potter. It's too bad Mrs. R. will only let Ruth sit out one dance an evening with him. I suppose she wants to avoid talk."

"Nonsense," says Mrs. B.-B. "it's because she want's the Englishman." (How about yourself, Mrs. B.-B.?) "If she didn't think herself so exclusive I'd tell her so to her face."

"But what I'd like to know," said the little old maid, who read the Duchess all the time, "is which one Ruth wants. I think she likes the younger one, Tom."

"Perhaps," says the big fat thing, "they'll both come at once this evening, and we can see."

"That won't happen," says Mrs. B.-B., positively. "The youngster's afraid. My daughter says she saw Tom peeping in through the Casino window last Saturday night and when he saw the Englishman there he ran away." (The idea of such a thing! I hate her.)

Naturally all this talk and gossip was quite mortifying to us over on the bluff. We cottagers, of course, have very little to do with the hotel herd—except to dance in their Casino at night and use their billiard-tables and bowling-alleys and tennis-courts by day. It was perfectly horrid in them. We told Tom that he ought to be more careful in the choice of his summer acquaintances.

"Who in the world are Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, pray?" mother asked him one day at dinner.

"They are the parents of Miss Richardson," Tom replies, in a deep, gruff voice, scowling at the salad-dish. As if that summed it all up! Men are so queer about these things. The young ones especially never seem to realize.

But, good gracious, that was near the beginning. It was not until it had become so bad that none of us dared mention the word "hotel" in his presence, and the poor boy was losing sleep (we heard him coming in late at night from rowing on the lake, all alone—the nights when the Englishman was at the hotel), it wasn't until this thing had been going on for two or three weeks, that, at last, Tom decided, as I had been hoping and praying he might do, to take me into his confidence.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. I had been shampooing and was lying in the hammock letting the sun dry my hair. Tom came up softly, filling his pipe. I pretended not to notice him.

"Molly, stop reading," he said in his usual bossing way; "I want to talk to you."

I pretended to stop reluctantly.

"Molly," he began, striking a match, "you may have noticed—you notice so many things—that I have gone over to the hotel a good deal of late." He lighted his pipe.

"Oh, my, no," said I. "No one has noticed that."

"I didn't come out here to get guyed," he retorted, fiercely.

"Suppose you omit all the preliminaries," said I, "it'll save time. What can I do for you?" (I was afraid someone would interrupt us.)

"All right," said he, and then smoked his pipe to the very bottom, positively, without saying a single word, and I all the while feeling so nervous that I could hardly hold myself together. But I know how to treat Tom.

"And," he said, taking out his tobacco-pouch again, and going on as if we had been talking all these fifteen minutes,

"now he has done me up. And it is all your fault."

"Who has 'done you up'," said I, "the Englishman?"

"That's what I said," Tom replied.

"How do you know you are 'done up'?"

"You see, don't you, that I am wasting my time here with you? I—I don't go to the hotel any more."

"Since when?"

"Long, long ago—day before yesterday. We took a walk in the woods—the last one I shall ever take. It's all over."

("Yes, yes, yes!—go on, go on, go on!" I did *not* say, though I wanted to. I only waited, pressing my fingers together.)

"She said she had thought for awhile I—I was it, but now she knows that that was all a mistake — She's awfully, awfully sorry — hopes we'll always be good friends—some day when some nice girl, etc. . . . Oh, Lord."

I knew better than to be sympathetic with Tom.

"How do you know it's the Englishman?" I asked. "Did she tell you so?"

"Molly, you are a woman. You're old enough to know better than that."

I am not so very much older than Tom, but I only said, "I'll venture to say it is someone miles and miles away from here."

"You do, do you?" said Tom. "All right. But I know it is the Englishman."

"But how do you know? They say he is only flirting——"

"Because I am both of them."

"Both of them? Both of—Tom!"

"Sit still. Don't get excited, Molly." He pushed me back into the hammock and began to swing me, saying, "You people wanted me to dance when I did not care to dance. You wouldn't let me dance when I wanted to dance—when every Johnnie on the island almost was dancing with her. I simply couldn't stand it any longer. I did not stand it. I did the only thing possible under the circumstance. But I only meant to do it once or twice, Molly, really, I only meant to do it once or twice."

And then it all came over me like a flash: Tom's hit at Cambridge last year in the Pudding play—why, of course, we should have thought of it. And now I knew why he took lonely trips on the lake at night and why Sir Charles was never there when Tom was, and vice-versa. Now I knew why he did not bring back a new brassie when he went to the city expressly for that purpose, but brought instead a big bulky bundle from Horner's the costumer; I saw the wrapping paper, and I ought to have known. But I did know now, so I leaned back in the hammock and laughed, and Tom looked offended.



"Well," the fat, wheezy one would go on, "I like young Mr. Potter. It's too bad . . . "—Page 621.

"Kindly cork up," said he.

"You poor little fool boy," said I.

"Yes, I think I am," said he. "But what shall I do? I have cut myself out. I have done myself dirt."

"Nonsense! But first of all, Tom, I think you might have asked me to dance

with Sir Charles, just once or twice. It would have made the other girls——"

"I was scared to death enough as it was that some of you would recognize my nose."

"Not over that mustache. In fact—"

"Never mind that now. Go on," Tom commanded.



"Now, don't be too sure about that," says Mrs. Ballard-Brown (she's one of the worst) . . . "He's such an awkward young cub, anyway."—Page 621.

"Well—Why Tom! if she cares for the Englishman and you are he, why, what more do you want! Oh, I feel so relieved. How did you happen to think of——"

"But, Molly, don't you see, she has turned me down as plain Tom Potter. Now suppose I *am* available as the Englishman; don't you see, it is not for what I am, but for what I am not. That may be very nice for my non-ego, but it won't help my ego, and it's my ego, of course, that wants her, don't you see? not the non-ego."

"Why, yes, of course," said I, though really I did not exactly follow. I always get mixed up when they get to talking in syllogisms. Men are so logical, especially when just out of college. "All the same," said I, "you are all right, for see here," just to show him that girls can reason too, "if it is true that the Englishman is you, it is equally true that you are the Englishman. And if she cares for the Englishman; ergo she therefore cares for you, who are the Englishman, who is you, which is what you want, and there you are Q. E. D.!"

But he had risen, impatiently snapping his fingers, and now strode down the porch without so much as thanking me.

"Oh, you mean," I called after him, "that the Englishman has now been rejected too?"

That brought him back. "Shs — Don't tell the whole bluff. No, that isn't the way of it at all. I honestly wish it were. That's just the trouble." He sat down again and began to talk rapidly:

"Sir Charles was accepted last night — just twenty-nine hours after young Potter was refused—down by the old mill. And, oh, Molly, it's lovely, but it's awful. It's all for somebody else! The more she likes him, the less she likes me. Talk about attending your own post mortem—that is nothing! After—after it happened; I don't know how it happened; I didn't intend it to but I suppose I was sort of crazy—she up and told me immediately, in her honest way, that she thought she ought to confess to me that once, not long ago, she came near caring—not the real thing, only *near* caring for someone else of whom she thought a good deal. Of course she wouldn't tell who—she's not that sort—but that meant me, of course; in fact she said I reminded her of him! Well, I groaned, forgetting I was Sir Charles, and then she looked up and said, 'But you surely aren't jealous; that would be absurd.'

"'Are you quite certain you don't care for him a bit now?' said I, in my English voice.

"'Not a bit.'

"I looked alarmed.

"'Really not a spec,' she assured me. 'I hate him now.'

"'Poor fellow,' said I.

"'Isn't it too bad,' said she. 'I really hate to hate him—such a fine fellow, too.'

"'Is he?' said I, brightening up a little.

"'Oh, but not——'

"'Not what?' I asked.

"'You know,' said she in that smooth, low voice of hers, 'do you not?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I know.' And I had to look happy.

"'But I want your advice,' she went on, dropping them this way; Molly, they are as long as my thumb-joint. Then she proceeds to ask my (Sir Charles's, remember) advice as to how to treat me (that's Tom Potter); that she hated to lose me (T. P.) as a friend, but she wants to do the square thing—and, oh, Molly, she's as good and right and fine and untarnished by the world as gold and as . . ." I don't pretend to remember all my cousin said at this point, but presently he recovered himself and went on, "Well, as I was saying, she was so afraid she wasn't doing right—you ought to see how she looks when she's troubled—and I assured her she was—she looked so terribly troubled—and that seemed to comfort her—and oh, Molly, that's the way I've been digging my own grave. Now what shall I do about it? You got me into this hole."

"You must give me a little time to consider," said I.

Just think of our little Tom's being grown up and in the thick of all this! I tried to look unperturbed, but I confess I felt like hugging him. Then I sat up straight to give him advice. He really has great confidence in me notwithstanding his disrespect some time.

"This is what you must do," said I, looking very serious. "You must immediately let up on that Englishman business. Come more often in your own personality. Let her see that you are in earnest and the Englishman is only a trifler—in fact, if necessary, desert her even."

"But think how it would hurt her," said Tom.

Now if you are a woman you will pardon me for kissing him right then and there.

"It is necessary, my dear little boy," said I. "You must trust to me and my intuition. All is fair in——"

"All right," said Tom, starting off abruptly and looking as if he thought he had talked too much. "By the way," he added, suppose you call on them, as you said; it may help if you look the ground over."

I did call, Harriet and I together. I wore the pink lawn.

Somehow neither Miss Richardson nor her mother seemed to be very much impressed. They did not realize apparently that they were only hotel people, nor seem to care whether the cottage set called or not; but as we had come they meant to be very kind, it seemed, not to say condescending toward us. We found out that they were the Boston Richardsons. That may have been the reason.

That tall young girl somehow disconcerted me. She has a quiet, gentle dignity and a reserve about her, and a little humorous curve at the corners of her mouth—all out of keeping with a mere child, out only two seasons. I hate reserved people anyway. The worst of it was that she kept putting me at my ease; "I must not let this person know," she seemed to be thinking, "how I dislike slang in a girl." It made me so angry and embarrassed that somehow I became more and more slangy till we arose to go. And when her mother spoke of giving themselves the pleasure of returning the call at the earliest opportunity, it was as if they were beneficently bestowing a pleasure upon *us*. Driving home, Harriet said she felt it, too, so it couldn't have been all my imagination.

Well, Tom took my advice. He came less and less in his English capacity, and as Tom Potter was pursuing her for all he was worth again and reporting to me every morning after breakfast, greatly to the envy of Harriet and the other girls, who had to be satisfied with only the echoes they heard from the hotel people, who by this time had taken sides in the matter; the men were all making bets on it.

. . . "Perhaps it's just as well that I did let up on the Englishman business," said Tom, grimly. "Mrs. Richardson was getting alarmed and last week she telegraphed for her husband to come, and he asked for my—that is Sir Charles's credentials. You know they know nothing at all about me or my title, except what Harper said." (Harper was Tom's room-

mate at college, and he was the one who served as introducer that first memorable night. Luckily he had since gone back to the city, where nobody could ask him questions. "A nice Englishman I met at Henley," was all Harper had said.)

"How did you work your disappearance?" I asked.

"We had a quarrel," said Tom. "She has broken his heart. He was a very noble sort of chap you know—very proud and all that, with lots of feelings. And now he has gone off to the woods, as he said he would do, and she cries herself to sleep wondering what has happened to him. It's outrageous! It's sinful!"

"She'll come around all right," said I, confidently. "Give her time to see how



". . . 'it never occurred to me that you would be capable of such a thing.'"—Page 626.

said she did not see why a man who had so much leisure for shooting and hooking things (she hates all that life-taking business you know; that's really why I never fish any more) could not devote a little of it to the company of the girl he was engaged to marry. Then I said she did not trust me, etc., and finally her under-lip trembled and I left the stage in high dudgeon, feeling like the consummate villain I am in real life. Oh, it's easy enough for you to laugh," he went on, fiercely, "but you don't know what mischief it's playing with her feelings. It's awful! She thinks much finer a chap you are than that skulking Sir Charles."

But somehow she wouldn't.

Tom came to me a few days later, and made this announcement: "This thing has got to stop. I am going to put on the make-up again on Wednesday night—that's to-morrow. It's killing her."

"It'll kill your chances if you do," said I, shaking my head. "I'm a girl, I know."

But what can you do with a man in love?

So I decided to take an active hand in it.

But instead of putting a hand, it was a foot I put in it, it seems, for the next day Tom came running to me in great excitement. "Molly," he cried, "somebody has written a note to her—she wouldn't say who—telling her that there isn't any Sir Charles! that he's a fake, an impostor and a lot of stuff—and oh, she's in an awful state."

"Well, *is* there any real Sir Charles, my dear Tom?" I asked.

"Did *you* do it, Molly?" He fairly screamed at me.

"Yes; and signed my name to it, and I'm not ashamed of what I said in it either——"

"You did not say that *I*——"

"No, I did not say that you were Sir Charles, but I said what I thought of you and of him relatively, and I'm not ashamed of that either, and——"

"Well, you ought to be shot," he returned.

"Thanks, seeing I did it for you."

"She's a queen," said Tom, "you ought to have seen her righteous indignation—not saying a word, only looking grand and insulted, with her chin up and her eyelashes down—oh, it was magnificent. She's a queen."

"And you," I said, sarcastically, "bowed down, and made obeisance, like a slave and kissed her feet, I suppose"—for I was a little provoked; he seemed so ungrateful.

"I don't suppose she would let me kiss them, do you? I wonder if she would. Oh, of course not, I'm not worthy; and I told her that I agree with her that Sir Charles was ten times more worthy of her than I and that, by heavens, I would find Sir Charles and tell him she was not angry, and bring him back safe and sound to her this very evening, if she would only say that she did not believe that I had anything to do with the writing of that outrageous, meddlesome note."

I had never seen Tom so excited before. Aren't men terrifying sometimes?

"Thanks," said I.

"And then," he went on, not hearing me, "she quieted down for a moment and said, 'Believe me, Mr. Potter, it never occurred to me that you would be capable of such a thing'—with, oh! such a look in her eyes—all for me, Molly, all for me; I'll never forget it. I've got that much for all my life anyway, haven't I, Molly?"

"Indeed!" I replied with great calm. "So you are going to bring this Englishman back to life again, just when your own chances are, evidently—from that look she gave you—coming back to life, and dash your last chance—all for a whim of a girl who does not care two straws for you just now, but will, sooner or later—mark my words—if you keep that Englishman out of sight!"

"It's breaking her heart," said Tom, pitifully.

"Well, and *then* what are you going to do? You are not an Englishman. There is no Sir Charles. It's got to come to an end some time. You can't go to the altar as Sir Charles. You'd be arrested as an impostor. Very likely Judge Richardson has detectives out on your trail already. What are you going to do, my young cousin?"

He looked at me a full ten seconds and then said, "I don't know, Molly, I don't know."

"Well, at any rate, you won't be Sir Charles this evening."

"I'm afraid I shall, Molly."

"Then it'll put an end to your last chance."

"But it'll put an end to her trouble—temporarily, anyhow." And with that he ran out of my presence looking so sad and overcome, that even then I relented and decided still to do all I could to help him.

The next morning I could tell by Tom's face what he had been through. But all he said was: "Oh, Molly, I did not know anyone could be so happy as that girl was when I—Sir Charles, rather—came to her last evening; only it wasn't for me!" He groaned; positively, he groaned. "By the way," he added, "I asked if I (Sir Charles) could come again this afternoon, and she said no, she had to make a stupid call—guess where?"

"Here, perhaps."

"Good guess," he returned, trying to bring back some of his old manner.

"I am glad," said I, for a bright idea had occurred to me. "Tom Potter, you put on your Sir Charles make-up just the same. I have an idea. Never mind now. Do as I say."

That afternoon I arranged for all the

others to be out. Miss Richardson came at five o'clock. Tom was in the next room, perspiring in his false mustache. I was a little rattled—owing to the note, and the importance of this last card I meant to play and the excitement and all; can you blame me?

Well, we did the usual foolish, futile formal-call talk for a few minutes, then I shifted it around, rather cleverly, I think, to the subject of Men and all that. We soon got rather deep, at least I did, and then I said, "Now what do you think of the following as a case in point?"

"Really, I think I must be going," said Miss Richardson in her very reserved manner, "I always make mother's tea at a quarter before six."

"You must stay," said I, "I need your advice." I kept my seat.

She sat down reluctantly, as if bored by my talk, but trying not to show it.

Then I pitched in and told her exactly her own story and Cousin Tom's, leaving out names, of course, and changing places and so on, but dwelling on Tom's manifest nobility in repeatedly shattering his own chances as he had invariably done, at every opportunity, simply out of love for the young girl who sat before me with those large disquieting eyes looking calmly back at mine from under the long lashes as if saying, "I wouldn't get so excited, if I were you."

But I *was* excited and I did not mind, and I think I talked rather eloquently. "And what do you think of *that!*" I remember saying as a peroration, "all because he cared for her so much! Despite the advice of his cous—I mean of all his friends and of his own clear-headed opinions and everything—all because he cared for her so! What have you to say to that, Miss Ruth Richardson?"

"Why, to be sure, there is only one thing to say, Miss Potter. Naturally, every woman would rather have that than



. . . but at this point Tom . . . rushed into the room . . . his mouth open but saying nothing.—Page 628.

any possession in the world; provided she were the right sort of woman."

"Miss Richardson," I said, rising impressively—"I am glad to hear you say so. I am *very* glad. Allow me to take the liberty of telling you that you yourself have such a possession. I trust you are the right sort of woman!"

I paused a moment to note the effect while the clock ticked. Miss Richardson only looked at me without moving a muscle of her face. The eyelashes flopped once, as if saying, "Indeed!"

I then walked across to the portières behind which Tom Potter was panting. But just as I reached up to draw them back, Miss Richardson lifted her hand and said, "Ah — Miss Potter — don't, please. It would confuse poor Tom pitifully. I've been listening to his heartbeat for some time. It shakes the floor."

Then it was my turn to be astonished.

"Why," I said, "how did you guess Tom was in there!" and I added, gasping, "Then you know?"

Miss Richardson nodded gravely, looking out toward the bay.

"And—it is all right?" I demanded.

"Yes, thank you."

"And you—but—" Well, then I pulled myself together and decided to give her the rest of my little lecture as prepared. "I only have to add," said I, speaking rapidly, "that you mustn't let it bother you, this thing. It will very likely save you a lot of trouble, this experience. It will teach you that glamour is only glamour, and that what you really have is the real thing, the sort of possession which you yourself said any woman would rather—"

"Yes, Miss Potter," she replied, "thank you, that is the reason I let him keep on thinking he was deceiving me so long. When I first saw through this disguise, some time ago, I didn't know what to think. How could I? But I am sure now that I have 'the real thing,' as you call it. I have been sure of it ever since last night when he brought back this Sir Charles in spite of all his cousinly advice to the contrary, kindly meant, no doubt, Miss Potter, but as it happened—invariably wrong."

She said this with much of her young dignity, but I noticed that she was trembling all the same.

"Do you mean," I began, "that you have been testing him to see—" but at this point Tom, who was more dumfounded even than I, rushed into the room with his monocle dangling, his mustache gone, his mouth open but saying nothing, and under his false eyebrows the finest look of happy fright I ever saw.

"Yes, Miss Potter," said Miss Richardson, blushing crimson as she saw Tom coming toward her, "You do not suppose that such a man in such circumstances could keep on disguising his voice—or" she added, and gave my cousin a wondrous smile, "or his nature either."

"I'll go out," said I.

"Perhaps it would be just as well," said Tom, who was not looking at me.

I thought, on the whole, it was a very ungrateful way of thanking me for all that I had done for them.

AMERICAN SOCIETY AND THE ARTIST

By Aline Gorren

Two observations need to be made at the beginning of these remarks. One is that the term artist is here taken, not in any specific, but in the broadest sense, to include all those whose calling in life it is to give form and substance to the abstract conception of beauty abroad in the world; therefore, literary men, musicians, actors, as well as painters and sculptors. The second is that the term society is taken in this connection to mean what it signifies to the large masses of our population, namely, that aggregation of persons whom birth in a few cases, and money in most, have put in a position to consider amusement the chief business of existence. It is clear that society can be otherwise defined, and that a distinction can be drawn between those who stand for the highest and most serious ideals of a people and those who

embody its most trivial and materialistic impulses. As to which faction is the more truly representative of a country, much also could be said. All that, however, would carry us far from our present purpose. Hundreds of thousands of Americans, north and south, east and west, in large cities and in small towns, hold the view that "society" and "fashionable society" are synonymous expressions. The same idea prevails on the continent of Europe with regard to American society.

The relations which exist between society, thus conceived, and the artist class are extremely interesting. Though not usually the object of much attention they are of considerable significance; they involve some very important issues. It is the tendency nowadays of the artistic worker and the social personage to seek each other in ways that were never customary until modern times. It is not necessary to go back as far as the days of Periclean Athens to be reminded of how much artists once formed a class apart, without social life, as it is now understood, and without social recognition. It is one of the fruits of the levelling democratic process that they are now so much fused with other classes, and notably with the wealthy and unoccupied class which, at all times, has found in art a great diversion and a valuable stimulus.

It is of course very true that artists and the rich and idle have always been in certain respects instinctively attracted toward each other, even as they now are. The artist is at his easiest, and, theoretically, ought to be at his best, in luxurious surroundings. He is, like a child, pleased by pretty things; and the atmosphere of serenity that results from affluence and good breeding and gentle manners makes a congenial medium for the unfolding of his imagination, at least on its dreamy side. Mr. Marion Crawford has very justly observed somewhere that it is not snobbery, as is commonly supposed, but the repose of circles where manners have been brought to a very perfect pitch by attentive cultivation that draws the artist to the socially important. The inequalities of behavior, the moods and variableness, and the provincialisms of persons who live in conditions less large, and have not the cosmopolitan tone, are so many intolerable pin-punctures to the artistic nature. They produce an exasperation that often ends in positive mental paralysis. The world of fashion does not ordinarily say much to the heart and brain of the composer, painter, literary man. But its suavity is superior to that of less favored worlds; and it is more disposed to leave the individual alone. Its air, in short, is, by that much, an air in which the artist can grow. He needs, and must have, personal independence; and if he find it chiefly in the most sophisticated social circles, the attraction that these have for him is so far legitimate enough.

On the other hand, people who are possessed of means and social position, and of that culture that, at least in some degree, comes with both, can be drawn to artists by interests equally legitimate. The enlightened Mæcenas is a rare human product; one of the very rarest, and also one of the finest. He was a brilliant and commanding figure in old Greece and Rome, and during the Renaissance. There are reasons why he cannot seem quite so brilliant now. Yet his spirit gets itself incarnated anew into the world every now and again, and it may move any day, with modifications, in the body of a New England philanthropist or a Chicago pork-packer. Such a man will realize that, when all is said and done, his millions have been put only to crude and brutal uses, and have even somehow missed their ultimately most practical employment, until they have done duty in the service of art. It is the law of compensation in full operation. The opulent accumulator of mere material belongings, full of the vainglory and personal inflation that attend such accumulation, turns suddenly humble, and bends to pave the way, smooth the obstacles, and guard and defend the approaches, for some artistic manifestation in whose essential creation all the millions of the earth could take no part.

This is the invaluable function that those who have the instincts of the Mæcenas can perform, and do often perform, for art; and they are attracted to the artist by their capacity to participate, in this sense, in his work, as well as by their desire to learn from him some of the inner secrets, the deeper mysteries, supposed to be open to the idealist.

It should be then perfectly possible for the artist and the rich man to come together on a basis of great mutual profit. And indeed, to enlarge the conception, all intelligent persons are agreed that social life flowers into its ripest expression, and is, severely speaking, alone really worth while, when it centres where men and women of the world do meet on an equal footing and under absolutely harmonious conditions, for a free interchange of thought and stimulation, those who have attained eminence in the arts and sciences and professions. Such common meeting-grounds are, however — like all choice things — rare. The separate elements of the fusion must be, in every case, the very best of their kind, if the result is to be perfect. That is to say, the people who represent society must be free from that denseness of perception that prolonged prosperity is much more likely to engender than it is likely to engender emotional callousness (that, by the way, is a confusing misconception, that the rich lose the faculty to feel; it is their mind that loses its power to apprehend life with an adequate sense of relation and proportion; hence misplaced emotion; feeling at the wrong place and time); and the artist, on his side, must have grown beyond some of those anti-social characteristics that make association with him often so trying an experience to better-balanced individuals. To get together a few dozen men and women who have known the most that society could offer in every civilized country, and have that large practical wisdom, and knowledge of men and life, which such an experience gives, yet through the force of exceptional circumstances, or some richer well-spring in the nature, have kept a clear vision of the deeper meanings of things, is no easy matter. The chances are in favor of such men and women being products of long-continued traditions; and in Europe they are more commonly than not found at points where culminates the utmost in the way of rank and pomp that civilization achieves. Nor are your dozen or two artists, writers, and composers to correspond any easier to pick out and assemble. They must be exceptions; not exceptional successes in their own line perhaps so much as exceptions in character. If one were not in danger of being misunderstood, one would like to say that they must be gentlemen all through in a certain specific sense in which the artistic crafts, taking their members as a body, do not always give themselves the trouble, or think it worth while, to be gentlemen. For the term "gentleman" always represents the total sum of a few qualifications which experience has proved to be most useful in the actual state of social life, and to-day it represents qualifications that, upon the whole, are not natural artistic qualifications. There are those who will refuse to admit that the conception of what a gentleman is varies with different epochs and conditions. They will assert that the gentleman of a thousand years ago, of a hundred years ago, is a gentleman to-day and will be one to-morrow. As to large matters of ethics and conduct, yes; as to minor matters of behavior, no. We decide that a man is a gentleman by the manner in which he "wears" in daily existence; in its haphazard and promiscuous companionships and situations. And social life at present is an international affair. Its interests are not confined to the limited stages where they would formerly have been localized, but move over extended surfaces. The gentleman of to-day, therefore, is the individual who best adapts himself to prevailing circumstances by not stopping the general flow of things with an intrusion, when not strictly necessary, of his own personality. He is the individual who puts no over-sensitive valuation on his personal standards, interferes little with others, has the silent courage of his own conduct, but no itch to explain it, or himself, or to impose either on a preoccupied world that has no time to attend and less patience. This, in any case, may pass as a definition of the social side of what the Anglo-Saxon calls a gentleman; and as the Anglo-Saxon race has spread over the face of the globe more extensively than any other, and been brought in contact with the greatest number of peoples under the greatest diversity of circumstances, it may fairly be considered no bad judge of the way to get through that complicated thing, modern life, with the least irritability on all sides and the smallest friction. We of the English tongue, in short, believe at present that man most acceptable to his fellows, all round, who

least obtrudes, in personal intercourse, the insistent personal note. That these new conditions do not make for the development of an especially picturesque or salient type of gentleman is very true. The gentleman of the old régime—for instance, of our own old South—was a much more decorative personage. But to-day we should find him a bore. His dignity would be too self-important; his fractiousness would stop the wheels of things. And that is the great offence. We must positively not stop the wheels, and nothing stops them as do the uneasy personal vanity and the deficient self-control of individuals. Yet here, alas, are the weak spots in the artistic nature. The strain of gestation and production under which the artist lives impairs equilibrium, and gives an irritable edge to personal vanity, and he has of that vanity a more than conformable amount.

These are the defects of the most brilliant qualities; that does not alter the fact; it only makes it harder to deal with. The thin-skinnedness of a Frenchman may be a source of annoyance to Englishmen and Americans who, in the abstract, may passionately reverence the Latin spirit. With all his incomparable gifts the old Greek's vaingloriousness must have made him to his contemporaries occasionally a very insupportable person—and it did so make him. Vanity is probably one of the chief causes of the prolonged unpopularity of the gifted Jew. To be easy to live with is a sure key to human favor. But artists are, by universal consent, hard to live with. They always have been; they presumably always will be. And yet this is so because of that same intensity through which they are vouchsafed a vision of verities that duller mortals, stumbling after them, never see save in fugitive flashes.

What is, then, the conclusion of the whole matter? The average society man or woman knows little of life; the average artist knows little of the world. One perceives then insuperable difficulties — difficulties temperamental and, one might almost say, physical—that stand in the way of the two deriving, in the vast majority of cases, any true and durable satisfaction from mutual association, in spite of certain causes which lead them to draw near to one another. The benefit is incalculable in the few exceptional instances where the natural obstacles to union have been overcome; those little knots of what is really "the best society" meet and speak a common language, the cosmopolitan language, the civilized world over, and there are moments when one feels that they supply the one sufficient reason, almost, for the whole social fabric, that is so full of wasted effort, of incomplete achievement, of endeavor that ends nowhere. But on all other levels what could be really more grotesque, if it were not tragic, than the misunderstandings, the cross-purposes, and the utter miscarriage of interests, that are the outcome of nearly every attempt of society and the artist to come together on equal terms? The growing fashion of having "entertainers" at social functions has thrown this entire situation into clearer relief. Society's disbursements for the entertainment of its guests are often of generous proportions, and singers, players, readers, it may be argued, must live. This certainly is an argument that has weight. But an artist lives on other things besides bread. For instance, on the sense of his own genuineness. What is, after all, the first duty that he owes to himself, as an artist? The duty of avoiding those surroundings in which it is impossible that he should find nutriment, and which stunt and cripple him instead of developing and enlarging him. It happened to the novelist Alphonse Daudet to be accosted as a youth in a Parisian drawing-room, where he had recited some verses, by an elderly Mentor, who whispered to him, solemnly: "Young man, beware of *salons!*" It is, as a rule, good advice. Good in Paris, and still better with us. Better with us than anywhere else. Money fashionable American society possesses, and is willing to lavish upon the artist, in unparalleled abundance. But it ought to be understood more generally than it is, that of other forms of riches—so indispensable to artistic health and artistic integrity—it has less to offer than any other society.

The point is one which needs to be squarely faced and clearly grasped. One may not, for example, be indiscrimin tely in favor of the preposterous sums often paid by Americans to foreign singers, or players, or painters, and yet one may realize that the scale of payments to artists

must be different here and abroad, because here the elements on which the artist feeds in his surroundings, and which he works up into his æsthetic output, are so much more meagre. He is called upon to give out constantly, and he takes in very little. Rich as is our American life, it is poor in the ways which signify most to the artist; poor in intellectually fruitful leisure, in stimulating craftsman-like talk, in the prevalence of general ideas, in picturesqueness and variety of impressions. Abroad he may willingly work as hard as he does here for one-quarter of the price that he here exacts, but the world around him yields him enough, in pictorial and emotional directions, to indemnify him a hundredfold. His sojourn on this side of the Atlantic could assuredly be more profitable to him did he seek to enter into relationship with some of the serious, the more important, elements of our national and social life. It is the almost universal experience, however, that he appears to ignore that we have such elements at all. And thus it comes about that all the artistic recognition which he in America receives is inseparably bound up in his mind with the idea of money, ostentation, show; means such; stands for such; seems to him not to be success on any other terms; is, in short, vulgarized. The vulgarization of artists: it is one of the sadly effectual accomplishments of American society. There have been one or two great foreign artists among us in recent years—one great singer, and one great actress, notably—who absolutely refused the lure, and while they took away with them much American gold, took it without loss of the finest artistic self-respect. There are other artists whose deterioration under American fashionable success has been a process patent to the casual view.

To sum up, the verdict of every serious artistic worker in any line is unanimous in this, that what is called society in America is a medium in which the artist is in a state of perpetual discomfort, is continuously ill at ease. Sometimes he is snubbed; but that is not the chief trouble. He could stand snubbing, especially equable and systematic snubbing, and be none the worse for it. What is really fatal to the artistic life is the fulsome and hysterical adulation which breaks out spasmodically to centre upon certain individuals, and in which all feeling for proportion, all instinct for measure and accuracy, are overborne and carried away by a sweep of sentiment that has something half savage, something almost brutal, about it. We shall learn presently, perhaps, that these great outbursts of so-called artistic enthusiasms to which we are prone are a thing that we may be a little ashamed of. They sicken, and would eventually emasculate, those whom they are intended to flatter; and they do not invigorate—far from it—those who experience them. The artistic development demands a more temperate atmosphere, and one less subject to violent contrasts of heat and cold. And it does not save the situation to contend—though this is certainly true—that American society reserves the great heats of its favors for the best and biggest achievements; that it has no enthusiasms for the second-rate. The artistic life is not solely a thing of great achievements; it has shades, grades, steps, and successions, of excellences. And it thrives where a fine and critical discrimination seeks out these half-perfections, these courageous attempts and genial trials, and, with an analytical feeling for the germ of beauty which they may contain, has proportionate satisfaction and pleasure in them, as well as in the fully rounded consummations. There are dangers involved in caring only for the best and biggest in art, as well as in other things. No one can deny that we know, as a people, how most fully and generously to appreciate results that are pre-eminently successful. But the processes by which success is reached, and which imply so many partial failures and abortive victories, so much deft and patient handling of the self and the material alike, we know far less about. And what helps the artist most is that these processes, precisely, of his artistic growth should be intelligently understood. To know what he is striving for and what road he is taking to get to his end, is to aid him more effectually than to applaud him to the echo, and to sign large checks for his work. If all American life is too hurried, presses onward at too quick a pace, for this attention to methods of artistic development to be possible to it, how much less need artists expect to find

such attention in society proper! The ordinary society man—more accurately, let us say the ordinary society woman—uses the artist for the prestige which he confers upon a drawing-room, and for the fact that he is a picturesque lion in a doorway, and there, in most cases, concern with him ceases. It is not an entirely disagreeable position for the lion, while it lasts, for the lion-hunter and her friends have often a charming way with them. But the result of it all for him is a relaxing of the mental fibre, and a fatigue, flat, stale, and unprofitable. Nor is the mental injury the worst part of the matter. The moral antagonisms aroused on both sides, although kept decently below the surface, are sometimes laughable, generally undignified, and in every case a foolish waste of the wine of life. Certainly, the opinions expressed on both sides, as they float through the air to the ear of the unprejudiced listener, cannot be said to speak of souls either fortified or illumined by the intercourse which they have rushed into. They are not words of peace and goodwill, born of sweetness and light!

It is impossible not to speculate at times upon the manner in which those old Greeks, to return to them, solved the entire question of the relations between art and society; and not to feel that their drastic solution may have been the only practicable one. With that inspirational commonsense of theirs which so looks like genius, they refused to face the problem at all, they refused to admit any relations. They laid unfailing stress on the point that the artist's work was the only important thing about him, the only thing that *lived*. In his person he was nothing. His work was public property, it stood in public places, it was criticised, condemned, approved, in the most public way. His personality was a private matter, and wholly obscure. We have been steadily striving for centuries to reverse the old Greek's judgment of what was fit and best for all concerned in this regard. We occupy ourselves now with the artist as a man; his character counts more and more with us in an estimation of his work. We demand that he shall become increasingly like other men, and subject to the same social and economic laws. And this, without question, is a great gain on the side of morality, sanity, and general righteousness. But, meantime, the fundamental conditions of artistic production have not changed. An artist's work still gets itself done according to mysterious laws which have nothing in common with the working processes of other men. It is doubtless well to exact of an artist's life that it shall present the same social and economic features as a banker's, a merchant's, a soldier's; that it shall fit similarly into the framework of society. But the calling makes the man, and artistic labor is unlike other labor. That we forget this is the cause of eternal misunderstandings. Perhaps the artist was happier when he was merely an artisan, without social expression, without other expression indeed than his art—which, for the true artist, is generally enough. However, his affairs are now otherwise arranged. His position, if more agreeable and flattering in some directions, is on the whole far less simple. It has compensations. It has also greater complications. Yet a pity it is if he do not at least take his welfare into his own hands so far as to save himself from a vain scattering of his forces, and a frittering away of his honesty, at the tempting solicitation of society. Society is good for him if he plunge into it at points where life is seen as a totality, and in large views. But such points, as we know, are few and far between. At its average, society saps him, empties him, leaves only the husk of him behind.

THE POINT OF VIEW

SINCE it is the fashion of the day for every two people who think alike, or think they think alike, to hold a convention, I arise to give expression to a long-felt want: the need of a convention of the believers in signs and influences.

In the first place, the noble army of the superstitious seems to be dwindling every day before the insidious advances of pseudo-science and the vicious attacks of organized skepticism, such as Thirteen Clubs, where shameless renegades meet in bakers' dozens and feast about a coffin-shaped table, present each other with knives, break mirrors, and indulge in numberless other insolent practices tending to cast discredit upon the good repute of the codes of superstition and make proselytes in our very ranks. There is need for such a convention, not merely to stimulate interest in the venerable articles of our practice, but to appoint a committee to revise and codify the laws of superstition. One of the chief causes of the defection in our brotherhood—and, most emphatically, sisterhood—is the dissension that is rife among us; and there is a crying need for a definite, authorized Koran, around which the faithful can rally. As things now are, if they all try to gather around everything that everybody believes, they are so scattered that to rally is to disband. Let me cite one or two notorious examples:

A Convention of the Superstitious.

Of course everyone knows that if two persons simultaneously apply disruptive efforts at either end of the confluent clavicles (colloquially, "wish-bone") of a common or garden fowl, fortune presides over the ossifraction. Now, if anything is important in this world it is the definite assurance of the side upon which fortune will fall—the person carrying away the larger portion of the confluent clavicles, or the person carrying away the smaller. I myself passed a happy youth in the belief that fortune favored the one who captured the smaller portion of the wish-bone. Imagine my distress on learning late in life, that in the minds of many devout superstitioners the larger half of the wish-bone was accounted the luckier!

Again, everyone knows that Friday and Fate, Thirteen and Theurgy, have more than an alliterative bond. The old country had for centuries accepted Friday as the day and Thirteen as the number upon which fortune lowered. Up comes the iconoclastic Yankee to claim that Friday is the luckiest day of the week and thirteen the luckiest number, and to prove it circumstantially with statistics, of which the following are a few examples:

Columbus discovered America on Friday.

Balboa discovered the Pacific in 1513.

The first permanent English settlement was on the 13th of May.

New York was settled by the Dutch in 1613.

The country grew from Thirteen Original Colonies.

Perry's victory was in 1813.—And so the chronicle goes on.

Besides this great national attack on Friday and the 13th, there is an undermining influence from individuals, who maintain that what tradition has sanctified as unlucky is in their own cases really lucky.

Consider the supposedly inevitable fatality to some one of any party of thirteen at table. Scientists and statisticians are disagreed as to whether the waiter should be included or not, whether all must be seated at once or not, and whether or not the curse is removed by one of the number running around his chair three times. In my preparatory school-days, for instance, the regular number at my table for a whole year was thirteen; and yet no one died within the twelvemonth; we were not aware of the authorized ruling in this matter and never thought to consider the waiter. And yet for that matter, on some days there were only twelve of us and the waiter made the necessary thirteen. What, then, is one to believe? I repeat, what *is* one to believe?

A matter of vital importance in this connection is the subject of preventives, such as crossing the fingers against the *jettatura*, and, indeed, all amuletic precaution. It is, of course, true that if one spills the salt or encounters any evil omen, the impending

doom can be averted by throwing salt over the left shoulder. But here doctors disagree; some say the salt should be thrown with the right hand and some aver that it must be with the left. Each gesture has its different versions. What is poison for one is served as meat for another. Every brother you encounter tells you some variant on some long-accepted article or creed.

Take so important and profitable a device for encouraging good fortune as the familiar rite of two persons who accidentally say the same word simultaneously; certain authorities interlock little fingers, make a wish, and placing their thumbs together simply intone the sacerdotal "Thumbs!" Other savants insist that unless the name of a poet is added the wish is null and void.

Without stopping to multiply examples, or going back to the practices of the ancient augurs, I think I have made it plain that this chaotic condition of affairs has gone on too long. The welfare of individuals and nations hangs upon the settlement of these crucial problems. Plainly a convention to appoint and authorize a synod of the superstitious is a vital need of the time.

THE ingenious Mr. Wells, who looks forward into the future with such an artful affectation of accuracy, pictures as the chief horrors of Earth, a few centuries hence, the abandonment of the country as a place of human habitation, and the total suppression of war. The Sleeper, who is the chief figure of Mr. Wells's last novel, wakes to a world in which weapons have passed completely out of use, and remain only as curiosities in museums. It is a world of flying-machines which have annihilated space in a way that our railroad presidents have not yet dreamed of; of a few great surface roads over which huge automobiles whirl at extraordinary speed; of a classified society in which Labor has touched bottom and stays there; of enormous mechanical powers and structures; of incredible cities of vast height and complexity; a world of wheels, trusses, electricity, velocity, ingenuity; inhuman, mechanical, deplorable.

A World with no Country.

The turn by which, more than by any other one whim, its creator has contrived to make it odious, is that he has abolished the country as a place of human residence. He has argued, apparently, that the present noticeable tendency townward is a sign to be counted on; and has imagined it gradually increasing as transportation became perfected, and all the other causes that have made huge cities possible in our day were aggravated, until the England of his imagination, a few centuries hence, has but four cities altogether, and the country between them is no longer villages and country-places, but market-gardens cultivated by men who sleep in town, forests, sheep-ranges patrolled by shepherds, and wild country overrun by wolves. In Mr. Wells's book people who can choose live in the great cities. People who cannot choose live there also, because all the work is there, all life is there, everything is there that anyone wants. He speaks of "pleasure cities," where those go who have money to spend and are without ambition except for enjoyment. One can imagine what such cities would be, the eating and the drinking, the gambling, the art, the beauty, the vice, the great material charm that vast wealth and limitless ingenuity could give, and the dreariness of it all below the surface. There is Euthanasia—painless death—as an alternative to the pleasure cities, or for those whose money runs out and who do not wish to go back to work. There is—but who will may read Mr. Wells, and see what a tinkling cymbal existence may become owing to the multiplication of aëroplanes, the effacement of war, and the abandonment of the country.

But surely this spectre is bred of an artful indigestion. The country shall never be abandoned as a place of residence! One needs to reassure one's self, after realizing Mr. Wells's forecast, by declarations that it lacks plausible basis. To be sure there is this disposition to go to town. Agriculture requires very much fewer hands per square mile than it once did, and it will not hold to its uses and its localities more hands than it can employ. That is one of many reasons for the growth of cities. But it is not at all a reason for the abandonment of the country by those who can afford to live there, nor is such a movement in progress. On the contrary, the bigger the cities grow the more necessary it becomes for families to get out of them in the summer, and the greater is the annual migration into the country. It is true that there is a strong tendency among well-to-do people who leave the cities in hot weather to huddle together in pleasure-seeking communities which are comparable with the pleasure-cities Mr. Wells hints at; but still the plain country village

and farm draw their millions from the cities every summer, and, as time goes on, are likely to draw more rather than less.

Somewhere in his forecast Mr. Wells has slipped a cog. With all its faults, the world does not promise to become within four centuries, or ever, such a machine-made, machine-driven, machine-infested hill of human worms as he makes out.

ALMOST the whole difference between an optimist and a pessimist can be traced straight to their attitudes toward soulless things and irresponsible forces. In a meandering brook two drops of water will come pell-mell against some jutting rock: the one will take the rebuff gayly, leap off and go on its way singing; the other will stop and fret, allow itself to be jostled out of the current of progress, and stagnate. Behold the optimist: the pessimist.

Now if one uses a fountain-pen ("well-named, too!" I hear the ghost of Mr. Boffin whispering over my shoulder, for a fountain-pen either gushes or chokes), and the pen spatters his fine writing, what a vanity it is to hurl the pen away with a malediction! for evil as its deeds are, its intentions are neither moral nor immoral, but absolutely unmoral. While it is capable of almost anything else, it is quite incapable of malice. If one will only pause to hunt back to the actual cause that is to blame, one falls into such a labyrinth of causation and modification and nullification that anger is dissipated from very lack of definite excuse. By the holy laws of Supply and Demand, in the absence of a particular object to vent itself on, the spleen is discouraged from secreting wrath, and the mid-riff declines to swell and blacken. And such is the evolution of the optimist.

Etiquette Toward Inanimate Objects.

The optimist then is one who is cheerful because it does no good to kick against the pricks, while the pessimist is one who is morose because—well, for the same reason. But we optimists are the wiser, for we have our fun out of it all.

When the mighty Xerxes saw his pontoons across the Hellespont wrecked by a storm, his first step was to put the engineers to death: which was logical enough. But he has been esteemed as wanting in the sweets of reasonableness for ordering the chastisement of the grinning sea with chains. Yet how many of his critics have on occasion wreaked their wrath at some annoying author upon the helpless book or periodical that contains the disturbing words. When one has learned not to hurl books against the farthest wall, he has learned Lesson One in optimism.

No better training in this culture can be found than the old superstitious practice of averting bad luck by going back to the stone that offended you and crossing over it smoothly. The natural inclination, of course, is to kick it; but, once you stop to think how little the stone is personally to blame for having been deposited there by ancient glaciers, or washed down by rain-storms, or worked up through the soil by the attrition of many passengers, you must perforce absolve the stone of culpe, and apologize for heaping upon it abuse that belongs—you really haven't time to decide where.

To those painfully judicious minds that cannot sleep if they have failed to mete out exactly the right blame to exactly the right person, and to those Rhadamanthuses who relish the infliction of punishment above all delights, the old Roman mythology offered a direct and speedy satisfaction. For, besides an upper-ten of major gods and a middle class array of minor deities and a half-caste, they had a very myriad of plebeian immortals, small-jobbers who not only inhabited every imaginable place but attended every imaginable function of nature. Everything, therefore, had its immediate and personal cause. In those days, if you sprawled over the root of a tree, you knew just what dryad had tripped you with malice prepense, and you could upbraid her till her bark turned pale. The Middle Age, too, had its evil eyes and its devils, and our Puritan forebears had witches galore. But our century has forsworn these luxuries and harried them out of reach, establishing in their place the poor substitute of Cause and Effect, Siamese twins whom it is no pleasure and less profit to revile. Poe tried to set up an Imp of the Perverse, but much as everybody needs some such blamable personage, nobody believes in him.

Lacking personalities to blame for the misdeeds of inanimate objects, one does well to try to propitiate them with civility. And experience teaches that they are by no means insensible to little touches of consideration and courtesy. They are especially hospitable to optimists.

THE FIELD OF ART

ART IN THE SCHOOLS: THE NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE has been discussion in these columns of the proper selection of works of art for educational purposes. Mr. La Farge's letter, published in the Magazine for August, 1898, was addressed to a member of a Western Board of Education; and therein were pointed out the difficulties which offer themselves when one asks: "Which are the best paintings?" In the October number of the Field of Art the relation to a painting's value of the historical or other story told in it was considered. But when the question concerns not merely the original merit of the painting, but also the fitness of the photograph of the painting—or the statue, the bas-relief, the group, or the piece of architecture—for school consumption, so to speak, some other considerations arise which are not without interest. For, in the first place, the photograph itself must be attractive and impressive. The actual carbon print (if the school is so fortunate as to receive one of those large and fine pictures which the New York State Board of Regents is distributing), the actual carbon print must be, in itself, and not in the reminiscence of its original, a picture which will do good on the wall.* There is many a group of sculpture which is betrayed by the photographer who has taken the wrong point of view. There is many a statue, even, which should be given in photography only when an unusually successful negative of it has been procured. As for works of architecture, that question is so complicated that it must have a paragraph to itself by and by; but as to painting, everyone who has bought a few photographs of pictures knows that there is many a picture photographs of which are nearly sure to give a wholly false idea of the whole work of art.

The phrase "whole work of art" has been used above, at the expense of an awkward sentence, because it cannot be too early impressed upon the pupil that what he is looking at is a picture, to be looked at only as a picture, and not the counterfeit presentment of an event. Philippoteaux's painting of Fontenoy, with the hostile armies in opposing array, and each waiting for the other to fire, is, indeed, rather the record of an event than a picture; but then the Fontenoy in question is not very interesting, and there is but little danger that anyone will propose the hanging of a large photograph of that composition upon any of our school-walls. In most cases, there is no story absolutely told by the painting, nor any possibility of telling one; and it is to be repeated that the picture is not to be shown to the pupil as a record of an event or as the telling of a story at all comparable in value to the written record in his book. The picture is to be shown as a work of art; and the beginner is not to be asked to verify it in its incidents any more than he is to be asked to learn history in the accuracy of its details from Walter Scott's romances. The romancer gives you, in his historical setting, three parts of truth and one part of absolute untruth; and the student is thought to be none the worse off even as a student of history if he comes away from "Quentin Durward" with the wholly erroneous impression that the Bishop of Liège just then was a venerable old man. Teachers do not impress upon their pupils the false doctrine that the chief reason for studying a great work of fiction, or a great poem, is detailed veracity of narrative; the world has got so far along that artistic truth, the truth which alone the artist had in mind, is that which is insisted upon. The object in the selection of works of other kinds of art, for schools, should be to lead teachers and pupils alike to the same conviction with regard to those works of art, and to impress upon them the fact that it is the dealing of the artist's mind with the subject, and not the truthfulness of record contained in the subject itself, in which the beginner should be interested.

II

IF we turn to sculpture, things are simpler, at least. The relation of the subject to the work of art in sculpture is more easy to grasp, chiefly because sculpture itself is more uni-

* It should be said, by the way, that these pictures should really be framed without sheets of glass over them. All that could hurt them would hurt much more gravely an oil painting of one hundred times their value. There is simply no reason at all for the glass, and its weight and its cost are as nothing compared to the objection there is to its flash and to the consequent half-concealment of the work of art behind it.

form and simple in its processes and does not disguise the true nature of its subject behind so much display of verity. It will be easier to convince the youthful teacher, or one of that teacher's class of pupils, that a bas-relief on the base of the Albert Memorial, or in one of the new monuments of William I. of Germany, is a work of art and nothing else, than it would be to convince the same person of the same truth in regard to a picture. A few words will point out to the tyro that this piece of sculpture does not undertake to relate all the facts, or even any of the facts, as they are in nature or in life; but that it is a human invention based upon facts and primarily valuable as an invention. If to this we add the consideration that the work of sculpture is far more frequently a single figure or a very simple group, it will become still more evident that the pupil is less apt to be deceived and misled as to the true purpose of the work of art when it is a work of sculpture which is represented in the photograph. The photograph of a piece of sculpture will be less interesting to the pupils generally, and to the teachers also, than the photograph of a painting, and this because of the comparative absence from it of anecdote or easily perceived association or sentiment. On this account, and exactly to the extent that sculpture is, in this way, more abstract, is sculpture more valuable than painting as the material for school photographs.

III

So with the architectural work of art; the combination of abstract form with structure, which makes up a fine building or a fine part of a building, and even the sculptured decoration of this, will be unlikely to appeal to the student as anything but a work of fine art. Even should we give to him the front of the new Hôtel de Ville, with its portrait statues, it would not be hard for the teacher to discover and for the pupil to understand that they were not to be considered as authentic representations of the historical heroes whose names are appended to them. And as for the rest of the monument, there is really no room for misconceptions; and, as the natural demand for story-telling does not come into the question and complicate it, there is really nothing to hinder good choice in architecture other than the natural preference of the uninstructed mind for the inferior, the less valuable, the grosser and more violent, the temporary and more insignificant. Nearly always the beginner will choose the inferior thing—not the viler thing, not the worst thing in the strict sense of the word, but the stupider thing, that which is duller and less valuable. Some forgotten tradition, some lost association arises for the moment in the pupil's mind and decides the dislike of this and the preference for that—the preference being of necessity nearly always for that which is inferior; and this not because of a natural bent toward vulgarity or even toward insipidity, but because the majority of pieces of architecture which the child has been shown occasionally in his picture-books and elsewhere are in themselves, and still more in their representations, thin, cold, and insipid. The very object of supplying good and well-chosen photographs is to replace the feeble, the meaningless, and the poor by that which is excellent in its way—as excellent as the means of reproduction allow. Architecture, then, ought to be easier to choose for our photographic illustration than either sculpture or painting, and, so far as the mere choice of the subject goes, that is probably the case.

There is, however, this difficulty with the architectural picture that the whole of a large building cannot be shown at once. A bird's-eye view of a great and complicated building would be an excellent thing for the pupil to study; but bird's-eye views are not to be had in photography. If a photograph of the Louvre could be had from a balloon, a very great deal of the artistic history of France might be conveyed by that photograph, and by such simple comments upon it as the guide-books would furnish and the teacher might easily master. But that is impracticable, and we are not now considering the possibility of elaborately made drawings full of instruction and knowledge—we are not considering such drawings as Chipiez, or Viollet-le-Duc, or Simil could make, but photographs from the object itself; and it appears that we cannot furnish any photograph which will show the whole of a great building. A plan and half a dozen partial photographs may, indeed, explain much of the truth concerning a great palace, a gigantic group of temples, or a great cathedral; but, again, this is beyond our present scope. The plan is out of the question, and the many photographs are not to be devoted to one building so long as there are so many other buildings claiming our attention. And no one will assert that a pho-

tograph of one front of a cathedral or of one angle of a palace is adequate as an architectural picture.

Some other means must be found for giving architectural art in a photograph. Subjects must be selected which are simpler than those we have suggested above. It may be well to choose simple paintings among the paintings of the world, and simply composed groups and single figures from among the sculptures left us by the ages; all that may be well and very desirable; but in the matter of architecture it appears to be absolutely essential that we should give not the whole church, but only a porch or one tower; not the whole *palazzo*, but only a portal, or one arcade of the great *cortile*.

IV

BUT further, as regards the artistic character of a work of art, the chooser of these subjects should beware of the quaint, however fascinating; of the grotesque, however amusing; of the imperfect and temporary, however charming to his more cultivated archæological sense. The works of art hung on the walls of any school-house will be so very few that they should all be, in the limited human sense, perfect ones. A photograph of a Fra Angelico picture is out of place because the drawing is wholly inadequate; the grammar of the art is not observed; and so, for a somewhat different going astray, is Boucher to be avoided. In a degree hardly less remarkable, the want of balance of the earlier sculptures of the Italian Renaissance are dangerous. The exquisite beauty of many of these blinds us all, blinds even the most experienced of us, to their technical defects as works of art; but they will not fail to impress the child or the teacher, each of whom will receive from the piece of sculpture an impression which is injurious as well as one that is ennobling. To a still greater degree are French and German sixteenth-century sculptures doubtful; the pupil will take their errors for their merit. It should be noted that in writing, the evil effect of antiquated or local style is almost immediately removed by the experience the student has in using his own language and in hearing it used in a modern and presumably correct form, while the charm of the written work of art still remains intact. This simple means of correcting the evil effects of local dialect or temporary fashion does not exist in the study of works of graphic and plastic art, because the language in which those works are expressed is unknown to the student. He does not practise it; the members of his family do not use it. Our daily experience of removing from the mind the narrow whimsicalness of construction and expression in a piece of Elizabethan poetry, while the beauty of the poem remains comprehensible and unimpaired, will not aid us to go through the same mental process with the piece of sculpture. In that the beginner will never be able to distinguish the good from the bad, the noble from the undignified and trivial; he will, of necessity, take the imperfect grammar, the feeble composition, the poor modelling, the anatomical incorrectness as necessary parts of the whole work, and when he is told that this is an admirable piece of early sculpture, he will be blind to the fact that it is not, because admirable, therefore exemplary. He will take it as an example. There is nothing to prevent his taking it as an example. He will pin his faith to the modelling. He will never know how to discriminate between the conception and the language in which it is conveyed to him, and still less will he be able to perceive the difference between the power of artistic expression and the use of the language of art taken by itself.

V

A LIST of photographs suggested for use in the schools by the Regents of the State of New York is accompanied by a memorandum sent out by Mr. Melvil Dewey, the secretary of the Board of Regents and the librarian of the University, which memorandum sets forth the requirements of such works of art as are to be procured for the schools. It is pointed out that religious expression is to be guardedly used because of the likelihood of offense to persons of a different way of thinking; that the nude in art is to be avoided because, again, of the peculiar notions of some persons in this respect; that polemics of any sort, or subjects "tending to dignify and enforce or to ridicule and antagonize particular doctrines," are to be avoided, with some other obvious suggestions. Disregarding all the *contras*, and observing only as we pass that the required elimination of [Christian] religious legend makes it hard to choose pictures, and that the prohibition of the nude is almost destructive of all chance to show sculpture rightly, let us consider for

a moment what would constitute a desirable work of art for this purpose; and let us choose a work of mingled sculpture and architecture. Let us take the monument to General De Lamoricière, which stands in the north transept of the Cathedral of Nantes in Brittany; the work of the still living Paul Dubois, the man who will be recognized as first among the academically taught sculptors of France, and, therefore, of the modern world, and who, in that capacity, will be accepted by all but the more enthusiastic advocates of certain modern departments in art.

In the first place there is modern feeling in both the architectural composition and in the statuary; and this is somewhat important. Follow the lines of least resistance; and do not try to make an archæologist of the boy into whose mind you are trying to instil the first thoughts about art.

Secondly, The architecture, while slightly marred by a temporary *neo-grec* taste, especially in the attic, is generally free from such localization in time and place, and is a singularly graceful adaptation of the sixteenth-century architecture of central France. It is, therefore, free from violence or *outré* characteristics of any sort.

Thirdly, The sculpture consists of impersonations, which the student can readily grasp and which are indeed akin to that which he finds in his literary studies, and a portrait statue. All this is, therefore, not merely comprehensible to the beginner, but impossible to mistake. When he is told that the recumbent statue is a portrait of the dead man, he sees that the figure elaborately draped in a pall is, under the pall, a booted and presumably uniformed soldier, and that the head is that of the ideal French officer, while, at the same time, it is presumably a likeness. Nor will he be misled as to this. No one who is likely to talk to him about the statue will go very far astray in its appreciation. He will be told, also, that the statues at the four corners represent Faith and Charity, Meditation and Manliness or Military Courage.

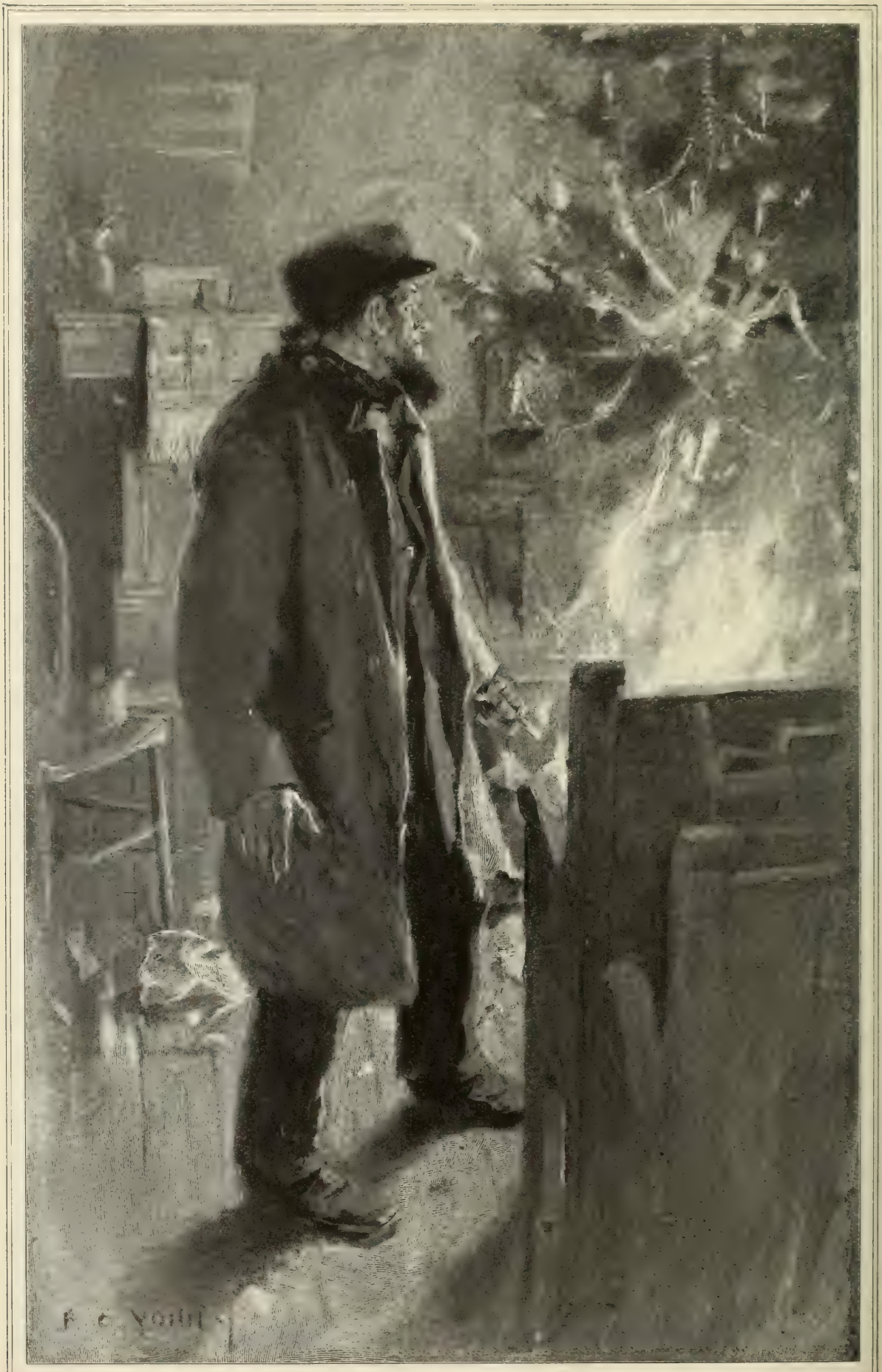
Fourthly, The whole work is so small that a photograph can show it all at once. One photograph can be had which will show the general composition, the portrait statue and two of the corner statues; and two similar photographs, representing the two other corner statues, could easily be framed with the general view. It would indeed be well if the four corner statues could be shown in four separate photographs, so that their individual merit could be the better appreciated; and it would not be impracticable to put these as a sort of *predella* in a row beneath the larger subject. A legend of twenty words could be printed on a card or carved upon the frame; and the result would be a frame within which all that is needed would be told of a very important modern work of art; a work of art which is capable of appealing to all, except the sense of color, of the great faculties which enable us to care for works of art.

Finally, the photograph would be—should be, for it might be—an admirable picture in itself, decorative to the wall, and full of interest to even a casual observer with time enough to stop.

VI

Somewhat in this way the selection of works of art for the school should be undertaken, if it is the study of fine art alone that we are concerned about. It is evident, however, to anyone who has heard or read the arguments of the advocates of art-teaching in the schools, that this is not what is generally held in the main; as, indeed, how should it be when those persons must of necessity be generally ignorant of the real character of fine art. Patriotism, association, aid to historical or geographical study, these are very often disguised as Study of Art. All this complicates the question very seriously, and would seem to make it impossible for members of a committee—one of which would be a trained and experienced artist, while the others are literary men and educationalists—ever to agree in reality. The way in which committees are apt to agree, by those who do not care much keeping silence, is of course within their reach. The surroundings of the daily life of American young people are so wholly inartistic, except in so far as fine art in literature or fine art in music, each in a few instances, appeal to them, that not an easy and natural sequence, but a sharp interruption seems necessary just here. It may be that the teaching of art in the schools (not the teaching of drawing, which is wholly a different matter) is a dream, and that nothing good will come of it; but if anything good is to come of it, it must be because of some decided assertion of the truth that graphic and plastic art is not a branch of literature, but a separate thing which the student must attack in a different way.

R. S.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

THE PEACEMAKER.

—See page 650.

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THE PEACEMAKER

By Bliss Perry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

IF you turn to the right at the blacksmith's shop in Slab City, and keep straight on through the Hollow, you come out upon Church Hill. Ten years ago there were two white churches there, on opposite sides of the road. From the burying-ground of either one you could see four counties of Massachusetts and three of Vermont, while to the northeast Monadnock rested like a pale blue jewel upon the dark uplands of New Hampshire.

Church Hill, like Slab City, belonged politically to the township of South Broughton. Theoretically it was dedicated to the Lord. Practically, it was an oozy stamping-ground of the Devil.

The white churches were rivals. The squat tower of the First Congregational, on the north side of the road, was surmounted by a battlement; the tower of the Second Congregational, on the south side of the road, was a slender Moslem minaret; otherwise, there was no difference between the two structures. The horse-sheds in the rear of the Battlement were in somewhat better repair, but there were a few more Christian Endeavorers in the Minaret. The choirs were difficult of comparison, each being unique. The summer audiences were slightly larger under the Battlement, but the Minaret drew ahead in the winter—thanks to its Endeavorers. Down at Dakin's store, in Slab City, it was the general sentiment that the ministers were pretty evenly matched. "Not much git up 'n' git to either of 'em," declared Orrin Waterman, the stage driver, and indeed both pastors seemed permanently settled, for neither of them had ever had an opportunity to move away.

Dakin's store was a sort of chorus for the long drama of discord between Minaret and Battlement. Not one of the frequenters of the place could remember the beginning of the trouble, for it dated from the great Unitarian secession in the twenties. At that time the new-fangled heretics had managed to get control of the original church building, the Battlement, and the orthodox minority migrated across the road and built the Minaret. By and by the Unitarians were forced to sell out to the Baptists, and then the Baptists in turn grew fewer and fewer, until, just after the Civil War, the Hard Cider controversy split the orthodox congregation, and the seceding faction bought the old Battlement from the Baptists, journeyed back across the road, and called themselves First Congregationalists once more. Their tenets included the proposition that every man had a right to make and drink as much cider as he pleased. The Second Congregationalists thought otherwise. From this point on, every patron of Dakin's knew the story: how the south township could support just one church, and here were two; how the young people on both sides had made overtures which the stanch old people had rejected; how the young folks had then "got mad" until they were, if anything, more bitter than their elders; how old Deacon Holbrook had been tipped out of his wagon three times rather than give half the road to anybody in the First

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Church ; in short, how the Devil's hoofs had stamped joyously up and down from Church Hill to Slab City and back again for many and many a year.

II

The man that felt worst over it was the man that said least, 'Gene Holbrook. For thirty years he had been sexton of the Minaret, and when his father, the old deacon, had been tipped out of the wagon once too often, Eugene was chosen deacon in his stead. The vote was a close one, for he was an insignificant old bachelor, with no gift of extemporaneous utterance, and he toed in most absurdly as he trudged back and forth between Slab City and Church Hill. "Not over bright," was the comment of the very school-children ; "no great hand to farm it," the verdict of the community. Mr. Holbrook had a singularly square head, as if whittled from a child's block ; restless gray eyes ; and a broom-shaped, crimpy, black beard, most scrupulously trimmed. His maiden sister Lois, who kept house for him, thought it a beautiful beard, though she never told him so.

Lois had voted for 'Gene as deacon, in open defiance of what people would say. She knew well enough that compared with their father's iron-willed loquacity, 'Gene's



Whenever the organist failed to make her appearance, 'Gene could fill her place.—Page 645.



"If a stroke of lightnin' would consume one of them buildings."—Page 646.

voice in church matters would have little weight. It proved to have none whatever. For two or three years after his election, indeed, he wearied both churches by his efforts to secure a union between them. He got himself dubbed "Union" Holbrook, but that was all, and, in fact, his conception of union was that the Battlement folks should give up their enterprise and come over to the Minaret. "The lion and the lamb lay down together," he was reminded by the humorists at Dakin's, "but when they got up again, it was all lion. There wa'n't no lamb." And 'Gene's scheme of one church—his own church—ended there.

But no one had any fault to find with Mr. Holbrook as a sexton. Nobody else could get any heat out of the Minaret's sheet-iron stoves. Nobody else could ring the cracked bell. Weakling as he was, he could set up and take down a Christmas tree unaided. Whenever the organist failed to make her appearance, 'Gene could fill her place. Four times, in the thirty years, he had climbed to the very top of the minaret to oil the brass rooster that served as a weather-vane. It was a break-neck feat, performed out of sheer affection for the building that he loved, though among the boys of the Hollow it added to his grave-digger reputation for uncanniness.

In truth, no one felt really acquainted with 'Gene Holbrook. While his loud-voiced father lived, the son had effaced himself as a matter of course; and after his own brief, unavailing struggle for union, the habit of silence, or at most of inept, inefficient speech, became ingrained. He sat awhile at Dakin's every evening, before and after mail-time, but made no contribution to the wit or wisdom of the place. He did not even smoke, or do anything, in fact, except sit on a barrel and run his fingers through his beard. The talkers watched him often, as the never-ending debate between Battlement and Minaret drew on, but "Not when *father* was alive," or "It ain't for *me* to say anything" was

the utmost extent to which he committed himself. No one addressed him as "Deacon." It was tacitly felt that he owed that dignity to the accident of inheritance rather than to intrinsic importance in the community; and even little Polly Dakin, aged seven, called him "'Gene."

III

One November night—the mail being very late—the talk at Dakin's grew unusually free.

"No, sir," said the shoemaker, who was a Mental Healer, "nothin' short of a stroke of lightnin' 'll ever scare them Congregationalists into keepin' the peace. Ain't that so, 'Gene?"

Holbrook shifted uncomfortably upon his barrel, but had no answer ready.

"There's them two *buildings*," pursued the shoemaker. "It's a question of property rights—that's what I've thought all along. If a stroke of lightnin' would consume one of them buildings—they ain't either of 'em insured, be they?—'n' folks *had* to get together, they *would* get together. Eh?" And he laughed maliciously at his own fancy, being convinced that religion, in the south township, had long since gone to pot.

But Holbrook spoke out for once, to the astonishment of the crowd.

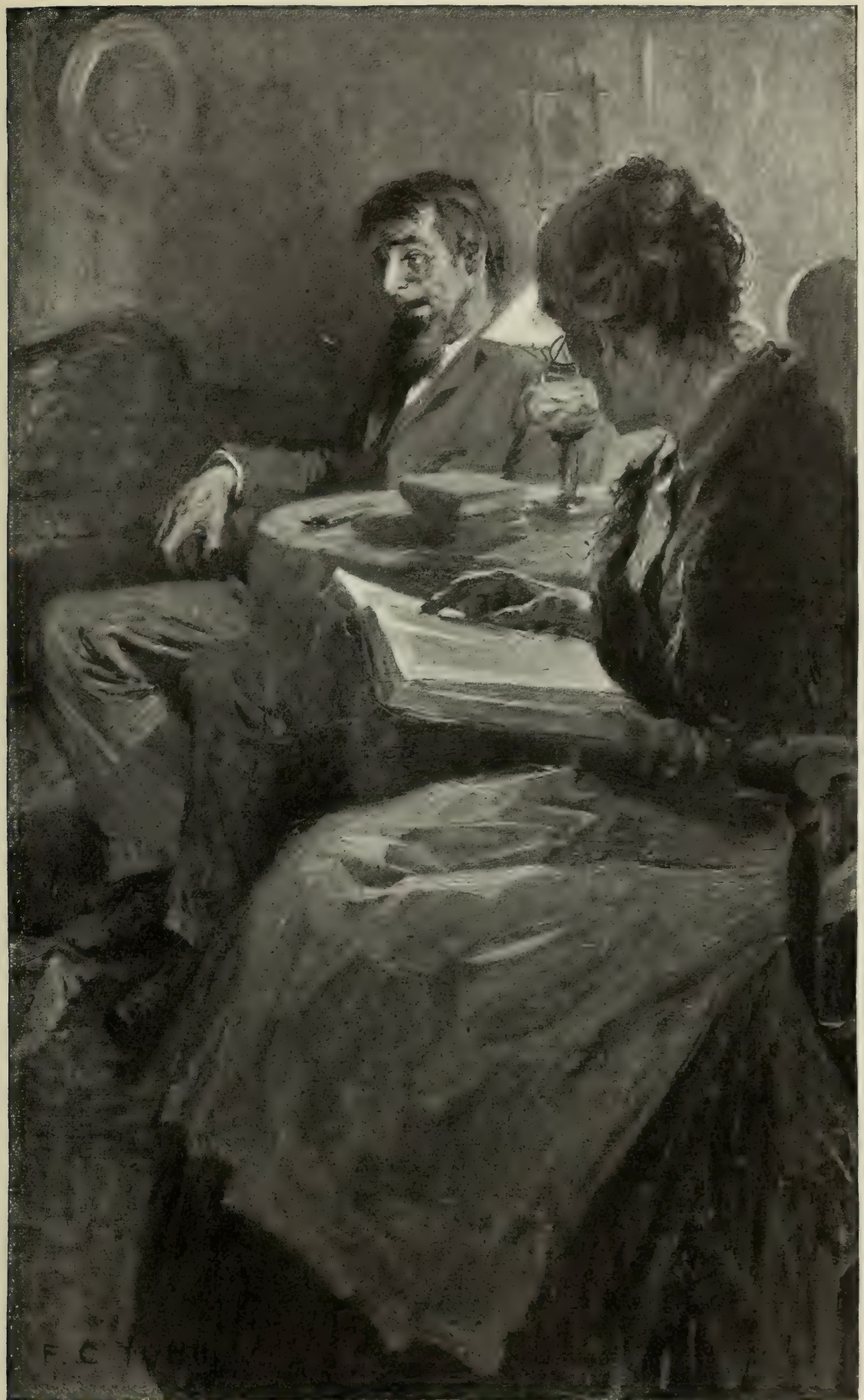
"You better stick to healing, Josh Wetherbee, if you believe in healing, and let religion alone!" He slipped down from his barrel and stood erect, his gray eyes blinking, his hands fidgeting.

The spectators looked delightedly at Wetherbee, expecting a retort, but Orrin Waterman entered with the mail-bag, and, before the general attention was directed again to the disputants, 'Gene Holbrook had teetered out of the door. He was still trembling as he turned the corner by the blacksmith's shop, and trudged along toward his little farm in the Hollow. Gentle-hearted, loving his own church with a devotion more intense than Slab City could comprehend, the shoemaker's taunt had jangled upon every nerve. And the worst was, that Josh Wetherbee had told the truth! 'Gene realized it, even at the instant that it had stung him into unwonted retort.

He stumbled onward, in the black November night, nodding his head excitedly. In a swift revulsion of feeling he saw the whole wretched business lying ghastly clear. The long strife between Minaret and Battlement was, in reality, a quarrel about dollars, involving the proportionate assessment of the two churches in case they united—a question of "property rights," as Josh Wetherbee had claimed. What was it all about, this inherited love for the old Second Church, the passionate service of his own life—he, the doorkeeper in the house of the Lord—the fierce talking and fiercer praying of his own father, who would not give a First Church man half the road? It was about a building—mere timbers and clapboards, and plaster and carpets and pews. The forty-year fight for pure religion was as sordid as some long lawsuit over the right of way to a barn. In the sudden illumination of bitterness he saw the Minaret as a part of his father and himself—an embodiment of the Holbrook stiffneckedness—and he found himself almost hating it. The Battlement was as bad, but the Battlement was not, like the Minaret, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. And a man has the right to loathe himself.

He was mounting a little hill that thrust its foot across the Hollow road. It was too dark to see the muddy highway or the Holbrook farm that lay below him, and quite too dark, therefore, to catch sight of what he had marked a thousand times at the turn of the road, namely, the two white buildings glaring at each other on Church Hill. But to Holbrook's strained fancy they were visible, facing each other like two dogs, warily, sullenly. They had stood there like that for so long! Suppose the lightning were really to strike one of them! "By God!" he cried aloud, in his first oath since boyhood, "how it would burn!"

A moment more and he stopped short, flinging up his arms as if to ward off something, some treacherous thought that lunged at him. Slowly the arms dropped. He stood perfectly still, save that his square, ill-modelled head moved from side to side as if he were in terror. He glanced toward the sky—no, it was from behind him that the noise came. A real noise, too—horses' hoofs lifted painfully out of



"'Gene, for the land's sake, 'Gene!" . . . he had the look upon his face that the old deacon had when he was dying.—Page 648.

the sucking clay and a rattle of milk-cans upon a squeaking buckboard. It was only 'Gene's fellow-deacon, John Richardson, driving soberly homeward from the village. He was half blind and wholly deaf, and yet, as he drew nearer, Holbrook leaped swiftly into the mass of willows by the roadside and cowered there until long after his elderly associate had passed. To see him creep forth again, groping for the hat which he had lost in his frightened leap, one would have said that here was a man conscious of some crime, and already, perhaps, a fugitive from justice.

After awhile he started on, pausing now and again to listen, or to scan furtively the invisible roadway and shadowy fields. In front of his low-eaved, lilac-sheltered farm-house he came to a halt. Lois was sewing by the curtainless window, her gaunt, spectacled face bent over her work. She was re-lining her brother's best Sunday coat, the black one that he kept for communion days. He recognized this badge of his office, and as he did so the thought that had risen before him on the lonely road seemed more than ever like blasphemy. And yet—and yet—might it not bring peace? And nothing else would.

By and by he went in. Lois barely looked up at him. She glanced at the clock and then went back to her work.

"Orrin was late, wa'n't he?" she asked.

"Considerable."

"Didn't you get the paper?"

"I didn't wait," he replied. The tone of his voice surprised her.

"Anybody been making fun of you?" she cried, with maternal fierceness. She knew that 'Gene was helpless in the strife of tongues at Dakin's.

He shook his head.

She worked on in silence until the clock struck nine. Then she folded the coat, placed the lamp exactly in the centre of the table, and motioned to 'Gene, who had been huddling by the stove. He brought the two Bibles—carefully protected by age-browned, fly-specked paper covers—and seated himself upon the opposite side of the table. The brother and sister had read an evening chapter in this way ever since they could read at all. Once there had been four voices in the Holbrook sitting-room, each taking its verse in turn, but it was ten years since the old deacon and his wife had read their last, and 'Gene and Lois were reading the Bible through for the fourth time since then. They took the chapters as they came, omitting nothing, questioning nothing—one might almost say expecting nothing.

"Psalm seventy-three," said 'Gene.

"Seventy-four," corrected Lois.

He examined his book-mark.

"We read that last night," she exclaimed, testily. "Begin."

And he began, in a voice that sounded like a timid imitation of his father's, "'*O God, why hast thou cast us off forever? why doth thine anger smoke against the sheep of thy pasture?*'"

She murmured rapidly in turn, "'*Remember thy congregation, which thou hast purchased of old; the rod of thine inheritance, which thou hast redeemed; this mount Zion, wherein thou hast dwelt.*'"

They went on, in dull antiphony, while the old clock ticked loud.

'Gene. "'*Lift up thy feet unto the perpetual desolations; even all that the enemy hath done wickedly in the sanctuary.*"

Lois. "'*Thine enemies roar in the midst of thy congregations; they set up their ensigns for signs.*'"

'Gene. "'*A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees.*"

Lois. "'*But now they break down the carved work thereof at once with axes and hammers.*'"

'Gene. "'*They have cast fire into thy sanctuary; they have defiled by casting down the dwelling place of thy name to the ground.*'" He looked up at her with a strange, terror-stricken face. She did not notice it.

Lois. "'*They said in their hearts, Let us destroy them together: they have burned up all the synagogues of God in the land.*'—'Gene, for the land's sake, 'Gene!"

The Bible had fallen out of his hands upon the floor. His fingers were clutching at the worn arms of his father's stuffed chair, and he had the look upon his face that the old deacon had when he was dying. But even while she was staring, he regained command of himself, and stooped and picked up the Bible with a foolish, irritable laugh.

"Guess I'm a little nervous to-night," he volunteered, and without attempting to find the chapter again, he replaced the book upon the bureau, and began to shake down the stove.

"Ain't you going to finish the chapter?" she queried in alarm.

He made no answer.

Lois read the chapter through herself, and shifted her book-mark. Then she laid aside her spectacles and took up the lamp. 'Gene had already lighted his candle to go upstairs. "You *feeling* real well, 'Gene Holbrook?" she demanded.

"I dunno but I am," he replied. "I wish father was alive."



She waited—too frightened to move or call.—Page 652.

IV

The next morning Lois watched him narrowly. To her relief she found him cheerful, almost talkative. His eyes were bright, though she fancied that they did not look squarely into hers. He was at work all day "banking up" the sills of the house with dead maple leaves, trodden firmly down, and as he drove the stakes that held the long boards in place, she could hear him singing. At nightfall, instead of starting as usual for the post-office, he seated himself at their worn-out parlor organ, where he spent the evening practising one or two new tunes. The next day it was the same, only that he was much quieter, and instead of playing the organ he put on his best black coat and read to himself in the Bible until bedtime. And one of these two occupations, varying by a caprice which Lois could not fathom, became his unbroken habit as the sour November and December days went by, and winter closed in upon the Hollow. At Dakin's store, his absence was scarcely noticed, beyond a witticism or two upon the theme of 'Gene's fearing to face Josh Wetherbee again. He came for his paper in the mornings, if at all, and even the genial inquisitiveness of Bill Dakin, failing to discover any adequate reason

why Gene's evening seat was vacant, applied itself to more important problems.

To Lois Holbrook alone her brother's altered ways brought perplexity and misgiving. On his "singing days," as she came to call them, he seemed almost jocose. He stopped people who were driving by the farm-house to talk with them, and his invariable theme was the possibility of the two churches uniting after all. He even called upon the minister of the Battlement, and had a friendly talk with him upon the safe topic of the ultimate restoration of the Jews. But the singing days were invariably followed by the silent, black-coated days, when he sat hour after hour reading the minor prophets, until Lois thought she should scream.

What ailed him? At first, remembering that strange look in his eyes on the night when he had dropped the Bible, Lois persuaded herself that he had had a partial "stroke." But his actions varied so persistently that she abandoned this theory, and came to believe that he must be "possessed." What she meant by this she did not know, but the vague associations of the word were those of terror, and her anxiety deepened as the days grew shorter and darker, and the great snow-drifts began to heap themselves against the lilac-bushes and climb silently toward the window-sills, for the winter's siege. And indeed if an idea ever took possession of a man, dividing his affections from his will, summoning from the depths of a gentle nature all the wild daring lurking there, making some cause so alluring and one's self so paltry that self-immolation seems a joy, then Eugene Holbrook was possessed.

V

It was Christmas Eve. The sexton of the Minaret had hauled from John Richardson's upper pasture a great fir-balsam, symmetrical as a candle-flame, and more odorous than frankincense. Unaided, he had nailed it into place in front of the platform. It was one of his singing days, and he laughed more than once as he helped Lois and the minister's daughter hang the tree with gifts for the Sunday-school, and long festoons of threaded popcorn, and muslin candy-bags, cut stocking-shape and sewn with bright worsted.

Then the women went home for supper, but 'Gene stayed to tend the fires and light the lamps. At a quarter before seven he began cautiously to light the colored candles on the tree. He counted them, even: there were sixty—one for each year of his life and one over. In a sudden whim he plucked off that sixtieth candle, and flung it under the tree. This was to be his night, his own great night, and it seemed to him that the years that came after did not count, even if they were many!

At seven, the Sunday-school children were pounding on the door, and by eight, the presents had been distributed and the Christmas hymns sung, and the minister's painful annual effort to be cheerful was concluded. The little company withdrew noisily, family after family piling into its sleigh and shouting "Good-nights" that were drowned by the sleigh-bells. Bill Dakin offered Miss Lois a ride down to the Hollow, as usual, and at last the sexton was left quite alone.

He locked the door stealthily. The colored candles had burnt very low; even Dakin had warned him not to let that balsam-tree catch fire. Catch fire? He laughed to himself at Dakin's prudence as he snatched up armful after armful of the loose papers in which the gifts had been wrapped, and heaped them under the balsam's low, resinous boughs. Catch fire? He began to pile the straw-filled seat cushions all around, working more and more swiftly with each moment, until he was fairly running. He jerked down the big windows from the top, studying cunningly the draught. It was just right—and the whole thing was just right—and it flashed over him that it had all been foreordained before the foundation of the world.

He pulled a guttering candle from the tree and held it to the papers, watching them curl and leap upward with a rush of flame. Then he lifted the big gilt pulpit Bible reverently from its cushion, and walked steadily down the aisle toward the door. At the Holbrook pew he paused: there, at the farther end, were his own boyish initials, cut idly deep; here, at this end, the old deacon used to sit, upright and implacable. The son shook his head and went on, the Bible under his arm, the great

balsam crackling behind him. He meant to go down to Bill Dakin and give himself up. It was arson ; that meant the county jail for many a year—or else the asylum. For they would be sure to think him crazy if he told them that he had set fire to his own church on Christmas Eve, to bring peace and goodwill into the south township !

But the tree and the flimsy platform were making such a noise now ! He unlocked the door and ran out, locking it again behind him, and tossing the key into a snow-drift. He meant to take no chances.

And all at once he was aware of little Polly Dakin, trotting breathlessly up to the church steps.

" 'Gene, I forgot my candy-bag ! "

He stared at her, shaking his head.

"I left it in the front seat," she persisted, " right by the tree. And papa said he could hold the horses while I came back for it. My ! What makes the church so bright? "

" You can't get it ! " he cried. For the fire was already roaring like a wind-swept woodland, and the red light from the front windows shone on the child's face and the piled drifts of snow.

She tried bravely to choke back the tears.

" It—was—my—candy-bag ! "

" Stay here ! " screamed Holbrook. " I'll get it for you ! "

He laid down the Bible and dashed into the snow-drift, snatching for the buried key. It was a minute or two before he grasped it, and though he sprang at the door then with tiger-like swiftness opened it and darted in, it seemed to the awe-stricken child as if the whole church were a fiery furnace. He ran straight down the aisle toward the flaming, swaying tree —and he must have stumbled.

She waited, too frightened to move or call—waited for 'Gene to come back. Her father, down on the Hollow road, saw the flames burst from the Minaret's windows, and wheeling his restless horses, lashed them to a run. From road to road around the hill-top hoarse cries rang over the frozen fields, and Bill Dakin's horses were not the only ones that were galloping. And still the little girl stood in front of the open door of the blazing church ; and she explained to her father that 'Gene had gone in to get her candy-bag, and she was waiting for him to come out.

The Minaret was all aflame now, flaring up into the starlit night. And from somewhere in that quiet heaven came a breath of wind, blowing where it listed, and sparks from the Minaret, fluttering over the road, settled like gay-winged butterflies upon the Battlement, and in ten minutes more the two churches were striving to outshine each other once for all, tossing their angry red hearts higher and ever



From road to road around the hill-top hoarse cries rang.

higher into the silent Christmas sky—the sky that was once brightened by a strange star and all agleam with shining wings and echoing with angelic voices.

. . . . . .

'Gene Holbrook's secret remained his own. Dakin remembered warning him about the candles, but no one seemed to think that the fire was really the sexton's fault. "To get a candy-bag!" Lois kept saying. And she forgot her theory of "possession," and persuaded herself that her brother was a little touched, like their Uncle Joab. At Dakin's store it was noted, though not unkindly, that 'Gene didn't even get the candy-bag. Yet his death did something to dignify his memory, and the Rev. Salem Kittredge, preaching the first sermon in the new church, made a touching reference to the late Deacon Holbrook, who had lost his life to please a child after trying in vain to save the church of his fathers.

THE WIND AT THE DOOR

By Bliss Carman

OFTEN to my open door
Comes a twilight visitor.

When the mountain summer day
From our valley takes his way,

And the journeying shadows stride
Over the green mountain-side,

Down the clove among the trees
Moves the ghostly wandering breeze.

With the first stars on the crest
And the pale light in the west,

He comes up the dark ravine
Where no traveller is seen.

Yet his coming makes a stir
In the house of Ash and Fir:

"Master, is 't in our abode
You will tarry on the road?"

"Nay, I like your roof-tree well,
But with you I may not dwell."

Birches whisper at their sill,
As he passes up the hill:

"Stranger, underneath our boughs
There is ample room to house."

"Friends, I have another quest
Than your cool abiding rest."

And the fluttering Aspen knows
Whose step by her doorway goes:

"Honor, lord, thy silver tree
And the chamber laid for thee."

"Nay, I must be faring on,
For to-night I seek my own.

"Breath of the red dust is he
And a wayfarer like me;

"Here a moment, and then lost
On a trail confused and crossed.

"And I gently would surprise
Recognition in his eyes;

"Touch his hand and talk with him
When the forest light is dim,

"Taking counsel with the lord
Of the utterable word."

Hark, did you hear someone try
The west window furtively,

And then move among the leaves
In the shadow of the eaves?

The reed curtain at the door
Rustled; there's my visitor

Who comes searching for his kin.
"Enter, brother; I'm within."

The Three Kings



By Harrison S. Morris



The Three Kings

Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar
(Three kings of Cologne)
Travelled outward toward a star,
Leaving each his throne.

Down they gat them to their gates
Toward the even hour,
Bearing gems and chosen cates
Herbs of fragrant flower.

Straightway up the pastures rode
Through the sleeping flocks,
Passed the shepherd's hushed abode,
Passed the well-side rocks.

Tarried not at timbrel touch,
Took no tented rest,
Journeyed, though aweary much,
Up the slumbering west.

Then, when now a morrow met
  Overhead the night,
There a steady star was set,
  Trembling in the light.

Under lay a lordly town
  Silvered with the morn;
Straight they entered and went down
  Where the child was born.

Ho! they knocked the palace gates.
  Ho! they hailed the king:
"We are come with gold and cates,
  Let Hosannas sing!

"We are kings accounted wise,
  Journeyed over-sea;
Bring us where the baby lies;
  Let us bend the knee!"

But the yawning porter spake:
  "Hold, and go your way!
Inward lies the king awake
  Smitten of your fray!"

Then the crafty king arose,
  Spake them fair, and said:
"Enter, eat, and take repose;
  Whither are ye led?"

Then they pointed toward the star;
  Then they told the tale:
How a music heard afar
  Woke the pasture vale;

How the winged ones came and stood
  Up the stony hill;
How the light ran many a rood
  Thorough mead and rill.

"Lead us to the babe, oh, king,
  Ope thy palace gates;
Lo, we bear him wreath and ring,
  Gold, and chosen cates!"

Then the crafty king got down,
  Ope'd the portal wide;
"Here doth neither king nor clown
  Save myself abide."

In they entered, keen of quest,
  Made the marbles ring;
But they found nor babe, nor guest—
  None beside the king.


"King he is, of thee begot.
Queen, both fair and good!"


Lo, they blessed but knew it not.
Mystery. motherhood!

Then bethought them of the star:
  Lo, it stood away
Parted where the pastures are,
  Trembling through the day.

Out they hurried, mounted, rode
  Madly to the hill,
Where, above a low abode,
  Stood the beacon still;

Went within, and knelt, and now
  Knew the little child;
Gave their gold and bent the brow,
  Rested, reconciled.

But the marvel was her face,
  Mary's, with the eyes
Blue, like upper deeps of space
  Near to Paradise.

Like a bough that bears a leaf;
  Like a space of sky
Where a star has issued; grief
  Grown tranquillity—

So was Mary, bended down
  To her little child
Black of hair, and travel-brown,
  Lowly, mother-mild.

Her they heeded; spake apart;
  Hailed her queen; but she
Drew her infant to her heart—
  Timid, fearfully.

Spake them fair: "O wizard kings
  Hearken, 'tis but one—
Mary, out of Nazareth brings
  Here her naked son!"

Nay, they marvelled; bent the knee
  Toward the resting star:
"Guide us, White Benignity,
  Where these royal are!"

Came a trouble in the air
  Like a rippled wave:
Flights of open wings were there
  Sweeping low and grave;

But the star was overhead
  Moveless, and they turned
Toward the lowly oaten bed
  Where the radiance burned.

"King he is, of thee begot,
Queen, both fair and good!"
Lo, they blessed, but knew it not,
Mystery, motherhood!

Beauty of her face, was it
Made them worship her,
As a tender glory lit
In the evening air?

Ah, the halo that her seemed
Hovering ever through,
This they marked, but little deemed
'Twas the mother's due.

For within the heart of her
Bears a youngling child,
Secrecies and mercies stir,
Fears are reconciled.

And the wick of peace within
Burns upon her face,
Till the Seer is her kin;
Kings are of her race.

So they worshipped; broke the bands,
Bore the treasures out;
Scattered gold of glorious lands;
Slew the dogging doubt.

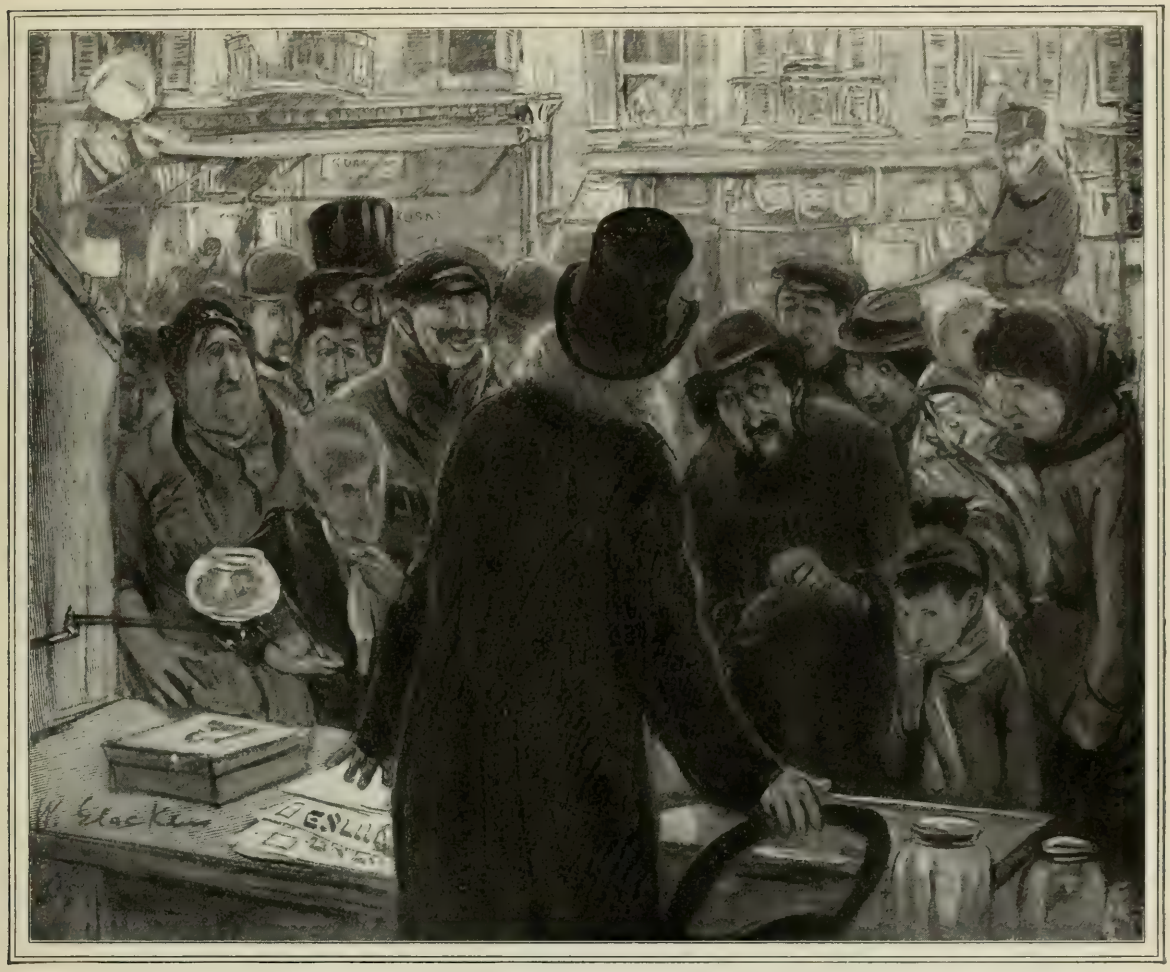
Then, when now the night anew
Slumbered in the air,
Down they gat them, ere the dew,
Hailing all men fair:

"Lo, a King is born to one—
Mary, where yon star
Makes a cirque of light upon
All that bended are.

"Get ye in and bow the knee
Unto queen and King—
Hence we bear to a far countree
Tidings of this thing!"







"Why should you be afraid to tell us how much?"—Page 664.

RABBI ELIEZER'S CHRISTMAS

By A. Cahan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. GLACKENS

ONE of the two well-dressed strangers who were picking their way through the Ghetto—a frail, sharp-featured little Gentile woman with grayish hair—brought herself and her tall companion to a sudden halt.

"Look at that man!" she said, with a little gasp of ecstasy, as she pointed out an elderly Jew who sat whispering over an open book behind a cigarette-stand. "Don't you think there is a lion effect in his face? Only he is so pathetic."

The other agreed, phlegmatically, that the man was perfectly delightful, but this was not enough.

"You say it as if the woods were full of such faces," the nervous little woman protested. "A more exquisite head I never saw. Why, it's classic, it's a perfect—tragedy. His eyes alone would make the fortune of a beginning artist. I must telegraph Harold about him."

"Yes, there is pathos in his eyes," the Head Worker of the College Settlement assented, with dawning interest.

"Pathos! Why, they are full of martyrdom. Just look at the way his waxen face shapes itself out of that sea of white hair and beard, Miss Colton. And those eyes of his—doesn't it seem as if they were looking out of a tomb half a mile away? We must go up and speak to him. He looks like a lion in distress."

Miss Bemis was out with her list of "deserving cases," mostly Irish, which Miss Colton had prepared for her as she had done the year before. This time, however, her effervescent enthusiasm was not exclusively philanthropic. She had

recently become infatuated with a literary family and had been hunting after types ever since.

When the two came up to the old man's stand they found that besides cigarettes it was piled with candy and Yiddish newspapers, and that part of the brick wall back of it was occupied by an improvised little bookcase filled with poorly bound volumes.

Miss Colton, who spoke German and had taken special pains to learn the dialect of the Ghetto, acted as her friend's interpreter.

"How much are these cigarettes?" she asked, for a beginning, as she took up a package decorated with a picture of Captain Dreyfus.

"Cigarettes?" the old man asked, with a perplexed smile which made his sallow face sadder than ever.

"Yes, these cigarettes."

"How many? One, two, three, or the whole package?" he inquired, timidly.

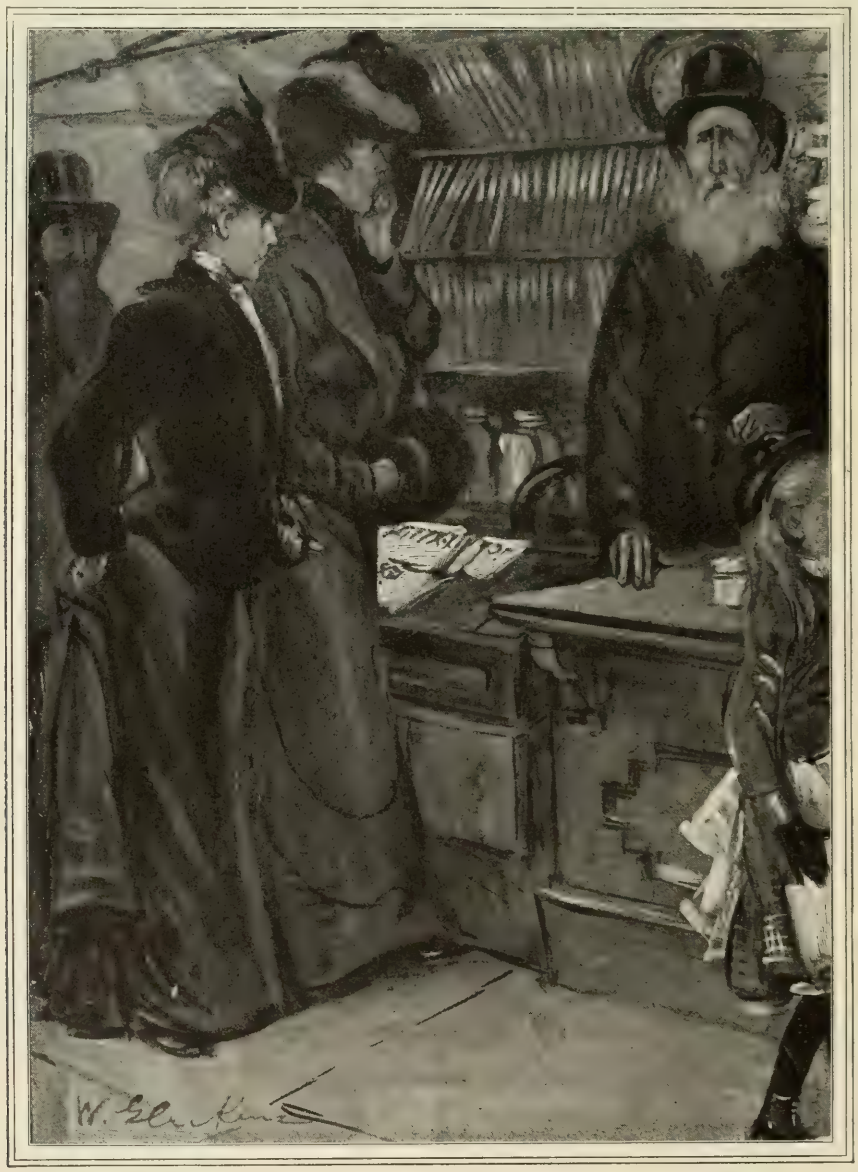
"Of course, the whole package. Why, do you find it strange for women to buy cigarettes?"

"Not at all. Who says it is strange?" he answered, with apologetic vehemence. "Quite a few of my customers are ladies."

"Do they smoke?"

"They? What business has a woman to smoke? But then she may have a husband or a sweetheart who smokes."

Miss Bemis bought the Dreyfus package and one bearing a likeness of Karl Marx. By this time the old man's bashfulness had worn off, and he said, in an-



"I was a *sopher*. I was poor, but I never went hungry."—Page 663.

swer to questions, that his name was Eliezer (Rabbi Eliezer people called him, out of respect for his voluminous gray beard and piety); that he had been in America two years and that he was all alone in the world.

"And how much does your stand bring you?"

For an answer he drew a deep sigh and made a gesture of despair. After a short silence he said:

"I sit freezing like a dog from six in the morning to eleven in the night, as you see. And what do I get for my pains? When I make five dollars I call it an extra good week. If I had a larger stock I might make a little more. It's America, not Russia. If one would do business one must have all kinds of goods. But then it's a sin to grumble. I am not starving—praised be the All High for that."

Speaking of his bookcase, he explained that it was a circulating library.

"Silly stuff, that," he said with contempt. "Nothing but lies—yarns about how a lad fell in love with a girl and such-like nonsense. Yet, I must keep this kind of trash. Ah, this is not what I came to America for. Was I not happy at home? Did I want for anything? Birds' milk, perhaps. I was a *sopher*.* I was poor, but I never went hungry, and people showed me respect. And so I lived in peace until the black year brought to our town a man who advised me to go to America. He saw me make a *Misrach*—a kind of picture which pious Jews keep on the east wall of their best room. I fitted it up with beautiful pillars, two lions supporting the tables of the Law and all kinds of trappings, you know. Well, all this lots of people could do, but what nobody could do and I can is to crowd the whole of Deuteronomy into a circle the size of a tea-glass." A sparkle came into his dark brown eyes; an exalted smile played about his lips; but, this only deepened the gloom of his face. "I would just take a glass, stand it on the paper upside down, trace the brim and—



"If I had received the money yesterday or to-morrow it would be another matter, but to-day——"—Page 668.

* A writer of parchment scrolls of the Pentateuch, or some other section of the Old Testament.

set to work. People could hardly read it—so tiny were the letters; but I let everybody look at them through a magnifying glass and they saw every word. And how well written! Just like print. 'Well,' says that man, 'Rabbi Eliezer,' says he, 'you have hands of gold, but sense you have none. Why throw yourself away upon a sleepy town like this? Just you go to America, and pearls will be showered on you.'" After a little pause Rabbi Eliezer waved his hand at his wares and said, with a bitter smile: "Well, here they are, the pearls."

"And what became of your pictures?" asked Miss Colton.

"My pictures? Better don't ask about them, good lady," the old man answered, with a sigh. "I sat up nights to make one, and when it was finished I got one dollar for it, and that was a favor. My lions looked like potatoes, they said. 'As to your Deuteronomy—it isn't bad, but this is America, and such things are made by machine and sold five cents apiece.' The merchant showed me some such pictures. Well, the lions were rather better than mine, and the letters even smaller—that I won't deny—but do you know how they were made? By hand? Not a bit. They write big words and have them photographed by a tricky sort of thing which makes them a hundred times smaller than they are—do you understand? 'Ah, but that's machine-work—a swindle,' says I, 'while I make every letter with my own hands, and my words are full of life.' 'Bother your hands and your words!' said the merchant. 'This isn't Russia,' says he. 'It's America, the land of machines and of 'hurry up!' says he, and there you are!" The old man's voice fell. "Making letters smaller, indeed!" he said, brokenly. "Me, too, they have made a hundred times smaller than I was. A pile of ashes they have made of me. A fine old age! Freezing like a dog, with no one to say a kind word to you," he concluded, trying to blink away his tears and to suppress the childlike quiver of his lips.

Miss Bemis was tingling with compassion and with something very like the sensation of an entomologist come upon a rare insect.

"Ask him how much money it would take to bring his stock up to the standard," she said, peremptorily.

Rabbi Eliezer's cadaverous face turned red, as he answered, bashfully:

"How much! Fifteen dollars, perhaps! I wish I had ten."

As Miss Bemis opened her handbag, the old scroll-writer's countenance changed colors and he looked as if he did not know what to do with his eyes.

. . . . . .

The two Gentile women had no sooner left the cigarette-stand than the market-people came crowding about Rabbi Eliezer.

"How much did she give you?" they inquired, eagerly.

"How much! It is not quite a hundred dollars—you may be sure of that," he replied, all flushed with excitement.

"Why should you be afraid to tell us how much? We aren't going to take it away from you, are we?"

"Afraid! What reason have I to be afraid? But then—what matters it how much she gave me?"

One of the fishwives said she knew the taller of the two ladies.

"She belongs in that Gentile house on the next block where they fuss around with children and teach them to be ladies, you know," she explained. "They are all Gentiles over there, but good as diamonds. How much did she give you, Rabbi Eliezer?" she concluded, confidentially.

Rabbi Eliezer made no reply. He was struggling to look calm, but he could not. The twenty-dollar bill in his bosom-pocket was the largest sum he had ever handled. Every time a passer-by stopped at his stand he would leap to his feet, all in a flutter, and wait upon him with feverish eagerness; and at the same time he was so absent-minded that he often offered his customer the wrong article. Again and again he put his hand to his breast, to make sure that the twenty dollars were safe. Now it occurred to him that there might be a hole in his pocket; now he asked himself if he was positive that he had put the precious piece of paper into his purse. He distinctly remembered having done so, yet at moments his mind seemed to be a blank. "With these begrudging creatures around,



Drawn by W. J. Glackens.

"Fish, fish, living fish—buy fish, dear little housewives!"—Page 668.

one might truly lose one's mind," he complained to himself.

He pictured the increased stock and library, and the display he would make of it. All this would only take about fifteen dollars, so that he could well afford a new praying-shawl for himself. His old one was all patches, and how could he expect any attention at the synagogue? Wouldn't his fellow-worshippers be surprised! "I see you are doing good business, Rabbi Eliezer," they would say. Yes, he would get himself a new praying-shawl and a new hat. His skull-cap in which he worshipped at the synagogue was also rather rusty, but a new one cost only twenty-five cents, and this was now a trifle. Suddenly it became clear to him that he had no recollection of putting the twenty-dollar bill into his purse. His heart sank. Under the pretence of rearranging some books he hastily took out his dilapidated purse. The twenty-dollar bill was there—green on one side and brown on the other.

"Been counting the money the Gentile woman gave you?" asked a market-woman, archly.

"Not at all," he murmured, coloring.

"Foolish man that you are, does anybody begrudge you?" a carrot-pedler put in. "Out with it—how much?"

This time Rabbi Eliezer somehow felt hurt.

"What do you want of me? Do I owe anything?" he flamed out.

"You need not be excited, nor stuck up, either, even if a Gentile woman did make you a Christmas present—in honor of her God's birth," snapped the other.

"That's what it was—a present in honor of their God," seconded a remnant-pedler.

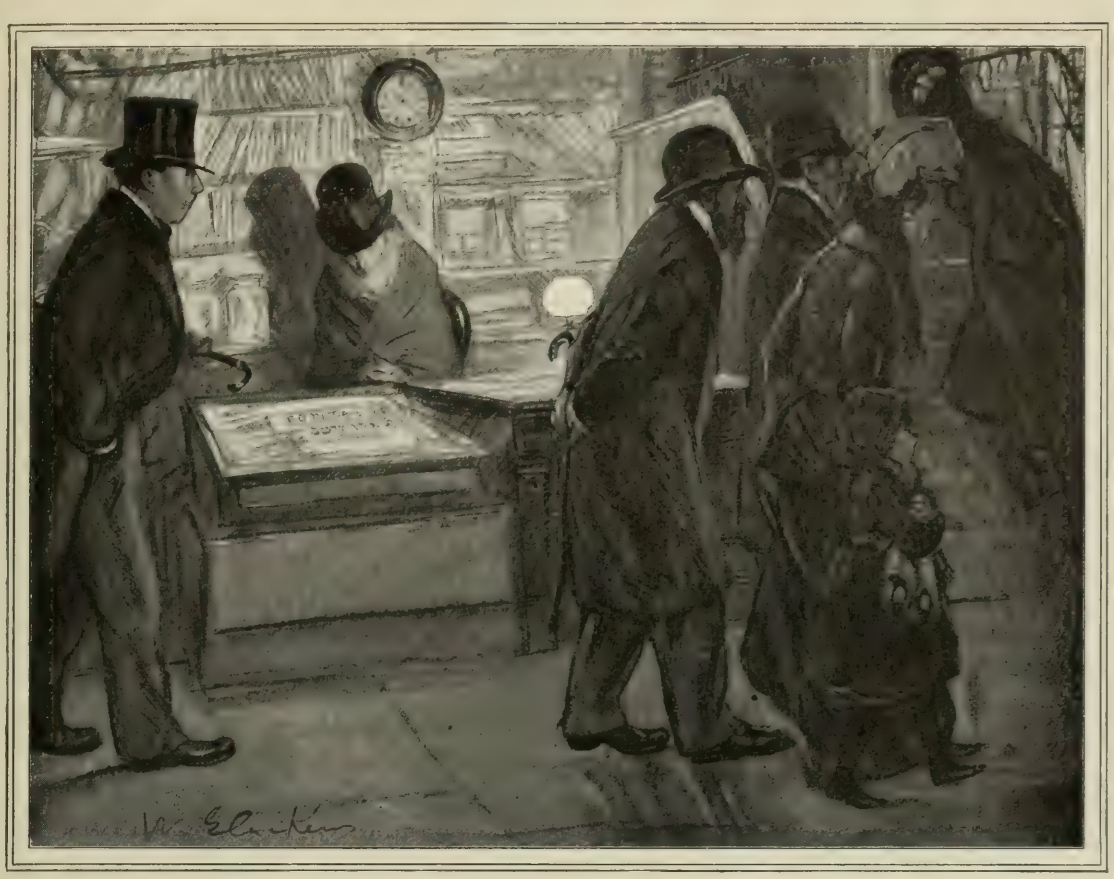
Rabbi Eliezer was in a rage.

"You say it all because your eyes are creeping out of your heads with envy," he said, with flashing eyes. "Well, she gave me twenty dollars. There now!"

The quarrel blew over, but Rabbi Eliezer was left with a wound in his heart. The green-and-brown piece of paper now seemed to smell of the incense and to have something to do with the organ-sounds which came from the Polish church in his birthplace. He was horrified. Nestling in his bosom-pocket right against his heart, was something *treife* (impure), unholy,



The next thing he did was to inquire . . . whether Miss Colton was good pay.—Page 668.



He went on whispering and nodding his beautiful old head.—Page 668.

loathsome. And this loathsome thing was so dear to that heart of his—woe to him! . . . What a misfortune that it should all have happened on Christmas of all other days! Had the good-hearted Gentile woman only come one day sooner, all would have gone well. Or, had there been nobody around to see him receive the Christmas present. . . . Anyhow, she never said it was a Christmas present, did she? Rabbi Eliezer also reminded himself of the Christmas gifts which thousands of American Jews exchanged with their Christian friends, and even among themselves; but the thought had no comfort to offer him. What if so-called Jews who shave their beards and smoke on the Sabbath do exchange Christmas presents? Shall he, an old man with one foot in his grave, follow their godless example? Woe is him, has it come to that? He was firmly determined to return the Gentile woman her money, and felt much relieved. He knew all the while that he would not do it, however, and little by little his heart grew heavy again. "Ah, it was the black year which brought me the Gentile ladies and their twenty dollars!" he exclaimed in despair.

At last, after hours of agony, he hit upon a plan. He would call at the Gentile House, as he described the College Settlement to himself, and ask whether the money had been given to him in honor of Christmas. He would not say: "Was it a Christmas present?" for that would be too dangerous a question to ask. Instead he would put it like this: "I am a poor man, but I am a Jew, and a Jew must not accept any presents in honor of a Gentile faith. I took the money because the kindly lady gave me it. It wasn't meant for a Christmas present, was it?" To be sure, the good woman would understand his trouble and whether it was a Christmas present or not, she would say that it was not.

It seemed such a trifling thing to do, and yet when he found himself in front of the little two-story building—the only exception in a block of towering tenement-houses—his heart sank with fear lest the well-dressed lady should say, Yes, it was a Christmas present.

"Why should I bother them, anyhow? Is it not enough that they gave me such a pile of money?" he said to himself, with an insincere sense of decency, and

turned back. He had not gone many blocks when he retraced his steps. When he came in sight of the brown-stone stoop he slackened his pace. Never in his life had he called at the house of *pritzim* (noble folk), and he now felt, with a rush of joy, that he had not the courage to ring the door-bell. Finally when he had nerved himself up to the feat, his heart beat so violently that he was afraid he could not speak.

A minute later he was in the presence of Miss Colton. He recognized her, yet she seemed much younger and taller.

"Well, what can I do for you, Rabbi Eliezer?" she asked, with a friendly radiance which did his heart good.

"I come to ask you something, lady," he said, with a freedom of manner which was a surprise to himself. "People tell me it was a Christmas present that lady gave me. I am a Jew, you know, and I must not take any Christmas presents. I don't care if other Jews do or not."

He could not go on. He felt that it was not the speech he had prepared, and that it might cost him the twenty dollars. He was dying to correct it, but he could not speak. After a pause he blurted out:

"If I had received the money yesterday or to-morrow it would be another matter, but to-day——"

Miss Colton burst into laughter.

"Of course, it wasn't a Christmas present," she said. "The good lady never meant it for one, for didn't she know you were a Jew, and a pious one? But since you are worried about it let me have the twenty dollars and you call to-morrow morning, and I shall give them to you in the lady's name as a fresh present. Will that mend the matter?"

Rabbi Eliezer said it would, and left the College Settlement with his heart in his throat.

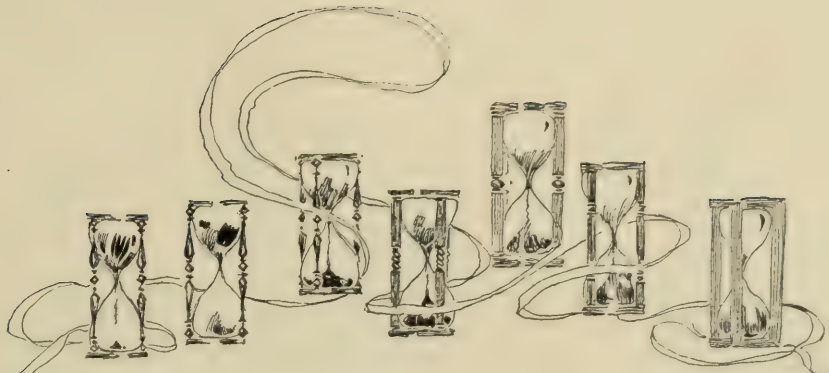
The next thing he did was to inquire of the Jews in the neighborhood whether Miss Colton was good pay. Everybody said she was good in every way, and Rabbi Eliezer went to the evening services at his synagogue in high spirits. Still, during the Eighteen Blessings he caught himself thinking of the twenty dollars and the Gentile God, and had to say it all over again.

By the time he got back to his stand the markets were in full blast. The sidewalks and the pavement were bubbling with men and women and torches. Hundreds of quivering lights stretched east and west, north and south—two restless bands of fire crossing each other in a blaze and losing themselves in a medley of flames, smoke, fish, vegetables, Sabbath-loaves, muslin and faces.

"Fish, fish, living fish—buy fish, dear little housewives! Dancing, tumbling, wriggling, screaming fish in honor of the Sabbath! Potatoes as big as your fist! A bargain in muslin! Buy a calico remnant—calico as good as silk, sweet little housewives!"

Rabbi Eliezer, whose place of business was in the heart of this babel, sat behind his stand, musing. He was broken in body and spirit. That he should have been in a fever of anxiety, humiliating himself and deceiving his God—and all because he was so poor that twenty dollars appeared like a fortune to him—suddenly seemed a cruel insult to his old age. He burst out muttering a psalm, and whatever the meaning of the Hebrew words his lips uttered, his shaking voice and doleful intonation prayed Heaven to forgive him and to take pity on his last years on earth.

The reddish torch-light fell upon his waxen cheeks and white beard. His eyes shone with a dull, disconsolate lustre. As he went on whispering and nodding his beautiful old head, amid the hubbub of the market, a pensive smile overspread his face. His heart was praying for tears. "I am so unhappy, so unhappy!" he said to himself in an ecstasy of woe. And at the same time he felt that hanging somewhere far away in the background was a disagreeable little question: Will the Gentile lady pay him the twenty dollars?



THE SEVEN AGES OF AMERICAN WOMAN

BY

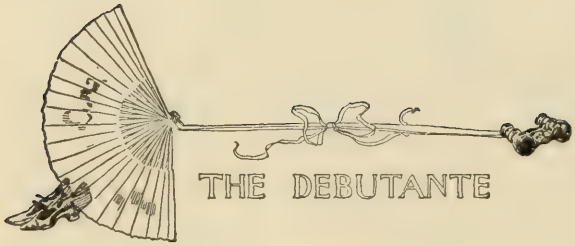
CHARLES DANA GIBSON


THE NURSERY

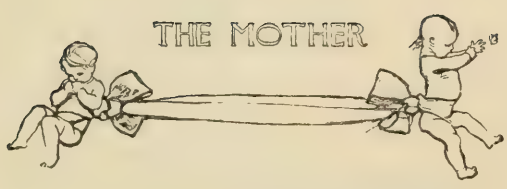



SCHOOL DAYS




THE DEBUTANTE



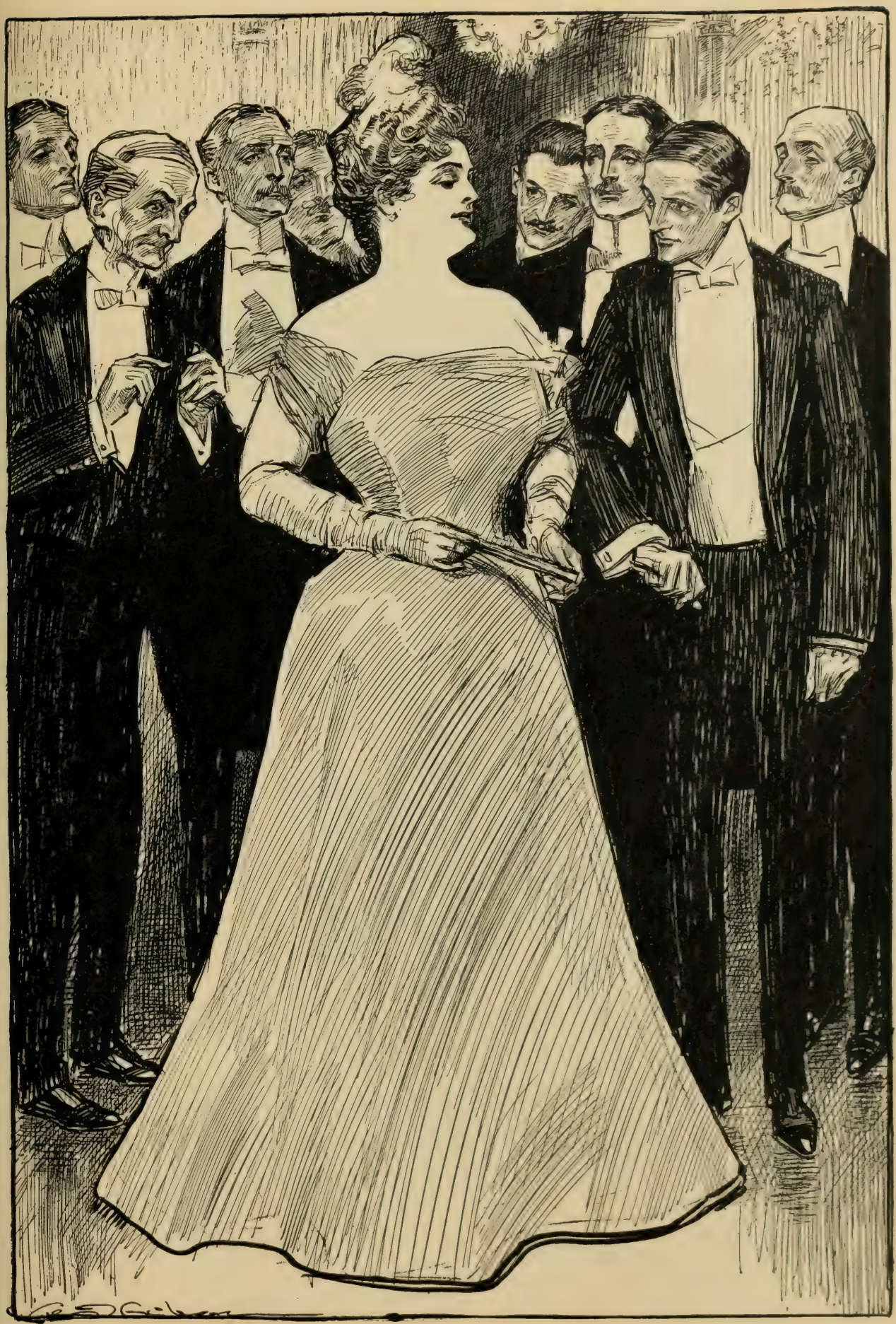

THE MOTHER







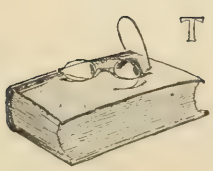
INDIAN SUMMER



THE CHATERONE

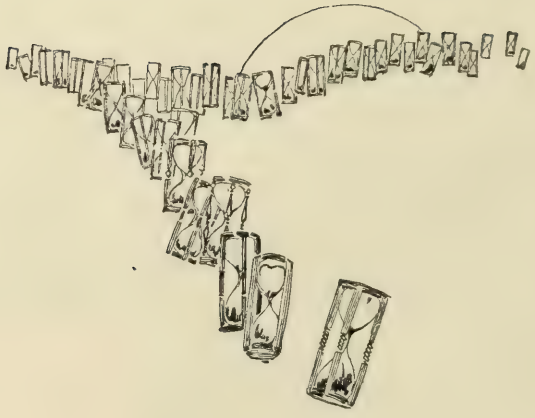






THE EVENING





AN AUTHOR'S STORY

By Maarten Maartens

I

HE walked to the window and yawned. Then he smiled at himself for remembering that it is wrong to yawn—a survival of his Calvinistic upbringing, hard and straight. It was a wet November afternoon, a dripping pause between long spells of downpour. The far country-side lay soaked and sleepy. Through unravelled clouds the sun peeped out, and in a broadening stretch of pallid light yawned, too, across the sullen fields.

James Upcott had earned a right to dawdle at times, but of late he had abused it. From adverse surroundings — his father was a Methodist minister—he had forced his way into the great world, or, at least, into the wide world, as some important somebody's secretary, a post he had recklessly abandoned on the day he made his mark as a novelist. He was famous now, as famous as fifty others: if he wrote a book, he could live for a year on the proceeds. He preferred not to write, and when he left off, people—even newspaper people, not private friends—would urge him to do some more. And surely a man must write very well to explain that request.

Three years ago—he was now about halfway through life—he had married his earliest and longest love, a neighbor's daughter with whom he had played as a child. He came back to her, as he had always vaguely intended, and they were tranquilly happy for less than twelve months. Then she died, and he was left alone with a reputation, a sensitive temperament, a great sorrow, and poor Lucy's five hundred a year.

He retired into a very quiet country neighborhood, and, as it was so very quiet, he foolishly bought a house. The house was not an expensive purchase, but, being a man of letters, of course he was cheated over it. And, also, being a man of letters, he had the wit to discover, leisurely, in what manner the cheating had been done.

His first impulse, to throw up the whole thing and go, he scornfully conquered; he then set himself to personally supervising a lot of little improvements and repairs. He was greatly interested in these, day by day, and it took him some little time to discover how utterly they disgusted and wearied him.

He had fallen into an easy habit of intending to work. It had grown upon him, as easy habits will.

Meanwhile, on the strength of past achievements, he fascinated the neighborhood — the female neighborhood. The men, bucolic and beefy, voted him a nonentity. The ladies wanted to know all about him, vulgarly curious, because he was good-looking, and his wife was dead, and everybody had read his novels.

He took no notice, quietly going on, inevitably courteous and irrevocably shy. He showed that peculiar mixture of man of the world and baby which only the artistic temperament seems able to develop. None but his valet knew what an ignorant child James Upcott was, and what a strong-hearted gentleman.

This valet, man-servant, and factotum, Thomas, was the recognized ruler of the little household. He had his way in everything, except when his master cared. He bullied the under-gardener, the stable-boy, and the page. They were all "unders." He bullied James Upcott most of all, without either perceiving the fact.

And the widower would have gone on tranquilly enjoying his miserable fate but for Lady Dorothy Dunston. Lady Dorothy was the great lady of the little neighborhood, an earl's daughter, recently married at forty-something (her well-wishers said forty-one) to her life-long neighbor, an ancient baronet—ancient in everything but rank, for his father had been Lord Mayor. Sir Jeremiah (christened when nobody dreamed of the baronetcy) had waited thirty years before he took this second wife, and he would probably never have done so but that the death of his maiden sister left him without anyone to laugh at his puns. He was an old man of many complaints

and complainings, savage under pin-pricks, sardonically humorous withal — a compound of small jests and big oaths. The retainers, who wearied of the oft-repeated "joke," maintained that he had proposed to Lady Dorothy Fitzcharles merely for the sake of alluding to her as his dear double D., of declaring that he was doubly D——d in her, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Lady Dorothy Dunston, meanwhile, was quite content with the development of her life. She had taken this latest step in the full light, after duly setting down all pros and cons in her brain, like a sum. She deliberately went across from Woodlands to Drillingham Park, which was a big old place of some historical importance, and had belonged to her maternal grandfather, the last baron of that name. Lady Dorothy's people had always hated the Lord Mayor accordingly, and had taught Lady Dorothy to hate him, as a child; but she had got on very well with Sir Jeremiah since she settled at modest Woodlands, more than twelve years ago.

Well, she was now the Lady of the Manor. There were no encumbrances. Sir Jeremiah's middle-aged only son—the future Sir Jermyn—lived in London, unmarried, and did absolutely nothing, not even abuse his father's second wife. Sir Jeremiah himself might have been an encumbrance but that he was the fee in which she held the estate.

She rather liked him, and he had the sense not to bully, though he abused, her. She had intended, from the first, to entertain and be a power. He allowed her to do so, appearing and disappearing at her parties exactly as he chose. One point only they fought over, with torrents of tears (which he damned) and futile uproar: he resolutely refused to go to London for the season. She cried anew as each year came, adding its weight; she still had a wealth of fair hair and a fine neck and shoulders. Sadly she sent up to town for a fuzzy new fringe and a couple of very low gowns from Madame Ernestiné's.

She was very much interested, at once, in James Upcott's arrival. She told everyone he would prove an acquisition, and herself most of all. He was good-looking; he was famous, an interesting personality; he had conquered her before he appeared. There was not much intellectuality in Dorming or at Drillingham Park. And Lady Dorothy had that intermittent craving for "cleverness" which is perfectly compatible with mental incompetence. She borrowed books from the vicar which she could not have understood had she wished to peruse them; she took in a scientific review, and severely reprimanded her maid for not cutting the pages which nobody read. She was eager to get away from Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Bartney, the vicar's wife and the doctor's, two ladies whose feud found unquenchable fuel in a similarity of names that each chose to regard as the other's intentional insult.

James Upcott was not only a field of immediate interest: he was also a bridge. He must know any number of interesting people; he must have them to stay with him; he must bring them to Drillingham Park. Meanwhile, in himself he was highly satisfactory—a very gentlemanly looking person with fascinating eyes. "Anyone could see he was an author—one of your latter-day authors, who ride in their broughams and employ agents, Jeremiah, like you."

"Humph!" said Sir Jeremiah. The brougham was a fact. He called.

Besides, it was he who had sold the stranger Woodlands. He had done him over it, the d——d writer-fellow! Serve him right. There were possibilities of a pun in "write" and "right." Sir Jeremiah pondered these on his way to Upcott.

And when she first met the stranger, Lady Dorothy was charming (verb neuter, alas!). She invited him on the spot, and again. He had to go to her, and swallow as much of her kindness as he could. She was good to him; she pestered him; she bored him: a bee brings us honey; she buzzed like a bee round his ears. She made his pleasantly melancholy life a curse to him. He wanted to be alone (with his nerves, had he realized it); he wanted to leave his hands and his heart in the pockets in which he had unconsciously encased them.

But Lady Dorothy was not in the habit of asking what people wanted, nor of understanding it, unless they told her very plainly. So she invited Mr. Upcott to Drillingham, and ordered him to name another day, and sent him pheasants, and

told him to come and shoot them—or to come and try, when he said he couldn't (this without consulting her husband)—and his courteous coolness suddenly captivated her (or so she fancied). The eager country people began to talk. Lady Dorothy was showing the novelist too much attention. It was all very harmless, of course; quite decorous; nothing improper—still, flirtations were absurd in a woman of her age, and lop-sided flirtations, too!

Sir Jeremiah grinned. He desired that his wife should take an hourly interest in his liver complaint. He understood that she must have compensations. No human being need perform the impossible. "Intellectual!" he said, sourly; "why, he's young enough to be your son, Lady D."

"I wish, Jeremiah, you wouldn't call me Lady D."

"I know," he replied; "you want me to call you Dolly. Dollikins, eh?"

She rose impatiently and walked away, on the terrace. Before her stretched the park, their park, with the deer in the distance, their deer—a beautiful view.

She turned, mollified. "Mrs. Bartlett has her sister staying with her at the Vicarage," she said; "we must ask them to dinner some day."

"And your novelist," said the baronet. "Of course."

II

He stood at the window, yawning from time to time. Was it yesterday "or the day before?". It doesn't much matter. He noticed that the November afternoon was dripping wet. Again, November has no reputation to lose and seems to know it.

Moreover, he noticed that he yawned, then frowned impatiently at himself for doing so and, taking both hands out of his pockets, drummed a gallop upon the glass—good signs all. Nothing in themselves, but signs.

The other day, on driving back from the Vicarage, he had told himself that either he must write another book or suppress his stable. The stable consisted of a brougham, a dog-cart, a mare, and a stable-boy. He would regret the mare and the dog-cart. But he knew there was no connection between the stable and an impulse to work. He was not that kind of writer. Bread is another matter, but he had his wife's five hundred and odd.

There came a knock at the door, and Thomas entered, with a little pink note upon a salver and a long-tailed pheasant dangling underneath. Thomas had just the face a valet ought to have: devoid of features, clean.

"From her ladyship," he said, impressively, impressed.

His master choked down a burst of annoyance and tore open the little pink note.

"Dear Mr. Upcott: Won't you come up to dine here this evening? We are all alone, and feel so dull. Yours sincerely,

"Dorothy Dunston."

"It used to be D. Dunston," he reflected. Aloud he said: "Tip the bearer, and say I'm in bed with a cold—or, no; she'd be sending me a—what does she call it? a carbolic snowball; say I've run up to town—I'll go—no, hang it; I hate telling lies. I'll write a note and say I'm engaged. She'll understand that; an excuse."

"How much shall I give Sheppard?" replied Thomas, who always stuck to the point.

"Oh, give him what you think right."

"How much would that be, sir?" asked Thomas, who always avoided responsibilities.

"What a nuisance you are, Thomas!" Upcott was busy with his answer. "Give him half-a-crown."

"Wouldn't a shilling be enough this time, sir?" said Thomas, who always carried out his original plan.

"Give him a half-penny!" exclaimed Upcott, tossing across the finished note; "and perhaps he'll persuade Sir Jeremiah not to send us any more. 'Tis becoming a case of 'always partridge.' Thomas!"

"Yes, sir," said Thomas. "It's a pheasant this time, sir, as her ladyship sent."

"So I see. Really, Thomas, you consider me abysmally stupid. Send the fellow off, and get me some tea!"

Left alone, the master reflected for a moment on his relation to the man. They were inevitably thrown together a dozen times a day. "The difficulty lies," de-

clared Upcott, "in Thomas's limitless acceptance of my natural imbecility, and my mistaken conceptions of Thomas's culture. Where all the mother-wit is on one side, and all the knowledge on the other, intercourse becomes a complicated thing."

He lighted a cigar and smiled over Thomas, thinking he would rather like to have a talk with somebody else—not the vicar, not Sir Jeremiah; somebody who had read one of the season's books. He had not been up to town since last spring.

It was not till he came to take the tea away that Thomas gave utterance to his little admonition. It had hung on his lips for weeks. He drew the curtains round the golden lamplight and stirred the languid fire.

"You're not dining at the Park to-night, sir?" said Thomas, standing behind his master.

"No, Thomas. Hasn't the post come in yet?"

"No, sir, nor won't be in for an hour at least. The papers seem mighty interesting nowadays, sir."

"The papers are as dull as ditch-water. But what can one do in this hole of a place?"

"Aha!" thought Thomas: his voice grew insinuatingly small. "Begging your pardon, sir, if I'm taking a liberty, but I saw the *Daily Chronicle* saying, sir, as they wished you'd write another book."

"Well, what of that?" asked Upcott, his slippered feet against the bars.

"There's a good many people, sir, I may venture to say, agrees with the *Daily Chronicle*."

"How do you know that?" James Upcott pulled at his pipe. "Did cook tell you?"

"Now, sir, you're offended. No, sir, cook's of the kind that reads stories, when she can get 'em, but she's hardly a literary character. I was thinking of literary characters, sir."

"Such as you," said Upcott, sharply, put out.

"No, sir, begging your pardon." Thomas grew persistently milder. "I shouldn't venture to compare myself to you, nor to offer you advice. Still, we all do feel, sir, that a new work from the pen of Mr. James Upcott would be an event in the literary world. The literary world is expecting it, sir, speaking, myself, as one of the humblest of the crop."

"You?" exclaimed Upcott, facing round. The pipe slipped between his lips.

Thomas blushed and studied his (overshiny) boots (the house "under" shined them). "Well, sir," he stammered, "I—h'm—I suppose there's nothing wrong"—he recovered his self-assurance—"in a humble person like myself devoting his spare time to the noble pursuit of literature?"

"None whatever. I supposed you had seen my books," though we'd never spoken of the subject. "And what do you call pursuing literature?"

"In your case, sir, going on," retorted Thomas, boldly; "and in mine, sir, writing, after the day's work's over, when other servants have their pipe and a snooze."

"And that's what you do!" exclaimed Upcott, amused, even now, at a picture of Thomas overworked!

"Well, sir, I may make bold to say I *have* written a few small things of late"—again that bashful study of the boot-tips. "You see, sir, there were plenty of other things to occupy one's time in London, but here, what with the slowness and dulness of the evenings, and cook's silly chatter, I thought I'd try my hand at it. It's come quite easy, sir; I suppose it's the having been so long with you, sir" (O false, vain Thomas!). "I shouldn't have spoken of it now, sir. I don't know what made me, I'm sure."

"My poor Thomas!" said Upcott. "I'm so sorry for you. It's a terrible disease to attack anyone. But it's comparatively harmless, unlike measles, as long as it doesn't come out!"

"It came out in the *Home Circle*," continued Thomas, unreceptive. He touched his cravat. "This here's the prize, sir: diamond scarf-pin, value five guineas. In the case of a lady, diamond and pearl brooch, value the same."

"I see," said Upcott.

"The *Home Circle's* a very high-class family magazine, sir. The *Home Circuit*, cook will call it, not knowing what the one thing means no more than the other. There's provoking aspects, sir, in a kitchen, connected with literature."

"I see," said Upcott again. His face was scarlet. Once, while still a private

secretary, he had tried (unsuccessfully) for a thousand-guinea story in the *Home Circle*. That was one of his most painful memories. Not on account of the ill-success. "And so," he continued, "speaking professionally—amicably, of course—from the point of view of a colleague, you would advise me, Thomas, to begin another book?"

"No, sir, I shouldn't make bold to advise anything at all. Least of all, as you say—as a professor, which is what I never pretended to be. But speaking as your servant, sir, which have known you half a dozen years, I will venture to say that perhaps if you could manage, in this dull place, to take up again with your work, it might make time pass pleasanter, sir, or of course it might not."

"But I've nothing to write about!" exclaimed Upcott, blindly, not to Thomas—at himself.

"That's what I thought when I began," smiled Thomas. "But, of course, you're only laughing at me. You know better, sir."

"What *did* you write about?" asked his master, with sudden curiosity.

Thomas went to the door and made sure that it was closed. Then he came back, with mystery in every movement, and dropping his voice:

"I just took cook, sir, and Gladys"—Gladys was the housemaid—"and I described them. They're jealous of each other, sir, about—" Thomas blushed, and again his eyes sought the floor—"about me. Of course, I didn't call them cook and Gladys."

"What *did* you call them?"

"Well, cook was the Dowager Duchess of Castletowers, sir, and Gladys was Lady Aureole Ferrers."

"Ah, there was your mistake!" said Upcott.

"They didn't recognize themselves one bit, sir, though I gave the Dowager Duchess cook's squint."

Upcott smiled. "You must let me see your story," he said. Nothing loath, now the ice was broken, Thomas hastened to fetch the treasure. He rocked nervously on his heels and toes while his master turned the few pages of the magazine. All the author's tremulous vanity was upon Thomas Budge. Upcott strenuously concealed his disgusted amusement—(yet why, in fact? He felt he was unreasonable)—over the noble ladies of his kitchen, who were fairly recognizable in their coronets and plumes. Like everything that Thomas did, the short story showed natural ability and entire lack of training. It would have been the same had he gone out on a bicycle or cooked a mutton chop.

"Capital!" said his master, returning the paper. "You must try again, Thomas. As you were saying, you've heaps of opportunities and time."

"As for time, sir," said Thomas, innocently, "it's they who work hardest has most to spare. And as for subjects, yes, indeed, sir, they're everywhere, even at Dorming. Now, you couldn't find a more extraordinary couple, sir—begging your pardon!—than Sir Jeremiah and Lady Dorothy—as literary characters, I mean."

"Well, Thomas, in spite of what you've just been saying, I shall have to give up writing entirely, for good and all. Two literary men in the house won't do."

The servant, already at the door, turned. "If you mean that, sir," he said, "I don't want any more scarf-pins. I'll promise never to write another word."

By one of those queer impulses which had made this man his willing slave, Upcott held out his hand: "You're a good fellow, Thomas," he said. "Write another prize-story—but not about Lady Dorothy."

He went back to the fire and sat musing and puffing tobacco for more than an hour. Thomas came in with the post. He pushed it aside. He was studying Thomas's little story in the embers, arranging and harmonizing its poor little plot of the old flirt and the youthful beauty, getting it into proportion and painting it afresh. Suddenly he went across to his writing-table and began scribbling on a common sheet of note-paper.

When Thomas came in to say dinner was ready—not surprised at no dressing, for Upcott was often too emptily busy to note the dressing-bell—he found the whole floor round the writing-table littered with sheets, like two dozen long letters, and his master still scrawling more.

"Dinner is on the table," said Thomas.

"Oh, go to the — I beg *your* pardon, Thomas; but, really, I wish you would."

At one o'clock in the morning all the sheets were torn up again, and Upcott had written three pages, at which he sat gazing, wistfully pleased.

III

A DAY or two later he drew up the blinds —literal people may take this expression literally—and walked out into the world to see how it was getting on.

It was beaming on itself, was the non-human world (which is not the inhuman). The foolish eleventh month (is not eleven the fool's number?) had given up its perpetual sulking, and smiled with a subdued, unwilling, because unaccustomed, smile. Alas, of all known habits there is none so difficult to keep up as laughter.

On this day of November, however, the sun was shining proudly. It drew Upcott out of his burrow and away to the russet river-bank. Late thrushes were chirruping among the ruins of the rowans; a flight of pigeons swept down on the beech-nuts with a whir as of war. They say the birds are timid! Great Heaven, to be so small and lovely in a world of hawks and snares, and yet to dare to sing as if the gods were good! In all wide creation there is nothing braver than the heart of a singing-bird.

At the foot of the barren wood, in a little creek, where the river curled to sleep, Upcott's boat lay, a glistening spot upon the limpid water. Already ashen with approaching death, the placid scene around, in wan content, responded meekly to the fickle onslaught of a love grown strangely chill.

Upcott loosed the boat and glided away in her. His heart sprang up, accordant, to every quaver from the slopes; it sank with the ripple of the water in almost monotonous melody. He felt that, independently of outer circumstances, man, like the rest of creation, has an inalienable right to be cheerful. Not too much for the average day is the evil thereof.

He had taken his fishing-tackle with him, for he was an inveterate angler; but he let it lie idle in the bottom of his boat. God Himself, the All-Merciful, Who goes forth to slaughter at autumn-tide, had given all creatures a respite that sunlit morning: who was he, then, to lie in wait, among the still retreats, with offers of a painted agony? The gentle craft, forsooth! More crafty than gentle! Christ's followers, we know, were fishermen: we could scarcely have imagined them anglers.

He floated, then, aimlessly, and his thoughts were of his story. It was progressing favorably, very unsatisfactorily, as such work does. He had got in his shadow-characters all right—a youthful Sir Jeremiah, a quite unrecognizable Dowager Dorothy; the farcical element, rather ugly, was there; what he wanted now, vainly ransacking his memory or his imagination, was the great central light in his picture, the beautiful principal figure which would dwarf all the others to a background of foils. He floated down-stream toward the Vicarage, thinking of jovial Mrs. Bartlett, and that she wouldn't do. Mrs. Bartlett was exceedingly disturbing: worse than useless, she wouldn't give place.

In the middle of the narrow river—by the near end of the Vicarage garden—a young lady stood trying to punt. She couldn't punt, that was evident; besides, nobody chooses the middle of a river to punt in. But she looked charming against the sunlight, and a boat is a terrible ordeal for a woman—a sure pillory, or place of parade. No daughter of Eve ever passed indifferently over the water, with the full light above her and a mirror all round.

This was a daughter of Eve, and she wore a tight-fitting, tailor-made suit. The material was dark, her complexion was fair, and her boating achievements were gracefully awkward, which is always delightful. She made an exceedingly attractive picture; and though she was not probably conscious of the fact, she would hardly, on consideration, have been ignorant enough to deny it.

"I wish you would help me," she cried, as he slid toward her. "If only I could get back to the bank again, I should be all right, you know."

"Undoubtedly it would be an advantage," he replied, with both eyes full of her. "I'll tow you across. You ought to have taken sculls."

"I forgot them," she answered, frankly. "Yesterday I forgot the pole. Do you always make the same mistakes, or always fresh ones?"

He laughed, busy with the landing-hook. For a moment they were silent; she watchful, he pleasantly contemplative of what he should see when he lifted his eyes again.

"What an amusing *rencontre!*" she said, at last.

"A very fortunate one," he answered, gallantly.

"Oh, well! I should have got to the side in time."

"For me, I meant," he answered, a little disconcerted.

"Please don't explain. Life would be quite supportable but for our explications."

"You are a philosopher!—out on the river in an unmanageable punt!"

"A good definition," she answered, quickly. "We don't know each other. How delightful! We needn't talk sense."

"Which side—right or left?" he questioned, raising his oars.

She looked at him, her whole face a ripple of enjoyment. "What a hurry you are in! Besides, which right or left?—yours or mine?"

"As the river runs, I meant," he answered; "Vicarage side or Park, if you like. But I'm not in the remotest hurry. Shall I row you up-stream a bit. I know a glorious little twist of backwater——"

"Hurry or not," she interrupted him, "you're horribly energetic. Are you always so eager to *do* something. Inquiring for the nearest duty, some people make street-corner policemen of their consciences in that way. My idea of happiness is straying along."

"At your own sweet will," he said, with just the slightest stress on the adjective. He could hardly refrain from laughing aloud, her description of him was so delightfully unlike the reality.

"Thanks! Well, in this case I should simply have preferred to float for a little. But now you had better take me across to the Vicarage."

His face clouded over, and she hastened to add: "It has been a delightful meeting—so unconventional. I suppose nobody ever met quite in this way before."

"Oh, people have met in this way a hundred times before," he answered, not very graciously. He slowly brought round his boat.

"Not quite in this way, I am sure. Not with such a very refractory punt. The punt, you see, is the measure of my grab-hook. But you say that because you are a novelist. You objectify the situation, so to speak."

"Then you do know me!" he exclaimed, really annoyed, plashing his oars in the water.

"Of course I know you—objectively again. Was that a crab—or a spurt of temper? I know, as everyone knows, your books and your portraits in the papers. And I know you are living down here. All the same, this is my first personal interview with Mr. James Upcott."

"Mr. James Upcott is perfectly aware of that fact. You are not the sort of acquaintance one forgets."

"How kind of you to say so! But I fear that out here, so far from London, you forget the vast number of your admirers. True, I have always been in their front row."

"You like my books!" he said, simply, childishly. "I am glad of that. They were written to be liked."

The two boats were nearing the little Vicarage landing-place. "I like them and enjoy and admire them," she said, "more than anything I ever read." Her voice sounded very serious; all the nonsense had sunk away from it.

"Oh, come!" he said, smiling, "and Shakespeare?"

"More than Shakespeare," she answered, determinedly. I can't understand Shakespeare so well. Of course, I know he's infinitely greater."

"Well, I'm glad you know that," said James Upcott, reverently, though wishing he wasn't.

"He and a number of others. I didn't say I thought your books were the greatest ever written. I said I enjoyed and admired them most of any I had ever read."

She stopped, as he helped her to alight, hand in hand, from the punt.

"You men are so terribly vain," she said, and sprang ashore. There was admiration enough in her tone to have shamed a twice vainer celebrity. But she disconcerted him utterly.

"Good-by," she said, holding out a little buff palm. He clasped it. "You have me at a disadvantage," he pleaded. "You

don't enjoy the honor of notoriety. We novelists are like taverns—all our wares in the window——"

"What a funny tavern!" she laughed. "I am Mrs. Bartlett's sister. I hope we shall meet again. Good-by."

James Upcott went back to his boat. He felt foolish, realizing that she had had the better of their interview. Well, here was the very thing he had been in search of. Why, rubbish, he didn't know her! He must get to know her thoroughly. There wouldn't be much trouble about that; she wore her emotions upon her sleeve. She had even been a little forward? No, hardly forward—outspoken, perfectly ingenuous, and nice. He wondered, vaguely, in how far she would fit into his story. Against the humdrum, daily absurdity he wanted a swift fascination, a fierce allurement to crime. The harmless husband of his plot must be shot in a duel, and the duel must be made worth while. He laughed aloud. He had never worked in this way before, with the raw material lying round him. He abused Thomas for putting such stupid ideas in his head, and himself for being influenced by them. Fancy seeking in every new acquaintance a possible model, whether he wanted that model or not! The topsy-turvydom of creative work! And Mrs. Bartlett's pretty sister was as much unlike his unshaped idea as Mrs. Bartlett's self.

He rowed back, sullenly, against the diamond glitter of the stream.

IV

Next morning the whole vastness of the world was gone. Close before the windows fell the rain, in straight lines, like a Japanese curtain, from low-hanging draperies of mist. It was one of those warm, damp days on which everybody in the house pokes up the fire.

It was also one of those days on which imaginative work, if once begun, grows apace, in the world's contracted chamber, like a flower in a hot-house, forced in the dark. Upcott turned his back on the shimmering panes and wrote at his story for six successive hours. Reading over the day's result, in the early deepening twilight, he was far from satisfied. The charm of the charmer was not convincing. Before a man kills another and ruins himself, the pressure of passion must be very strong upon him, mustn't it? He thought it must.

He pushed back the hair from his forehead and looked out. The rain had stopped—for its three o'clock rest; the wind alone kept up, delightfully gusty. He hurried out for a tussle with it, along the river-bank.

Down by the mill, he met Mrs. Bartlett and her sister. He noticed, at once, that the younger lady could wear a water-proof, and that, perhaps, is rarer still than looking well upon the water. It was partly the contrast, doubtless, with the Vicar's puffy, sore-prest helpmate, but it seemed to him as if the stranger rode the breeze. They came twisting down toward him through a baby pine-plantation, which formed a dark-green background and border about their path. He stopped to await them; then, seized with a sudden awkwardness, which was really vexation that Diana should have a Duenna, he lifted his cap, and passed on.

She occupied his thoughts absurdly for the rest of his walk—and after. It was a mistake, then, to suppose he had forgotten her. He went, meditating fresh methods of crossing her path. He met her next day on the river, bluntly.

She had got a little paddle in her punt, and she said she liked fishing. Quite amateurishly, she preferred someone else to take the fish off her hook.

"But you like to hook them yourself," said James.

"Oh, yes, I like to hook them myself. I hope you don't think me cruel. I am not cruel a bit, only not sentimental, either. Fish were made to be caught, weren't they?"

"Yes; certainly," he said, with sincere conviction.

After that, he met her repeatedly out on the water, two or three days in succession. It was his only recreation between the long spells of his writing. He went out for a row in the afternoon, and there she happened to be in her punt. No, not "happened." She would have been the first to deny that; November is not the month one selects for boating. She floated out on the river, in hopes to encounter him; she would much have regretted his non-

appearance. She was perfectly simple and natural, and they talked of many subjects. He thought her well-informed, and certainly nimble-brained.

Every man, of course, however he might yearn to find her, would have appreciated her occasionally staying away. All men are like that. But she never did. He could not help feeling, now, that she lacked self-restraint; she was too free-spoken and mannered for so young a girl—possibly twenty. This single thing annoyed him. Meanwhile he thought her charming, and the story in which she played a distorted part approached its climax.

On the Friday of that eventful week—a pale-blue, silent Friday—he threw down his pen after a wasted morning hour. It was no use; he couldn't do anything. A few minutes later he was gliding down the leaden water; the gloomy woods hung heavy on either side.

He was glumly reflecting on his wasted morning, he who "wasted" years. She would not be there at this hour, in any case. He dimly felt relieved. The best thing would be to row down to the village and back, and then to have another try at the writing. As he rounded the corner, he saw the punt out, and the big white parasol over it.

His heart leaped up in greeting, and he spurted. Amid the full enjoyment of this unexpected boon, he wondered, annoyed, if she was always there. Never mind; she was there just now. He bore down upon her, triumphant.

Lady Dorothy stood on the farther bank, beckoning desperately. No choice was left him. With an oarsman's salute and a tragic grin, he passed the vision in the punt.

"Mr. Upcott! Mr. Upcott!" called Lady Dorothy.

"Lady Dorothy, I wait your commands," said Mr. Upcott. He helped her into the boat, as she bade him. She was beautifully dressed, in simple, handsome, expensive things that might have suited any age. But for the strong odor of musk, her toilet would have been a complete success. "How handsome you are looking this morning, Lady Dorothy!" he said, for he knew she liked that kind of thing, thick. The thought had struck him as almost true; and, after all, when that's the case, why shouldn't we?

Oh, well, she was pleased, but cross. "I wonder you still recognized me," she answered, with asperity. "I haven't seen you for an age. Not that I can help it. You won't come to dinner, and you won't call; so what can I do? And I promised Sir Jeremiah to try my best."

He looked into her eyes, amused. "Sir Jeremiah is happy," he said, gravely, "in the possession of so dutiful a spouse."

"I promised Sir Jeremiah before you bought Woodlands," she said, frankly. "He doesn't care now." They slipped across the water. "But I do," she added.

"You are very good," he murmured. "I'm so very busy nowadays I haven't time to feel bored."

"Busy, indeed!" She sat up. "You make a charming group, every afternoon, as seen from our Drillingham windows. Such a pretty white spot on the water. Only if you cared really to oblige us, you would move just a little bit down—to get the angle right!"

He bent over his oars, furious that she should spy on him. "I shall be delighted to oblige Sir Jeremiah," he said, studying the bottom of the boat.

"And not me? That is hardly as prettily put as your first speech. You are taking me wrong, Mr. Upcott! I shouldn't care to run into the punt!"

That was true, the rowing boat not being a steamer.

"But where do you want me to take you? I never asked!"

"To the church, please," said Lady Dorothy, demurely, making herself small.

"Is it a saint's day?" he questioned, curiously.

"Really, Mr. Upcott, you London literary men are worse than heathen! I had been strolling in our woods, and everything seemed so peaceful I thought I should like to go across to daily matins. I shall just be in time."

"You would have been late," he said, "if Mrs. Bartlett's sister had had to paddle you."

"I saw you coming down. You're a very graceful rower. *Bon jour*, my dear! You look very uncomfortable. Isn't it rather cold for that kind of pastime? I

shall see your sister in church. Ta—ta!" This she called out, in passing, to the puntress, who was painting. "Rather pretty, don't you think?" she continued, to her companion. "You seem to find her exceedingly attractive!"

"You give me credit for discovering the obvious," he retorted. He plunged fiercely across his boat. "Shall I put you off here at the Vicar's landing-place? Will you walk through the churchyard?"

"Thanks. Perhaps you'll accompany me to the door. Or"—she turned, in the act of stepping out—"are you in too great a hurry to get back to Mrs. Eversley?"

She felt his hand jerk, as if something had struck it. "Mrs. Eversley?" he repeated, stammering.

"Yes; Mrs. Eversley. You are suspiciously incomprehensive. It is high time, I think, Mr. Eversley came to look after her."

He could not make out why he felt as he did; mechanically he moored the boat and followed his tormentress. Lady Dorothy, walking between the tombs, looked suddenly older.

"I dare say she is charming," said Lady Dorothy, bitterly. "That kind of women mostly are. I pity her husband. But, of course, you judge these matters differently. I should give you a bit of advice, if I thought you cared for me the tiniest bit."

"Indeed, I don't," he said, warmly. She had spoken the last sentence so very softly, marching in front of him, that his answer referred to the last but one.

She colored to the roots of her fringe. "You put things plainly," she said; there were tears in her voice.

He stood quite at a loss; but he felt she was hurt, and he never had, consciously, hurt a woman. "Dear Lady Dorothy," he said, "there's some misunderstanding. I'm awfully stupid this morning. You've been awfully good to me ever since I came here. Nobody, since my wife died—nobody has been as good to me as you have. I wish I could tell you how I feel toward you." She had stopped and turned to look at him. By heaven, there were tears in her eyes! "I—I shouldn't venture," he cried, carried away by remorse, and suddenly feeling all her pertinacious friendliness. He stuck.

Lady Dorothy walked on, very slowly. "You might *venture*," she said, at last. "A woman of my——;" she did not finish her sentence. Lady Dorothy was not an old woman, but neither was she young enough to call herself one.

"Mr. Eversley——" he began, blindly. Again his companion turned on him. "I didn't mean that," she said, vehemently. "You are so dense. Besides, different women owe their husbands different duties. Each must judge for herself. But I think we all have a right to the little happiness that comes our way. What *every* woman owes her husband is not to be *mauvais genre*. Mrs. Eversley is *mauvais genre*." She held out her hand: "Good-by. It is time I went in. I hope it won't be so very long before we meet again."

"I hope not," he said, thinking of other things.

"But, then, you avoid all opportunities!"

"I never find them," he answered, yearning to get away.

She watched him down to the water's edge, deliberately. Then she went into church.

He got back to his boat and rowed furiously up-stream, passing behind the immovable white parasol. He couldn't make out why he cared so much. He had never dreamt of making love to Mrs. Bartlett's sister. What did it matter to him if the Vicar had a brother-in-law? He was enraged at himself for being thus disturbed. A hundred yards ahead; he wheeled and came racing back.

"You never told me your name," he said, abruptly, to the lady in the punt.

She looked at him in astonishment. "You never asked me for it," she said, at last. He hung on his oars and stared at her. "It's absurd not to know people's names," he said.

"Of course it is. And one mostly does. My name is Eversley. Mrs. Eversley. Surely you knew that a week ago?"

"I haven't spoken to a soul for days," he said, "except you and Thomas. And Thomas never gossips unless he's told."

"You are a hermit," she replied, "and lay hermits always contract ill-temper. To make a successful hermit you have to start as a saint."

"You think I'm ill-tempered?" he said, moodily.

"Not chronically, as yet. The disease is spasmodic. Perhaps Lady Dorothy may effect a cure."

She stung him. "You women are all so jealous of one another," he said.

"I suppose that is true," she answered, flushing; "but I don't quite see the connection, unless as a means of carrying the war into the enemy's country. Mr. Upcott, you are rather put out about something."

"True; but all women are naturally jealous."

"If you won't be offended—I should like to go on with my work!"

He smiled, for she painted atrociously. But he rowed home with energetic strokes, still wondering why he should care.

He locked himself up in his room, after a fortuitous passage of arms with Thomas, in which he got worsted. Faults Thomas had none, but his good qualities sometimes filled up a vacancy. His virtues, like dust, could be matter out of place. To-day his master complained of his care in keeping the fire up. The room was too warm, though the impartial thermometer gave judgment for Thomas. Some people believe in thermometers, and judges. However that may be, what Upcott meant was that Thomas might have been more garrulous, though his master loved him for his taciturnity.

In the locked room, the widower stood gazing at his dead wife's face. He stood so during many minutes. At last he laid down the portrait, and fell upon his manuscript, and wrote as if a printer's devil—or some other Devil—were nudging his elbow all the time.

V

"READ it yourself!" he called from his writing-desk to Thomas, with a note, outside.

Now that may sound discourteous, from master to valet, on paper, among strangers. But it wasn't really, for those who knew the two—or, rather, for the two that knew. In Upcott's good-natured intercourse with his sole companion, the settlement of many parcels—and penny-postal worries (surely one of the chief curses of our day!)—fell to the faithful retainer. An apt title in this case by which the novelist gladly qualified a servant who kept back many begging-letters, prospectuses, book catalogues, and other bores.

Thomas intimated through the keyhole that this was not the kind of letter he could dispose of. It was a note from Drillingham which awaited a reply. His master flung open the door. An agitated scrawl from Lady Dorothy! Would he dine with them to-morrow? An impromptu! He would meet some *charming* ladies (heavily underscored). An opportunity which she hoped he would *not* avoid!

He frowned over the last sentence. And then he wrote a few words of cool acceptance. "And now, Thomas," he said, "I won't be interrupted again on any account."

"Yes, sir," replied Thomas, who would continue to act as the exigency of the moment required.

"Not even if the Queen were to call!"

"The Queen won't call," said Thomas, closing the door.

Upcott flung himself again upon his story. He worked at it far into the night, and, breakfasting late, was busy afresh by noon next day. In the intervals, however, he had plenty of time to think on the fascinating stranger. He was conscious now that, once recovered from the shock, he found her more delightful than ever. The slight freeness and *insouciance* which had hindered him in a girl were in a young married woman not a barrier, but an additional attraction. She now seemed to him perfectly pleasing. He had never thought of marrying again. He had never, as yet, thought seriously about the subject at all. He wanted to forget Mrs. Eversley. No, he did not want to forget her. He wanted—he wanted——

And the story before him deepened into a splendid catastrophe of crime and passion. His triumphant pen went leaping along the pages, a harvest of beauty blossoming behind it, as from under a magic plough. He had soon got beyond the comic portraits of his opening, mere skeletons on which to hang clothing, of necessity, and, if possible, flesh. This beautiful and dangerous heroine was, of course, a creature of his own fierce fancy; here and there

she might show traits suggestive of recent experiences, but he himself would certainly not have recognized them, nor, probably, would their prototype. The struggle in her heart and in that of the unfortunate hero—the common struggle between sense and common sense—waxed more hopeless from hour to hour! Borne on by a ruthless destiny, against which their creator himself was powerless, they sank, with outstretched arms that beat the air, toward the inevitable abyss. They fell, in the gray November sunset. Breathless, his hot eyes gleaming, he pushed back the pages already darkened by approaching night. He had written "The End" with a flourish of relief.

"The End," he said, aloud, with tremulous voice. He would gladly have seen the thing terminate differently. There is no use in resisting irresistible fate. He rang the bell for shaving-water, and cut himself thinking of Mrs. Eversley. Eight was the dinner-hour at Drillingham. He had plenty of time. Far too much. He didn't want to sit and think.

"Well," said Thomas to himself, in the pantry, "this looks like business. The brougham is safe for another year, at least. If he goes on like this till Christmas, we shall have the long-desired hunter—by the time the hunting season's over!" Thomas shook his head over the perversities of genius, and thanked heaven that he himself was only a successful author.

Lady Dorothy had come home to luncheon, on the Friday, with two pretty spots on her cheeks which were not rouge. She noticed that Sir Jeremiah also had two spots in his face; these were yellow, about the temples, and Lady Dorothy knew their portent.

"I'm in for one of my attacks," said Sir Jeremiah, helping himself freely to stuffed eggs "à la Provençale." Sir Jeremiah's attacks were bilious; suppressed gout. They periodically buried him in blankets. But he always died game.

A swift gleam of something—was it cunning?—shot over Lady Dorothy's florid face. "I'm so sorry," she said, sweetly. "And nothing could be more unfortunate! I spoke to Mrs. Bartlett after service, and asked her to dine here to-morrow and bring her sister."

"Ah!" ejaculated Sir Jeremiah, sweetly, too. "That is so like my dear D—— D——! You are a theologian, Dorothy, and advocate the doctrine of free-will."

"I am sure, Jeremiah, we settled it all the other day! And I asked the Roswells also; it was you that said you wanted them. You told me to take the first day that suited the Bartletts!"

"And the Vicar selects Saturday, does he?" Sir Jeremiah showed his teeth. "Well, that accounts for many things!"

"Of course, if I had had any idea you were going to be unwell—if you had only said something this morning——"

"My dear, pray say not another word about the matter. It would be hard lines, indeed, if you couldn't have your friends when you choose. Husbands of seventy must expect to look unwell without the fact being noticed by wives of fifty!"

"I am not fifty!" said Lady Dorothy, biting her tongue, that it hadn't the sense to keep still.

"True. Do you know, to me fifty appears quite youthful? Perhaps it doesn't to some people—to Mrs. Eversley, say. Well, I'm glad the Roswells are coming. Roswell can tell me about those speckled pigs of his."

"I haven't their answer yet," said Lady Dorothy, a little flurried. "But what shall we do if you're in bed?"

"In that case he can tell you about them—or, no, you wouldn't remember; he can come up to my room. He'll probably prefer that to staying with Bartlett."

"I didn't mean about the pigs," replied the lady, rising from table. "I meant about receiving the guests. I suppose I must do it alone." She stopped at the door. "True," she said, "Mr. Roswell will hardly be satisfied with the Vicar. Perhaps I had better send a message to Woodlands?"

"Do, by all means," said Sir Jeremiah, sipping the fruitiest of dessert sherries. He knew all about his wife's penchant for the man who had paid too much for the above-named property. He knew it from Lady Dorothy's stratagems, and also from his gamekeeper's insistence that "the gentleman must be a gentleman, Sir Jeremiah (though they do say he's only a writing chap), or my lady would never have been as kind to him as she is. Though my

lady, for the matter of that, is kind to us all, Sir Jeremiah! The gamekeeper hated his new mistress as only old servants hate.

Sir Jeremiah, however, was reasonable, by fits and in theory. He required his wife to take an interest in his ailments and to laugh at his puns. He understood that, within limits, he must be willing to allow compensations. "And, besides, she's no chicken," said Sir Jeremiah. He added, though not quite convincedly, "rather a goose."

Indeed, Lady Dorothy had more brains, of a kind, than her husband would vouch for. That afternoon she ordered her pony-carriage and drove to the Vicarage. The Bartletts being out, she left a few words of informal invitation for the morrow, and then she hastened on to Seton Grange, the abode of the Roswells, nearly three miles away. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Roswell were middle-aged neighbors with children, good-looking, good-natured, well-connected and well-off. They were neither of them capable of taking any interest in matters not immediately connected with themselves, though the lady was one of those persons you find in the country with higher aspirations they nowise desire to attain. She would not have gone to the concerts she was always regretting, nor would she have looked at the pictures she was longing to see, but she built up an easy reputation for culture on complaints of its absence around her. She had not opened the piano for years, because dear Hugh, "the best husband in England," had no ear for music; and her family, thankfully accepting the result, found no reason to quarrel with its cause. Dear Hugh was tranquilly satisfied with all his easy existence; if anything gave him positive pleasure, it was the reflection that the Roswells had been at Seton Grange a century before the Dunstons opened Drillingham Park.

Whether these people came and dined with her or not was a matter of absolute indifference to Lady Dorothy; they might as well come, lest her party grew embarrassingly small. Mrs. Roswell said she would be delighted, delighted. "And to meet Mr. Upcott, whose works I admire beyond anything! In the country, one so seldom has an opportunity of intercourse with—people of that kind."

On her return home, Lady Dorothy found Sir Jeremiah in bed. His valet said he was very bad. Lady Dorothy smiled, sympathetically. The patient, on being interviewed, described himself, grimly, as Jeremiah and Lamentations. Lady Dorothy smiled again, with an effort. In the course of the evening Mr. Bartlett came hurrying up from the Vicarage to explain, with many apologies, that he made a point of not dining out on a Saturday night. Lady Dorothy expressed great regret; but Mrs. Bartlett would come, with her charming sister? She had forgotten, with high-bred nonchalance, thought the parson, that the same little difficulty about Saturday had arisen a few months ago. She saw no reason to disturb the invalid with such a trifle. Yes; certainly the carriage would take back the two ladies. Good-night.

Left alone, Lady Dorothy meditated on the success of her little plot. Sir Jeremiah, whose attacks always lasted three days, would be in bed. The Roswells would drive off, in their open thing, at ten.

There would be a sudden clog (unexplained, but complete) in the machinery of the Drillingham stables. Their mistress would be much distressed, but helpless. And Mr. Upcott's brougham would take back the two ladies to the Vicarage, while Mr. Upcott awaited its return. She looked in on her lord. "The Roswells have sent to say they are coming," she said. "It really isn't worth while putting them of."

"Thomas, you must pack," said Upcott, shaking himself free of the fog that clung hot about his brain. "I am going up to London to-morrow night. I have followed your advice and written a new story—finished it. And I'll run up to town and see Pinchley about it. The change'll do me good. Besides—this is a dead secret between you and me—I think it has in it the possibilities of a play."

"Yessir," said Thomas, who admired all story-telling, but thought that plays were wicked.

"So that's settled. Have everything, ready, and reckon on a fortnight at least. And now I must really dress. I've been thinking I'd better have the dog-cart."

"Yessir; I'll see everything's right," said Thomas, who detested packing, but re-

joiced to see the turn things were taking, "You can have the dog-cart to *go*, sir."

"I hate the brougham. It makes one feel like a London doctor."

"Yessir," said Thomas, laying out the things. There followed some three minutes' silence. "If you want the dog-cart going, sir," said Thomas, "please to make up your mind at *once*."

"Of course I can't have both carriages," cried Upcott, testily. "Why won't you let me have my own way?"

"I'm here to execute your orders, sir," said Thomas, without moving. There followed another silence.

"Well?"

"When you caught that bad chill, sir—the worst of the many you're always having—I remember you promised my mistress—!" It was Thomas's paramount argument; he had only used it twice since Mrs. Upcott's death.

So Upcott went in the brougham, as always.

Half an hour later he was trying to talk to Sir Jeremiah, who was pretending to talk to him. The Baronet's complexion looked like a blotchy custard; but his get-up was irreproachable, and, when the ladies entered, he assumed a smile. "Oh—ah—yes," he said, "very true—I beg pardon; you were remarking?"

Lady Dorothy, admirably dressed again, in some rich blending of crimsons, very low cut, bore down upon them. "Mr. Upcott," she said, "tell Sir Jeremiah he ought to be in bed."

The lord of Drillingham snarled. "My dear," he said, mildly, "I hope Mr. Upcott doesn't find me in his way."

Mr. Upcott looked innocently foolish, but Lady Dorothy flushed.

"At your age," she said, "one ought to be more careful." The Baronet glanced at her sharply.

"'At your age," he said, "one ought to be more careful;'" then, after a moment's pause, "Yes, that is very true. But as age advances, one likes to get what pleasure one can. Don't you find it so? And I am going to have the rare pleasure of dining with a very pretty woman. After that, I shall take myself off—never fear—before I am in your way."

"I don't understand what you mean," said Lady Dorothy, a little anxiously.

"Not? I mean that I shall go to my room after dinner. Isn't that very simple? Ah, there are the Roswell's. How do you do, Mrs. Roswell? The new setter quite well?"

Presently Lady Dorothy sidled up to the novelist. "I want you to do me a very great favor," she said, her manner exceedingly nervous. "Mrs. Bartlett is coming with her sister; I had promised to send them back in the carriage. I am dreadfully ashamed, but I find I can't manage it. I—I—would you perhaps allow your brougham to take them home first. It would only delay you—say twenty minutes! And the Roswells are sure to leave early; they always do."

Their eyes met, and for a moment the look in those eyes stood still. Then he bowed, understanding everything, furious with all womankind, with the world, with himself. "Oh, certainly," he said, and shuddered at the thought of that coming half-hour.

As the two words dropped from his tongue Mrs. Eversley entered the room.

"Alone?" exclaimed Lady Dorothy, white to the lips.

Upcott caught, vaguely, some excuse about a sick headache, the truth being that Mrs. Bartlett could not find it in her good-natured soul to desert her tea-drinking sermon-maker. But what did these excuses matter, since Mrs. Eversley herself was here? She wore white, with a little dead gold about it. She was glorious to behold. "My dear Mrs. Eversley," exclaimed the Baronet, "permit an old man to say you grow lovelier every year!"

"What a fright you must have found me six years ago, Sir Jeremiah," she answered, laughing. "Thanks for not telling me at the time."

"Yes, she is handsome, poor thing," said Mrs. Roswell to Upcott, who stood moodily watching.

He started; a wild surmise flashed through his brain. He knew nothing in fact of this stranger who had bewitched him. Was it possible she should already be a widow? "Poor thing?" he repeated.

"Yes, indeed. Don't you know?" her voice dropped. "Mr. Eversley is a terrible person. A gambler and spendthrift; racing; drink—all that sort of thing. Why, everybody knows! He is often very unkind to her. Then she goes to her moth-

er's, with her two little children. They are staying with their grandmother now."

"Oh, of course," said Upcott, bitterly. He meant that of course such women have such husbands.

Mrs. Roswell looked mildly surprised. "Poor Edith is a great admirer of yours," she continued, wishing to change the subject, or, rather, to get on to her own. "An immense admirer! She quite doats on your books. She was singing your praises the other day for an hour. She considers you the greatest living novelist. And I quite agree with her."

Upcott tried to look amiably pleased. His heart leaped within him.

"I *quite* agree with her. I do not know a finer story than 'Gratia's Curse.'"

Under ordinary circumstances this remark would have been disenchanting, for "Gratia's Curse," as we all remember, is the masterpiece of an author whose methods are altogether different from Upcott's. But, at this moment, a hundred Mrs. Roswells might talk any rubbish they chose.

"Dear me, what bad language!" said Sir Jeremiah, coming forward. "I don't know who Gratia is; but, really, we can't allow women to swear!" And so they went in to dinner with a snigger; and the dinner was dull, and indigestible. Lady Dorothy vainly endeavored to recover some outward appearance of calm, while listening to Hugh Roswell's long-winded dissertations on his poultry-yard; nobody enjoyed himself except the host, who ate nothing, but ogled the beauty from the soup to the sugar-plums. Upcott sat for long periods playing with his knife. Not that he minded Sir Jeremiah's attentions; but the fire in his own heart and brain turned him sick with its heat.

He talked to Mrs. Eversley over their coffee, in a conservatory full of magnificent chrysanthemums—their talk was of chrysanthemums, he believed. Lady Dorothy joined them, and said these were her favorite flowers—the great, gorgeous, gaudy, glories. He talked to Mr. Roswell in the smoking-room—about horses, he believed. Mr. Roswell was insolent about his not shooting, and surprised to hear that he rode to hounds. They were back in the drawing-room. Sir Jeremiah had disappeared. He—Upcott—was talking to Mrs. Eversley about poultry *à la crapaudine*—the French recipe—when Lady Dorothy came up and separated them.

"I have just been telling Mrs. Eversley," she said, "that I find I can manage to send the brougham, after all. So we needn't trouble you, Mr. Upcott, to go out of your way. Why, it's exactly the opposite direction!"

He looked at her for a moment, pitying her—poor, clumsy thing. And then he made an end of that matter, for good and all. "By no means," he said, "I have just settled it all with Mrs. Eversley. She will allow me the pleasure of taking her home."

He did not see Lady Dorothy's utter collapse, he only saw the gratified flush of the beautiful creature beside him. It was all plain sailing now; he saw it all, to the end, just as he had seen his story. It doesn't require so much to bring about great catastrophies. The wave of fate comes up and slowly bears you against the rocks. In the books, of course, there are mental struggles, and grand decisions 'twixt right and wrong; in actual life you just shut your eyes, and the winds of evil do the rest. Poor, wretched, loving, lovely thing! What a fool he had been, in that story of his, to bring about a finale of self-sought misery, of useless remorse! Is it right, after all, to do wrong, when to do right would only be wronger—— ?

The butler was saying that Mr. Upcott's carriage waited. They were in it together, in the dark November night. It rolled swiftly along the deserted road; he shrank into his corner, she in hers. On his side the window was open; he did not trust himself to speak a word, not even to ask if she preferred him to close it. He crept still farther back into the darkness; his one dread was lest he should touch her. The cool air came pouring in; he gasped for breath, ashamed lest she should notice his suffocation, the thumping of his heart, and temples, the choking at his throat. He could speak of nothing, think of nothing, but a silent cry for help. His dead wife's face seemed staring at him through the shadows. The splendid ruin of his fancy's heroine shone lurid before his eyes. High above the trees, among darkling clouds, stray stars peeped here and there.

He turned to her, and his voice was steady. "You have two little children, have you not?" he said. "Is it a boy and a girl?"

AMERICAN SEAMEN IN THE ANTARCTIC

By Albert White Vorse

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THIS AND THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY FREDERICK A. COOK, M.D.

PERHAPS it is wisest to face the fact that to the eyes of foreigners, particularly to those of Englishmen, the Stars and Stripes, which have flapped bravely in the Far North, have drooped a little in the Far South. In the articles and addresses upon the history of Antarctic discovery that have appeared in British periodicals, popular and scientific, you will find either no allusion to any American or a direct slur upon Lieutenant Wilkes of the United States Navy; or again an irritatingly polite and condescending admission of Wilkes's discoveries. In one of these articles you will find the name of another American, but he appears as an Englishman.

The map of the Antarctic region shows within the Antarctic circle four lines of coast: a long strip named Wilkes Land; a deep indentation hard by named Victoria Land; a point to the westward of Wilkes Land, called Enderby Land; and at the opposite side of the world, a longer point, called Graham Land. Within the triangle thus pointed off, a continent is supposed—in the lack of certain information—to lie. At the north, Graham Land breaks into an archipelago which bears the name of Palmer, and above that are several groups of islands. This map has been pieced out from the observations of men who followed the sea half a century ago and more. Some of the observations stand to-day, unimpeachable; many are still doubtful. Among the best authenticated are two: first that an American sealer discovered the archipelago which lies at the border of the Antarctic continent; second that an expedition sent out by the United States Government first sighted, and for the most part revealed, the longest strip known to-day of the alleged continent itself. If ever the log-books kept by old-time New England seamen shall come to light, more American discoveries will surely be made known; for during the first thirty years of this century the region below Cape Horn was alive with American sealers, and they did more to develop the commercial value of the Far South than their rivals of any other nation.

In their time, the piping days of discovery were not yet over. The nooks and corners of the world were still obscure. A ship's master whose trade summoned him around Cape Horn to the South Pacific, might fairly look forward to coming upon some new people, who took a white man for a god; or to finding in the high latitudes a new rookery of fur-seals, whose skins in New York would win from his owner something more substantial than a grasp of the hand. It was mainly the sealing industry that held the attention of the mercantile world upon the South, and thus directly and indirectly brought about many of the discoveries there. In the development of this industry, Americans were the most important agents; indeed they monopolized the most lucrative branch of the business—the China trade. The British sealers had to be content with a London market; but the Americans, to whom the doors of China were open, carried their furs to Canton and exchanged them for teas and silks, that paid in duties at New York "three times the values of ships and outfits." The profit to the owners was enormous, and this industry became an important factor in American commerce. At its height it employed ten thousand seamen and American shipping to the tonnage of almost two hundred thousand—no unimportant figure at a time when an eighty-ton sealing sloop was held "a fine vessel."

To these sealers, American and British—but the Americans were in the majority—is due great credit for filling in the details of the southern regions. They discovered the little islands. They fixed the location of elusive groups, as the Crozets and Auroras, which having been wrongly charted by their discoverers, were held to be phantoms by many searchers. Even



An Antarctic Summer Scene.

the celebrated Weddell had to give up the Auroras ; if he had but known it, two years before his search they had been found by an American.

Many American seamen never officially reported their discoveries, or named them ; the reports of others have been lost, and those of others again have been overlooked. Partly for this reason Americans never received credit for what they found. But in seeking out new breeding grounds of seal—here the Americans were leaders. It was an American, for example, who first hunted seals at the famous Massafuero Island, where three million and a half of skins were taken before the animals fled the spot.

The first important discovery of land by an American came about in 1820. At that time the South Shetland Islands, sighted by Dirk Gerritz in 1598, and by him named New Iceland, had just been rediscovered by Sir William Smith, and according to the good old English custom, duly rechristened. They seemed to offer a good field for sealers, and promptly a fleet from Stonington was on hand in Yankee Harbor, then the southernmost refuge known. The commander, Captain Pendleton, noticed lofty peaks, still farther south, and sent Captain N. B. Palmer, in the sloop Hero, "but little rising forty tons," to make investigations. Captain Palmer found the new country extensive, but bleak and useless for sealing, and he promptly returned. Near Yankee Harbor he fell in with the famous Russian exploring expedition under Bellingshausen. The Russians had supposed the South Shetlands to be a discovery of theirs, and were amazed to find an American vessel "apparently," as Fanning reports the speech of the commander, "in as fine order as if it were but yesterday she had left the United States." They were further amazed when Palmer told them of the new land beyond. Bellingshausen sailed farther south, and discovered more lands, but did not forget to give to Palmer the honor of first sighting the outlines of the continent.

In the following season Palmer visited his discovery again, coasted it for almost fifteen degrees—from about the sixty-fourth parallel of longitude to the forty-ninth—and at 61° 41′ came upon a strait which he named after Washington. He landed in a bay, and christened it for Monroe. His names, however, together with those given by other Americans, have disappeared from the charts.

During the succeeding nineteen years the most conspicuous achievement of an American in the South was the voyage of Benjamin Morrell, who penetrated into the Antarctic Ocean, near Graham Land, beyond the seventieth parallel ; but his report merely served to confirm that of the English sealer, Weddell, who had al-



Penguins at Home.

ready passed the seventy-fourth parallel, in the same region. In 1840, however, the United States again took the lead, this time with a government expedition.

Voyages among the uncharted islands were perilous. The sealing industry had begun to fail. At home, the powerful commercial interests had been for twenty years looking to the government for an expedition which should gain information with regard to both Antarctic reefs and new seal rookeries, and, moreover, do credit to the country ; for, said the House of Delegates of Maryland, in a memorial to Congress, " Voyages of this kind, even when they fail of making important discoveries, bespeak a liberal policy and give character to the people which undertakes them."

In 1836 Congress passed the appropriation for the first exploring expedition sent out by the United States. The accomplishments of this expedition were brilliant, but the character its preparation gave to the people which undertook it was hardly desirable. For two years the equipment dragged on, amid a series of the most absurd squabbles among naval officers that ever leaked out into the daily papers. The first commander resigned—partly because a historiographer had been appointed, who would give his own version of the commander's doings — and four other post-captains refused to command. The expressly constructed vessels turned out unseaworthy. The whole affair was a public derision. A resolution was offered in Congress, that the enterprise should be thrown up, that a shed should be built in the yard of the Secretary of the Navy, and that the scientific corps should be quartered there and set to catching flies.

National pride, however, came to the rescue, and in 1838, under the command



Fuegians.

of Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, five ill-equipped vessels got away from the United States. Even then the trouble was not over. During the three years of the voyage the officers wrangled, and, after the return, brought Wilkes to court-martial upon a series of charges, several of which would serve excellently as incidents in a light opera. And the brilliancy of the expedition was marred by an indiscretion of the commander.



The Edge of the Ice-pack.

In the early forties two other expeditions sought the Antarctic regions; one despatched by Louis Philippe to discover new lands, merely for the honor of France, the other despatched by the British Admiralty, mainly to find the South magnetic pole. It happened on January 19th that both Frenchmen and Americans sighted different portions of the Antarctic continent—the Americans in the morning, the Frenchmen at night. Over the question of priority arose a brave contest, and though the Americans have shown by records that they thought they saw land on January 16th, still to-day there are Frenchmen who will not acknowledge that the United States was first.

The indiscretion of Wilkes, however, had to do with the English expedition, under Captain James Ross. Before this expedition reached Australia the Americans had discovered the Antarctic continent, had sailed along the coast for more than a thousand miles, and had returned to Sydney. At Sydney, Wilkes left an amiable note for Captain Ross, together with an account of his voyage and a chart of the new land. If he had laid down upon this chart only the coast seen by him, all would have been well; but unfortunately he included in it a territory near his own discoveries that had just been reported at Sydney by an English captain.

Ross sailed away with the chart, disregarded Wilkes's advice as to his course, pushed through the ice-pack, discovered Victoria Land, and worked south along its coast, beyond the seventy-eighth parallel. His record stands as "the farthest." His was the first expedition, moreover, to make accurate scientific observations—for the Americans did little in the Antarctic regions beyond sighting the land. Ross sailed about the Antarctic Ocean for three years



Deep in the Ice-pack.

and in the course of his cruise happened to pass over the spot where Wilkes had reported land he had not seen. On his return to civilization, he cast discredit upon Wilkes's whole report. The Americans, he averred, had probably been deceived by masses of floating ice, so vast that they might easily be mistaken for a snow-bound coast.

For months, nay, for years, after his return the American press was hot with indignation. But the expostulations of Wilkes and his officers, as well as those of *Veritas*, *Justitia*, and *Practical Seaman* were of no avail. The British geographers, to be sure, did Wilkes honor, and gave him the Founders' Medal ; but the Admiralty refused to acknowledge his discoveries upon the charts. Even now, after fifty years have elapsed, you will find in the Encyclopædia Britannica, under the heading Polar Regions, that his " claims have been disallowed."

Nowadays, however, Wilkes Land appears on all Antarctic charts, and the report of his discoveries is generally accepted—often with a tolerant observation that he might have accomplished more if he had been furnished with better ships. At home, the usefulness of the expedition has never been questioned. It established the prestige of the United States in the Pacific islands. It charted the obscure coasts of Oregon and California. It brought home a great store of information which spread widely throughout the country. In short, it accomplished one of the great voyages of general discovery ; second only to those of Cook, Magellan, La Perouse, and the early Spaniards.

What, then, is the profit in dragging out of the dust of libraries its forgotten scandals ? There can be but one excuse for it : the hope that national pride may be moved to send forth a second Antarctic expedition that shall retrieve the mistakes of the first one. Wilkes's record of Antarctic discovery, except that portion of it which is established by the testimony of d'Urville, has been accepted merely out of courtesy ; it has never been verified. Moreover, there is a definite demand from scientific men for information with regard to conditions beneath the Antarctic circle ; and to this demand Belgium has responded with an expedition, and England and Germany are about to respond with others. Is it well for the United States to be behind in scientific research, or to permit other nations either to disprove or verify the report of its first attempt at foreign exploration ?



An Iceberg Nipped.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION

By Frederick A. Cook, M.D.

Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

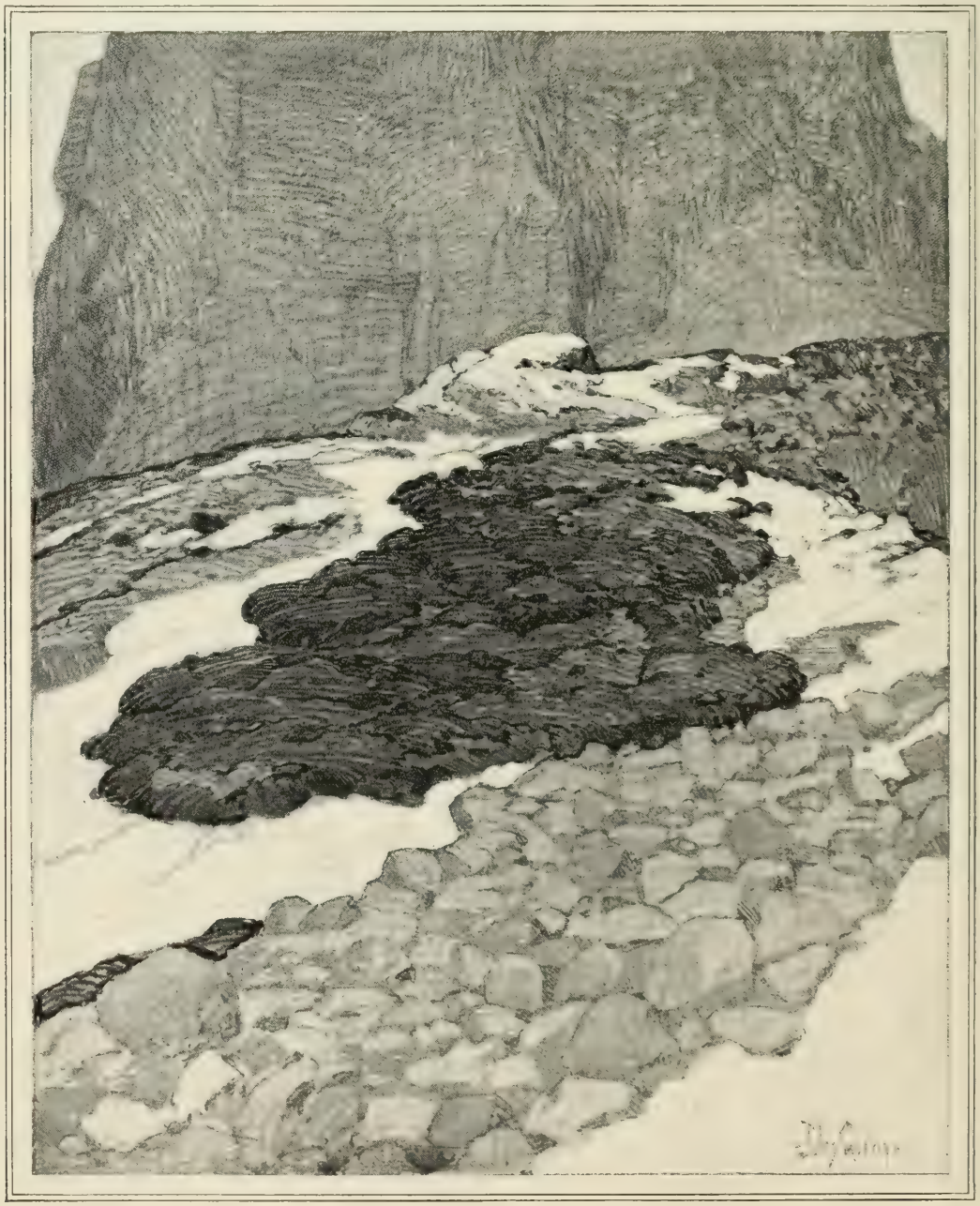
THE heterogeneous branches of human knowledge are so intimately interwoven that it is hard to conceive an improvement in one which does not conduce to the advantage of others. The modes of association which exist between the numerous objects of mental and physical research are like the membranes that embrace the humors of the eye, so minute and transparent that while they give union and solidity to the whole, they themselves remain unperceived or wholly invisible. The general advancement in the knowledge of our globe which follows the work of polar exploration is not at first perceived. The collective results are rearranged and interwoven with the other threads which go to make up the fabric of the various branches of natural science. Around the two poles of the earth, and particularly around the South Pole, there are extensive unknown regions. In these regions are hidden the finishing filaments of much exact knowledge. To seek these is the true object of polar exploration.

Efforts at clearing up the mysteries of the Arctic will now for a time give place to projects for Antarctic research. The disputed questions bearing upon the value of such enterprises have been answered in the affirmative by the Belgian, the British, and the German governments. Each of these governments has contributed great funds, not to find the South Pole, but to find the ends of the threads of science which are there lost in white obscurity.

The possibilities of exploration in the Far South are many, and properly to understand them we must first review the regions actually known. Perhaps it is not correct to say that anything Antarctic is actually known. The entire space within the Polar circle, with the exception of a few dotted lines, is a blank upon our charts. Even the sub-Antarctic lands like Tierra del Fuego, Kerguelen, and the Auckland Islands are for scientific purposes un-

known. Of the truly Antarctic lands the first in time of discovery and in value is the always accessible land-mass south of the South Shetland Islands, which is erroneously charted Graham Land.

This is a large mass of land which is labelled on the various charts with different names and is parcelled out to suit the nationality of the chart-makers. No navigator will be able to recognize the landmarks of Graham Land from any modern chart. This was the experience of the Belgica. The American sealer Palmer first saw the northern outline of this land. The British sealer Biscoe saw a part of the western border of the same land. But neither Palmer nor Biscoe has given sufficient information to make a chart. The British explorer Ross and the French explorer d'Urville touched along the northeastern limits, and recently the Norwegian sealer Larsen has traced a part of the eastern limits. From the work of the later explorers and the guesses of the early sealers the present map is made. But since the Belgica sailed over two hundred miles of this region where high land was placed, and since she sailed over the regions where the Biscoe Islands are placed, it is evident that even this, which is the best known of Antarctic lands, needs a general rediscovery.



Antarctic Vegetation.



An Antarctic Headland.

The actual existence of a land corresponding to what is charted as Graham Land is a matter of considerable doubt. On the map it extends from the 69th parallel of latitude, northward four hundred miles. But Alexander I. Land, the southern termination, is an island, and we saw no land eastward. The character of the land which may or may not exist between this and the newly discovered Belgica Strait is in doubt. It offers scientific and commercial prospects promised by no other new polar region.

At the one hundredth degree of east longitude, close to the circle, there is another interruption in the unknown. This is the much disputed Wilkes Land. It is by far the largest land mass in the entire Antarctic area. Including Victoria Land, its better known eastern border, it covers more than one-sixth of the circumference of the globe. In a territory of this extent, even under the most hopeless spread of snow, would it not be strange if something of value and much of interest were not found? It is not at all probable that the disconnected lines seen by Wilkes are a continuous line of the continent. These are, in all probability, off-lying islands which front a great continent. We are led into the conviction that there is a continent here by the very great number and the enormous size of the icebergs which are here encountered. But conviction without better evidence will not, and ought not to, satisfy explorers.

Enderby Land and Kemp Land furnish other problems. They are probably not fixed to the continent, for the American, Morrell, found open sea below them ; but whether they are isolated islands or parts of an archipelago remains to be ascertained. Does Peter Island exist ? The Belgica drifted close to the position assigned to it by Bellingshausen, but saw no land. These are but a few examples of the many geographical problems to be solved in the far South.

Before passing from the known to the possibilities of the unknown I will answer the business man's question, " To whom do these lands belong ? " It seems to me that the nations seeking to divide China and Africa might turn their ambition toward the Antarctic. Here are millions of square miles which belong to no-



A Characteristic Island.

body; at least there are no valid claims filed, except those which accrue from right of discovery. Victoria Land would seem to belong to England, but it is possible for the United States to lay a strong claim by right of extension of territory. Wilkes, the American explorer, was the first to see and to chart the great masses of land of which Victoria Land is a part. The work of Ross, though better in quality, is supplementary to that of Wilkes, which gives the United States a priority claim. There is also a small French claim. There is, indeed, room for a future boundary dispute of the limits and claims of American, English, and French in Wilkes Land. The British Government seems to have no doubt on this question, for twelve years ago the Queen issued a grant for Possession Island, making Mr. Albert McCormick Davis, of Montreal, a colonial governor of its numerous cities of penguins, and giving him for a stipulated period a monopoly of its guano-beds. Mr. Davis never rose to the dignity of being the first South Polar king. He was content with the honors of appointment, and returned his credentials three months after their issue.

Peter and Alexander I. islands, and one or two islands of the Sandwich Group, belong to Russia. The Bellany, and Biscoe, and Sandwich group, as well as Enderby and Kemp lands, belong to Great Britain. Graham Land, like Wilkes Land, offers many bones of contention. The entire northern coast should belong to the United States. A part of the east coast and a part of the still uncharted west coast belong to England. Norway has a claim for about two hundred miles on the east coast. The recent discoveries of the Belgica give to Belgium the most beautiful and the most useful body of water in the entire Antarctic area.

It is generally held that all these countries belong to nobody; indeed, that they are not worthy of ownership; but this is not true. The issue of a grant for Possession Island is an indication of the sentiment of England; another indication is to be perceived in an incident which happened a few years ago. The Argentine Government, being anxious to secure possession of the South Shetland Islands, probably for the harbors and the possible value of the fisheries, made some preparation to place there a lighthouse and thus take possession by right of prior occupation. In response to this, according to a rumor said to have been based on official instruction, a British cruiser was ordered to speed, as soon as the Argentine steamer left port, to the South Shetlands and there to receive the Argentinos.

I must beg leave to differ with the prevailing opinion regarding polar exploration,

that there is no commercial or material reward commensurate with the expenditure of time and money. In the Antarctic there are several prospective industries, and much of the future work has a direct bearing upon commerce. There are seals, penguins, and whales in abundance around the circumpolar area. Fur seals are nearly extinct. The various varieties of Antarctic seals have a coarse coat of single hair which is useless as a fur; but the skin and oil are of considerable value. There is no reason why a profitable fishery could not be prosecuted, like that off the coast of Labrador and Greenland. The penguins are not widely known to commerce, but their countless millions will surely attract enterprise and yield some useful product. Already they are being taken at the Falkland Islands for the oil they possess. We must abandon the hope that right or black whales, possessing the prized whalebone, exist here in numbers sufficient to warrant a promise of future whaling. Ross reports having seen right whales, but a diligent search since has failed to establish this report. From the Belgica we saw no whales of this variety; but finback and bottle-nose whales were seen in great numbers. These are small whales having no bone of commercial value, and a somewhat inferior quality of oil. But the hunt for a similar variety of whales in Norway has given profitable employment to thousands of men in the past ten years. Whaling and sealing in the Antarctic cannot, however, be made to pay the enormous expense of fitting out from Europe or North America for so distant a hunting-ground. To make these industries successful, permanent bases must be established either in the Antarctic, on the sub-Antarctic islands, or in the southern ports of South America or Australia.



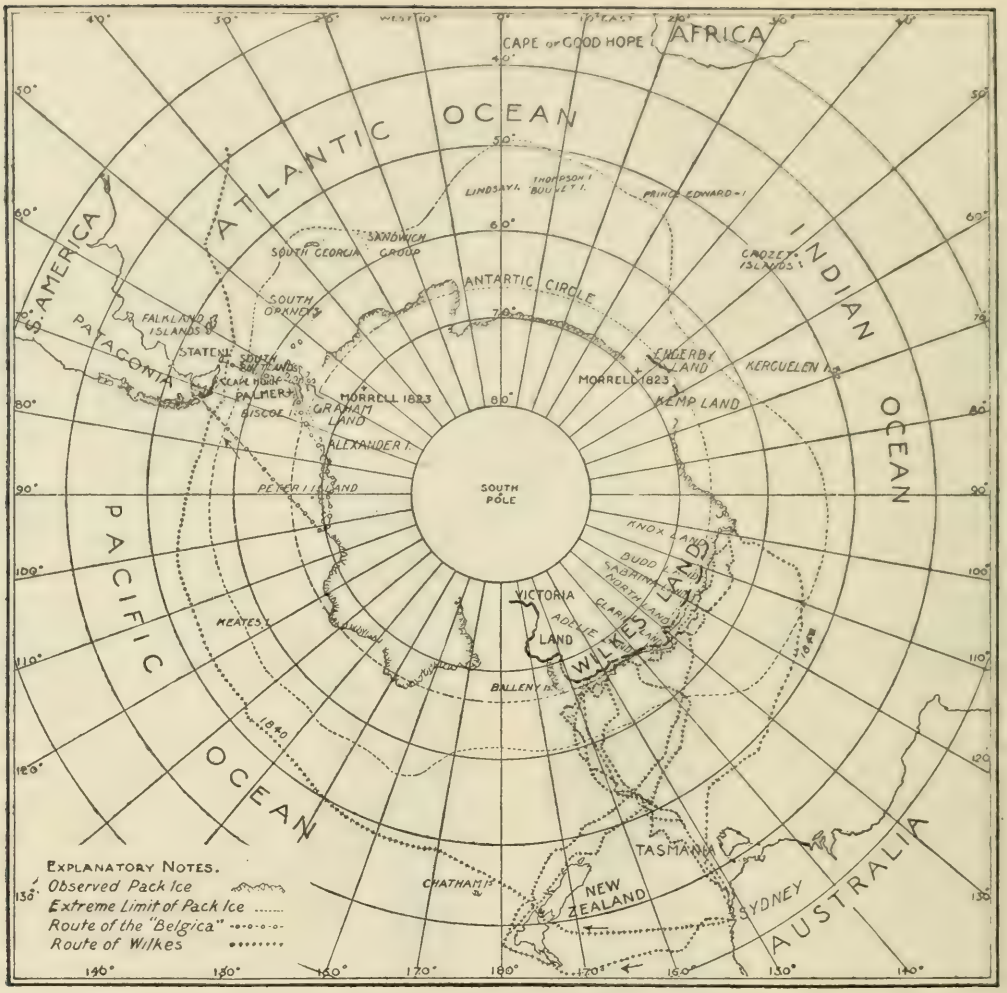
A Representative Fuegian.

The guano-beds of Possession Island offer an enterprise which seems to promise certain results. The guano is rich in nitrates and exists in quantities sufficient to keep a fleet of cargo vessels occupied for years. Similar islands may perhaps be found off the coast of Graham Land or among the partly known groups such as the South Shetland, Bouvet, Prince Edward, or Macquarie islands.

Our geological knowledge of this area is still too imperfect to offer even a guess of the probable finds of precious metals or gems. Arguing by analogy, the South Shetlands in general appearance, and in what little is known of the geological formation, resemble Tierra del Fuego, and we now know that here gold is found in paying quantities. Since these islands are an extension of the Fuegian lands, is it unreasonable to expect to find gold there? An Antarctic Alaska is by no means beyond the future possibilities.

Are there not people or unknown animals in the regions around the South Pole? Borchgrevink, owing to his inexperience and hasty conclusions, mistook ordinary penguin tracks for the footprints of some large and unknown animal. No reliable traces of either large, new animals or human beings have been found.

Independent of material results, a continued exploration of the Antarctic will certainly disclose priceless scientific acquisitions. A region of the globe nearly eight million square miles in extent, into which the foot of man has not yet trod, is not likely to prove barren of scientific data. The polar question is not a problem of adventure as it is ordinarily thought to be, nor is it a matter of dollars and cents. It is a problem of science, and has for its principal objects: an exact knowledge of the limits of land and water; a careful study of the physical condition of the earth and of life; in short it aims at perfecting that network of lines with which comparative science seeks to surround our



Map of the Antarctic Regions, showing Route of Wilkes, and of the Belgica.

(Adapted from a map by J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.S.E.)

planet even at the poles. The prosecution of this labor will add to our knowledge of those physical laws which regulate climates, which indicate the origin of atmospheric and sea currents, and which serve as analogies for geology and other natural sciences.

Specifically, terrestrial magnetism, geography, meteorology, geology, and oceanography are to be most enriched by the results of Far Southern exploration.

Magnetism has an important bearing upon the navigation of the southern hemisphere and even upon the land surveys. If the bearings of the compass cannot be accurately deduced, evidently the course of a ship or the base line or fixed point of a survey must be unreliable. For greater accuracy of the all-important compass more continued and more prolonged magnetic observations in various parts of the Antarctic are indispensable. Even the seemingly easy task of fixing the location of the South magnetic Pole is, with our present knowledge, impossible. The positions assigned by the best authorities differ several hundred miles from each other, and the work of the Belgica places it approximately two hundred miles east of the spot designated by Ross, whose observations have been generally accepted.

Closely associated with the magnetic pole is the mysterious phenomenon, the aurora australis. It would be interesting to have a prolonged series of auroral observations to add to the first records taken by the Belgica. Perhaps this information will help to solve the puzzling questions of the physical character and the origin of the mysterious celestial lights. Some of these questions are: What is the difference between the aurora australis and the aurora borealis? Is there any coincidence in the appearance of the phenomena at both poles? What is the relation of the exhibits with the sunspots? What relation have auroras with meteorological phenomena—the weather,

the clouds, the atmospheric electricity? What are the connections between auroras, earth-magnetism, and telluric currents?

The interior South Polar lands are likely to prove the coldest part of the earth. This is contrary to what would be expected, because the great circular sea which surrounds the entire globe should warm the comparatively small expanse of land. In the region of the Belgica's drift, however, the indications were otherwise. Our position was in a restless sea of ice, far from land, with large open lanes of water constantly about us. It follows, then, that we should have had a mild, marine climate. But our temperatures were persistently low, from five to forty-five below zero centigrade; rarely above the freezing-point. And, following southerly winds, the mercury at once sank into the bulb. The suddenness and intensity of cold which came with interior winds bespeaks a very high and a very cold area. This question and a hundred others will be solved by meteorological studies. Problems of weather are associated with neighboring phenomena. For the proper understanding of the climate of the southern hemisphere there is necessary a long-continued series of meteorological studies within the limits of perpetual ice.



A Sailing Sledge.

In geology nearly everything remains to be done. Here are indications of some very interesting problems. Among them are the numerous open questions of the great ice age. In the period immediately preceding the ice age the polar regions were not, as they are now, submerged under a continental sea of ice, but had a somewhat profuse growth of plants, extending even to the base of the mountain glaciers. The fossil remains which have been found in the North and in the South prove that at this time there existed, among these growths, plants which are now found only in subtropical regions. This period was a noteworthy epoch in the history of our planet. The continents then had a greater extension, the life a wider diversity; and the forests were much more luxuriant than they are to-day. The Antarctic is likely to throw new light upon this interesting period. The fossil finds may establish the existence of a life of which we now have no indication. In the many departments of geology we may expect startling discoveries.

Probably the most important results of immediate practical use to both science and commerce will be the gain to the newly born science, oceanography. The ever-increasing usefulness of the ocean for the needs of modern commerce, of warfare, of cable service, and as a nursery for food makes it necessary that we know everything possible about it. We must know, not only the surface, but the bottom and the intermediate waters. We must know, not only the warm seas, but the cold as well. There is a constant interchange between the water of the tropics and that of the poles, just as there is an interchange of the winds. The cold, ice-laden waters have a tendency to flow into the warmer regions. The overheated torrid waters sink and flow poleward. This is the theory, and in part it is supported by observation; but what is the mechanism?

It is evident that the missing keystones to the rising arches of science are many, and the material for some of these will certainly be found in the neglected blank around the base of our globe. The reasonable certainty of these results is likely to arouse a South Polar enthusiasm within a few years. I wish to offer a preliminary word of warning. Up to the present Antarctic history has to record no great loss of life, no awful calamities, like the Arctic tragedies. The Arctic and the Antarctic are alike only in degrees of cold

and in the quantities of ice. Even in this they differ and in every other respect there is no resemblance. From this it follows that an Antarctic explorer should be differently equipped from the man who travels in the Far North. The hopeless isolation and impossibility of retreat make a fixed outline, a permanent station, and two vessels imperative.

Should an expedition, risking their fortunes as did the crew of the Belgica, in a single vessel and in the unknown drift, lose the ship, which is always easy, the disaster would mean nearly certain death for everybody. It is true that the Belgica experienced no great damage by pressure, but that we escaped with our vessel is a matter due quite as much to accident as to any wisely prompted construction of the ship. If a field of ice two miles in diameter should press upon any vessel, in the wrong situation, it would certainly crush her.

This is always to be expected in Antarctic navigation, and it makes a companion ship indispensable. The South, also, is a hard school for explorers. Young men who wish to engage in this work should take their schooling in the more congenial Arctic regions.



A Wind-proof Tent.

LONELINESS

By J. H. Adams

I AM not lonely when I cross the lands
Where other men are not, for at my feet
New flowers blossom, and their fragrance sweet
A solace is, that happiness commands;
Nor am I sad when at the fair demands
Of fate I walk the crowded foreign street,
The while with no familiar face to meet—
Companionable are the swinging hands
And restless feet. But when the curling smoke
Betrays, on desert's edge, the homes of men
And fanes of love, to me, alas, unknown;
When conscious eyes meet eyes, and faith unbroke
Hallows the lips I see that press, ah, then,
God pity and forgive! I am alone.



"Behold Portate!"—Page 718.

THE PORTATE ULTIMATUM

By Arthur Colton

With Illustrations in Color by W. Glackens

BATEMAN'S SLIP is a little fragment of that bay, which is half river and partly strait, and about which three islands and a mainland put their heads together and consider commerce. The heads contain innumerable ideas, and Bateman's Slip is one of them. It is a pregnant idea. Ships come into it, mainly from the South Atlantic, carrying mixed crews wearing overalls, some with tropical complexions and little English, some with the rheumatism and a Down-East accent. From the end of the wharf one can watch up and down the mob of tugs and crossing ferry-boats, long freighters, yachts, tiny cat-boats, and dignified trans-Atlantic steamers that glide up the bay conscious of their caste and position in the world of the sea.

It was a warm spring afternoon. Caddy, the wharf-master, sat on a pile of crates in a kind of false idleness, his eye going here and there. The rest of us practised an idleness that was more genuine, except Stanley, the electrical engineer, whose idleness was dynamic. And about us were the rumbling of drays, the clatter of feet, and the thump of baled goods dropped on the planking. A new-come ship, with patched sails and a look of slow decay, was tied to the clustered piles.

"Hides," said the engineer, sniffing the air.

"Leather, Bahia," said the wharf-master. "I'd like to tan the man that tanned it. That's a smoky lot of stuff," he called to the captain, going by.

"Smoke!" said the captain, gloomily. "We're a humpin' censer, we are. You can smell us all up the coast. But what can you do?"

"Sacrifice the consignor to the gods of the Atlantic," said the engineer.

It was too mythical for the captain, and he went away with his melancholy.

"I lived in South America once," said

the engineer, thoughtfully. "I ran a contract to light the city of Portate, and that was some time ago, but I know how he feels."

It arose from this that the engineer told us the story of "The Portate Ultimatum":

There is a river called the Jiron, that runs by Portate into a sea full of islands. It comes down through leagues of damp forest, and hot plains you can plant a straw hat on and grow the original crop—that is, the soil is average good—from table-lands where the cattle ranches are, and beyond all from the black gorges and white caps of the Andes.

There are three telegraph lines running inland from Portate to the capital and elsewhere. The monkeys do gymnastics on the wires, and the natives steal sections to tie up their cane-houses from falling down, on the theory that the thing is plain foolishness, and the enterprise of fools is the profit of the wise. Then you go around and lam the native and take the wire, but he stays by his own opinion, and the Government wants to know what you mean by allowing official messages to be interrupted; for, they say, monkeys and cane-houses are not in the contract, and call it improper frivolity to mention them. "Why tie up cane-houses with official messages? Why submit important business improperly to the gymnastics of creatures without intelligence?" till you come out of it by swearing yourself blood relation to all the monkeys on the Jiron, which seems as satisfactory as anything, being put down to the inherited madness of the northerner. There are seventeen varieties of monkeys on the Jiron.



"It's an ultimatum."—Page 716.

On the two railroads that go out of



The yard was full of soldiers of the City Guard.—Page 719.

Portate they run over more alligators than cars, and they do say that creepers grow over the tracks between trains, but I never saw it. And in the city of Portate there are wharves, which float off down the river in freshets, and have to be pursued and picked out with difficulty from among the hundreds of little sea islands, and brought back in disgrace. They have a trolley line that goes from the wharves to the Plaza and then visiting about town ; and telephones, and electric lights, which are the pride of the enlightened, but some of the others think they are run by connection with that pit of the sinful about which Padre Raphael is an authority.

" For, observe ! It is not as wood that it burns. *Madre de Dios,* no ! It is the wrath of the devil on the end of a stick."

The Union Electric had the contract for the whole outfit of the lights, and sent me down to handle it. I had good nerve then. I thought electricity was king, and that a man could do about anything he set out to do. He can, but my nerve is not so good now.

Now the Union Electric Company's contract was to furnish the city of Portate so many arc lights, at so much a month per light, with monthly payments, but there was more politics in it than I was used to. And it took me some time to see that, if the Mayor bought a set of gilt furniture on the 28th and the paymaster a span of horses on the 29th, it wasn't reasonable to bring them a city lighting bill on the 30th. But they thought it unreasonable, and after awhile I came near thinking so too. I had to get five signatures to each bill, and the signatures took turns going off into the country between the 30th and the 15th. And after that they generally came with protests in parentheses, that arc No. 53 had been observed by respected gentlemen to sputter improperly, and that arc No. 5, on a certain night, had refused to burn, in contempt of authority, which was because a native had heaved a stone into it, out of religious scruples. They were always in arrears. They liked it that way. They said it was delay in the tax-collecting. It was very warm. Did the Señor Stanley suffer from the heat ? Alas ! the tax collector was too fat. It had been represented to his Excellency that tax collectors should be thinner. They were twelve hundred dollars behind at the end of six months. It seemed to me that the city of Portate was too happy. It didn't have troubles enough.

In another month it was three hundred

more. I went to see the Mayor, what they call the "Jefe Municipal."

He was a puffy man, of about the fatness of the tax collector, but smaller, and wore a mustache and imperial in such a way that it seemed to be his symbol of authority.

I said, "Mayor, the city owes me fifteen hundred dollars."

"Is it possible!" he cried, holding up his hands. "But we do pay you too much. How does the city owe you fifteen hundred dollars if it is not too much?"

That was good tropical logic. Tropical logic always confused me.

"My friend," he said, "is it not in your country also that the corporation oppresses the people?"

"The Union Electric," I said, "doesn't do business for love of humanity, and it didn't send me down here for my health."

"Alas! No?" sighed the Mayor, wiping his forehead. "The corporations are without souls, pitiless. I read it in a newspaper, that also of the United States. But if the Señor's health is delicate, a trip to the hills——"

"I give you till Wednesday night."

He brightened up.

"It is a festival night. The municipal band will play in the Plaza. The people will dance. Portate is a city of pleasure, a second Paris. And you, Señor, will honor us, on the balcony of the magistrates."

"Fifteen hundred dollars by Wednesday night, or I shut off the lights. With great regret, your Excellency——"

"Señor——"

"It's an ultimatum. Allow me to express, nevertheless——"

The Mayor rose, smiling.

"Nevertheless, you will observe the festival. A delight, Señor, a panorama!"

I went over and tried to impress the paymaster, but he wouldn't be impressed either. He said arc No. 38 was shining persistently into the upper-story windows of the house of a municipal councillor, against his honor and privacy. He said the son of the municipal councillor was to marry his, the paymaster's, daughter, and the Union Electric Company oughtn't to disturb such alliances. And I went down to the plant as fast as possible, feeling in the mind to see people that were reasonable and steady, like the six dynamos and Jimmie Hagan, the foreman.

I know how he feels, that fellow with the bad leather. He thinks he can't do anything, but he can if his nerve's good. He thinks South Americans are no use, and he's wrong again. Jimmie Hagan's assistant was a man named Chepa, and, when Chepa didn't do his work right, Jimmie would call him names and do it for him. And Chepa says: "It is good, my friend Jimmee. Observe. I sit down. I smoke. You work. You perspire disgustfully. Whether it is you or I am the fool, who knows? The good God only." And Chepa and Jimmie loved each other with the affection of a man for his pug dog, and each of them thought the other was the pug dog, and that nobody had a pug dog the equal of his. I call that a proper international relation.



Plodding far behind in pink uniforms and very dejected.—Page 721.



"A la carcel!"—Page 721.

I told Jimmie Hagan I was going to shut off the lights if they didn't pay up by Wednesday night, and Chepa's hair stood up. He said I was a distinguished gentleman and would be shot for an anarchist, together with himself and his friend Jimmee.

"'Tis no business of yours," says Jimmie. "Misther Stanley has in moind to take a mortgage on the City Hall and electhrocute the Council. Shut up wid ye."

"Mother of heaven!" says Chepa. "It will be a hot time. Behold me, Señor, I am game."

I told him he wouldn't need any more heroism than came natural, seeing I only wanted him to stay away from the plant Wednesday night far enough so he couldn't be found.

"And, Jimmie," I says, "you'll switch her off for me, and cut away, and don't let them lay eyes on a red hair of you that night."

"It is nought of the kind, sor. 'Tis a beauthiful auburn."

"It is red, Jimmee."

"Tind yer ingine, ye black Dago!"

And I left them to squabble it out. But Jimmie's hair was red. He was a little stoop-shouldered Irishman with a crook in his eye, and Chepa was about the same size with black hair flopping round like an Indian's.

That was Saturday, if I don't forget, and it came on to Wednesday without any interviews. The heat of the midday was awful, and I didn't see that the tax collector was getting thinner with extra

labor of collecting taxes. But the preparations for the festival were going on, innocent and peaceful—it would break your heart to see—with strips of colored cloth around the wax-palms on the Plaza, ridiculous; for a wax-palm grows a hundred and fifty feet high, and looks like a high-born lady; and red and white stripes around the foot of her, like a barber's pole, aren't becoming. I sent up Jimmie with the bill in the afternoon, and he came back saying the Mayor was "that busy wid his uniform he wouldn't look at him," and Jimmie wanted a permit "to black the paymasther's eye for bein' impident." I gave him orders to shut off the switch at nine o'clock. About eight in the evening I disguised myself with a cloak and a villainous slouch hat, and left my house, which was a mile out of the city, though handy to the plant. The cook had run off to the Plaza, and I plugged up the telephone, so it was a house that couldn't be conversed with. And I walked into town.

The Mayor's uniform and other uniforms were on the balcony of magistrates, the Mayor making a speech to the effect that it was a municipality without parallel, a second Paris, which civilization regarded universally, and exclaimed, "Behold Portate!" There was Padre Raphael, standing directly under an electric light, and it was curious to see him with that kind of a saint's glory around him and smiling like a plaster cast of Benevolence. Whoop-bang! went the brass band, with the bass drum miscellaneous, and the cornets audacious, and the trombones independent, but aiming, you might say, at a similar tune. And all the Plaza fell to dancing and conversing, with the fountain in the middle sprinkling recklessly, and the wax-palms done up in red and white bunting, and the electric lights shining uncannily, with their bills unpaid.

"Come up, Padre Raphael," shouts the



We agreed on a circle twenty feet away.—Page 721.

Mayor presently, catching sight of his reverence, "to the balcony of the magistrates. 'Tis a glorious occasion," says he, puffing out his chest so anybody could admire that liked.

And then the lights went out, and the band ended off with a grunt and a squeal.

The plaza was black as your hat, only for a few lights in the windows, and quite silent for a moment. I lit out when the howls began. It seemed to me they'd sound better from a distance. There were people running and shouting along the pitch-black streets. But getting into the outskirts of the city, I found there were a few stars shining, and came home without trouble. I sat down on a bench in the garden and waited. It was very peaceful, with all manner of tropic scents floating out of the forest. Shutting down the lights of Portate didn't seem to bother the rest of South America.

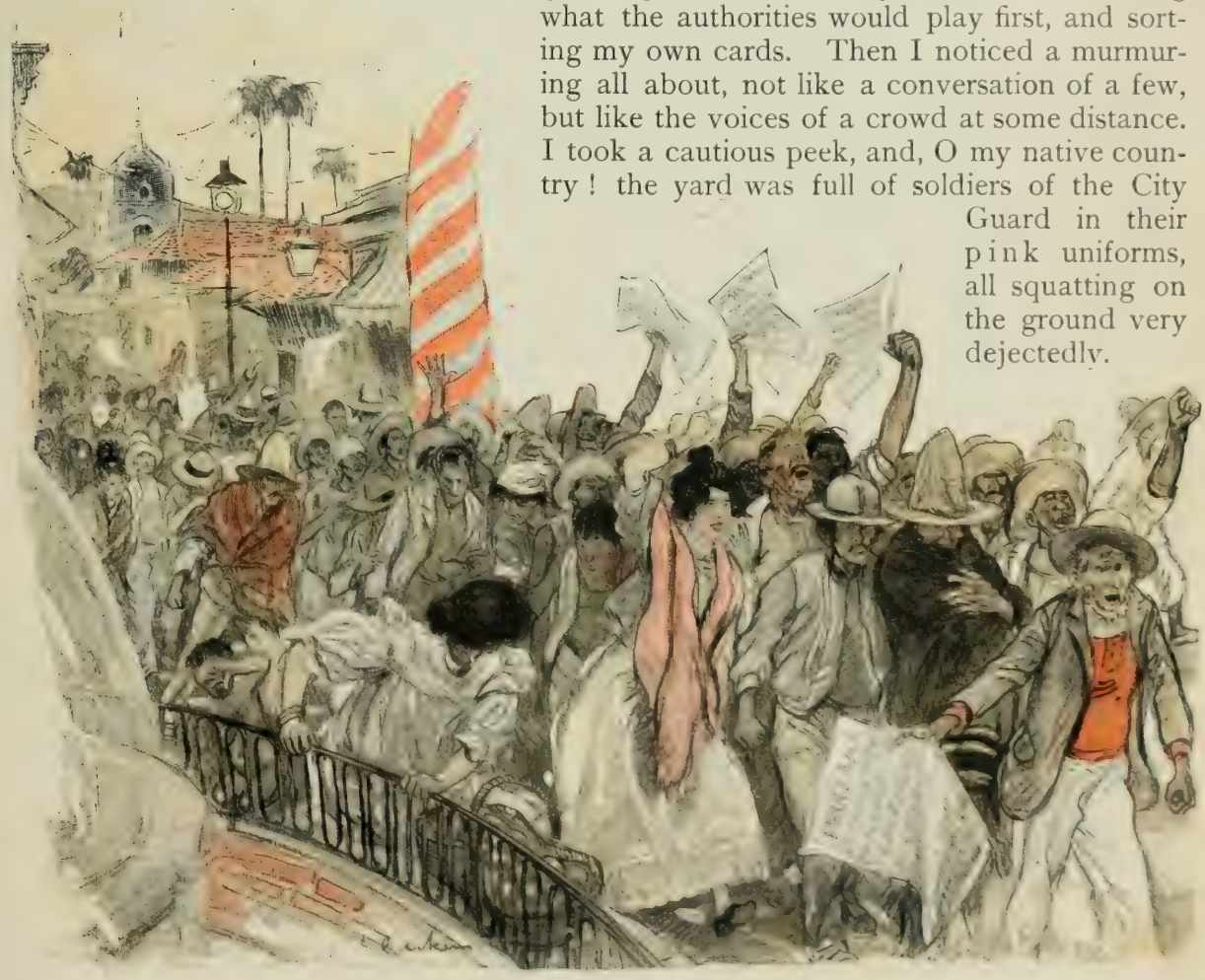


"It's an insurrection we been at, sor."—Page 722.

By and by a carriage drove up, and there was a deal of banging at the doors, and tramping around the house, and swearing with a great number of vowels. I expect it was an under-official that threw a rock through the window, not a real dignitary.

I went to bed after that. I don't know how long they tried to telephone from the City Hall — the telephone didn't say.

When I awoke in the morning the sunlight was shining brightly through the shutters, and I lay awhile getting things straightened out in my mind and wondering what the authorities would play first, and sorting my own cards. Then I noticed a murmuring all about, not like a conversation of a few, but like the voices of a crowd at some distance. I took a cautious peek, and, O my native country! the yard was full of soldiers of the City Guard in their pink uniforms, all squatting on the ground very dejectedly.



But what a sight was the Plaza!—Page 724.



"It is the will of the people that we be reconciled."—Page 723.

"Hi!" says I. "There's no hurry about getting dressed. The cook must have stayed shy or they'd have got me."

And I didn't see the cook for a week. He came on the soldiers about three o'clock in the morning, camping in the front yard. Their orders were to stay there till I came home. The cook went off into the country to avoid politics.

"Speaking of the cook now," I said to myself, "they'll arrest me without breakfast. They'll march me into town afoot like a malefactor. It won't do for the dignity of the Company."

With that I wrapped myself and the telephone in double blankets, took out the plug, and rang up the livery-stable with caution.

"Carriage!" I says, "to Mr. Stanley's house, North Road, in an hour."

Then I prospected in the kitchen on tiptoe, and collected a spirit-lamp and such matters, got dressed, and breakfasted behind the shutters with a calmness that was a bit artificial. The City Guard wasn't breakfasting. By the calamitous features of the elderly officer sitting on my horse-block, they didn't expect to. El

Capitano Lugo was his name, and a very friendly man, after breakfast.

I sat smoking behind the shutters, and waited for the carriage, which came along leisurely about nine. The soldiery destroyed the picket-fence getting into the road all together.

"What news?" says El Capitano Lugo.

The driver was a scared man.

"Eh!" he said. "But I know nothing, Señor Capitano, nothing! Carriage to Señor Stanley, North Road. A telephone."

"Mother of heaven! It is an empty house, idiot!"

With that they were all crowded close about the carriage, talking in low tones, but excited. It was about ghosts, as the captain told me after, and there ran a theory among them that I had been a spirit the last twelve hours, turning off lights and sending telephones to avenge the atrocity of my murder.

But it got no farther than a theory, because of the opening of the door, and me coming out on the porch in duck trousers, polka-dot tie, and a calm that was a bit artificial.

"Is that my carriage?" I asks.

"Ah!" shouts the captain, making for me, over the wrecks of the picket-fence. I said:

"How d'ye do?"

"I arrest you!" says he.

"Of course you do. Get into the carriage."

And off we went bowling toward the city, with the guard plodding far behind in pink uniforms and very dejected. He was a pleasant man, the Captain Lugo, but better after breakfast; and he would answer nothing when I tried to show him that pink uniforms were in bad taste for a city guard.

But, oh, the extravagance of language at the City Hall, and the Mayor with his beautiful temper in ruins!

"Intolerable! The contempt of dignity, the mockery of constituted power! By whose orders were the lights turned off?"

"Mine, your Excellency, of course. Told you all about it last Saturday."

"*A la carcel!*" he shouted, with his official mustache standing up at the ends. "He has despised the city. Take him to jail, hastily."

"You'd better look out," I said. "It's an international complication. The United States will be capturing Portate with an extension of the Monroe Doctrine," I said, fishing wildly for an argument.

"Insolent foreigner!" says he.

"May Portate be darkened forever!" says I, getting mad.

"*A la carcel!*" says he, and four pink uniforms hustled me and my duck trousers out into the street and round the corner to the jail.

Now that was an unpleasing place to be in. I charged up fifty dollars for the experience to the Union Electric Company, who said it was a good joke and paid it; but it wasn't a joke.

The jail was an expanse of dead-wall on the street, except at one place where there was an architectural doorway. And within there was a large patio or courtyard, a low adobe building surrounding, with rows of open cells, and a sort of cemented veranda in front. That was the Portate City Jail entire. There were guards at the door. They shoved you in and you did what you chose. There were groups of dirty peons lolling about, others playing some game with pebbles and fragments of cement, two women who had been officially interrupted while pounding each other's head, a donkey, some cats, and a sad-eyed pig, all arrested for vagrancy. But, oh, man, talk of the smell of hides improperly cared for!

I sent a guard up to the hotel for a chair, and sat down haughtily in the corner of the veranda behind the gateway and farthest from the sun. The groups of peons gathered around me. Their manners were naturally good, but they couldn't avoid the romantic fascination of me. I sent another guard with a telegram to the United States Minister, and a message for the resident Consul. I gave him a dollar to buy tobacco and cigarette papers, and compromised with the friendly peons. We agreed on a circle twenty feet away, which was near enough for conversation and far enough for a draught between. There was a wall of them, all supplied with cigarettes, and me the centre of observation. We discussed the government of Portate, and there was no one in the City Jail but thought it needed reform.

By and by the Consul came, and he was

that interested and pleased with the situation he wasn't up to the duties of his office, as I told him. He said the Mayor was in luck, on account of the extreme heat up-country at the capital.

"My guess at the Mayor is, he's figuring to keep you in jail over night for the sake of his dignity, and cover you with documentary apologies in the morning," said the Consul. "And I've been telegraphing the Minister and can't get him, for he's gone hunting up the cool of the mountains with the President of the Republic, the Minister of the Interior, and some other official parties. I say, Stanley, why did you pick out a festival and presidential excursion day? You bold, bad man!" said he, sticking his hands in his pockets and laughing at me.

"Stay here all night!" I shouted.

"Can't help it," said the Consul, grinning. "I've done all I could. He'll get into trouble likely. What can I do, if he wants to run his risk and stand by his luck?"

"I'll denounce you to the State Department for inefficiency."

"Have a cot bed?" says he.

"Get out!"

"Pleasant dreams," he says. "It will be a hot night;" and with that he went off grinning.

The afternoon wore away slowly. I began to think the Mayor might have me down after all, and wondered if Jimmie Hagan would run the plant that night with a detachment of pink soldiery over him. I sent a guard after some lunch. No one else came except my lawyer, who brought some newspapers and said the Mayor was blushing all over with happiness and conceit. He said there were crowds in the Plaza, and sure enough you could hear the mutter and shuffle of them, for the Plaza was but a few blocks away. It seemed to me they were making more noise than before, and when the lawyer was gone and the afternoon was late it seemed to have grown to a kind of dull roaring, with shouts and howls intermixed. The peons in the patio were stirring about, too, and jabbering. The dusk was coming on faintly.

There was a clatter and tramp of feet in the street outside.

The door flew open with a bang.

"Tak' yer durty hands off me!"

Bang went the door again, and there in the patio stood Jimmie Hagan and Chepa.

"Jimmie!" I cried. "What's the matter?" for his hair was rumpled and his coat torn, and Chepa's the same, with rough handling. The crowd in the patio began to gather about us, but the guards scattered them.

"What's the matter, Jimmie?"

"Hoosh!" said he. "It's an insurrection we been at, sor. We been arristed for distributin' insidjus proclamations, a writ by Chepa in backwoods Casthilian. The guards has taken me last copy wid the letters three inches long.

"*The Mayor has Tyranously Arristed the Electric Lights. Release Misther Stanley or Down wid the Mayor! Shall Portate be Darkened? Citizens, Rise!*"

"Oh, hivens!" said Jimmie, "the entherprize and adventures of Chepa an' me!"

"Comb down your red hair," I says, "and go on."

"Auburn," says he.

"It is red, Jimmee," says Chepa.

"Tind yer own hair, ye black Dago. I'll begin at the beginnin'. I shut off the switch at nine as ye told, sor, an' Chepa was waitin' for me outside. An' we run by the back streets to Chepa's palashil risidence. 'Tis in a little alley, sor, that goes off Bolivar Street, but ye can see the steps of the City Hall from the roof of it through a chink in the houses. They sent a rigimint of police to the plant, an' only the ignorant outcast of an Andros was there, that knows no more of the machines than to shovel coal when he's rapped wid a scantlin'. An' we knew no more that night than there was wicked rage in the heart of Portate, an' she went to bed in the dark wid bad dreams; for we spent the night on the roof, shleepin' peaceful an' cool.

"In the mornin' we went out to see the sights of this ragin' city, an', oh, hivens! oh, sor! the throuble an' combustion of it! A crowd of men grabs us at the corner.

"'Gintlemen,' says I, 'respicted señores, 'tis the wickedness of the Mayor, a-spindin' on gilt furniture the hard-earned taxes of the people, collected by the tax collector,' says I, 'wid the shweat of his

fatness; an' Misther Stanley, to the great sorrow of himself,' says I, 'havin' run out of electricity an' unable to purchase more on account of the hard-heartedness of the divilish Mayor,' says I. An' wid that we broke away an' established headquarthers of sedition at a resthaurant.

"By an' by comes the news that yerself was arristed an' put in jail, makin' me blood boil wid anger.

"'Chepa,' says I, 'twill never do.'

"'It will not,' says Chepa.

"'Write a proclamation,' says I, 'red hot.'

"'Hot!' says he. 'There's no furen gover'ment to rescue Chepa wid diplomacy. They'll hang me,' says he, 'an' 'tis no matther.' An' prisintly we scuttles off to the printer wid me pocket full of barbarious money.

"'Set it up,' I says, 'print it.' An' he did that same on paper three feet long, wid fear an' tremblin' of the disthruction in me eye."

"Said I not so?" broke in Chepa. "We are game. I, Chepa, Jimmee, my friend. A hot time, eh?"

"'Tis thrue, sor," said Jimmie. "But ye should have seen the surprisin' innocence and wrath of the populace, a-jumpin' all over the Plaza, a-howlin', a-wavin' proclamations, a-blackguardin' the Mayor for arristin' the lights whin the night was comin' on cloudy. Prisintly comes a line of soldiers wrigglin' through the crowd, an' one of 'em taps me over the head wid his rifle out of the mistherable shpite of 'im, an' they takes Chepa an' me red-handed in the dishthributin' of proclamations, an' up we goes, up the steps of the City Hall, before the public was onto the insult to its liberties.

"An', oh, hivens!" said Jimmie, "the terrible language of the Mayor, a-kickin' over chairs in the corridhor.

"'To prisin!' says he, tearin' his hair tremenjus. 'Ye'll be shot in the mornin'!' says he.

"An' they took us out the back alley, an' we came here sudden, bein' punched in the back wid the butt ends of the rifles of a misfit soldiery. Is thim the facts? Shpeak, ye black Dago." Chepa blinked his eyes, and said those were the facts. He also stated that it was "a hot time," and that he was "game." I didn't know what to think, but I said they were "two break-neck idiots."

"Don't ye think it," said Jimmie. "The Mayor, sor, is a nice man when he's cheerful, but he's not a wise man when there's divilment in the air. An' there's only three men in the city knows how to run the dynamos an' handle the circuit, an' where are they? Right here. Him that mad wid the proclamations, he was foolish. Well, sor, what can he do? It's not for me to be sayin', but there's the multithude a-shlingin' stones at the City Hall, this blissed minute. There'll be electhric lights or shootin', for 'tis no dignity wid them, sor, but it's lights, an' the Mayor had betther not be foolish. Hark to 'em!"

The roar of the crowd had grown to be tremendous, and they were probably throwing stones. What, indeed, would the Mayor do? The peons about us were chattering in excited groups, and the guards at the gate were distinctly uneasy. If the mob came there, I could make a fair guess what the guards would do.

There was a sudden clatter in the streets, of hoofs and wheels on bad pavement. Again the great wooden door flew open with a bang. Entered the paymaster, another agitated official, and an officer in pink and white, who bowed and smiled at me affectionately.

"You are released, señor," said the officer.

"Oh, I am! And these two?"

"Impossible, señor. His Excellency is determined. With you, señor, he requests a friendly interview."

"He won't get it."

"His Excellency is in a carriage at the door."

It was not fifty feet to the open door. His Excellency seemed to have lost flesh with the excitement and anguish of his mind.

"Oo-aa!" came over from the Plaza. that indescribable roar.

"Oh, señor!" he said with enthusiasm. "It is the will of the people that we be reconciled. Enough. We are reconciled."

"Not yet, Mayor. My two men."

"Impossible!"

"Not a light, then. Bury it all, Mayor. The wisest plan."

"But the proclamations! Abominable, public, infamous!"

"They were wrong."

"You admit it!"

"They must be pardoned."

"To-morrow," says the Mayor.

"Now," says I.

"Oo-aa!" from the Plaza, that hair-raising yell.

The Mayor shivered. Then he gathered up his dignity with the gracefulness of a lady picking up her skirts, and finished the game like a fallen but romantic potentate.

"Enough," he says. "I yield."

We drove to the Plaza, Jimmie Hagan and Chepa standing on the carriage-springs behind, then the Mayor and I standing on the seat and holding hands for the public to see the unlimited affection we had; then the paymaster and the officer in pink and white on the seat facing, waving their hats with unnatural joy, and the other official on the seat with the driver.

But what a sight was the Plaza! What a howling mass of faces, open mouths, hands gesticulating, all fading and dimly seen at a few hundred feet from the carriage, for the night was falling fast.

We came to the steps of the City Hall. The Mayor and I got down, with the pink-and-white officer and the two officials. I ordered Jimmie and Chepa to make the plant in ten minutes, and they went off, sitting in the carriage, splendid, victorious in the sight of men, with their chins in the air.

It was half an hour before the lights came, for the fires were run low by the irresponsible stokers. We waited. So did the crowd below, shuffling, muttering inarticulately.

But the lights came, with a spit and sputter.

Whoop-bang! went the brass band, with the bass-drum miscellaneous, the cornets audacious, the trombones aiming at similar tunes, the people shouting and dancing among the wax-palms that were done up in bunting, and the Mayor making a speech from the balcony of magistrates, to the effect that Portate was the centre of civilization, a city of pleasure, a second Paris. The joy of the occasion was universal and contagious.

And the fifteen hundred dollars were paid next day. Maybe the Mayor pledged his gilt furniture; maybe he swore in deputy tax collectors. But I think, anyway, he was a nice man, as Jimmie Hagan said, when he was cheerful, for he never showed any malice for his trouble, and it takes a good man to know when he's downed. Moreover, I spent a day helping him smooth things out at the capital, where the President and his Secretaries and Ministers were busy sending him telegrams that were hot and pointed. And I don't know but he's the mayor of Portate still.

"That leather," said the electrical engineer, rising, "is bad."

"It is so," murmured the wharf-master.

"Well," said the engineer, dreamily, "I wish I was there. I like South America."



THE SENIOR READER

By Arthur Cosslett Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT STERNER

I

WHEN in May, 1857, Mr. Anthony Panizzi—he had not then been knighted—opened the great reading-room of the British Museum, he walked down the centre aisle with the Prince Consort and the trustees, and spoke to a man in a shabby coat who stood near the door.

"Mr. Basilwood," said Panizzi, "you are my senior reader, since you have already been twenty years in Burlington House, and you shall have the choice of seats. I hope," he added, "that *this* building will stand until your great work is finished."

"Who is that?" whispered the Prince.

"Sir," answered Panizzi, "that is William Basilwood. Much learning hath made him mad."

"Dear me!" said the Prince.

"Quite so," said Panizzi.

Basilwood smiled at the use of such colloquial English by a German and an Italian, but said nothing and, going up the aisle, took the first desk on the right, the desk which he was to occupy for forty years. He sent in his list of books, and was just getting to work when he heard his name spoken at his shoulder. He turned, annoyed by the interruption, and saw the Prince.

"I beg you not to rise," said the latter. "Let me sit by you a moment. The oldest reader in the Museum will doubtless take pity upon my ignorance, since I have observed that knowledge breeds urbanity. Tell me about your work, and I will try to understand."

"Sir," said Basilwood, gruffly, "I am seeking the basis of human life."

"Ah," said the Prince, "I am German bred and simple, and I have been taught that life is the breath of God."

"Perhaps," replied Basilwood, "but it is not proven."

The Prince sat silent for a moment and then he asked, softly:

"Must all things be proven? Is there no such thing as faith?"

"Sir," exclaimed Basilwood, "when you speak to a scientific man of 'faith,' you insult his intelligence. While he is striving to present the race with facts, you ask him to compromise on fables. I grant you there are things so trivial that the absolute truth concerning them is not worth the trouble of its establishment. I have faith that you are the husband of our Gracious Queen, although I was not present at the marriage ceremony. But who, except the Queen, cares whether you are or not? If it were proven, would bread be cheaper, would life be easier, would death be sweeter?"

The Prince flushed and half rose; then he caught himself, resumed his seat and, after a moment, said:

"Pardon me, Mr. Basilwood. I should not have interrupted your work. I told you I was simply bred. I spoke of faith as simple people do who rely upon others to tell them the great truths which they themselves are incapable of finding out. I come to you, who for twenty years have lived with books, and ask you to give me the drop of attar which you have extracted from their leaves. It is much to ask, but life is much to me. You have already for-

gotten that I am the Prince Consort; forget that I am anything save one who seeks knowledge. Can you blame a thirsty man because he runs to the fountain and, perhaps, stumbles as he runs?"

At this Basilwood bowed, for he had once possessed manners, and said:

"Sir, as yet I have but a theory."

"And I have many," said the Prince, laughing. "Tell me yours."

"Have you time?" asked Basilwood.

"I have fifteen minutes," the Prince answered, looking at his watch; "after that I must leave to open a morgue or a flower-show, I have forgotten which comes first."

"I can tell you all my facts in less time than that," said Basilwood.

"And you have read for twenty years?" exclaimed the Prince.

"Yes," replied Basilwood, "but much that I have read was written upon 'faith' and does not count."

The Prince glanced at his companion out of the corner of his eye, but said nothing.

"A child is born into the world," resumed Basilwood, "well-formed, lusty, and crying."

"Yes," exclaimed the Prince, "I can vouch for the crying. Have you children, Mr. Basilwood?"

"I believe so, sir," replied Basilwood, "but I do not charge my mind with such matters and I must look to make sure."

He took a worn memorandum-book from his pocket, turned some of its leaves, and then exclaimed:

"Of course I have a child—Margaret. Here is the entry." And he read from the book:

"January 3d, 1857. Museum bought copy of Wicked Bible from Stevens for eighteen guineas. In case 24a, 41. Daughter born."

"That proves it," he said, closing the book. "Margaret is my daughter and she was born January 3d, 1857."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Prince.

"That is what you remarked when Panizzi told you I was mad," said Basilwood.

"But we left that new-born child crying," said the Prince, quickly. "Should we not return to it?"

"That child has life in him," resumed Basilwood. "He is 'quick,' as they used to say and as the law-writers say now. The question is, Where is the seat of life? In a week his nurse bites off his finger-nails so that they may grow thin. He still lives. Soon they cut his hair. He does not miss it. As he grows older he loses a foot, a leg, an arm, and still he lives. The seat of life has not been overturned. Then we come to what are vulgarly called 'the vital organs,' and we find that a man has lived with a crowbar driven through his brain, with a bullet through the heart, with the lungs eaten up, with the bowels perforated, with the stomach removed. Where is the centre of vitality? Where is the pin-point in the human frame that death touches to stop the working mechanism which we call life? If we can find it, perhaps we can guard it."

"Mr. Basilwood," said the Prince, rising, "I fear that my time is up, but there is one fact that I can give you and that is that the heart is not the seat of life. I know a man, a strong man, one who helps to make the laws of this realm, who eats and sleeps and walks and talks—yes, he talks a great deal, and yet he has no heart at all."

"That must be Colonel Sibthorp," said Basilwood, with a chuckle. "The papers say that he cut your allowance in the Commons from fifty to thirty thousand pounds."

The Prince smiled and held out his hand. "Good-by," he said, "and be sure to send me the first eleven copies of your work. That will be one each for the Queen, myself, and the children."

"The breath of God, indeed," said Basilwood to himself as the Prince walked away. "I have lost half an hour." And he fell to his work.

II

For some years Basilwood was known at the Museum as "the man that the Prince spoke with;" then one morning a charming girl of eighteen led him slowly up the aisle, took off his wraps, found his spectacles, put a shilling in his pocket, kissed him, and, smiling, went away. In the evening she came to fetch him, and from that day he was spoken of by the



"Sir, I am seeking the basis of human life."—Page 725.

doorkeepers, the messengers, the confirmed readers, and even by Sir Anthony himself, as "Margaret's father."

One evening she was a little late, and came into the Museum with cheeks aglow and eyes sparkling.

"Daddy," she whispered, as with eager fingers she helped him gather up his notes, "this has been the most beautiful day of my life. You love me, don't you, dear?" and she pushed the white hair back from his forehead and kissed him. They took an omnibus and crossed to the Surrey side. She held his hand the whole way and did not speak, but her face was as that of an angel.

At dinner she was very talkative. "Daddy," she said, after a short pause, "how old was my mother when you and she were married?"

Basilwood did not answer.

"Was she very beautiful?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "and you are very like her."

Her cheeks flamed, and springing up she ran over to him and put her arms about his neck.

"Oh, I am so glad," she cried. "I wish to be very beautiful indeed."

"Your mother," said Basilwood, "was a good woman, but she died during the week that the Offer library was sold at Southby's. I missed two days of the sale."

There was a knock at the door and Margaret ran to it, opened it, and went out. There was whispering in the hall, and then in walked a strapping young fellow with a flower in his button-hole and the light of love in his eyes.

"Ah, Mr. Basilwood," he said, holding out his hand; "how goes the Great Work?"

"Sir," said Basilwood, "who the devil are you?"

The question seemed to faze the young man, but only for a moment.

"Don't you know me?" he said. "I am Philip Kennet, for whom you stood godfather down in Berkshire, twenty odd

years ago, and I have been to see your daughter and you ever so many times, and have read no end of copy for you, and I love Margaret and she loves me. Will you give her to me, Mr. Basilwood?"

Then Margaret came in and found the men confronting each other.

"Who is this man?" asked Basilwood.

"Oh, father," said Margaret, "is it as bad as that?" And she went to him and took his hand.

"Philip, dear," she said to the young man, who was no longer smiling, "he doesn't remember even you. You see how impossible it is that I should leave him."

"Leave him," he cried; "I don't ask you to leave him. There will be always a place for him. Only give me the right to take care of you both. He shall have all the books he wants. Why should you be slaving in that shop when I——"

She put her hand over his mouth.

"Margaret," asked Basilwood, "is this true?"

"Is what true, father?"

"That this is Sir George Kennet's son?"

"Yes, father."

"And has he been here often, as he says?"

She smiled sadly and replied, "Yes, very often."

"And do you love him?"

She blushed, but answered, bravely, "I love him next to you."

"Then, sir," said Basilwood, "I hope I know how to be unselfish, and if all goes well, you may have her on the day my book is finished."

III

It was Jubilee year and a dreary day in December. Basilwood left his desk at one o'clock and went to the Museum restaurant. He walked very slowly and leaned heavily upon his stick. When he had taken the chair which a waiter placed for him, he drew a parcel from his pocket, opened it, and began to eat his bread and cheese.

A little man, made noticeable by a large watch-chain and a brown wig, came in, looked nervously about the room, and then came over to the senior reader.

"Mr. Basilwood," he asked, "do you happen to know much about twins?"

Basilwood shook his head.

"Well," continued the stranger, "I can tell you this much. The life of a twin is hell upon earth. What's that you are eating, bread and cheese? Join me in a pork-pie. They are very good here. Waiter, a pork-pie and two mugs of bitter."

They took their seats at a table behind the door.

"Mr. Basilwood," resumed the stranger, "I am told that you are the senior reader in the Museum, and that you have given more than sixty years to the preparation of a work upon the physical basis of life. My name is Gilbert, Theodore Gilbert, and if ever a man needed counsel, I'm the man."

"What can I do for you?" asked Basilwood.

"You can have another pint of bitter," replied Gilbert.

"Granted," said Basilwood.

"My father," continued Gilbert, "when he died left three things behind that raised the devil. He left twins and a home-made will. The will said that David—that's my brother—and I were to have three thousand a year each until one of us died, and then the survivor was to have the pot, a million or more. That made quite a race, and, being twins, we started even. We lived together for a time in the old house, but it finally got onto our nerves. It is no sport to dine with a man when you stand between him and a million. We used to carve by turns and sometimes we would exchange plates and then match a coin to determine which should take the first mouthful. I used to have my tooth-powder analyzed every Monday. After a year or two, this got to be a bit dreary. One night I went into the dining-room early and there was David with the salt-cellar in one hand and a little blue paper parcel in the other. When he saw me he turned as white as his shirt and threw the blue paper into the grate. Then he stood and grinned. He didn't speak. He simply grinned. I was at him in a moment with the carving-knife and I slashed him across the face. He went down and his head hit the base-board. He bled beautifully. In a week he came

downstairs with a black plaster from the corner of his nose to his chin.

"'There, damn you,' I cried, 'they can tell us apart now.'

"'I've had enough of this,' he said, and we parted. He went to San Francisco, in America, and I stayed here. When he went out of the house he turned and shook his fist at me.

"'Curse you,' he said, 'I'll outlive you.'

"'Not if there is anything in early hours and dry feet,' I replied, and I took a cab for Sir Andrew Ashley's. He's the chap that used to tend the Queen when she was strengthening the succession. I told him about the will and about my twin brother, and then I asked him plump: 'What are my chances?'

"He played with his glasses a moment and then went to the door.

"'William,' he said to the footman, 'if the Chief Justice calls, beg him to wait. I cannot be disturbed.'

"When I heard this, I fished about in my pocket for three more sovereigns.



She came to fetch him.—Page 726.

"'Mr. Gilbert,' he said, when he had resumed his seat, 'a curious law governs double births. Twins are apt to resemble each other not only in features and disposition, but also in constitution. They are like two watches of the same make which, if wound up together, will run down together. So I say to you, putting aside accidents and acute diseases, the chances are that you and your brother will die about the same time. I trust this is satisfactory.

Good-morning, Mr. Gilbert. It looks like rain.'

"I went the rounds of the doctors and they all told me the same thing. 'You and your brother will die at the same time.' About ten years ago I came here in the hope that I could learn something from the books. I have read more than a thousand, but have found nothing that tells me how to live. Oh, sir, in all your sixty years of research, have you hit upon the secret of life?"

Basilwood rose slowly and leaned upon the back of his chair.

"Mr. Gilbert," he said, with great deliberation, "it is written that reading makes a full man. I have read sixty years, and on top of that I have now two pints of bitter. I am very full. I will see you to-morrow."

"One moment," said Gilbert. "Having exhausted the doctors and literature, last night I tried the fakirs. I went to the Hindoo in Gower Street. He came over for the Jubilee. He told me I might ask him one question, and I said, 'Tell me the date of my death.'"

"He laughed and said, 'I feared you would ask me some hard question—something about a woman. You have a twin brother. You will both die at the same instant. If you look at your left forearm you will see the date of your death.'"

"Well," said Basilwood, "what did you find?"

Gilbert stripped up his sleeve and on the white flesh of his arm, in scarlet letters, were the words, "January first, 1897."

Basilwood dipped the corner of his napkin in his water-glass and scrubbed the letters. They only became brighter.

"No go," said Gilbert. "I've tried everything, from Pear's soap to Sapolio."

Then his whole manner changed suddenly.

"Oh, Mr. Basilwood," he cried, "I am going to die in ten days. I came to you as a last resort. You can't help me to live, it seems. You can help me to die. I have sat near you for ten years. Sit by me the last night of my life. It is awful to drift out beyond the horizon all alone. You have your daughter. I have watched her for years. I have seen her change from a laughing girl to a woman with white hairs above her temples. I have seen her give her life, her hope, her love to you, and some day she will close your eyes. But I must die alone, unless you come and sit by me. I will promise to die like a gentleman. I'll make no fuss, but it will help me when I pass the line and sink, sink to God knows where, if I see a hand of some one of my race waving me a farewell."

Basilwood cleared his throat.

"Mr. ——, excuse me, but your name has escaped me"—and then he lurched a bit and caught his chair. "I am the senior reader here—I have read for years—the Prince Consort spoke to . in fifty-seven. He spoke nonsense, but I felt his royal breath on my ear—the divine afflatus—I have written eighteen parts of my work, and I have a notion that the nineteenth part would fit your case. Can't you postpone your death about a year?" And he leaned over his chair and moistened his lips with his tongue.

Then Margaret came into the restaurant.

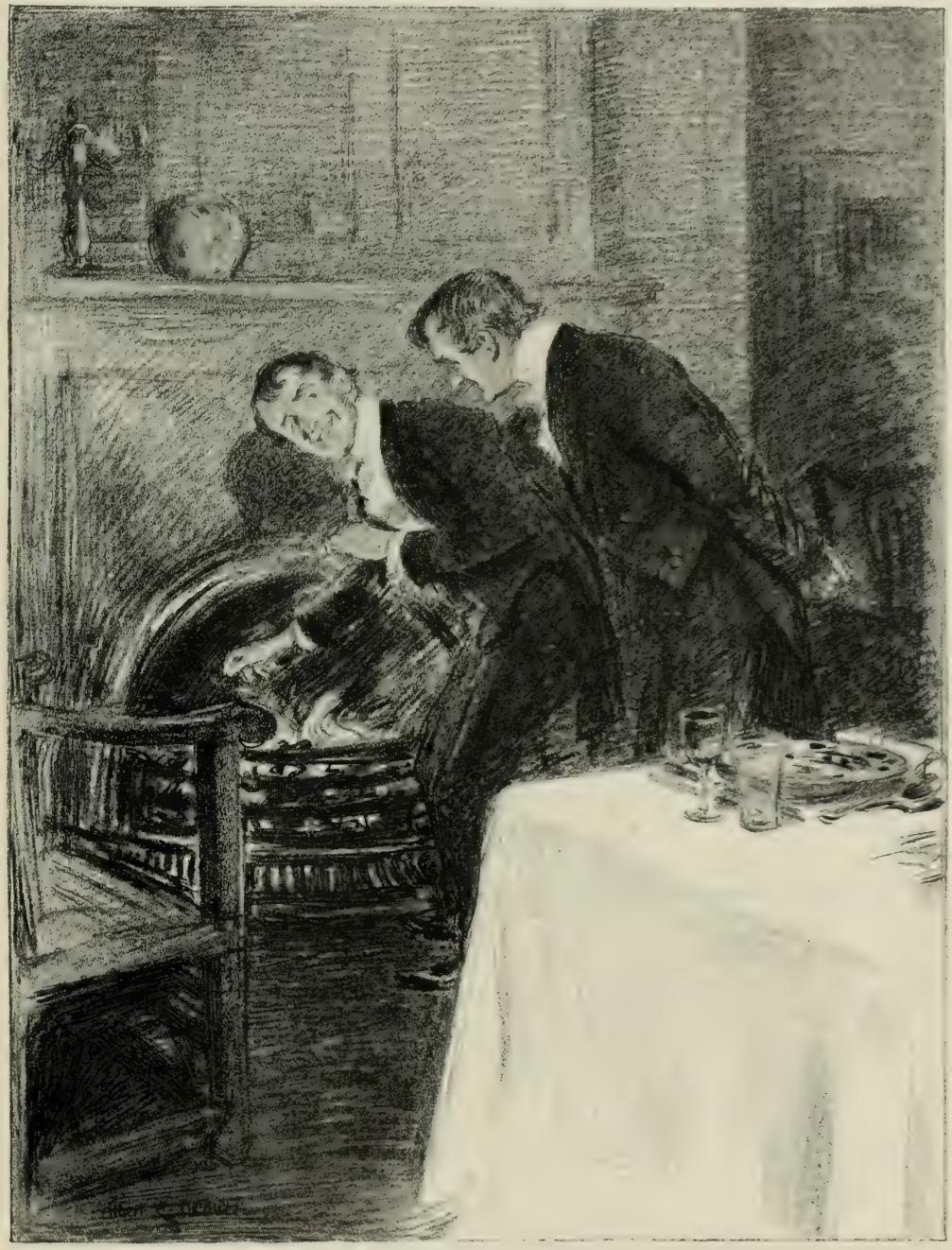
"Oh, daddy," she cried. "How you frightened me. I feared you had gone home alone."

Basilwood braced himself between his stick and the chair and smiled vacantly. Gilbert came up to Margaret and took off his hat.

"My dear young lady," he said, "your father has promised to spend the last night of the year with me. Here is my address." And he gave her an envelope.

IV

On the afternoon of December 31st Margaret came to the Museum rather earlier than usual. She brought a handbag with her, and she reminded her father that they were to pass the night with Mr. Gilbert. "He says in his letter," she explained, "that we are to go to Greenwich and dine at the 'Ship.' We are to have the very best dinner we can order, and we are to drink his health in a bottle of champagne. There was a five-pound note in the letter 'for his treat,' he says. After dinner we are to take a cab and drive to his house, which is in Blackheath, just beyond the observatory."



Drawn by Albert Sterner.

"Then he stood and grinned."—Page 728.

They went by boat to Greenwich and they had their dinner at the "Ship." The fire in the grate, the lights, the clear turtle, the turbot, the pheasant in a casserole, the forced asparagus, the vintage wine, the toasted cracker, and the gorgonzola, the demi-tasse, the petit-verre, the long, dark perfecto, and the waiter made havoc with the five-pound note.

"Margaret," said Basilwood, "when 'The Work' is finished, we shall dine like this every night, and if there is anything you wish you shall have it. You know me. I've never denied you anything yet, have I?"

She looked away, and then she said, "No, daddy, you have been very sweet to me." But as she spoke, her hands went up to her face, and she rose quickly and crossed over to the window.

The waiter went out and closed the door softly.

"What's the matter?" asked Basilwood; "does the smoke bother you?"

"No," she said, presently, but without turning. "Here is the cab. We must be going."

After a drive of ten minutes they stopped while a gate was opened, then they went on, up a drive-way bordered by pines, and stopped before the house. The front door opened and an elderly woman came quickly down the steps.

"Is this Mr. Basilwood and his daughter?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Margaret.

"Thank God," exclaimed the woman, and she led them into the house.

"You are to go up at once," she said to Basilwood, "and the young lady is to stay here with me. He is in the room at the top of the stairs. The first door. You can't miss it. I am the housekeeper."

Basilwood went slowly up the stairs and knocked with his stick on the first door.

"Come in," cried a shrill voice, and Basilwood turned the knob.

Gilbert was in bed, propped up by the pillows. His wig was off and his bald head resembled a huge egg. His cheeks and temples were sunken, but his eyes were unpleasantly bright. His baldness rendered his ears unduly prominent. A black plaster made a line from the corner of his nose down under his chin. His hands lay outside the bedclothes, and the sleeve of his left arm being rolled up, Basilwood could see the scarlet letters which formed the words "January first, 1897," and instinctively he glanced at the clock on the mantel.

"Plenty of time," cried Gilbert; "the clock is right; I set it this noon by the observatory time-ball. I've got two hours and a half yet before I let go and float off to meet brother David somewhere in the blue. The evening papers are on the table, with the whiskey and the cigars. Did you bring your slippers? Never mind—mine are by the bed. Put them on and make yourself comfortable.'

Basilwood mixed himself a glass of grog, and while he was busied with it he heard a chuckle from the bed.

He turned quickly. "What is there to laugh at?" he demanded.

Gilbert's chuckle grew to a laugh, and then to a shout. His face turned purple and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Stop it," cried Basilwood. "It isn't decent for a man in your situation to carry on like that. Stop it, I say, or I will leave you."

"Oh," gasped Gilbert, "it's great. To think of the time and money I have wasted on the doctors, the library, diet, and a quiet life, and then to have the solution of the whole matter pop into my mind this morning while I was shaving. When a thing comes to you like that, it makes you jump. I slashed myself with the razor just as I cut David with the carving-knife. They won't be able, after all, to tell us apart in the hereafter."

Basilwood shortened his stick in his hand and came up to the bed.

"If you have the secret," he hissed, "you had better tell it to me, or you will never see midnight."

Gilbert began to laugh again. "Put up your stick," he said, presently. "My truth is like all truths, very simple. I am to die on January 1st, 1897, just as the day begins, and David is to die at the same instant; but when will that be for him in San Francisco? It will be four o'clock yesterday afternoon. He will die in 1896 and I in 1897. Which of us will be the survivor? Which of us will get the pot? Damn him, I'll beat him by a year."

"It's a queer thing," he continued,



"We are to drink his health."—Page 730.

"that the meridian of Greenwich passes through the hall of this house, and this room is the birthplace of the days."

Basilwood went back to his seat and took up his glass.

"If I understand you, Mr. Gilbert," he said, "life is simply a question of longitude?"

"No," replied Gilbert. "The date of your death is a question of longitude. Life itself is the breath of God."

"Where have I heard that before?" said Basilwood, musingly. There was silence in the chamber for some time, and then Gilbert spoke.

"Will you let your daughter come up here for a few moments, and will you step into the hall when she comes? I have something to say to her."

Basilwood went to the door and called Margaret. She came running up the stairs. As she entered the room, her father left it.

She stood staring at the apparition in the bed.

"Miss Basilwood," said Gilbert, "I am sorry to put you to all this bother, but I have very little time and I wish to tell you something. Please be seated."

She shook her head and took a step toward the door.

"For ten years I have seen you, on each open day, bring your father to the Museum. I have followed you to your home across the river, and, forgive me, I have followed you to the shop."

Margaret came forward swiftly. "You won't tell him how hard I work?" she whispered, pointing toward the door.

"No, my dear," said Gilbert, "but I wish that I had my hat on so that I might take it off to you."

Margaret smiled.

"That's right," said Gilbert. "I never saw you smile before. It becomes you. I hope that from this on you will smile very often. I shall die to-night, and I have made my will. I have left to you a fortune which I never had. I hope that it will bring happiness to you. I wish that I had known you when I was a young man. If I had, I should not be so uncertain where I am to go at midnight. I should like it if you would say 'good-by' to me; just those words would help me very much when I cross the border."

Margaret came to the bedside and put out her hand.

"Good-by," she said.

"There, there," said Gilbert, "I've made you cry when I wished to make you

happy. Go, now, and ask your father to come."

Margaret left the room and Basilwood came in.

"I have almost two hours yet," said Gilbert, "and I think that I will take a nap, but you must certainly wake me just before twelve. I want to see the end of this thing."

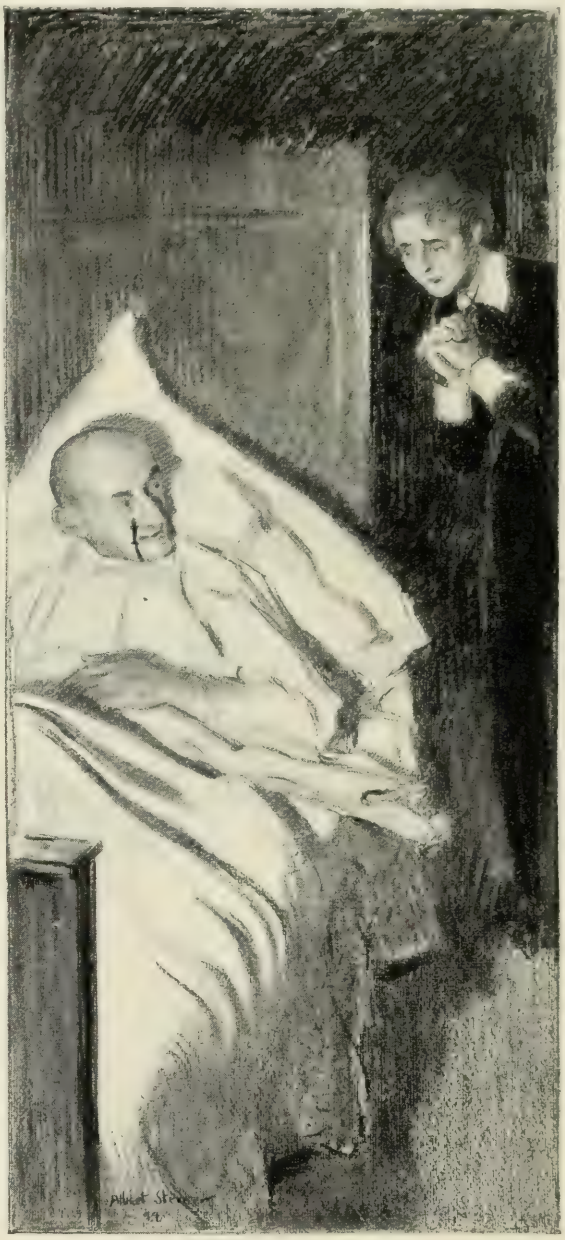
He lay back on the pillows and fell asleep instantly.

Basilwood took his seat by the fire and mixed another glass of grog. He sipped it slowly, and when it was finished, his head fell forward and he, too, slept. He was awakened by the striking of the clock. Gilbert was sitting up in bed counting the strokes. When he reached twelve he paused a moment, then he cried:

"Ah, David, my lad, is that you? Have you been waiting long? What did you have in that blue paper?"

Then his hands flew up and he fell back on the pillows.

Basilwood stood at the foot of the bed. Gilbert's left arm lay across his breast. The scarlet letters began to fade away to pink, to lavender, to nothing. When they had entirely disappeared, Basilwood glanced at the clock. It was five minutes past twelve. He opened the window, blew out the candle, drained his glass, and then went slowly down the stairs.



She stood staring at the apparition in the bed.—Page 733.

V

For a fortnight Basilwood kept away from the Museum, then he returned to his desk and his occupation. At the luncheon hour he walked slowly and with difficulty to the newspaper-room in the wing. He consulted a file of the San Francisco *Chronicle* and carried the issue of January 1st back to his desk, as his privilege permitted.

When he had taken his seat, he looked at the index on the first page of the paper, and then turned to the "death notices." The first was this:

"Gilbert. Suddenly, on the afternoon of December 31st, David Gilbert, aged sixty-four years. New York papers please copy."

"My God," he exclaimed, "the man was right!"

He sat for a long time motionless and with closed eyes. Then he opened his desk and took out the notes for his book which had accumulated during the last few months. He ran them slowly over.

"Sixty years of work," he muttered, "and all wrong."

He began tearing the slips into small pieces. It took some time to tear them all, and the litter nearly filled the desk. He closed the lid and then, taking a large sheet of the Museum paper, he wrote:

To Her Majesty, The Queen:
The Prince Consort was right. Life is the Breath of God.

William Basilwood,
Senior Reader.

At five o'clock a hansom stopped before the Museum gate and a woman and a man got out. She was dressed in black

with white collar and wrist-bands, the livery of the shop. Her hair was tinged with gray, but there was a charming color in her cheeks and her eyes were sparkling. The man was bearded and deeply tanned, and so tall that he leaned a trifle that his companion might take his arm.

"Philip," she said, as they passed the gate, "I have prayed for this without ceasing, but the book is not yet finished."

"Book or no book, I shall not go away again," he replied.

They went up the steps and through the hall. At the entrance to the reading-room she left him.

"Don't speak to father when he comes out, dear," she said. "He won't know you and, perhaps, won't even notice you," and then she went in.

"Good-evening, Miss," said the door-keeper. "You are a bit late. There he is, sound asleep at his desk, waiting for you."

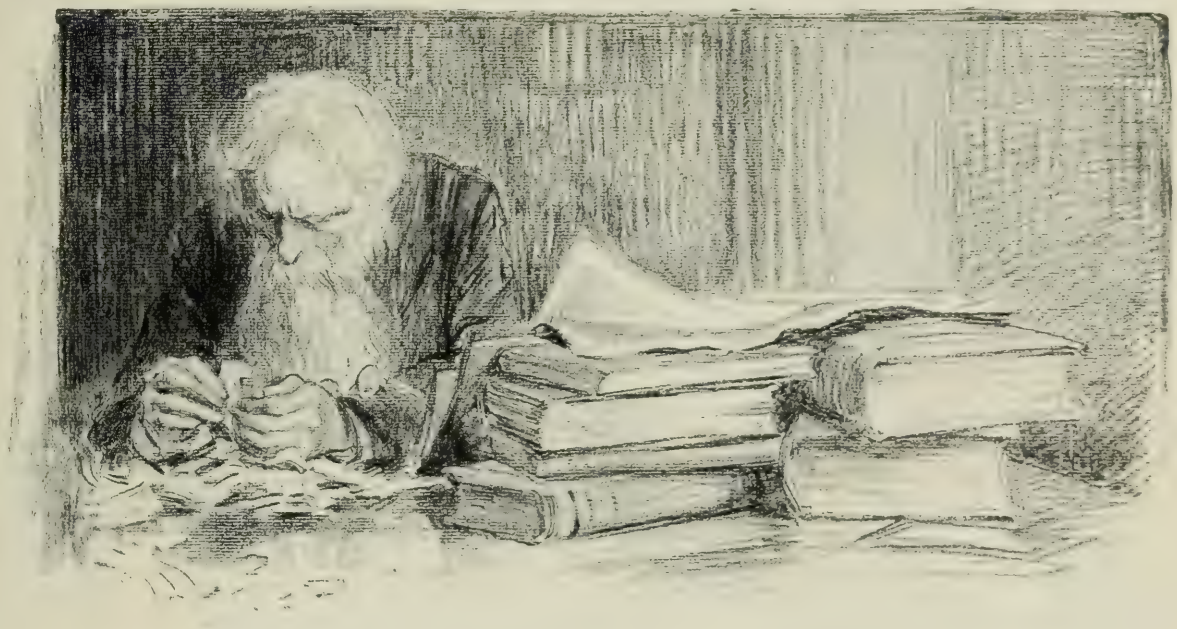
She went quickly up the aisle, smiling and nodding to one or two that she knew, and put her hand on her father's shoulder.

"Come, daddy," she said, but he did not move, and so she shook his arm gently. "It is time to go home, daddy," she said, and she leaned over and looked into his face.

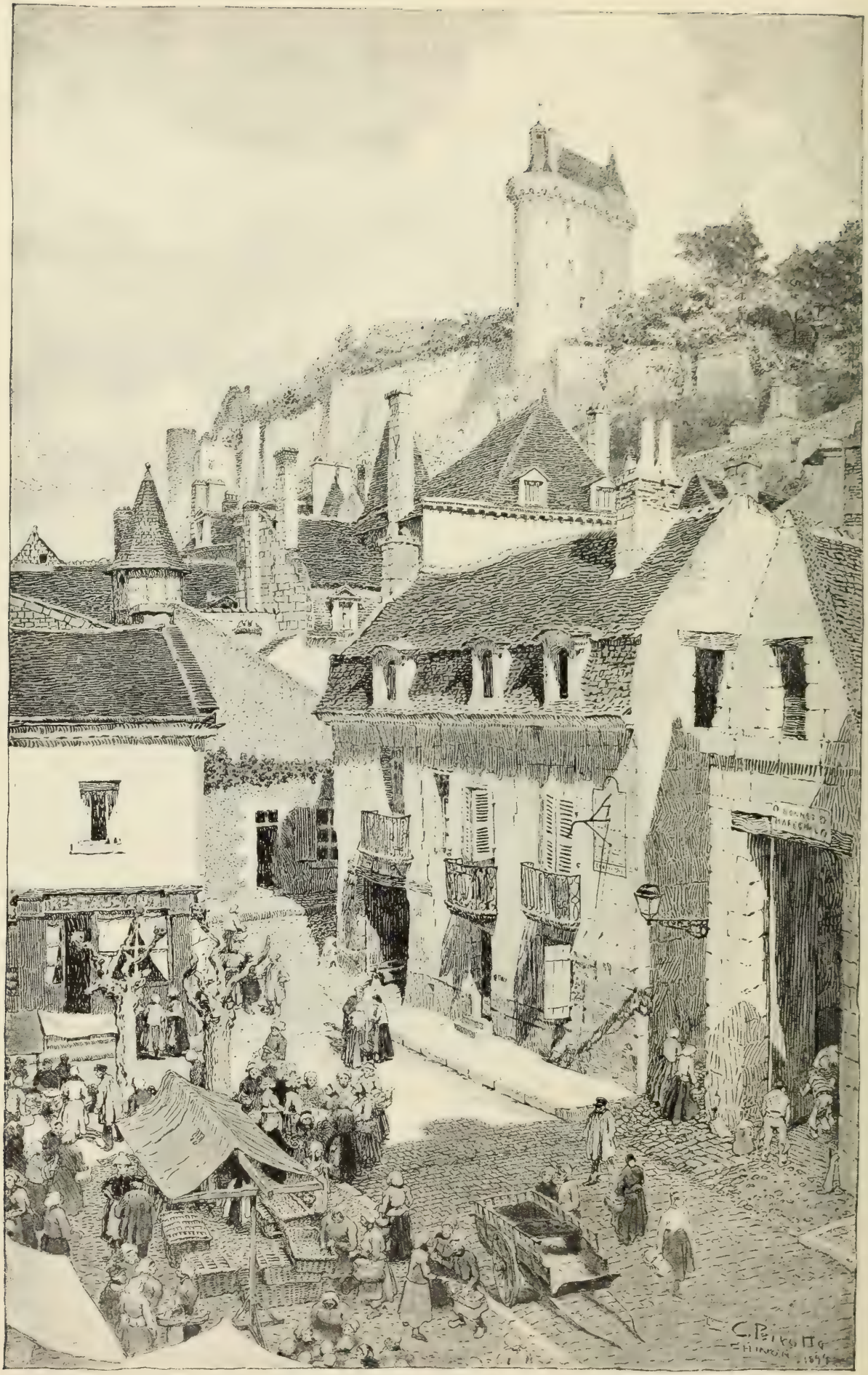
A woman's cry rang through the vast room which is sacred to silence.

The senior reader had already gone home.

The Great Work was finished.



"Sixty years of work," he muttered, "and all wrong."—Page 734.

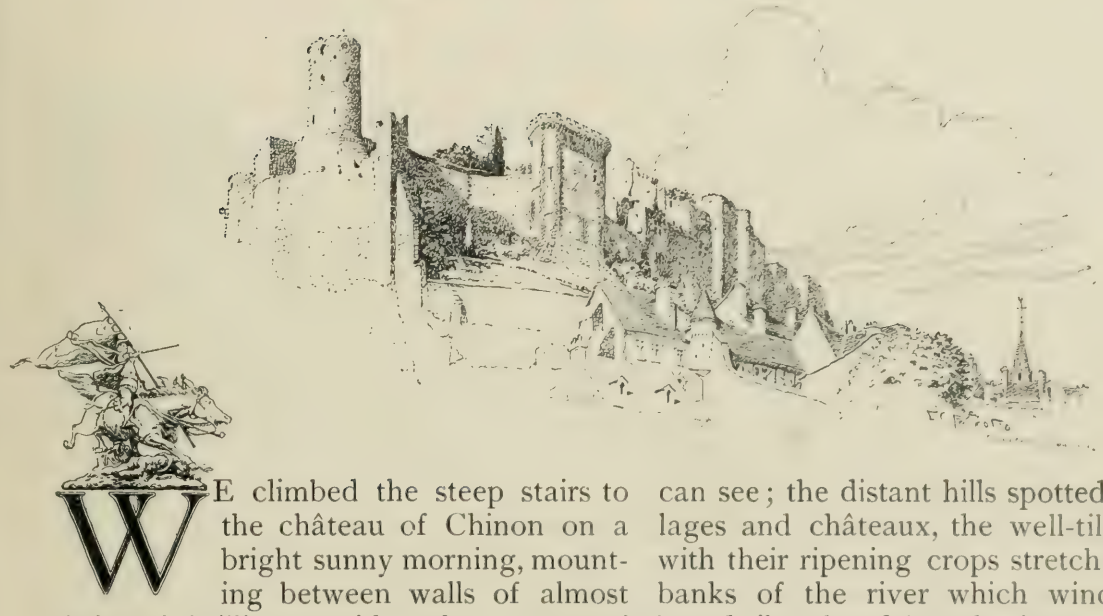


Drawn by Ernest C. Peixotto.

Chinon, from the Market-place.

CHINON

By Ernest C. Peixotto



WE climbed the steep stairs to the château of Chinon on a bright sunny morning, mounting between walls of almost Oriental brilliance with only a peep of the deep blue sky above our heads. As we looked up, two peasant women in their white caps nodded a greeting to us from the parapet above and we had a suspicion of red chimney-pots high above them.

A broad walk, shaded by trees, led us past the remains of the oldest part of the castle, and soon we had crossed the moat and entered the gate. Crumbling ruins and massive towers with grass-grown battlements surrounded us on every side. The extent of this grim old fortress-castle is tremendous, but decay has set its finger on the place and all that remains are caved-in passages, fragments of fireplaces, and tottering window-frames.

Memories of Jeanne d'Arc cling about the place, for here she came to wake the idle king from his life of ease and after weeks of prayer; from here she set forth to lead the French army to victory. And in spite of time's devastation, the tower wherein she lived while at Chinon is still to be seen, and a large fragment of the room in which her first interview with the king took place.

But the great attraction of the giant walls is a walk along the parapet and a glance at the glorious panorama which lies at our feet. The peaceful valley of the Vienne stretches as far as the eye can see; the distant hills spotted with villages and châteaux, the well-tilled fields with their ripening crops stretch from the banks of the river which winds like a broad silver band from horizon to horizon, spanned just beneath us by a great stone bridge.

At our feet, so close that we can look down the chimney-pots, nestles the old Gothic city. Its four churches raise their backs above the neighboring houses, but all else is a compact mass of blue slate roofs, high pitched, with dormer windows and innumerable chimney-pots. Little pointed tourelles cling to the corners and far below we catch a glimpse of a stone-paved street. These few zigzag streets wind along the river more or less parallel to its course, affording at every turn new glimpses of fascinating gables, gothic windows with their crumbling tracery, and houses whose huge timbers have withstood the wear of centuries, but whose paneless windows are now the resting-place of countless spiders. However, but few of these houses have been abandoned, and in nearly all of them the windows are adorned with rows of potted geraniums, brilliantly lighting up the cold gray stone.

Women in white caps lead little donkey-carts through these quaint old streets or peddle fruits and vegetables in baskets of queer design, gossiping with their customers on the way and vending news as well as their wares. Thursday is market-day, and the town wakes to a state

of unwonted activity. From the early morning hours, peasants begin to arrive in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, and they set up their booths and awnings. Soon huge pyramids of artichokes arise, great stands of potted plants, fruits, cheap calicoes, shoes, hardware, ribbons and laces and all conceivable kinds of fancy articles are arranged in enticing array. By eleven o'clock the babel of tongues becomes alarming! Women in strange *coifs*, men in blue blouses and casquettes, haggle and quarrel over their purchases. Two shepherds with pipes add a most unearthly screeching, and are rewarded with numerous sous. One hardware dealer, who attracts attention to his wares by blowing a bugle, is outdone by a rival who has a drum with a patent crank attachment to keep it beating all the time. In the afternoon all the old women meet at the goose market and around the venders of butter and eggs. Then is the time to see the wonderful collection of *coifs*. Each of the surrounding villages has its own particular head-dress. Many are made of the finest lace and some are of great size. One of the most elaborate has been given up because succeeding generations have gradually lost the art of laundering it, and now only a few women will take the trouble to wear it.

Toward five o'clock the crowd begins to diminish. By dark the streets become deserted; an occasional lantern projecting from a house-corner sheds its dim light. Alleys lead to unknown mysteries of darkness. Voices issue from the dwellings, and the sweet scent of honeysuckle is borne over the high street walls. Occasional glimpses are caught of dimly lighted interiors, where old women sit knitting or eating their meagre *pot-au-feu*, or of a family gathered round for the evening meal in just such an effect of light as Gerard Douw so loved to paint. By ten o'clock the old town slumbers, and as we go to rest the only sound that greets our ears is the splash of the fountain in the square below our window.



Street in Chinon.

MAX—OR HIS PICTURE

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

A KNOCK sounded on the principal's door. "That's Florence," she thought; and she sighed in the same breath. The principal had secretly liked Florence Raimund the best of her two hundred girls, for three years; and, sometimes, she suspected that Florence knew it. Miss Wing sat at her desk. It was a large desk of oak, always kept in blameless order. No one could recall seeing more than one better at a time lying on the blotter. Any others, yet unread, lay in the wicker tray to the left; the letters read but not answered were in the wicker tray to the right; the answered letters were in appropriate pigeon-holes or in ashes, Miss Wing being a firm believer in fire as a confidential agent. Above the desk hung the most interesting object in the room, to the school-girls; in fact it would be hard to gauge justly the influence this one, mute and motionless, had over their young imaginations; or how far it was responsible for the rose-tinted halo that, beyond doubt, glorified the principal for them. The object was a picture, the picture of a young man in the uniform of captain in the German cuirassiers. His thick, light hair was brushed back from a fine and candid forehead. A smile creased his cheeks under the warlike curl of his mustachios. It was a smile so happy and so friendly in its happiness, that it won the beholder. The eyes were not large, but even in the black and white of a photograph (the portrait was an ordinary cabinet *carte*) they seemed to sparkle. The young fellow's figure was superb, and held with a military precision and jauntiness. One said, looking at the whole presence, "This man is a good fellow." Viewing him more closely, one might add, "And he is in love." The picture was framed handsomely in a gilded frame. On the desk, below, an exquisite vase of Venice lifted a single, perfect rose. For fifteen years a flower had always bloomed thus. Miss Wing had hung the picture, herself, fifteen years ago. Then, she was the new principal, and the school was but half its size; and the village people exclaimed at trusting "such a girl" with so much responsibility. During those fifteen years the new building had been built, the school had grown and flourished; and the gray had crept into Margaret Wing's bright hair. She had so often put on mourning for her near kindred that she had assumed it as her permanent garb. To the certain (and ecstatic) knowledge of the school, she had refused divers offers of marriage from citizens of good repute and substance. But during all the changing years, the picture had kept its place and the fresh flowers had bloomed below. No girl could remember the desk without the picture; and when the old girls visited the school, their eyes would instinctively seek it in its old place; always with a little moving of the heart. Yet no one ever alluded to it to the principal; and no one, not her most trusted teacher, nor her best loved pupil, had ever heard the principal speak of it. The name of the pictured soldier, his story, his relation to Miss Wing; Miss Wing's nearest kindred and friends knew as much about all these as the school—and that was nothing. Nevertheless, the school tradition reported part of a name on the authority of a single incident. Years ago an accident had happened to the picture. It was the principal's custom to carry it with her on her journeys, however brief; always taking it down and putting it back in its place herself. On this occasion the floor had been newly polished, and in hanging the picture her chair on which she stood slipped and she fell, while the picture dropped out of her grasp. One of the girls, who was passing, ran to her aid; but she had crawled toward the picture and would have it in her hands before she allowed the girl to aid her rise—a circumstance you may be sure, not likely to escape the sharp young eyes. Neither



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"Do you think I—*liked* it, coming to tell?"—Page 743.

did these same eyes miss the further circumstance that the jar had shifted the *carte* in the frame and a line of writing, hitherto hidden, was staring out at the world. The hand was the sharp, minute German hand, but the words were English ; the girl took them in at an eyeblink, as she handed the picture to Miss Wing : " *Thine forever, Max.*" Miss Wing made no comment, perhaps she supposed that the girl had not seen, perhaps—in any case she was silent.

Of course, the new light flooded the school gossip, immediately. But there never came any more ; every new girl was free to work her own will on Miss Wing's romance. Was " Max " dead ? Had they parted because of any act on the woman's part ? Surely he could not have been false, to receive that daily oblation of flowers. It was more likely that she thus expressed an imperishable regret. Youth, ever fanciful, played with all manner of dainty and plaintive variations on the theme. Its very mystery was its poignant charm ; since each tender, young soul created a new romance and a new appeal. Elusive and pathetic, it hovered on the edge of these young lives, like the perfume of a flower. And its influence was the more potent that it asked for nothing. It is not too much to say that the spectacle of that gentle and reticent faithfulness was the strongest element in the school atmosphere. Certainly, because of it, Miss Wing had greater power over her scholars. She was a woman of ability and gentle force ; by nature a little aloof, a little precise, able to feel deeply, but not able to express her sympathies or her pain. Without her mysterious sorrow, she would have seemed to young girls a thought too admirable ; they would have been chilled by her virtues ; but as it was, their perception that she had lived deeply, that she had suffered, that she had been loved and had loved eternally, opened their hearts. They would have admired her, now they adored her. By degrees, and insensibly to herself, she became the confessor of her little world. After they left school her girls brought her their perplexities of the heart. Wives came to her with cruel dilemmas that they shrank from revealing to their own mothers —perhaps because the mothers could not be trusted to plead for the erring husband so well ; for a woman who loves, complains, not to be justified herself, but to hear her lover's misconduct excused and his love proved against her doubts. Before they left school, the girls confessed their faults and failings and strivings of conscience with the same eagerness with which they asked counsel in their innocent romances of friendship or the sorrows of trigonometry, and they accepted any penance directed, not only with patience, but a kind of exaltation natural to youth, which finds a secret joy in any exercise of its own fortitude.

To-day, however, Miss Wing sat before the picture which so many young eyes had studied with such vague yet ardent sympathy, and pondered over a confidence that had not come. The lack of its coming hurt her ; and the tap on her door was welcome, for she thought, " It is she—coming to tell me. Oh, I hope he is the right man."

At her response, the door swung open with a jerk, and the dark-eyed girl who entered was catching her breath, although she tried to make the quick intakes noiseless. There was a look of pale resolution on her features.

" Have you come to let me congratulate you, my dear ? " said the principal, rising. The girl colored scarlet. " I've come because I had to, because I couldn't deceive you," she blurted. " Miss Wing, it isn't so. I let Miss Parker think so ; but I'm not engaged to him."

" Sit down, dear," said Miss Wing. The soft cadence of her voice did not roughen. She sat down when her guest sat, and leaned back in her desk-chair, folding her white, slim hands. There were flashing rings on the hands ; and the girls used to wonder which ring " Max " had given her. They favored the sapphire, set between two diamonds, because of its beauty (" a real Cashmere, you know "), and because, whether she wore other rings or not, this always kept its place.

" Now, tell me," said Miss Wing.

" I had a letter from him this morning ; it was just a note in one of Helen Gier's " —the girl's lithe form was erect in the chair, every muscle tense ; she looked past Miss Wing to the wall and spoke in a toneless voice ; one could see that she was driving straight on to her purpose, over her own writhing nerves—" all he said was



In this fashion they walked for some twenty minutes.—Page 746.

that he had been called back to Germany——"

"Is he a German? Miss Parker said his name was Cutler."

"It is Butler," said the girl, flinging her head back, while a spark crept into her liquid, troubled, dark eyes, "but he *is* a German. Don't you know the Butler in 'Wallenstein?' You know he was a real man; and he founded a family. He—my—my friend is the Count von Butler." Miss Wing's chair, like other desk-chairs, was set on a pivot; she turned very slightly and slowly, at the same time resting her elbow on the desk. The girl ventured a timid glance at her, and thought that she looked sterner, wherefore her heart sank; but she only continued the faster: "He isn't in America just to travel; he was sent by his government to watch the Cuban war. He's very brave; and he isn't a bit like a foreigner and hasn't any nasty supercilious notions about women. Mr. Grier says he has a *future*. And really, Miss Wing, he is just like a—a—a kind of knight."

"Where did you meet him?"

"At Helen's, last summer. And he was going out to Minneapolis to see papa, I—I think. But he got a cable of his uncle's death. And his two little cousins died last year; so now he is the head of

the family; and he must go to Germany, at once. For his father is dead, you know. So he wrote (in Helen's letter, because he is so—so awfully proper!) asking to let him come here and take me to drive—in the American fashion. I know who put him up to that scheme; it was Helen. I had to ask Miss Parker, because you were out; and she said if he wasn't a relation or the man I was going to marry I couldn't go. 'Of course if he were the man you expect to marry,' she said, and—and I—I said, 'But he is!' Just like that. I can't fancy how I came to say such a thing, but when it was said I didn't know how to explain; and I was so awfully ashamed; and, besides"—she lifted her eyes in the frank and direct gaze that Miss Wing always liked—"besides, I do want to see him."

"And do you expect him to ask you to marry him?" said Miss Wing, with a deepening of the color on her cheek, which went out suddenly like the flame of a lamp in the wind.

Florence Raimund blushed again, but this time she laughed: "I don't know. He is so awfully proper," said she, "and he hasn't had a chance to ask papa; but—I think he wants to."

"In that case, isn't he the man whom you expect to marry?" asked Miss Wing, dryly. "But it was deceiving her just the same. I am glad you came, Florence."

Here the girl looked up; and something in Miss Wing's eyes made her dash across the room to fling herself on her knees before the lady with an inarticulate gasp between a sob and a laugh, and the sentences came in a rush: "I *had* to come! I couldn't deceive you if I never saw him again. And besides, I hoped you'd think of some way!"

"And you escape quite unpunished?" said Miss Wing, gently.

At which the black head sank lower, while a smothered voice mumbled: "Do you think I—*liked* it, coming to tell?"

Miss Wing smoothed her hair. "It would have pained me very much if you had not come. Tell me; whether he sees you or not will he not write to your father? Do you think his feeling is so slight that a disappointment will turn it?"

The black head threw itself up and the fearless young eyes met Miss Wing's pensive, brown ones. "No, Miss Wing; I know it will make no difference."

Miss Wing stifled a sigh; it may be that she was not so sure of the firm purpose of a lover; she spoke more gently: "It is only the disappointment, then, if you can't see him?"

The girl's face quivered a little.

"Perhaps I am foolish," said Miss Wing, "but I think it *would* be a disappointment very hard to bear. Still, you must admit that parents do not send their children to school expecting them to become engaged to be married; on the contrary, there is a tacit pledge that we shall protect our wards from any entanglement. But this did not happen at school; the only question is, ought I to prevent it going any farther? My dear, do you have confidence in me?"

"Yes, Miss Wing," said the girl.

"Of course, I do not think that I ought to consent to your driving alone, together."

The girl drew a long sigh. "I suppose not," she breathed, in dismal resignation.

"But I should like him to come here, to see me; and then, if I find him to be what your father would approve, you may see him here; and we shall all have to explain things together, I fancy, to your father."

The girl drew another, a very different, sigh; and impulsively kissed Miss Wing's hand. She tried to speak; and could only murmur, "Oh, I do love you!"

"And so, if you will tell Graf von Butler—what is his Christian name, Florence?"

"Max," said the girl, very low, for she felt the presence of the picture, on which she had not once turned her eyes. Before she spoke, under a pretense of a pull at her skirt, she slipped her hand out of the hand with the sapphire ring. Yet her excited young nerves vibrated at the slight cough which came as the principal changed her position, before she said, in her usual tone: "It is a fine name. Well, Florence, will you tell Count Max von Butler that I shall hope to see him. And—will you trust me?"

The girl told her that she would trust her utterly, and she knew that it would be right; and oh, she was so happy. And she came back to say, with the tears in her eyes, "I shall be grateful to you as long as I live."



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Pressing the frame in both hands, and touching it with her cheek.—Page 750.

Miss Wing stood in the centre of the room, smiling, until the door closed. But then in a second she was at the door, almost fiercely but noiselessly, twisting the key in the lock. From the door she passed to the windows and dropped the shades. At last, safe from every chance of espial, she sat down again in her chair before the desk, leaned her elbows on the desk, and looked desperately, miserably, into the joyous face of the picture. She did not speak, but her thoughts took on words and sank like hot lead into her heart. "Max Butler! Max Butler! The little nephew he told about. And *he* has been alive all these years; and happy; with little sons, while I—I have lied to these trusting girls. It was wicked and shameless. I deceived myself; then I deceived them. I wonder why. I knew what they were thinking. How dared I look that honest child in the face! I suppose she wonders like the rest why I have not told anyone of my romance. And it is simply that there was nothing to tell. Nothing." She looked into the soldier's happy eyes while her lips curled and she murmured, drearily and bitterly, "I haven't even the right to be angry with you, poor lad. What did you do? *You* are not my Max; I only made him up out of my heart—like children playing a game!" Her mind drifted dizzily through shapeless and inconsequent visions of the past. She was seeing again the grim pile of the ruined castle, the masses of broken shadow, the intricate carving on arch and architrave and plinth, the wavering mass of limbs and tree-trunks on the green sward; and she, with her twisted ankle, was kneeling, trying to peer through the shrubbery for her lost companions. Did he come by chance? She had seen the handsome, young officer, daily, for a week. His great-aunt was Margaret's right-hand neighbor at the pension table d'hôte, a withered relic of Polish nobility with fine, black eyes in a face like a hickory nut; who wore shabby gowns and magnificent jewels, frankly smoked cigarettes, and seemed to have a venomous tale ready to fit any name mentioned in conversation—with one exception, her nephew's. According to her, Max's father was a swine and his mother a fool and his brother a popinjay; and his sister had no respect for her betters; but Max had a heart. It was understood at the pension that she was arranging a great match for him. In spite of the general disapproval of his aunt, he was a favorite, he was so simple, amiable, and polite. Even the American Professor admitted that for a man "who had won the Iron Cross in such a spectacular fashion, he was very modest and really more like an American than a German officer," thus paying the unconsciously arrogant compliment kept by every race for engaging aliens. Margaret's first sight of him was not under the shelter of the conventionalities. It happened that the Countess's ferocious pet (and the terror of the pension), a Great Dane, was trying to eat up a little girl, but fortunately had begun with her petticoats. The court of the house was the scene of the fray; and a large, timid cook, the only witness, was waving a copper kettle full of the meringue that she was beating in one hand and the great wire whip in the other, while she shrieked impartially on Heaven and the police. Margaret heard the din. She ran to the spot. Being a New England woman, she didn't scream; one swift glance went from the child's writhing body and the dog's horrible head to the wailing cook. In two strides she caught the kettle out of a fat and agitated German hand and hurled the whole sticky, white mass full at the dog's eyes; then, as the blinded and astounded beast flung his head back to howl, and spattered the world with meringue, she snatched up the child and sent her flying into the door and the cook. The dog was smeared with meringue, she was smeared, the child was smeared, the cook was smeared; and now a beautiful white and gold officer, who bounded over a wall and fell upon the dog with his sabre and two heels, was smeared the most lavishly of all! No wonder Frau Müller (visible, aloft, in an artless German toilet of ease and without her teeth), the countess (who was a gazing stock, for the same reason), and Augustine, her maid, the three Russians on the second floor, and the three Americans on the third, filled the windows with polyglot consternation! The consequence of it all was that when the Count von Butler was formally presented to Miss Wing, that evening, she blushed. She was too pale and listless to be pretty; but when she blushed she was enchanting.

Remembering the meringue, she smiled and ventured an upward glance; and, for the first time in her life, met the admiration in the eyes of a man. At this time Margaret was thirty years old and had never been asked in marriage. She had spent most of the thirty years in a boarding school, as pupil or as teacher; and she had brought from her cloistered life a single vivid feeling, a passionate friendship which death had ended. The sapphire ring was her poor friend's last token.

To be thirty and never to have been sought like other girls, leaves a chill in the heart. It may be lonely never to have loved, but it is bleak never to have been loved. Margaret remembered her delicate, girlish dreams with a recoil of humiliation; they seemed to her almost immodest. She thought that she was too old to wear hats, and wondered whether she ought not to discard the pinks and light blues which poor Elly had liked on her, for sedater colors. But she wore pink after she met Max Butler. Yet he never saw her save in the presence of others; he was full of little, graceful attentions, but he showed the same attentions to the portly clergyman's widow and the meritorious but cross-eyed teacher of fifty, who formed Miss Wing's "party;" it was only his eyes, his eyes always following her approving, delighting, admiring, pleading, speaking to her as they spoke to no other woman. She told herself that it was just the pleasant, foreign way; and she wrote to her friends in America, "The German officers have very agreeable, deferential manners; I think they are much more gentle and polite and have a higher respect for women than the French or Italians." And he said no word, even of friendship, until that afternoon at the Heidelberger Schloss.

He came upon her almost immediately, scrambling up the bank at a rate which had worked woe to his uniform. He was torn, he was scratched, he was stained with mud and grass; and he was beaming with delight. "I have seen you from below," he exclaimed, in his careful English, "so I came up. Will you excuse?" Then his mood changed, perceiving her plight, and he insisted on tearing his handkerchief into strips to bind her ankle. It seemed absurd to refuse his aid, which he offered quite simply; but his hands trembled a little over the knots. "It will be most easy, I think," said he, "that you should let me assist you a small way, to the *restauracion*; so I can get the carriage, and you can have some ice-cream. Again, to-day, is it burned——"

She had laughed and said that she never had heard of burned ice-cream. He laughed too, and explained that it was burned as a custard, and somehow under cover of this she let him put her hand on his shoulder and his arm about her waist. She was grateful to him for the matter-of-fact manner in which he did it all, saying, "You will have to be my comrade that has been wounded, and I will help him off the field; so I did, once, with my colonel; it is better than to wait until I could bring help." In this fashion they walked for some twenty minutes. They were minutes not entirely disfigured by her physical pain, for it was a comfort to be helped by so strong and kind a friend. The comfort brightened almost into pleasure, as they drove homeward in a shabby *droschky*, with all the circuit of the horizon flooded with softest rose and gold, reflecting the cloudless glory of the West. Borne along through that unreal and lovely radiance, past the hills checkered with vineyards and ripening grain, which the sunlight blazoned in green and gold like the initials of an old missal; they talked as one friend would talk to another. At least that was her phrase, and she admitted to herself that she had not been so nearly happy since Elly died. "I didn't know a man could be so—so kind," she said.

He told her of his country and his home; and how he loved the hills that his fathers had always owned, and the rugged, simple, faithful people; he told her of the plans of his father and himself for them; he told her of his father, who had the best heart in the world, but was credited with a fierce temper simply because his voice was loud; and his mother, who was so gentle that everyone loved her; and his handsome sister, and his brother, who was a diplomat and far cleverer than he; and his little brother who died and would have no one carry him in his pain but Max ("Ah, he was the most clever and the most beautiful of us all!"), and Max, his little nephew, who looked like the dead boy. "I hope

you will see my home and them all," he said; "to-morrow I shall see them, then, the same day, I shall be back here—with you."

And then, by degrees, she won him to talk of his profession, of his hopes, his ambitions, his ideals, of all those intimate and cherished things which lie at the bottom of the soul and only rise for a friend's eyes. It seemed to her that she could read his character in the hints given by his words, as one would fill an outline sketch with perspective and details. There was certainly a fascination in this revelation; candor, after all, was a virtue as well as reticence. Perhaps her new friend was a little mediæval, but he was as refined as if he had been all modern.

By now they were rattling through the modern town of Heidelberg, the plain walls of which looked bare after the lawless pomp of carving and form on the old castle; they had not even the bizarre, affected grace of the architecture then decking American countrysides. But Margaret thought how homelike and honest the houses looked; stanch and trusty, like the German. Butler, just then, was praising American buggies, from which he made a genial transition to the customs of society. "In America, is it not," says he, "the young ladies drive alone with young men?"

"Yes, very often. But not with you?"

"Oh, no, mein fraulein; this is the first time I am alone with a young lady!"

She had called herself old for so long, that there was a distinct pleasure in being "a young lady" to him, and she had not time to remember it partook of the nature of deceit, because he sent a wave of confusion over her by continuing: "In America, also, one would propose marriage to a lady, herself, before to her father?"

"It is our custom," agreed Margaret, "but"—with her prim, teacher's air—"your custom is far more decorous."

His face fell, then promptly brightened, "Perhaps it would be best to speak to both, so near the same time one can. But this is another thing you must explain me. How is it most preferable to the lady, that one shall write or shall come——"

"Oh, write," said Margaret, quickly. How silly of her to suddenly feel so frightened; she wished that she were in a room and not in a carriage with him; involuntarily she shrank back into her own corner, and she found that she was playing with the soiled and frayed edges of a tear in the cloth of the side curtain and watching her pearl-colored fingers. Those gloves she had put on new, that day. How reckless! But she had not the resolution to desist. His voice dragged a little, "Ah, yes, if she would refuse, but if *not!*"

"In any case," said she.

"Look!" he exclaimed, "at the sunset. Ah, is it not lovely?"

Of a sudden, they were looking, not at the sunset, but into each other's eyes; and all about them was that wonderful, transfiguring glow, and it seemed as if there were nothing in the whole world that he had not said.

"Is it to the right, Herr Captain?" asked the driver, turning on his seat to divide a benign and semi intoxicated smile between them.

Then it was hardly a moment until the yellow stucco of the pension jumped at their eyes, around a corner; and there were the clergyman's widow and the teacher at the door. They fell upon the carriage in a clamor of explanation and sympathy; they were at her side when he bowed over her hand and kissed it, saying, "Aufwiedersehen."

That was all. There was never any more. He did not come again. Or if he came, she was not there; since, the next day they were on their way to Bremen, summoned by cable to her sister's deathbed. She never heard from him or of him again. Yet she had left her American address with his aunt for any letters that might need to be forwarded, and a stiff little note of thanks and farewell—a perfectly neutral note such as any friend might give or receive. There followed weeks crowded with sorrow and business (the sister was a widow without children, and she shared her estate with her other sister); and Margaret imputed her deep depression to these natural and sufficient causes. She rated herself for vanity in reading her own meanings into a courteous young man's looks and his intelligent interest in national difference of manners. She fostered her shame with the New Englander's zest for self-torture. But, one afternoon, without warning, there fell

upon her a deep and hopeless peace. It was as if some invisible power controlled and changed all the currents of her thought. She *knew* that her friend was not faithless or careless; he was dead. She began to weep, gently, thinking pitifully of his old father with the loud voice, and his fragile mother and the sister and brother and the little nephew. "Poor people," she murmured, wishing, for the first time in her life, to make some sign of her sorrow for them to them, she who always paid her toll of sympathy, but dreaded it and knew that she was clumsy. She remembered the day at the castle; and went over again, each word, each look. A sensation that she could not understand, full of awe and sweetness, possessed her. It was indescribable, unthinkable, but it was also irresistible. Under its impulse she went to a trunk in another room, from which she had not yet removed all the contents, and took out her Heidelberg photographs. She said to herself that she would look at the scenes of that day. In her search she came upon a package of her own pictures which had come the morning of the day that she had gone. She could not remember any details of receiving them, except that she had been at the photographer's the day before, and paid for them. When they came she was in too great agitation (they were just packing) to more than fling them into a tray. She could not tell why she took the *cartes* out of the envelope and ran them listlessly through her fingers; but at the last of the package she uttered a cry. The last *carte* was the picture of Max, with the inscription in his own hand, "Thine forever." It is not exact to say that with the finding of the picture her doubt of his affection for her vanished; for in truth, she had no doubts, the possession was too absolute. But the sight came upon her as the presence of a mortal being, alive and visible, comes on one, when he enters a room. And there is no question that it was a comfort; if she had really loved Max, at this time, the knowledge of his death would have been her cruelest shock; for then she could have no hope to meet him again in the world—no hope of some explanation and the happiness of life together. But she was not in love with the young German, she was touched by his admiration, she admired him tenderly, she felt the moving of a subtle attraction which she called friendship and which might pass into a keener feeling; but she did not love him. Not then. Therefore, she felt a sweetness in her pain; she could respect herself once more; she had a new and mystical joy; for was she not beloved above women? Had not her lover come to her, through what strange paths who may know, to comfort her? This is the story of the picture. She could not tell it. Nor did she; but she hung Max's portrait on the walls of her little parlor; and she hung opposite a picture of the castle; and from that day, never a day passed that it did not influence her. She used to think her thoughts before it. She came to it with her grief for the loss of kindred and friends, with her loneliness, with her anxieties, with her aspirations, her plans, her cares for others, her slowly dawning interests and affections. She was a reticent woman, who might never have allowed her heart to expand to her husband himself, beyond a certain limit; but she hid nothing from Max. In time, she fell into the habit of talking to the picture. She called him Max. The first time she spoke his name she blushed. She made her toilets for him more than for the world; but whether Max could admire them or not, it is certain that the girls knew every change in her pretty gowns. Her sense of having been loved had its effect on her manner, and a deeper effect on her heart. At thirty she was a New England nun; at forty she was the woman who understands. The love which the shrinking and critical girl repelled at its first step toward her, without knowing, the woman who pitied and who understood, attracted, quite as unconsciously.

"It is very queer, Max," she said, "that in my old age men should want to marry me. But I like you best."

Only the day before she had said that; and she had said, "I am happy, Max. Isn't it strange! But I am." Only yesterday—and now there was nothing. The Max that she had grown to love, with the gradual, imperceptible advance of affection, sweet to her shy nature—that Max had never been. No doubt all the while, over in Germany, a stout and phlegmatic

German landlord had been caring for his vineyards and playing the war lord in the landwehr and living very comfortably with the doughy-looking German girl whose hair was lighter than her complexion; whom the countess wanted him to marry; a man as unlike the high-souled knight of her fancy as—as she, herself, was unlike the girl's image! Worst of all was her own weak, false behavior. "No," she cried, in an access of bitterness, "the worst is that I can't feel *that* the worst; I can only feel I have lost him, forever! I don't seem to mind that I have lost myself!"

Now she began to pace the room, trying to think clearly. Was it her duty to tell Florence the story and let her tell the girls? The red-hot agony of the idea seemed to her excited conscience an intimation that it *was* her duty from which she shrank because she was a selfish, hysterical, dishonorable coward. Horrible as such abasement would be, if it were her duty, she could do it; what she could not, what she *would* not do, was to tear the veil from that pure and mystical passion which had been the flower of her heart. "Not if it cost me my soul," she said, with the frozen quiet of despair; "it is awful, but I can't do it!" One thing did remain; she could remove the picture. That false witness of what had never been should go. No eyes should ever fall on it again. It should never deceive more. She walked toward it firmly. She lifted her hand—and it fell. "I can't!" she moaned. "I'll do it to-morrow." She could not remember, in years, so weak a compromise offered her conscience.

But she felt a sense of respite, almost relief, once having decided; and she recovered her composure enough to go to her chamber and bathe her eyes. While she was thus engaged she heard a knock. "It is he," she said, quietly; "well, the sooner the better."

It was he; he had come earlier than he expected, he explained; he was most grateful for Miss Wing's kind message. He looked like his uncle, as the members of a family will look alike. He was not so tall; he was not so handsome. Perhaps most people would call him more graceful. And his English was faultless; he must have spoken it from his childhood. In the midst of his first sentences, before they had permitted him to take a chair, his eyes travelled past Miss Wing's face. She perceived that he saw the picture; she knew that she grew pale; but, to her amazement, a calm like the calm which had wrapped her senses on the day of her finding the picture, closed about her again. "I beg pardon?" said he.

"Yes, that is Count von Butler's portrait," said she, in a clear voice, without emotion. He was not so composed. "Then it *was* you," he said. Following her example, he took a chair and looked earnestly at the pictured face. "When Miss Raimund spoke of you so warmly, I noticed that the name was the same, and I determined to inquire; but it seemed to me unlikely. Yet it is. Miss Wing, I have a message to you, from my uncle."

She noticed that there were gold motes in the air; and his pleasant, blond face seemed to waver through them; the room was full of sunlight.

"I was with him when he died."

That was a strange thing to hear when the message of his uncle's death had come to him in another country; she hoped that her brain was not going to play her false.

"It was fifteen years ago last July, you know. I never knew how many details you received, or only the bare fact in the papers."

Fifteen years! fifteen years! What was that date he was giving? That was the day on which she sailed for America, the day after—what was that story that he was telling of a visit and a fire and a child rescued and an accident? But still she listened with the same iron composure. The next words she heard distinctly.

"It was like him to lose his life that way; and he did not grudge it. Yet it was hard that I should be the only one of his blood with him. He could speak with difficulty when he told me to take a lock of hair and his signet ring to you. He dictated the address, himself, to me. 'You must be sure and take it,' he said. 'It is to the lady that I hoped would be my betrothed; you must tell grandmamma about it, too. She has my picture and she knows—but tell her'—and then, I think his mind must have wandered a lit-

tle, for he smiled brightly at me, saying: 'I'll tell her, myself,' and then the doctors came. He said nothing more, only once, they told me, he murmured something about his betrothed. But I had the ring; he took it off his finger and kissed it and gave it to me. Child as I was, I knew that it was sacred. I wrapped it in the paper; and afterward I put the lock of hair beside it. So soon as I could I went to Heidelberg, to the pension. You had gone and there was no address, no trace—— "

"I left my address with the Countess——"

"My aunt is dead," said the young German, gravely. "I would not criticise her, but she had her own choice of a wife for my uncle; I do not think one could trust her with addresses."

"We all gave ours to her to give to Frau Müller."

"That is why, then, I could not find you. My grandmother, also, tried. But you were gone. I thought of the banks, long after; but I found nothing. Often it has seemed dreadful that you should learn of this only through the papers. But I could not tell whether—*anything*. When I came to America, I confess it was always in my mind. I always carried my uncle's little packet with me. I will have it sent to you."

"Excuse me," said Miss Wing, gently. "Will you please bring me the glass of water—I—am afraid—I can't walk to it."

But she would not let him pour the water on his handkerchief to bathe her head. She sipped the water, and very pale, but quite herself, brought him back to his own matters. She found that it was a cousin, miscalled an uncle, in the German manner, who had died. It did not seem to her that Max's nephew could be unworthy of any girl; yet she conscientiously questioned him regarding his worldly affairs, for Florence was an only daughter whose father had great possessions and a distrust of adventurers, and at last she sent him forth to walk in the grove with his sweetheart. "And speak to her," she said, with a look that sank into his heart; "it is the American way; don't wait to write, the American way is best."

So, at last, she was alone. Alone with her lover who had always been true; whose love many waters could not quench, and it was stronger than death. She often pondered, afterward, whether there had not been some note written to her and sent with the photographs; whether the countess might not have tampered with the package, taking the note, but not suspecting the picture. But none of these puzzles troubled her to-day. She stood in front of the picture. All the years, an obscure and virginal shyness had withheld her from ever overstepping her first attitude. She told him every thought of her heart in regard to others and herself. He was her dearest friend. She called him "Max" and "my friend." Recalling the French use of the latter term, she used it sometimes with a little flutter of the heart. But those innocent endearments that a woman keeps for her lover's portrait—to make amends for not proffering them of free will to the poor fellow himself — these it would have shocked her to imagine. She never touched the picture, save reverently, to dust it, to take it down when she went away, to replace it in its station when she returned. But now, trembling, yet not blushing, she took the picture into her hands. She looked long into its eyes; she kissed it with a light and timid kiss, and swiftly hid the smiling face against her heart, pressing the frame in both hands, and touching it with her cheek bent over it, while she whispered: "You *did* tell me. You came back and told me. I love you. Max, my knight—my husband!"

AN ADVERTISING SIGN

By Marvin R. Vincent

In bygone days, before the trolley
  The avenues and streets pervaded,
The plodding horse-car, melancholy,
  With standing wretches overladed,
With jingling jog, each morning early,
Bore me to Wall Street's hurly-burly.

Just where two lines, from east and west,
  With the main track a junction make,
Where the tired nags a minute's rest
  Before the big brick station take,
A high board-fence a field presents
For posters and advertisements.

Some sign-painter had there portrayed
  Four little girls all in a row,
In simple colored frocks arrayed
  Of green, blue, red, and indigo,
Singing, as swung their skipping-rope,
"We've all been washed with Rosebud Soap!"

One with a mass of tawny hair,
  Another with a cap of red,
A black-eyed gipsy, round and fair,
  A blue-eyed witch with curly head;
And still, through sunshine, snow and sleet,
Unceasing danced the silent feet.

And so, I know not how it came,
  I grew to love those lasses gay,
And gave to each of them a name—
  Margery, Kate, and Nell, and May;
Each with some trait distinct endowed,
Merry or grave or pert or proud.

Alas! My little girls have fled:
  Their sweet and happy faces quaint,
The tawny curls, the cap of red,
  Have vanished 'neath a wave of paint.
The skipping-rope has ceased to beat
The rhythm for their dancing feet.

And in their place there now appears
  An elephant of stature vast;
A crimson frontlet 'twixt his ears,
  His flexile trunk is skyward cast,

Bearing aloft, with giant ease,
A sample-box of India Teas.

"Old fool!" I hear some cynic say,
"Daft o'er a sign-board painter's art,
And throwing sentiment away,
Taking a clever daub to heart!
So! Pictured dolls your love awake,
And trademarks cause your heart to ache!"

Yet wiser men than you have told
How a dead rose, a lock of hair,
A yellow letter, torn and old,
A faint scent floating in the air,
Open long vistas down the years,
And strike deep, hidden wells of tears.

Only a tradesman's gaudy bait!
Yet Memory speeds adown the years
To where, at the wide-opened gate
Of a long vanished home appears
A group of childish faces sweet,
Crowding their Father's step to greet.

Four! Underneath a grassy mound
How calm that blue-eyed baby's sleep,
Above the noisy city's sound,
Where Hudson's infant waters creep,
And lingering, leave, in winding lines,
Their cradle 'mid the Northern pines.

And far beyond the Pyrenees
Another lies in dreamless rest,
Ensphered in that eternal peace
God gives to those He loves the best:
And one, beneath a Southern sky,
Dwells where the Andes' shadows lie.

From my brief dream of happy years
Sudden I wake to life and day:
The jingling drone is in my ears,
The car rolls on its dreary way
To the day's toil, and I'm alone.
My precious little girls are gone.

JOHN WESLEY

SOME ASPECTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND

By Augustine Birrell

IT was a fortunate thing for historians, moralists, philosophers, and every other kind of book-maker when it became the habit to chop up the annals of mankind into centuries. It is a meaningless diversion save for the purpose of counting, and yet, such is our passion for generalization, so fond are we of distinguishing and differentiating, that we all of us have long ago endowed each one of the nineteen Christian centuries (to wander back no farther) with its own characteristics and attributes. These arbitrary diversions of time have thus become sober realities, they stalk majestically across the stage of memory, they tread the boards, each in its own garb, making appropriate gestures and uttering familiar catch-words. Lord Clarendon's history is not more unlike Gibbon's, Bishop Ken is not more unlike Bishop Hoadley, Prince Rupert is not more unlike John Churchill, than is the seventeenth century as we choose to depict it unlike the eighteenth. And yet full well do we know, in the bottom of our hearts, those unpleasing depths where we seldom dredge for fear of the consequences, how impossible it is to compress into the lines of a single figure, however animated its countenance or mobile its features, the vast tide of human existence as it flows gigantically along regardless of methods of counting time.

The eighteenth century in England does not lack its historians and painters who have treated their great subject sometimes after a Pre-Raphaelite fashion and sometimes after the manner of the impressionists. It has been loaded with abuse by picturesque historians and high-flying divines and romantic poets. Its political franchise was certainly restricted, while its civil list was unduly extended. It whitewashed its churches and even sought to rationalize its religion. No less emancipated an intelligence than Mark Pattison's pronounced the first half of the eighteenth century to be "an age destitute of faith and earnestness, an age whose poetry was without romance, whose philosophy was without insight, and whose public men were without character." Harsh words indeed, but not lightly written.

Yet when abandoning generalities and dwelling on the details of the time as it was then spent in England, it is difficult to reconcile all one's reading with any very sweeping assertions. It was a brutal age, no doubt; an age of the press gang, of the whipping-post, of jail fever, and all the horrors of the criminal code; an ignorant age, when the population, lords and louts alike, drank with great freedom and reckoned cock-fighting among the more innocent joys of life; when education of the kind called popular, or more correctly primary—for popular it is not and never will be—was hardly thought of; a corrupt age, when offices and votes were bought and sold, and bishops owed their sees to the king's women.

Brutal, ignorant, and corrupt—that the eighteenth century in England was all this, is it not written in the storied page of Hogarth? Charles Lamb quotes, with critical approval, the answer of the man who when asked to name his favorite author, replied: "Next to Shakespeare, Hogarth." We all love a crowded gallery—people coming, going, incidents, emotions, passions evil as well as good, for there is nothing we cannot forgive humanity; and Hogarth's gallery teems with the life of the eighteenth century; catches, as only great painters can, its most evanescent glances and records its desperate efforts to amuse itself or forget itself between two eternities; and though so true a humorist could not be oblivious of the kindly side of life or be without some gracious touches and affectionate portrayals, still, roughly speaking, the great historian of the eighteenth century in England affirms the brutal view of it, its cruelty, its horror. How people can frame Hogarth's prints and

hang them up in their rooms is more than I can say!

But there are other authorities, other aspects, other books. Two of the catchwords of the eighteenth century are *sentimentality* and *enthusiasm*. The first of the two is supposed to have been invented by the famous author of "The History of Clarissa Harlowe; a Series of Letters." He it was, that little printer and warden of a city company, who first opened the rusty floodgates of English tears and taught the South Briton how to weep as he had never wept before, but it is with *enthusiasm* I would deal to-day. During the eighteenth century, enthusiasm is a word of almost as frequent occurrence as either wit or parts. It has been pointed out by an ingenious friend of my own that Pope, in his "Essay on Criticism," employs the word *wit* forty-seven times and in at least seven different senses;* and as for *parts*, though the words may be found in Sidney and Spenser, the eighteenth century made it peculiarly its own. But enthusiasm is also a very frequent word. Lord Shaftesbury, the third earl and the author of the "Characteristics" before the century was in its teens, wrote his famous "Letter Concerning Enthusiasm," in which he is supposed to have said: "Ridicule is the test of truth." He never said so anywhere in so many words, but he gets very near it in this letter in which he describes enthusiasm as one of the dangers of the age, a terrible distemper, almost as bad as the small-pox. In the opinion of my lord, enthusiasm is a modification of the spleen, having its centre in an ill-regulated religion. True religion, in the opinion of that third Lord Shaftesbury, is based on good-humor. He observes, in his fashionable way: "'Tis in adversity chiefly, or in ill-health, under affliction or disturbance of mind or discomposure of temper, that we have recourse to religion; though in reality we are never so unfit to think of it as at such a dark and heavy hour. We can never be fit to contemplate anything above us when we are in no condition to look into ourselves and calmly examine the temper of our own minds and passions—for then it is we see wrath and fury and revenge and terror in the Deity when we are full of disturbances and fears within, and have by suffering and anxiety lost so much of the natural calm and easiness of our temper."

Thus did the infant century at the very outset of its journey meet, in the shape of this elegant peer, its Mr. Worldly Wiseman, who you will remember in reply to Christian's distracted "I know what I would obtain—it is ease for my heavy burden," observes, in the same sense as Shaftesbury, though in homelier language: "But why wilt thou seek for ease in this way, seeing so many dangers attend it, especially since (hadst thou but patience to hear me) I could direct thee to the obtaining of what thou desirest without the dangers that thou in this way will run thyself into—yea—and the remedy is at hand? Besides, I will add, that instead of those dangers, thou shalt meet with much safety, friendship, and content."

Why wilt thou seek for ease in this way when if you will only be good-humored, sensible, and let the world wag, you will meet with much safety, friendship, and content.

All through the eighteenth century, from Lord Shaftesbury at the beginning to Bishop Lavington nearer its close, enthusiasm continued the *bête noir* of all those decent people who think that as God made the world, He should be left alone to mend it. The inherent absurdity of enthusiasm seldom failed to illuminate the good-natured countenance of David Hume with a smile half a philosopher's, and half a man of the world's, while it provoked a not ill-natured sneer from Gibbon, who though he wrote "The History of the Fall of the Roman Empire," was taken quite by surprise and indeed terribly put out by the fall of the French monarchy in his own day; he, while referring to the author of "A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," one of the most characteristic books of the eighteenth century, observes, in that way of his so suggestive of a snug corner and a library chair, "Had not Law's vigorous mind been clouded by enthusiasm he might be ranked with the most agreeable and ingenious writers of his time." Devoutness, holiness, the inward life, the flight from

* Pope's "Essay on Criticism," edited by A. S. West, Cambridge University Press, 1896.

wrath to come, the horror of sin, the inspiration of the holy spirit, raptures, transports, fancies, visions, voices, all these things and more are included in that word enthusiasm, which is forever cropping up in this eighteenth century, the reason being that the century was full of it, and during its years countless thousands of pilgrims not only played the fool in Vanity Fair and made beasts of themselves in Gin Lane, but with groans and trembling passed through the valley of the shadow of death and caught glimpses of the towers and palaces of the city of God.

We have too few books which bring home to us in concrete form the lives and thoughts of our forefathers. Historians we know, good, bad, and indifferent, the learned but dull, the dull but conscientious, the picturesque but false; the historian who writes his history because he has a grudge against the Church of England, whose orders he has renounced; his Anglican rival who writes his because he resents as a personal affront the attitude of the Church of Rome to the English branch; the Nonconformist historian who has his quarrel both with the Vatican and Lambeth, and is better read in his Calamy's "Nonconformist Memorial" than in his Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy." They all have their value, these historians, and their vogue. Gladly do I give them place. But they none of them supply us with what we want. Suppose, for example, I want to be infected with the learning and the leisure of the eighteenth century, the generalizations of the regular historian are of no use to me—their pages contain no microbes, distil no perfumes. If Mr. Austin Dobson's poems are by my side or his prose studies, they will for a brief season lay me low; but a resurrectionary *tours de force* has never the reposeful air of Nature. For such a purpose as I have just indicated, there is nothing quite so good as the seventeen volumes of "Nichols's Anecdotes and Library History of the Eighteenth Century." In a sense, and a very real sense, too, these portly tomes may be called utterly insignificant. They rarely recall a name of first-class importance or record a fact in itself worth mentioning. They force you to spend your time in the company of historians, not of empires but of counties, of typographers, antiquarians, classical scholars, lettered divines, librarians at great Houses, learned tradesmen (for such freaks existed in the eighteenth century); they tell you of lives wasted in colleges and country rectories, they remind you of forgotten controversies and foolish personal enmities, they are full of Latin epitaphs; and every now and again in your country wanderings the originals of these epitaphs will stare at you from some snug transept corner or meet your eye as you wander westward down the nave of an abbey church or other Old World burying-place. You will not be troubled with enthusiasm in Mr. Nichols's collections. But to read them is to live in the eighteenth century. In sundry moods they will serve your turn well enough. But the reaction must come when you will grow impatient of all this trifling, and demand to be quit of tiresome coteries and tenth-rate literature and to be admitted into the life of the nation. Then if you are wise you will carefully replace Mr. Nichols on the shelf (for it is childish to knock books about and the mood will recur) and take down "The Journal of the Reverend John Wesley, A.M., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford."

John Wesley, born as he was in 1703 and dying as he did in 1791, covers as nearly as mortal man may, the whole of the eighteenth century, of which he was one of the most typical and certainly the most strenuous figure. He began his published journal on October 14, 1735, and its last entry is under date Sunday, October 24, 1790, when in the morning he explained to a numerous congregation in Spitalfields Church "The Whole Armor of God," and in the afternoon enforced to a still larger audience in St. Paul's, Shadwell, the great truth, "One thing is needful," the last words of the Journal being "I hope many even then resolved to choose the better part."

Between those two Octobers there lies the most amazing record of human exertion ever penned or endured. I do not know whether I am likely to have among my readers anyone who has ever contested an English or Scottish county in a parliamentary election since household suffrage. If I have, that tired soul will know how severe is the strain of its three weeks,

and how impossible it seemed at the end of the first week that you should be able to keep it going for another fortnight, and how when the last night arrived you felt that had the strife been accidentally prolonged another seven days you must have perished by the wayside. Well, John Wesley contested the three kingdoms in the cause of Christ during a campaign which lasted forty years. He did it for the most part on horseback. He paid more turnpikes than any man whoever bestrode a beast. Eight thousand miles was his annual record for many a long year, during each of which he seldom preached less frequently than five thousand times. Had he but preserved his scores at all the inns where he lodged, they would have made by themselves a history of prices. And throughout it all he never knew what depression of spirits meant—though he had much to try him, suits in chancery and a jealous wife.

In the course of this unparalleled contest Wesley visited again and again the most out-of-the-way districts—the remotest corners of England—places which to-day lie far removed even from the searcher after the picturesque. In 1899, when the map of England looks like a gridiron of railways, none but the sturdiest of pedestrians, the most determined of cyclists can retrace the steps of Wesley and his horse and stand by the rocks and the natural amphitheatres in Cornwall and Northumberland, in Lancashire and Berkshire, where he preached his gospel to the heathen. Exertion so prolonged, enthusiasm so sustained, argues a remarkable man, while the organization he created, the system he founded, the view of life he promulgated, is still a great fact among us. No other name than Wesley's lies embalmed as his does. Yet he is not a popular figure. Our standard historians have dismissed him curtly. The fact is, Wesley puts your ordinary historian out of conceit with himself. How much easier to weave into your page the gossip of Horace Walpole, to enliven it with a heartless jest of George Selwyn's, to make it blush with sad stories of the extravagance of Fox, to embroider it with the rhetoric of Burke, to humanize it with the talk of Johnson, to discuss the rise and fall of administrations, the growth and decay of the constitution, than to follow John Wesley into the streets of Bristol, or on to the bleak moors near Burslem, when he met, face to face in all their violence, all their ignorance, and all their generosity the living men, women, and children who made up the nation.

It has perhaps also to be admitted that to found great organizations is to build your tomb—a splendid tomb, it may be, a veritable sarcophagus, but none the less a tomb. John Wesley's chapels lie a little heavily on John Wesley. Even so do the glories of Rome make us forgetful of the grave in Syria.

It has been said that Wesley's character lacks charm, that mighty antiseptic. It is not easy to define charm, which is not a catalogue of qualities, but a mixture. Let no one deny charm to Wesley who has not read his journal. Southey's life is a dull, almost a stupid, book, which happily there is no need to read. Read the journal, which is a book full of plots and plays and novels, which quivers with life and is crammed full of character.

John Wesley came of a stock which had been much harassed and put about by our unhappy religious difficulties. Politics, business, and religion are the three things Englishmen are said to worry themselves about. The Wesleys early took up with religion. John Wesley's great-grandfather and grandfather were both ejected from their livings in 1662, and the grandfather was so bullied and oppressed by the Five Mile Act that he early gave up the ghost. Whereupon his remains were refused what is called Christian burial, though a holier and more primitive man never drew breath. This poor, persecuted spirit left two sons according to the flesh, Matthew and Samuel; and Samuel it was who in his turn became the father of John and Charles Wesley.

Samuel Wesley, though minded to share the lot, hard though that lot was, of his progenitors, had the moderation of mind, the Christian conservatism which ever marked the family, and being sent to a dissenting college, became disgusted with the ferocity and bigotry he happened there to encounter. Those were the days of the Calf's Head Club and feastings on the 29th of January, graceless meals for which Samuel Wesley had no stomach. His

turn was for the things that are "quiet, wise, and good." He departed from the dissenting seminary and in 1685 entered himself as a poor scholar at Exeter College, Oxford. He brought £2 6*s*. with him, and as for prospects, he had none. Exeter received him. During the eighteenth century our two universities, famous despite their faults, were always open to the poor scholar who was ready to subscribe, not to boat clubs or cricket clubs, but to the Thirty-nine Articles. Three archbishops of Canterbury during the eighteenth century were the sons of small tradesmen. There was, in fact, much less snobbery and money-worship during the century when the British empire was being won than during the century when it is being talked about. Samuel Wesley was allowed to remain at Oxford, where he supported himself by devices known to his tribe, and when he left the university to be ordained he had clear in his pouch, after discharging his few debts, £10 15*s*. He had thus made £7 19*s*. out of his university, and had his education, as it were, thrown in for nothing. He soon obtained a curacy in London and married a daughter of the well-known ejected clergyman, Dr. Annesley, about whom you may read in another eighteenth century book "The Life and Errors of John Dunton."

The mother of the Wesleys was a remarkable woman, though cast in a mould not much to our minds nowadays. She had nineteen children, and greatly prided herself on having taught them, one after another, by frequent chastisements to, what do you think? to cry softly. She had theories of education and strength of will, and of arm too, to carry them out. She knew Latin and Greek, and though a stern, forbidding, almost an unfeeling, parent, she was successful in winning and retaining not only the respect but the affection of such of her huge family as lived to grow up. But out of the nineteen, thirteen early succumbed. Infant mortality was one of the great facts of the eighteenth century whose Rachels had to learn to cry softly over their dead babes. The mother of the Wesleys thought more of her children's souls than of their bodies.

The revolution of 1688 threatened to disturb the early married life of Samuel Wesley and his spouse. The husband wrote a pamphlet in which he defended revolution principles, but the wife secretly adhered to the old cause; nor was it until a year before Dutch William's death that the rector made the discovery that the wife of his bosom, who had sworn to obey him and regard him as her over-lord, was not in the habit of saying Amen to his fervent prayers on behalf of his suffering sovereign. An explanation was demanded and the truth extracted, namely, that in the opinion of the rector's wife her true king lived over the water. The rector at once refused to live with Mrs. Wesley any longer until she recanted. This she refused to do, and for a twelvemonth the couple dwelt apart, when William III. having the good sense to die, a reconciliation became possible. If John Wesley was occasionally a little pig-headed, need one wonder? The story of the fire at Epworth Rectory and the miraculous escape of the infant John was once a tale as well known as Alfred in the neat-herd's hut, and pictures of it still hang up in many a collier's home.

John Wesley received a sound classical education at Charterhouse and Christ Church, and remained all his life very much the scholar and the gentleman. No company was too good for John Wesley, and nobody knew better than he did that had he cared to carry his powerful intelligence, his flawless constitution, and his infinite capacity for taking pains into any of the markets of the world, he must have earned for himself place, fame, and fortune.

Coming, however, as he did of a theological stock, having a saint for a father and a notable devout woman for a mother, Wesley from his early days learned to regard religion as the business of his life, just as the younger Pitt came to regard the House of Commons as the future theatre of his actions. After a good deal of heart-searching and theological talk with his mother, Wesley was ordained a deacon by the excellent Potter, afterward Primate, but then (1725) Bishop of Oxford. In the following year Wesley was elected a Fellow of Lincoln, to the great delight of his father. "Whatever I am," said the good old man, "my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln."

In trying to form even a glimmering idea of the state of the Church of England in 1725, when Wesley took orders, there are some incidents in its past history which must not be overlooked. I mean its repeated purgings. Evictions are of course of frequent occurrence in all church histories, but the Church of England has been peculiarly unlucky in this respect. Let me, in a handful of sentences, recall the facts. I pass over the puzzling and unedifying events of King Henry VIII.'s time, the Protestant rule of his short-lived son, the frank Romanism of his eldest daughter, and begin with Elizabeth, who succeeded in November, 1558. Crowned though she was according to the Catholic ceremonial, including the unction and the pontifical mass, it appears to have been well understood by those in high place that England having got a new master must be prepared once more for new men and new measures. They were indeed strange times. Can it be that the country did not care about the continuity of its Church? The Act of Supremacy soon made its appearance, annexing to the Crown all jurisdictions, spiritual and ecclesiastical, for the visitation and reformation of the ecclesiastical state and persons, and of all errors, heresies, and schisms. The inevitable oath was directed to be taken under the usual penalties—first, loss of property, then loss of life. When Queen Mary died there were but fifteen Anglican bishops alive. Of these, fourteen refused the oath and were turned neck and crop out of their sees. They went away quickly enough and disappeared into obscurity. Elizabeth called them a lazy set of scamps. We have no evidence that they were anything of the kind. Hardships and indignities were heaped upon them, some died in prison, others in retirement, one or two escaped abroad. It seems to be the fact that they all died in their beds. They had no mind either to burn or hang. Jeremy Collier gives us, in addition to those fourteen prelates, a list of three bishops-elect, one abbot, one abbess, four priors, twelve deans, fourteen archdeacons, sixty canons, one hundred priests, all well preferred, fifteen heads of colleges, and about twenty doctors of both faculties, all what one may call stationary people hard to move, who were at this same time deprived of their places, profits, and dignities. It does not seem a great many out of the nine thousand spiritual places in England. Still to lose its whole hierarchy (except the Bishop of Llandaff) at one blow was a shrewd knock, nor we may be sure did the bishops-elect, the deans, the archdeacons and canons, the heads of houses and doctors of divinity, and the one hundred well-preferred priests go out without rendings of the heart and bitter reflections. There were no newspapers to record their emotions or to summarize their losses under the heading, "Crisis in the Church," but we may be sure they were pious men, sick of shuffles and crowned heads, while of those who remained who can tell with what uneasiness of mind, with what pangs of conscience they did so?

This is Purge No. 1, and it got rid of the old Roman pietist and let no man deny to the Church of Rome one of the notes of a true church, the capacity to breed saints.

Purge No. 2 was numerically more important. Charles I. got into those difficulties which brought his comely head to the scaffold, and the beneficed clergy were made subject to visitation by order of the House of Commons and in large numbers turned adrift. That many of these clergy were illiterate and unfit for their office is true enough; but in the teeth of the protests made by the best men among the Puritan party, other tests than those of learning and piety were imposed and enforced. Loyalty to the dead king, or malignancy as it was termed, was counted to be a disqualification for a country parson; a sour observance of Sunday was reckoned piety, and many a good man who had earned and deserved the love of his parishioners was evicted to make way for a Presbyterian. How many parsons were turned out during the Commonwealth it is hard to say, but many hundreds there certainly were, and among them were numbered some of the very choicest spirits of the age.

Purge No. 3 is the best known in Nonconformist circles. It occurred after the restoration of the Stuarts, when two thousand of the clergy, including a large number of the intruders of the Commonwealth, were turned out of their livings for refusing to take the oath required by the Act of Uniformity. The celebrated Richard

Baxter (who refused a bishopric) tells us in his life, which is one of the best books in existence, how these evicted tenants were made up. The passage is too long to be here quoted, and it is enough to say that by this purge the Church of England lost a host of her clergy who had no objection to bishops or to a liturgy, who had never signed the Solemn League and Covenant, who had been against the civil war, but who were unwilling, because unable, to give their unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer. But they had to go; they were devout, they were learned, they were peaceful, they were sensible; it mattered not; out they went like Wesley's own grandfather, and were hunted from place to place like wolves.

Purge No. 4 has still to be endured. The Stuarts ran their destined course. The blessed restoration was in less than thirty years succeeded by the glorious revolution, and a fresh oath had, of course, to be invented as a burden upon the conscience of the established clergy. It was in form simple enough: "I, A. B., do sincerely promise and swear to bear true allegiance to their majesties King William and Queen Mary." But to appreciate its horrid significance we must remember that the now mouldy doctrines of "divine right" and "passive obedience" were then as much the talk of the clergy of the Church of England as incense, lights, and the sacramental theory are to-day. The books and pamphlets on these subjects may still be counted, though hardly read, in thousands. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Sancroft) and five of his brethren, including Bishop Ken, were deprived of their sees, and at least four hundred divines followed them into exile. These were the non-jurors, men of fabulous learning and primitive piety, who added evangelical fervor and simplicity to High Church doctrine. To read the lives of these men is to live among the saints and doctors, and their expulsion from the Church they alone loved and they alone could properly defend, diverted into alien channels the very qualities we find so sorely lacking in the Anglican Church of the eighteenth century. How absurd to grumble at the Hoadleys and the Watsons, the Hurds and the Warburtons! They were all that was left. Faith and fervor, primitive piety, Puritan zeal, Catholic devotion, each in its turn had been decimated and cast out. What a history it is! Whether you read it in the Roman page of Lingard and Dodd and Morris, or in the Anglican record of Collier, or turn over the biographies to be found in our old friends Walker and Calamy, what can you do but hold up your hands in horror and amazement. Wherever and whenever there was goodness, piety, faith, devotion, out it had to go. It was indeed as into a dungeon, stripped, swept, and bare, that the Church of England stepped at the revolution, and in that dungeon she lay for a hundred years. Since then many things have happened. There has been a revival of faith and fervor in the Church of England, so much so that Purge No. 5 may shortly be expected.

The reason why I have dwelt at great length on these facts of church history is because we should have them in mind if we are to understand what may be called the *Status quo ante bellum* John Wesley waged with the Devil in Great Britain.

Wesley's motive never eludes us. In his early manhood, after being greatly affected by Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying" and the "Imitatio Christi," and by Law's "Serious Call" and "Christian Perfection," he met "a serious man," who said to him, "Sir, you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember you cannot serve Him alone. You must therefore find companions or make them. The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." He was very confident, this serious man, and Wesley never forgot his message. "You must find companions or make them. The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." These words forever sounded in Wesley's ears, determining his theology, which rejected the stern individualism of Calvin, and fashioning his whole polity, his famous class meetings and generally gregarious methods.

> Therefore to him it was given
> Many to save with himself.

We may continue the quotation and apply to Wesley the words of Mr. Arnold's memorial to his father:

Languor was not in his heart,
Weakness not in his word,
Weariness not on his brow.

If you ask what is the impression left upon the reader of the journals as to the condition of England question, the answer will vary very much with the tenderness of the reader's conscience and with the extent of his acquaintance with the general behaviour of mankind at all times and in all places. Wesley himself is no alarmist, no sentimentalist, he never gushes, seldom exaggerates, and always writes on an easy level. Naturally enough he clings to the supernatural and is always disposed to believe in the *bona fides* of ghosts and the diabolical origin of strange noises, but outside this realm of speculation, Wesley describes things as he saw them. In the first published words of his friend Dr. Johnson, "he meets with no basilisks that destroy with their eyes, his crocodiles devour their prey without tears, and his cataracts fall from the rocks without deafening the neighboring inhabitants."

Wesley's humor is of the species donnish, and his modes and methods quietly persistent.

"On Thursday, the 20th May (1742), I set out. The next afternoon I stopped a little at Newport-Pagnell and then rode on till I overtook a serious man with whom I immediately fell into conversation. He presently gave me to know what his opinions were, therefore I said nothing to contradict them. But that did not content him. He was quite uneasy to know 'whether I held the doctrines of the decrees as he did;' but I told him over and over 'We had better keep to practical things lest we should be angry at one another.' And so we did for two miles till he caught me unawares and dragged me into the dispute before I knew where I was. He then grew warmer and warmer; told me I was rotten at heart and supposed I was one of John Wesley's followers. I told him 'No. I am John Wesley himself.' Upon which

Improvisum aspris Veluti qui sentibus anguem Presset——

he would gladly have run away outright. But being the better mounted of the two I kept close to his side and endeavored to shew him his heart till we came into the street of Northampton."

What a picture have we here of a fine May morning in 1742, the unhappy Calvinist trying to shake off the Arminian Wesley! But he cannot do it! *John Wesley is the better mounted of the two*, and so they scamper together into Northampton.

The England described in the journal is an England still full of theology; all kinds of queer folk abound; strange subjects are discussed in odd places. There was drunkenness and cock-fighting, no doubt, but there were also Deists, Mystics, Swedenborgians, Antinomians, Necessitarians, Anabaptists, Quakers, nascent heresies, and slow-dying delusions. Villages were divided into rival groups which fiercely argued the nicest points in the aptest language. Nowadays in one's rambles a man is as likely to encounter a gray badger as a black Calvinist.

The clergy of the Established Church were jealous of Wesley's interference in their parishes, nor was this unnatural—he was not a Nonconformist but a brother churchman. What right had he to be so peripatetic? But Wesley seldom records any instance of gross clerical misconduct. Of one drunken parson he does indeed tell us, and he speaks disapprovingly of another whom he found one very hot day consuming a pot of beer in a lone alehouse. I am bound to confess I have never had any but kindly feelings toward that thirsty ecclesiastic. What, I wonder, was he thinking of as Wesley rode by—*Libres Méditations d'un Solitaire Inconnu*—unpublished!

When Wesley, with that dauntless courage of his, a courage which never forsook him, which he wore on every occasion with the delightful ease of a soldier, pushed his way into fierce districts, amid rough miners dwelling in their own village communities almost outside the law, what most strikes one with admiration, not less in Wesley's journal than in George Fox's (a kindred though earlier volume), is the essential fitness for freedom of our rudest populations. They were coarse and brutal and savage, but rarely did they fail to recognize the high character and lofty motives of the dignified mortal who had travelled so far to speak to them. Wes-

ley was occasionally hustled, and once or twice pelted with mud and stones, but at no time were his sufferings at the hands of the mob to be compared with the indignities it was long the fashion to heap upon the heads of parliamentary candidates. The mob knew and appreciated the difference between a Bubb Dodington and a John Wesley.

I do not think any ordinary Englishman will be much horrified at the demeanor of the populace. If there was disturbance it was usually quelled. At Norwich two soldiers who disturbed a congregation were seized and carried before their commanding officer, who ordered them to be soundly whipped. In Wesley's opinion they richly deserved all they got. He was no sentimentalist, although an enthusiast.

Where the reader of the journal will be shocked is when his attention is called to the public side of the country—to the state of the jails—to Newgate, to Bethlehem, to the criminal code—to the brutality of so many of the judges, and the harshness of the magistrates, to the supineness of the bishops, to the extinction in high places of the missionary spirit—in short, to the heavy slumber of humanity.

Wesley was full of compassion, of a compassion wholly free from hysterics and like exaltative. In public affairs his was the composed zeal of a Howard. His efforts to penetrate the dark places were long in vain. He says in his dry way: "They won't let me go to Bedlam because they say I make the inmates mad, or into Newgate because I make them wicked." The reader of the journal will be at no loss to see what these sapient magistrates meant. Wesley was a terribly exciting preacher, quiet though his manner was. He pushed matters home without flinching. He made people cry out and fall down, nor did it surprise him that they should. You will find some strange biographies in the journal. Consider that of John Lancaster for a moment. He was a young fellow who fell into bad company, stole some velvet and was sentenced to death, and lay for awhile in Newgate awaiting his hour. A good Methodist woman, Sarah Peters, obtained permission to visit him, though the fever was raging in the prison at the time. Lancaster had no difficulty in collecting six or seven other prisoners, all like himself waiting to be strangled, and Sarah Peters prayed with them and sang hymns, the clergy of the diocese being otherwise occupied. When the eve of their execution arrived the poor creatures begged that Sarah Peters might be allowed to remain with them, to continue her exhortations, but this could not be. In her absence, however, they contrived to console one another, for that devilish device of a later age, solitary confinement, was then unknown. When the bellman came round at midnight to tell them, "Remember you are to die to-day," they cried out, "Welcome news! Welcome news!" How they met their deaths you can read for yourselves in the journal, which concludes the narrative with a true eighteenth century touch. "John Lancaster's body was carried away by a company hired by the surgeons, but a crew of sailors pursued them, took it from them by force and delivered it to his mother, by which means it was decently interred in the presence of many who praised God on his behalf."

If you want to get into the last century, to feel its pulses throb beneath your finger, be content sometimes to leave the letters of Horace Walpole unturned, resist the drowsy temptation to waste your time over the learned triflers who sleep in the seventeen volumes of Nichols, nay even deny yourself your annual reading of Boswell or your biennial retreat with Sterne, and ride up and down the country with the greatest force of the eighteenth century in England.

No man lived nearer the centre than John Wesley. Neither Clive nor Pitt, neither Mansfield nor Johnson. You cannot cut him out of our national life. No single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work for England. As a writer he has not achieved distinction, he was no Athanasius, no Augustine, he was ever a preacher and an organizer, a laborer in the service of humanity; but happily for us his journals remain, and from them we can learn better than from anywhere else what manner of man he was, and the character of the times during which he lived and moved and had his being.

THE POINT OF VIEW

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER is one of the most interesting, as he is quite the most friendly, of our recent British critics, if he can even be called a critic. His amicableness seems to be so "*voulu*," his sense of responsibility about the "understanding" so keen, as almost to disable him from criticism. We wait for the fault-finding which is prepared for and led up to with so much politeness and consideration, and lo, it comes not. He is so much on his guard lest he convert differences into defects that at his severest he is only a notator of differences. Doubtless his tone is a great and refreshing change from that of the "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" of half a century ago. It was the same Dickens who warned the tourist against taking for his motto "How clever I am and how funny is everyone else" who, in his American writings, so completely omitted to "reck his own rede."

"The American Language."

Mr. Archer's recent remarks upon the "American language" are without doubt very pleasant reading for Americans, and they ought to be very useful reading for Britons. The insular assumption that the corruption of what, after public dinners, we are in the habit of calling "our common speech" is all of cis-Atlantic origin, is far from Mr. Archer. Very far from him is the cheerful tendency of the literary Briton to call any locution that he happens not to like an Americanism. Mr. Archer gives some examples of this tendency, including an amazing one from Ruskin. There are many equally amazing that have escaped his notice. In the years when the *Saturday Review* was an authority on such things it denounced the attribution of a "bosom" to a man as a "low Americanism," on the strength, possibly, of those Yankee depravers of the language, the translators of King James, with their "Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom;" or of that other "low American," Lord Bacon, and his essays that "come home to men's business and bosoms." His scholarship, as well as his good feeling, would keep Mr. Archer out of such a pit as that.

And yet the upshot of Mr. Archer's paper, careful and intelligent as it is, is that the American language is, to a considerable extent, unintelligible to a Briton. As Mr. Kipling has it, the American is

> A brother hedged with alien speech
> And lacking all interpreter.

No man is better equipped, and few Britons have had as good opportunities for "catching on" (there goes an Americanism) to the American language, as Mr. Kipling himself. And yet he does not completely catch on. His American dialect, in his most careful American studies, is what the French call *à peu près;* what one of the female æsthetes in Mr. Gilbert's libretto, speaking of the æsthetic attempts of the dragoons, calls "so supremely all-but." In "Captains Courageous" he cannot prevent himself from confounding the New England "folks" with the Biblical "folk," and giving the singular form to a word which all New England pluralizes. And in "The Walking Delegate" he confounds "piece," which "every schoolboy" in New England knows to be a measure of length, with "spell," which every such schoolboy knows to be a measure of time. "Guess you'd better cool off a piece"—there is not a district school in New England where that would not be recognized in the primary class as a solecism. Even to the cutest observer, with the advantage of being a resident and not a tourist, the American language remains more or less an "alien speech."

The besetting difficulty of the stranger, which it seems impossible that any stranger should wholly surmount, is to tell when a colloquialism is used in ignorance, and when with a consciousness of its inaccuracy, that is to say, as slang. "Yep" and "Nope," which Mr. Archer cites as American colloquialisms, are distinctly of the latter class. They are jaunty expressions of equality, if not of disrespect or defiance. It is inconceivable that the hardiest American boy who addresses them to the wayfaring man should address either of them to the police-magistrate when he is called to account for some of his trans-

gressions. And so with other locutions in Mr. Archer's list. There is no room here to go into the detail of them, no room and no need, for the native apprehends without any effort that which he sees that the stranger, the most "painful" and conscientious stranger, cannot apprehend completely with ever so much. But the value of Mr. Archer's remarks does not depend upon the accuracy of their detail, but upon their admirable spirit. His paper is a warning against what may be called the metropolitan provincialism which animates so many of his countrymen when they take up this particular theme. Matthew Arnold, with admirable candor, gives in a footnote to his "Celtic Literature" a remark of Lord Strangford, which seems to invalidate an elaborate argument in the text. The note is to the effect that it will not do to assume that modern German is the "constant" of Teutonism, from which modern English is necessarily a variant. The corresponding assumption that modern English, as spoken and written in the British islands, is the constant of which the American language is necessarily not only a variant but a degeneration, is at the bottom of a great deal of British discussion of the subject. This assumption is so completely and conspicuously absent from Mr. Archer's remarks as to make them particularly agreeable to American readers, and its absence should make them useful, for edification and reproof, to British writers.

On a Text from the Navy.

AMERICAN society has reason to be glad that the events which have brought the American navy so much to the fore have incidentally drawn attention to the manners of what is probably the politest profession in which Americans engage. It is everybody's business to be polite, and it is particularly the business of men of education and advantageous place. The army is polite; indeed one cannot say that a higher standard of manners is expected in the navy than in the army, but the naval officers go very much about the world; they see many people in many lands; they exercise and receive much hospitality, and it would mean some waste of training if their courtesy did not show a gratifying degree of polish. Take them as they go, they are particularly pleasant gentlemen, and we are all sure that no officers in the world can sink a ship with more consideration, or take a firm stand with less obtrusion of unnecessary offence.

Good manners count prodigiously in this world. They do not take the place of brains or of honesty, nor yet of kindness and sympathy, but they are an admirable supplement to intelligence, and they make the lack of real kindness a good deal less disagreeable than it would be without them. They are undoubtedly an element of strength, and the absence of them is a weakness as far as it goes, though it may not be fatal. It is a weakness that is apt to come out in one very important relation of contemporary life, the relation of workmen to employers. When capital and labor clash, as they do on all sides of us just now, the ability to state and hold a disagreeable position with courtesy is of very great value. The manufacturer who browbeats his workmen when they come to him infuses irritation into their grievances. The walking delegate or union boss who makes his demands with clumsy rudeness makes it doubly hard for the employer to yield to them.

One of the best and surest evidences of the quality of our naval officers appears in their relations with their men. Everybody knows that discipline on our war-ships is strict; that there is no laxity, no coddling, no neglect, no nonsense of any sort. And yet there is frequent testimony of the substantial contentment of the men, and of their devotion to their officers and of the devotion of their officers to them. That means that the tie of common humanity exists in spite of sharply defined differences of rank, and that the fact that it is one man's duty to command and another's duty to obey does not hinder both from working harmoniously and with mutual kindness for the furthering of a common end.

Duty is the controlling motive in our navy. Courtesy is its ornament, and it is systematically cultivated, not only because it is a grace in itself, but because of great practical value in diminishing friction and increasing efficiency.

There is no station in life, no employment, no place, too high or too low for courtesy to adorn it. We are instructed in some catechisms to show deference to our betters, but no catechism countenances us in using arrogance toward those whom we may be pleased to regard as our inferiors. Authority is no warrant for insult, or even for lack of consideration. There is a respect that the

servant who knows his business accords to the master; but there is a corresponding tribute which the master who knows *his* business pays to the servant. The child owes respect to the parent, but there is also a respect which maturity owes to childhood. Precept is not without its value in making children polite, but it is no secret that the manners come much more surely by imitation than by injunction, and that the child who is used to experience courteous treatment may be the more readily trained in courteous behavior.

The Golden Rule influences in Christendom the theory of good manners as it does all theories about human relations. We are to speak to our fellows and to treat them as we would have them treat us. Thackeray, in those Christmas verses which contain so much piety and so much philosophy, speaks of Christmas as the day on which the first of gentlemen was born. No doubt before there were Christians there were men whose manners were good, and whose standard of behavior would not suffer by comparison with ours; but still the influence that has most mollified the manners of the nations, and that has thus contributed more than anything else to the infusion of gentleness into our ideal of human character, is the influence that came out of Galilee. It seems to be a particularly active influence in the navy, for somehow a noticeably large proportion of our naval officers are pious men, whose hearts indeed are stout but very kindly too. They fight to win, but a beaten enemy can fall into no better hands than theirs. When destruction is their errand it is prompt and sure in its accomplishment, but it is our pride that they are readier still to save life than to take it, and at least as prompt and fearless in one cause as in the other.

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